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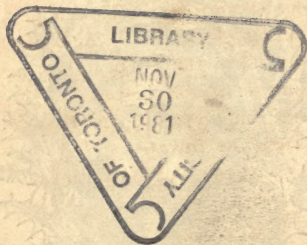
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Contents :

	PAGE
FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. BY M.	
VILLEMMAIN,	1
NOTES OF A TRAVELLER. NO. II.,	19
LEGAL DIETETICS,	30
THE PICTURE GALLERY. NO. VIII.	46
A FAMILY CONTINENTAL TOUR, AND ITS RESULTS,	56
AN EXCURSION OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO ABERYSTWITH,	66
COLONIAL GOVERNMENT AND THE JAMAICA QUESTION,	75
ON HUME'S ARGUMENT AGAINST MIRACLES,	91
TURKEY, EGYPT, AND THE AFFAIRS OF THE EAST,	100
THE BOWER OF PEACE. BY DELTA,	116
THE ANTEDILUVIANS ; OR, THE WORLD DESTROYED,	119

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Contents.

1	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. BY M.
2	WILKINS.
3	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. II.
4	WILKINS.
5	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. III.
6	WILKINS.
7	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. IV.
8	WILKINS.
9	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. V.
10	WILKINS.
11	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. VI.
12	WILKINS.
13	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. VII.
14	WILKINS.
15	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. VIII.
16	WILKINS.
17	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. IX.
18	WILKINS.
19	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. X.
20	WILKINS.
21	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XI.
22	WILKINS.
23	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XII.
24	WILKINS.
25	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XIII.
26	WILKINS.
27	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XIV.
28	WILKINS.
29	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XV.
30	WILKINS.
31	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XVI.
32	WILKINS.
33	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XVII.
34	WILKINS.
35	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XVIII.
36	WILKINS.
37	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XIX.
38	WILKINS.
39	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XX.
40	WILKINS.
41	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XXI.
42	WILKINS.
43	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XXII.
44	WILKINS.
45	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XXIII.
46	WILKINS.
47	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XXIV.
48	WILKINS.
49	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XXV.
50	WILKINS.
51	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XXVI.
52	WILKINS.
53	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XXVII.
54	WILKINS.
55	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XXVIII.
56	WILKINS.
57	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XXIX.
58	WILKINS.
59	THE FUTURE OF THE HUMANITY. No. XXX.
60	WILKINS.

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VOL. XLVI.

FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY M. VILLEMAIN.

THE volumes which we are about to notice, form part of the course of lectures on the Literature of France, delivered by Villemain in his capacity of professor at the Faculté des Lettres in Paris, in 1827. They embrace the first and the most interesting portion of the literature of the eighteenth century; the period of invention and bold philosophical speculation, when literature, suddenly emerging from the rank of an art, became in truth what Bonald calls "the expression of society"—a power in the state of vast and immediate influence both for good and evil; the only power, indeed, which preserved its energy and activity amidst a period of social decline. The three volumes which complete the course, and in which the author traces the literary history of the eighteenth century up to the period of the Revolution, when a new character was, in many respects, impressed upon it, will form the subject of a future article.

Looking back on the high pretensions of the eighteenth century, and the self-complacent confidence which its critics and writers seemed to entertain of their own superiority to all who had gone before, if not also to all who were to follow them, it is an object of great interest to compare, with the assistance of the lights derived from experience, their estimate of their own merits and pretensions, with the sentence which has been pro-

nounced on an appeal to time—"No doubt but we are the men, and wisdom shall die with us," was, perhaps, the only scriptural text to which the men of letters of the eighteenth century gave their unqualified and universal assent. And yet this complacent self-confidence has been found fallacious; the criticism of the nineteenth century has not only lowered from their pride of place the popular favourites of the eighteenth, but, as there is reason to believe, unduly degraded them below their just level, from the not unnatural reaction produced by a total opposition of critical views. One lesson may at all events be gathered, even in the outset, from these revolutions of opinion. Let no nation, or age, flatter itself that it has succeeded in fixing the standard of critical taste. The canons of criticism may be, in their main points, invariable, as founded on universal principles of our nature, but it is in their practical application that the difficulty occurs. And there all experience teaches us, that no one age can feel the least assurance that its judgments, derived as they are from a thousand minute circumstances of manners, habits, and opinions, unknown to its predecessors, can be in any way binding on their successors; or that there is any impassable limit in critical geography—any spot where the poet or the philosopher may pause, as at the Pillars of Hercules, and say—

"*Hic tandem stetimus nobis ubi deficit orbis.*"

The difficulty of forming an impartial estimate of the literature of the eighteenth century in France, is still great; for the whole character of that literature was so closely connected with social and political changes, the effects of which are still felt, that its merits or demerits become less a question of taste than of personal feeling, to be decided according to the prejudices entertained by the critic in favour of or against the changes themselves. Thirty years, for instance, after the death of Voltaire, the struggle between his admirers and the opponents of his fame, was waged as fiercely and unrelentingly as at the moment when he closed his career; for he was still to both parties, not so much the dramatist, the historian, the poet, or the novelist, as the apostle of opinions, to which the one party clung as essential to social progress and political improvement, and which the other more justly identified with the subversion of all morality and all government. His reputation became like the dead body of Patroclus, the central object round which the conflict of opinion was maintained. Political discussion, excluded from actual life during the stern rule of Napoleon, took the direction of literary criticism, making the opinions expressed with regard to the literature of the preceding century, not judgments, but contradictory pleadings, acrimonious, one-sided, or distorted.

The changes which have taken place in France since the fall of the dynasty of Bonaparte—the restoration and second expulsion of the Bourbons—the establishment, amidst an all but universal exultation, of a monarchy owing its existence to a popular movement, and then labouring, from the first moment of its foundation, to tame or crush the power by which it had been created; on the one hand, the gradual decline of popular enthusiasm, consequent on disappointed expectations, however unreasonable; on the other, the apprehensions of the more sober and rational, that the barriers of a steady and constitutional liberty have been already so shaken, or beaten down, by the sacrifices made to the democratic impulse, and the false principle on which the existing monarchy is based, that all hope of a firm and settled government in France is for some time at an end;—all these

changes, in short, resulting only in the conviction, that nothing has been substantially gained, and that the liberty enjoyed under a popular King can scarcely be distinguished from the despotism so falsely complained of under the restored dynasty, have taught men generally to distrust fine theories, to look with doubt on high-sounding professions, to give greater weight to experience, to be more tolerant of all opinions, and less disposed to identify themselves with any. They have created a spirit of indifference, favourable to impartiality in criticism, though not to original invention; which, by excluding or weakening, in a great measure, the influence of personal feelings, interests, or political convictions, enables the reader more distinctly to perceive and to judge of the questions of literature and taste, which the criticism of the great writers of the last century involves.

The total change, too, which has taken place in literature itself, affords another important aid in forming a just estimation of that by which it was preceded; for many of those novelties and experiments in taste which were then advocated, have now been practically tried, and the result lies before us. We have lived to see the old barriers of taste removed—the wall of partition, which separated the literature of France from those of other countries, broken down—the unities banished from the stage—conventional decorum has given way to wild force—an unregulated imagination has superseded philosophy—and the extreme of license has succeeded the extreme of caution. We shall not at present anticipate the answer to the question, Has France been a gainer by the change? Or has she exchanged a grave, dignified, and tasteful, though not imaginative, literature, which she had carried to a high pitch of perfection, for one essentially foreign to her national tastes, in which an appearance of originality is attained only by the gross exaggeration of the features which she has borrowed from other quarters? But, undoubtedly, the result of this series of experiments, particularly in the literature of imagination as displayed in the later productions of France, admittedly unpromising, unsatisfactory, and unnatural, enables us more correctly to estimate the justice of those views on which the great works

of the eighteenth century were composed; and of their principles of composition, so much more in harmony with the character of a people eminently intellectual, and finely alive to ridicule, but neither distinguished by high imagination, nor great depth or earnestness of feeling.

The task of tracing the literary history of that period, could hardly have fallen into the hands of a more candid critic than Villemain.

While the influence of his age, and his familiarity with the better models of literature in other countries, have emancipated him from narrow views, taught him to value the old conventional rules of his country only at their true worth—that is to say, not as essentials applicable to all literature, but simply as convenient precepts suitable to the national taste—he is no warm partisan of the modern school of composition, no advocate of the more than Shakspearian license of plot, and the atrocities, eclipsing those of Massinger and Shirley, in which they indulge, and which often make the reader lay down the book with a feeling, in regard to the writer, similar to that of Alceste in the *Misanthrope*, “*Qu’un homme est penable après les avoir faits.*” His tastes, on the contrary, lean decidedly towards the simple, the natural, the kindly, and the elevated. Doing justice to many of Shakspeare’s excellencies, it is yet evident that Villemain rejects the idea that Shakspeare’s dramatic system can be placed on a level with that of the Greek dramatists, and, indeed, that he has much difficulty in bringing himself to admit that he has any *system* at all. And, accordingly, though he seems abundantly sensible of the nature, tenderness, and profundity of individual passages in Shakspeare; nay, is disposed to admit, occasionally, even his higher art in comparison with the French dramatists, as well as his deeper acquaintance with the human heart and human sympathies, his leaning, on the whole, seems to be towards the more stately, decorous, and well-ordered march of the tragedy of his own country, of which Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire are the great representatives. His work, therefore, though written on more enlarged and liberal principles than that of La Harpe, certainly breathes

more of the rationalizing spirit of the first half of the eighteenth century, which it illustrates, than of the nineteenth, amidst the stormy influences of which it has been composed.

The genius of the seventeenth century had been formed under these different influences—a religious faith, strong, uniform, and undoubting; the spirit of reverence for antiquity; and the pomp and circumstance of a tranquil and imposing monarchy. It wore an aspect, accordingly, of dignity, outward moral propriety, and good sense, rather than depth of thinking, conveyed in the garb of a pure simple expression so far as regarded style. It is expressed in its most attractive form, either in the pointed neatness of Boileau, or in the drama, which had been raised at once from infancy to manhood by the vigorous and original genius of Corneille, and which received the last polish and grace of which its artificial and rhetorical form was susceptible, from the delicacy and tenderness of Racine.

The dominant influences, on the contrary, under which the literature of the eighteenth century may be said to have grown into shape, are a sceptical philosophy, the imitation of foreign literature, and the mania for political reform. Some traces of the sceptical spirit of a later period, may indeed be traced even among the contemporaries of Bossuet, in the extensive erudition of Bayle, combined with a spirit of mockery and universal doubt, which labours to reduce the most opposite opinions, as to facts or doctrines, to an equilibrium; and whose multifarious researches afforded to his successors, at an easy rate, a storehouse of learning, which was turned to ample account when the crusade against established opinions was commenced in earnest by the authors of the *Encyclopédie*. Still, when Louis XIV., the survivor of almost every great man who had illustrated his court or his reign, died, on the 1st September 1715, the general characteristics of French literature were reverence for religion, loyalty to the throne, a pride in the extensive influence of France over other nations, which was justified both by her political ascendancy, and by the adoption of her critical views and the imitation of her great writers; and a complacent satisfaction with the present, which rendered men compa-

ratively indifferent to the future, and indisposed to experiment or alteration in the existing state of things.

A change, however, soon becomes perceptible as we advance into the reign of Louis XV. In religion, the fervency and unction which give an appearance of inspiration to many of the compositions of Bossuet on subjects of Christian belief, were succeeded by a school of pulpit eloquence, in which morality, charity, or the performance of duty, were more insisted on than faith; a school analogous to that of Tillotson and Barrow and South in our own country. In Massillon, the predominance of action over sentiment as the great principle of religion, becomes evident; while the lessons he ventures to convey to royalty as to its duties, and the corresponding rights of subjects, contrasting so strangely with the divine-right doctrines systematically inculcated by Bossuet, show that monarchy had soon begun to lose its imposing aspect under the weak successor of Louis XIV., and that it was already beginning to listen to that language of remonstrance from the pulpit, which was at no distant period to be conveyed in accents of thunder from the democratic demagogues and infuriated multitudes in the courts of Versailles or the Tuileries.

In lyric poetry, the pretensions of French literature were but feebly supported by the epicurean verses of Chaulieu and the odes of J. B. Rousseau—compositions destitute of any true religious sentiment, and producing their effect only by some force and sententiousness of expression, combined with a sonorous and harmonious versification. Placed beside the choruses in the *Esther* and the *Athalie*, they appear altogether false and unnatural; the difference between the real inspiration of Racine, and the laboured and artificial enthusiasm of Rousseau, is palpable at first sight. It is such as might be expected from the contrasted characters of the two poets; that of the dramatist—mild, gentle, sincerely pious, speaking from his own heart, and speaking to ours; that of the lyric poet—vain, turbulent, unconscientious, immersed in literary intrigues, just as ready to compose an obscene epigram or a defamatory libel as a canticle or a sacred ode, and anxious to make merchandise of his talents in

any way in which they could be most readily turned to a marketable account.

In the drama, a temporary popularity and appearance of novelty was obtained by Crebillon, the father of the novelist. The examples of Corneille and Racine had fixed certain principles in dramatic composition so firmly, that they soon became unalterable rules, from which no dramatist could safely venture to deviate. Such were the invariable introduction of love as the moving principle of the drama, even amidst circumstances and periods of society when its intervention was the most incongruous; a mythological or antique dignity in the personages and events represented; an avoidance of modern or domestic subjects; the limitations of time, place, and action, with their natural consequences, long recitals, soliloquies, and expositions in words rather than action; a sustained pomp of expression in the dialogue banishing all common or familiar words, however natural in the expression of powerful feeling; the rigorous exclusion of every thing comic from the sphere of tragedy, and, at the same time, a nervous dread of pushing the tragic effect too far, if death or physical suffering were allowed to be displayed upon the stage; for which scarcely any better reason could be given, than the authority of a line in Horace's *Art of Poetry*.

So strongly were these artificial peculiarities rooted and grounded in the very being of French tragedy, that even writers of some poetical ability, well acquainted with the dramatic literature both of antiquity and of foreign countries—like Lafosse, the author of *Manlius*—while attempting to throw more of natural feeling into the French drama, thought it vain to contend against the current of settled opinion, so far as regarded rules which were looked on as dramatic axioms no longer admitting of dispute or modification, and therefore continued to pursue the formal and somewhat stilted framework of the 17th century; while on the other hand he leans, with a visible admiration, towards the natural movement of the romantic drama, so far as regarded the expression of sentiment. Among personages who had not even the talent (such as it was) of Lafosse, like Lagrange Chancel, the conventional and

courtly tone of Racine, and his systematic adaptation of Greek manners to the tone of French society, appear in the most ludicrous caricature, unredeemed by his real tenderness, and the exquisite polish and beauty of his versification. The romance writers of the school of Scudéry and Calprenède, whose aim it was "peindre Caton galant et Brutus dameret," found a not unworthy dramatic rival in Chancel; whose Orestes, Meleager, Arsaces, and Alceste, form as extraordinary a travesty of antiquity as can well be imagined.

Crebillon certainly rises considerably above these feeble imitators of Racine; for, coarse as his tastes were, he was a man who thought for himself—at least within the limits which the existing rules of the drama permitted; for these rules, as laid down by the precept or practice of Corneille or Racine, he adopted to the letter. He is, indeed, the very reverse of an innovator, so far as regards the established dramatic creed of his time; but, endowed with a sombre, fantastic, and vigorous turn of mind, approaching to the savage, he has occasionally thrown a force and vivacity, derived from his own character, into those mythological terrors which he borrowed from antiquity, of which, at first sight, such subjects would hardly have appeared susceptible. "Corneille," he used to say, "has laid hold of heaven, Racine of earth; nothing was left to me but hell, and I have thrown myself into it, heart and soul." "Unfortunately," as Villemain dryly observes, "he is not always quite so infernal as he seems to think." Placed side by side with love intrigues and dialogues, in which the argument, however agitating, is maintained with a politeness worthy of the school of Chesterfield, his scenes of bloodshed, incest, and crime, very often wear an almost ludicrous air, though we admit the forcible effect of some scenes or passages, like that of the famous line borrowed from the *Thyestes* of Seneca,* when Thyestes addresses his brother, after the hideous banquet, with the words—

"Reconnais tu ce sang ? Je reconnais mon frère."

But though Crebillon could conceive

and embody, with a sort of stoical pomp of thought and laconic condensation of expression, somewhat in the style of Seneca (with whom he has many points of resemblance), scenes of atrocity and gloom, he is in general completely deficient in the delineation of all feeling or character of a more level, natural, or tender kind. We say in general, because we willingly exempt from this charge his tragedy of *Rhadamiste*, which appeared in 1711, the solitary dramatic work between the time of Racine and Voltaire, which even approaches to the character of genius; and to which we are glad to see that justice is done by Villemain. He blames the first act as "ill-written, because *without passion*"—of which we are scarcely disposed to demand much in a first act—but admits that the rest is eloquent and tragic, and realizes all that could be effected within the narrow limits then allowed to French tragedy.

With one remark of Crebillon we suppose most readers will be disposed entirely to concur: when asked which of his works he preferred, his answer was, "It is difficult to say which is the best; but this," pointing to his scapegrace son, the novelist, "is certainly the worst."

La Motte, a contemporary of Crebillon, did endeavour to effect what Crebillon seems to have in no respect aimed at: viz. an innovation in the recognised dramatic code. His great principle, besides an attack on the unities, was this, that the drama gained nothing by being written in verse; and he illustrated his proposition by the production of an *Œdipus* in prose and an *Œdipus* in verse, which certainly left the reader in a pleasing uncertainty which was most intolerable.

And yet, in his speculations as to the unities, though apparently ignorant even of the existence of Shakespeare, and certainly entirely unacquainted with his works, it is interesting to observe how much his notion of a Roman tragedy, conducted upon the principles which he was disposed to recognise as just, seems to correspond with the manner in which such subjects had been actually treated by Shak-

* "Natos et quidem noscitis tuos?—Agnosco fratrem."

speare. Take, for instance, his remarks as to the plan on which a tragedy, founded on the subject of Coriolanus, might be conceived and theatrically embodied. "I should not be surprised if a people, intelligent though less attached to rules, should reconcile itself to the idea of witnessing the history of Coriolanus divided into several acts. In the first, that patrician, accused by the tribunes, defended by the consul and the people whom he has saved, and then condemned by the people to perpetual exile: in the second, the despair of his family, and the gloomy grief with which he separates from them: in the third, the magnanimous boldness with which he presents himself to the Volscian general, whom he has so often vanquished; ready to sacrifice his life if he can but associate him in his vengeance: in the fourth, the hero at the gates of Rome, the deputations of the consuls and priests, the prayers and tears of a mother obtaining favour for Rome." La Motte does not pursue the subject down to the assassination of Coriolanus in Antium; but so far as he goes, there is a strong, though apparently unconscious, resemblance between his sketch and the outline traced by Shakspeare.

The views of Voltaire (the third member of the French Dramatic Triumvirate) as to the drama, changed greatly after his compulsory residence in England. His first play, the *Edipus*, produced at the age of twenty-three, was in all respects a play of the school of Corneille and Racine. But the acquaintance he had acquired with English literature, superficial in many respects as it was, had impressed him with the conviction of the powerful effects which the irregular drama of the northern nations was capable of producing; and without in the least degree meaning to call in question the laws which had been laid down by his predecessors, except perhaps as to the employment of the passion of love as an indispensable dramatic agent, he seems to have conceived that a great deal of the spirit of the romantic drama might be thrown into the classical form; that the natural eloquence of Antony, the jealousy of the Moor, or the philosophic or sceptical musings and melancholy of Hamlet, or perhaps the impression of supernatural terror which the ghost scenes of Shakspeare produce, might, with certain

modifications to suit the expression to the taste of a Parisian public, be made effective upon the French stage. He aimed, in short, at the difficult, and, there is reason to think, incompatible task, of amalgamating two dramatic systems, the principles of which are not only unharmonious, but in many respects contradictory. It is well known that, in the opinion of certain French critics of no mean note, Voltaire has succeeded in his attempt. La Harpe seems to think that he had perfected what Corneille had begun and Racine improved, by adding to the dignified or graceful sentiments of his predecessors, more life, energy, and natural movement in the dialogue. He has been described as:—"Vainqueur de deux rivaux qui regnaient sur la scène." Time, however, has pronounced a different judgment. Villemain remarks that the plays of Corneille, and the *chefs d'œuvre* of Racine, when revived about twenty years ago, were received with the same enthusiasm as at first, while those of Voltaire fell cold and dull upon the public ear. Though nearer in date to his audience, he was less felt, less understood: his theatrical effects and philosophic maxims were found hackneyed; his sonorous eloquence did not touch the feelings like the bursts of genius of Corneille or the passionate refinement of Racine. The want of a genuine enthusiasm for high poetry of any kind was too palpable in Voltaire; while the faith which animated his dramatic rivals, and the seriousness with which they viewed the high aim of tragedy, had, on the contrary, imparted to their compositions a perennial freshness and enduring life.

"Voltaire," says Villemain, "wished to give boldness and animation to the scene—to multiply theatrical effects. He has frequently succeeded: but in the grandeur and novelty of character, which is the very life of the drama, has he approached his models? Has he produced any thing that can be compared with such original and novel creations as Don Diego, Pauline, Severa, Burrhus, Acomat, or Joad? Is his diction, dramatic as it is in point of movement and warmth, equally so in point of truth? Does it equal the poetry of Racine and Corneille, when he is Corneille? And is not the perfection of poetry a necessary part of our severe and regular theatre? . . .

Setting out with the principle that good poetry was only good prose, with the addition of measure and rhyme, he was frequently prosaic and negligent in his verses. He had few of those bold forms of expression, those original turns, and those bold images, which form the accent of poetry. He was not less rigorously faithful to the etiquette of our theatre. He even exaggerated its habitual pomp, and its periphrases of politeness, without correcting them by those naive turns which Corneille found in the language of his day, and which Racine dexterously mingled with that of the court. Thus he was at once less poetical, less simple, and less true, than his great predecessors."

It is impossible, we think, to claim for Voltaire even an equality with Corneille and Racine. Compare the impressions left on the mind by the perusal of the works of the three great dramatists, and the inferiority of the third is at once perceptible. "Corneille," says St Beuve, "with his great qualities and defects, produces on me the effect of one of those great trees, naked, rugged, sombre in the trunk, and adorned with branches and a dusky verdure only towards the summit. They are strong, gigantic, scantily leaved; an abundant sap circulates through them, but we are not to expect from them shade, shelter, or flowers. They bud late, begin to shed their foliage early, and live a long time half shorn of their leaves. Even after their bare heads have surrendered their leaves to the autumnal wind, the vivacity of their nature still throws out here and there scattered branches and suckers; and when they fall, they resemble, in their crash and groans, that trunk covered with armour to which Lucan has compared the fall of Pompey."

This fanciful comparison which St Beuve has applied to the old age of the great Corneille, is applicable to his poetical character generally, only in so far as it expresses not inaptly the idea of irregular grandeur, which is the characteristic of Corneille's mind; for, amidst the conventional limitations of the French stage, the genius of the poet obviously drew its nourishment from an imagination naturally highly

poetical—still further excited by the romantic and occasionally extravagant tone of the Spanish drama, which had been his favourite study. That union of the spirit of the romantic drama with the classical, which Voltaire vainly laboured to effect, because in truth he felt not the inspiration of either, is attained so far as such a union was practicable (for we have already said, that in its full extent it is impossible) in the plays of Corneille. His dramas remind us of some ancient Roman monument, like the tomb of Cecilia Metella—some "stern round tower of ancient days"—converted, during the middle ages, into a place of defence; exhibiting feudal outworks and barbaric ornaments embossed upon a classic fabric, but so harmonized and blended with the original structure, by the softening touch of time and the growth of vegetation, that the whole possesses a sombre and stately utility of effect. The effect of Racine's dramas, again, very much resembles that of the architecture of Palladio; it exhibits a purely classic framework, internally and with some difficulty accommodated to modern usages, but yet so graceful in its outward proportions, so finished and polished within, that the limited accommodation of the edifice is forgotten in the compactness and proportion and elegance of the apartments. But Voltaire, without any real feeling for the classic drama, as his contemptuous style of treating Sophocles in the preface to the *Œdipus* shows, and equally incapable of appreciating any thing of the spirit of the romantic stage, or of borrowing from it any thing but a few hints for theatrical effect and a more lively dialogue—has merely put together incoherent fragments from antiquity and feudalism—"To make a third he joined the other two," but without real blending of parts or unity of spirit. His compositions might be appropriately compared to an artificial ruin, in which the modern aspect of the materials is in contradiction to the form and architecture of the edifice.

Of his great works, *Brutus*, the *Orphan of China*, *Zaire*, and the *Death of Cæsar*—the two latter owed their very existence, and almost their whole dramatic merit, to the inspiration of Shak-

speare. With a warm admiration for *Zaire*, Villemain candidly admits, that in all which evinces deep and profound insight into the heart, or the power of artfully indicating and preparing remote future effects, in which perhaps, more than any thing else, dramatic skill is evinced, Shakspeare in his *Othello* has infinitely the advantage over Voltaire. Nay, even in regard to mere art of narration or exposition, the very point on which Voltaire and the French dramatists have piqued themselves most, he seems inclined to give the preference to Othello's speech to the Venetian Senate over the corresponding explanation of Orosmane, in which he communicates his position and designs to *Zaire*. He concludes, however, by observing, with a natural wish to do justice to a very talented imitation, which in some respects almost borders on genius, "If in the subject itself, which is borrowed from Shakspeare, that of jealousy and murder, Voltaire is inferior in pathos and even in art—if he is less energetic, less natural, less probable—he has, notwithstanding, infused into *Zaire* an *unequalled* (?) charm and interest. What he has created makes amends for what he has feebly imitated; and although Voltaire was probably in jest when he compared this piece to *Polyeucte*, it is the Christian episode—it is Lusignan and the Crusade—which constitute the immortal beauty of *Zaire*."

In *Zaire*, Voltaire had conformed to his original, and, on the French stage, prescriptive plan of making love the moving power of the piece. In his *Death of Cæsar*, all the best points of which plainly were suggested by the *Julius Cæsar* of Shakspeare, he reverted to an idea he had long entertained of a tragedy constructed on a more austere and patriotic principle. He determined to compose a tragedy, as he says, in the English taste, banishing not merely love intrigues, but almost all interference on the part of women; though, where he found the authority for this novel kind of unity—the unity of sex—we are at a loss to imagine. Not in Shakspeare certainly; for in *Julius Cæsar*, Portia, slightly as she is brought into view, is felt to be, and not undeservedly, a personage of strong interest and influence. Still less in the *Cato* of his friend Addison, where, if we remember rightly, "the noble Martia towers above her sex,"

and no less than three separate love stories are interwoven with the "fate of Cato and of Rome." If the remarks of Villemain contain little that is absolutely new so far as regards the peculiar excellencies of Shakspeare's play, they have at least a species of novelty in the mouth of a French critic, from their candour and impartiality, unmingled with extravagance; for, to confess the truth, we would in most cases rather put up with the sneers of Voltaire, or the cold and niggard approbation of La Harpe, than the rhapsodical and indiscriminating admiration of many modern French critics, bestowed as it is without reason or intelligible principle, and practically exemplified and illustrated by extravagant and revolting caricatures of the peculiarities of Shakspeare's age, without the least approach to the redeeming qualities of his genius.

Shakspeare has taken the Roman history as he found it; he has invented nothing—he has retrenched little. In the costume and the language he may have erred occasionally, from ignorance of classical minutiae; but in the numerous and contrasted characters of the piece, particularly in that of the philosophical Brutus uniting the firmness and unshaken dignity of the Stoic with the gentlest affections, Shakspeare shows his usual mastery. When the spirit of human nature is to be divined, such as it exists in all ages and countries among ambitious nobles, interested demagogues, and an idle, heartless, and vacillating populace, Shakspeare is never mistaken.

Voltaire, on the contrary, has chosen to step beyond history, and his invention marks the real want of dramatic refinement which is observable in his plays, disguised as they are in a drapery of pompous morality. The vague suspicion founded on some tale of scandal, that Brutus was the son of Cæsar, becomes with him the nodus, and constitutes the main interest of the piece. Patriotism, it would seem, according to French ideas, is presented in its most imposing form when accompanied by parricide. The conjugal scenes between Brutus and Portia, which, by their homefelt beauty, so finely relieve the republican hardness of the political interest, Voltaire has entirely banished; and we are left without a glimpse into domestic life, or one tranquil conversation in which the Stoic and the politician relaxes into the man.

The famous scene, in which the rival leaders pronounce their orations over the dead body of Cæsar, has been in many passages translated by Voltaire. In others he has attempted to improve upon it, with what success a few specimens will enable the reader to judge. The speech of Brutus, written with laconic brevity, and in prose, probably in order to raise it out of the ordinary level of the verse, and thus to give it more the appearance of a formal oration, Voltaire has placed less appropriately in the mouth of Cassius, and his version, we admit, is fairly executed. But how absurd the unanimous reply which he puts into the mouth of the multitude :

"Aux vengeurs de l'état nos cœurs sont assurés !"

This is about as natural as the admiring antithesis which La Motte makes the Greek army repeat in chorus after the reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon :

"*Tout le camp s'écriait dans une joie extrême,*

Que ne vaincra-t-il pas ; il s'est vaincu lui-même !"

Shakspeare, says Villemain, has gone differently to work, in giving a soul to the crowd, and completing his drama by personages without a name. It is thus that *his* Roman people answer after the discourse of Brutus :

"Live, Brutus, live !

1st Plebeian. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2d Pleb. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3d Pleb. Let him be Cæsar."

"Let him be Cæsar!" Such is the notion of a republic entertained by the mob of Rome. Their gratitude has no other form of homage but servitude.

Antony mounts the chair—at first stormfully received—bespeaking indulgence for Brutus' sake ; then opening in a subdued and humbled tone, feeling his way, as if deprecating the idea that he came to praise Cæsar or to complain of his fate. Compare the respective commencements of Shakspeare and Voltaire :—

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him ; The evil that men do lives after them—

The good is oft interred with their bones. So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus Has told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it."

"I will confess," says Villemain, "the sublime of art once more appears to me to be on the side of Shakspeare." —In Voltaire's play, Antony begins thus :—

" . . . Oui, je l'aimais, Romains ; Oui, j'aurais de mes jours prolongé ses destins.

Hélas ! vous avez tous pensé comme moi-même,

El lorsque de son front otant le diadème, Ce héros à vos loix s'immolait aujourd'hui, Qui de vous, en effet, n'eût expiré pour lui ?"

This is much too rapid, too unprepared an apostrophe. The prejudices of the people had not been soothed, by reminding them, not only how deeply Cæsar had suffered for his fault, if he were ambitious, but also how much certain parts of his conduct contradicted the supposition of his ambition. Before introducing the declination of the crown upon the Lupercal, Antony reminds his audience how often the ransom of Cæsar's captives had gone into the general coffers, and how, "when the poor had cried, Cæsar had wept." "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff !" Only when the way is thus prepared, he reminds them of the refusal of the crown, and asks, was this ambitious ? Then first he recalls to their recollection their own love for Cæsar, which Voltaire so inartificially thrusts almost into the opening lines of his oration :

"You all did love him once, not without cause—

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, And I must pause till it come back to me."

The contrast is still more remarkable, in the way in which Brutus is spoken of by Shakspeare and by Voltaire. In the *Mort de Cæsar*, Antony bursts out against him in a torrent of abuse :

"Chers amis, je succombe, et messieurs sont interdits :

Brutus, son assassin ! ce monstre était son fils,

Brutus ! où suis je ? O œil ! O crime ! O barbarie !"

Would the Romans have allowed language like this to be used as to Brutus ? Shakspeare, who knew better, makes Antony's tone as to Brutus complimentary throughout. He is an honourable man ; so are they all. Even when speaking of the assassina-

tion, there is no strong epithet of invective used: a more poignant and effective reproach is contained in the word, the "well-beloved Brutus," than in all the "monsters" and "assassins" with which the attack of Antony in Voltaire's play is eked out.

The superiority of Shakspeare is just as obvious in the artful delay of Antony to read the will, which he reserves to the last as the fit climax to be addressed to such an audience, as compared with the French version, where he hastens at once to proclaim its contents; and in the pretended moderation with which, after stirring up to an ecstasy of indignation the passions of the people, he affects to control the tempest he had raised, and which he knew to be ungovernable—precipitating the people into the career of vengeance, while affecting to restrain them; while in Voltaire's play, it is Antony himself who is the first to call for vengeance on Cæsar's murderers, and to urge on the crowd to rise and mutiny.

If the claims of Voltaire as a dramatist cannot be considered as standing very high, it is still less possible to consider him as entitled even to the name of an epic poet. Villemain has a long parallel between the *Pharsalia* and the *Henriade*: in which he gives the preference, on the whole, to the latter poem. We grant to Voltaire the merit of better taste, for he has nothing of the tumid and somewhat bombastic diction of Lucan; but, on the other hand, where in the *Henriade* shall we find passages like the contrasted characters of Cæsar and Pompey? or the pregnant beauty and truth of such brief traits as those by which the rival leaders are discriminated, and in which the secret of their fortunes may be said to be embodied? "Solusque pudor non vincere bello," the marking trait in the character of the first: the other, "Magni nominis umbra," a man who had over-lived his greatness, which had always been exaggerated. "Voltaire in the *Henriade*," says Villemain, "is Lucan abridged, tempered, calmed down—Lucan without exaggerated figures, without declamation, but also less energetic, and less dazzling." "The French poet, like the Roman, has his

passion for controversy: Catholicism is for him what the empire was for the other. Both occasionally flatter their enemy; but they take pleasure in allusions which tend to discredit and degrade it. Thus the canto descriptive of the St Bartholomew is the finest in the *Henriade*. But the passion of the poet is little in harmony with the constrained denouement of his piece—the abjuration of Protestantism by Henry. And there is a similar contradiction between the sceptical maxims with which he has interspersed his poem, and the Christian marvels which he employs."

That the political and philosophical speculations of Voltaire exercised a strong influence over his own age, and tended greatly to accelerate those attacks upon all authority which heralded the Revolution, no calm observer can reasonably doubt. It may be very true that he himself had no very clear perception of their tendency. It may even be the case that the subversion of an established government was the last thing in his thoughts. But the aristocratic insult to which he had been subjected, and which had driven him to England,* probably left on his mind no very pleasing impression in regard to hereditary rank; and the maxims of popular liberty, and the limitation of the monarchical power, which he was accustomed to hear from his Whig acquaintances in England, probably gave him as strong a leaning as he was capable of towards a popular form of government, or rather towards a government which was to be in the hands of an aristocracy of letters, over which he himself was to reign as the despotic sovereign.

The sincerity of his anti-religious views, and the zeal with which he discharged the apostolate of infidelity, are matters which admit of less question. He did not merely doubt or deny, but he detested, Christianity. He never speaks of it but with a feeling of personal hatred. "Je finis toutes mes lettres par dire écrasons l'enflame!" He writes to D'Alembert (25th Feb. 1768), "Comme Caton dit, *delenda est Carthago*." To the Count D'Argental he writes (3d Oct. 1761), "Ah! chiens de Chrétiens, que je vous déteste! que mon mépris et ma haine

* In revenge for an expression which Voltaire had launched against a man of rank, he received a sound drubbing, a few days after, at the gate of the Hotel Sully.

pour vous augmentent continuellement !" In his aversion to Christianity, therefore, he was admitted to come up to the true Holbachian and Helvetian standard ; but as he wavered in regard to Atheism, and had not quite adopted the creed of the *Système de la Nature*, he was considered a weak and timorous reformer, whose ideas were still clouded by childish fears or narrow views, and consequently very scurvily treated by his brother apostles of what was called the Holy Philosophical Church. "The patriarch, poor man," says Baron de Grimm, who went all lengths, "still sticks to his *Remunérateur-Vengeur*, without whom he fancies the world would go on very ill. He is resolute enough for putting down the God of knaves and bigots, but is not for parting with that of the virtuous and rational. He reasons upon all this, too, like a baby ; a very smart baby it must be owned, but a baby notwithstanding !"

But enough of Voltaire, whether as a poet or a philosopher. To us he appears to far more advantage in his *Contés*—his graceful *Vers de Société*, and in his *Romans*, than in any of his more elaborate compositions. Whatever may be thought of the tendency of his romances, the ingenuity with which they are framed so as to bring out in comic relief the idea which he wishes to ridicule, is admirable. His *Épître à Horace*, and his *Stances à Madame du Deffant*, are more perfect in their way than the well-rounded declamation of his tragedy, or the laboured episodes of the *Henriade*.

While Voltaire was thus carrying the spirit of mockery, of universal disbelief, and contempt for established opinion, into every department of literature, for he essayed them all in turn, a remnant of the spirit of the 17th century was kept alive by the Chancellor D'Aguesseau, in the magistracy ; by Rollin, in the literary and religious education of youth ; and by the Duke de St Simon, at Court. Villemain's estimate of D'Aguesseau is somewhat lower than that to which we have been accustomed ; even as a magistrate, a lawyer, and a man of business, he seems to think him somewhat timorous and time-serving, notwithstanding the excellence of his ordonnances or the irreproachable character of his life. To Rollin, on the other hand, we think the *esprit de corps* in favour of a brother

professor has led him to do rather more than justice ; for, granting the high tone of morality and religion which it was the object of Rollin to infuse into his educational system, the cold correctness, the dryness, and, after all, the defect of real learning or comprehensive view which his *Ancient History* exhibits, are surely sufficient to exclude him from the list of great historians. To St Simon, the last of the Jansenist colony surviving amidst the eighteenth century, Villemain is peculiarly favourable. He seems almost disposed to concede to him the praise of genius. And there is no doubt that, as compared with Dangeau and the other annalists or keepers of Court diaries, the graphic spirit and caustic sketches of St Simon—a close observer, feeling strongly, writing from a full mind, tainted with strong prejudices, particularly in favour of aristocracy, and tinging every thing he wrote with the peculiarities of his own character—are most amusing. "The dead figures of the day," says Villemain, "are resuscitated in the pages of St Simon ; his electrical expression gives motion to all this ossuary of a Court."

To the same school, in point of taste, belong the great novelists of the commencement of the eighteenth century—Le Sage, Prevôt, and Marivaux. The popularity of the two latter has, in all probability, for ever passed away ; for the merits of Prevôt's *Manon L'Escaut* have been exaggerated, and, were they greater than they are, they would hardly make amends for the tediousness of *Cleveland* and the *Dean of Coleraine* ; and, with all deference to French criticism, we cannot help regarding the *Marianne* and the *Paysan parvenu* as in the highest degree wearisome. On the other hand, the popularity of the first of these novelists, at the distance of two centuries remains undiminished, and without experiencing even a momentary fluctuation. In truth, the whole character of *Gil Blas* is so essentially popular—its beauties lie so much on the surface, and are so independent of all peculiarities of opinion, or deep and subtle enquiry—that we could almost as easily conceive a man tiring of the common air, or the cheerful sunlight, as of its lively, natural, and good-humoured pictures. Voltaire, however, and it is a great proof of his want of simple and

natural tastes, seems to have formed a most inadequate notion of the merits, and we may indeed say the genius, of Le Sage. Speaking of his works in his *Age of Louis XIV.*, he says, with a brief and disdainful air of condescension, "His romance of *Gil Blas* has survived, because it is natural." It is curious now to reflect, that for one foreigner who is even tolerably acquainted with the works of him who thus took it upon himself arbitrarily to dispense *ex cathedra* the meed of literary fame, there are at least a hundred to whom every scene in *Gil Blas*, from the adventure with the parasite at Corcuelo down to the double marriage celebrated at Lirias, is as familiar as most passages in the life of an actual acquaintance.

It so happened, too, that the best comic poets of the day took part rather with the spirit of the seventeenth century than the eighteenth. Gresset, Destouches, and even Piron, were all hostile to the philosophers. At the present day, we should be disposed to repeat "non tali auxilio," and to think that religion and morality were in nearly as great danger from their friends as from their foes. Piron preaching morality, is certainly as near an approach to the devil citing Scripture for his purpose, as can well be imagined.

Destouches, like Voltaire, had made a residence of some length in England; but it may be doubted whether his study of the English theatre of the time was calculated to improve his taste. Moliere would have been a far safer guide than either Vanburgh or Congreve, with which he was probably most familiar. Their licentiousness he no doubt avoided, but their exaggeration of comic character he retained. All his plays, even the *Glorieux*, are full of this tendency. In the *Glorieux*, Destouches certainly made what is technically called "a hit." The rage for financial speculation and adventure of all kinds, which distinguished the time of Louis XV.—the sudden rise of the vulgar to opulence and distinction—

"Seigneur Suzerain de deux mille d'Eus;"

and the fall of the noble and the opulent into poverty, with the consequent approximation of wealth and insolence to pride and poverty,—these are the sources from which the contrasted characters of the *Glorieux* were drawn.

Even a romantic and elevated interest is thrown into it by the episode of the father, disowned through mere pride by his son; and few passages on the French stage are more effective than that when Lycandre thus addresses him:—

"J'entends, la vanité me declare à genoux,
Qu'un père infortuné n'est pas digne de vous."

The solitary comedy of Destouches which rises above mediocrity, owed its success in a great degree to the fortunate choice of a subject, to which the existing state of society gave point and interest. The same cause in a great measure determined the superiority of Piron's clever *Metromanie* over the other now forgotten productions of his pen. Having known by experience the miseries to which the dramatist is heir—familiar with the mysteries and intrigues of stage management—

"The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes;"

he was struck with the notion of turning his experience to account, and of making the life of a poet the subject of a drama, composed half in the spirit of comedy, half in earnestness. Reynolds, in treating the same subject, has made it merely farcical. Piron's dramatist actually carries our sympathies with him, and we are smitten with the infection of his enthusiasm.

The merits of Gresset's *Méchant* we are less able to perceive. As a picture of the hollowiness, the slanderous spirit, the ridicule of self, in order to be allowed the freer scope for the ridicule of others—as a portrait, in short, of the combined wit and utter heartlessness of the eighteenth century, the play has the merit which belongs to a faithful portrait of an unattractive subject; but it has little of the originality of the *Metromanie*. We confess we are of the number of those who prefer the *Ver-vert*, or the *Chartreuse*, to the *Méchant*.

At this period is observable the rise of that *Comédie Larmoyante*, which subsequently became so popular in the rough, vigorous, and coarse prose dramas of Diderot. The tendency is perceptible even in the *Glorieux* of Destouches, as well as in several of his other works. But the system first appears reduced into form in those *Tragédies Bourgeoises*, to which La Chaussée chose most inappropriately

to give the name of comedies. The name might have been, with nearly equal propriety, applied to the *Gamester* or *George Barnwell*; for though they neither conclude with suicide or the gallows, their whole tone and spirit is tragical, and they certainly contained little which was calculated to refute the truth which was laughingly conveyed, in some lines, by a satirist of the Foire—

“Le comique écrit noblement
Fait bâiller ordinairement.”

The name of Fontenelle is well known to foreign readers, but such is nearly the whole extent of their acquaintance with the man or his works. Yet his influence during a long literary life was so extensive, that he cannot be overlooked in any tableau of French literature. He connects the seventeenth century with the eighteenth. In the former, he might be viewed as a timid reformer; in the latter, as one who still held fast by the ancient landmarks, and opposed a placid passive resistance to the further movement of opinions. The nephew of the great Corneille, he seems to have conceived that he had a hereditary turn for poetry. In youth, he composed Latin poems, and Greek verses “equal to those of Homer;” for in fact they were borrowed from him. At a more advanced age, he tried tragedy: with what success, the epigrams of Racine attest. Eclogues, *lettres galantes*, dialogues of the dead, succeeded; all deformed by affectation, none exhibiting any high appearance of genius. What, then, was the source of Fontenelle’s influence in his age?

It lay chiefly in the skill with which he applied the rules of good taste, and a kind of pleasing fancy, to compositions on matters of science. Without being deeply acquainted with any of the sciences, he had acquired a superficial knowledge of all; nor is it possible to peruse, without admiration, the long series of reports prepared by him on all subjects, while officiating as secretary to the Academy—a duty which he only resigned in his eighty-fourth year, that he might have time to finish some theatrical pieces which still lay on his hands. General physics, anatomy, chemistry, botany, mathematics, astronomy, optics, hydrography, acoustics; nothing seems to come amiss to Fontenelle. The description

of some novel fact in natural history succeeds an account of the binary arithmetic of Leibnitz; and observations on a comet seen at Pekin, are followed by calculations of the power of steam. It was in his *eloges*, however, of the different members of the Academy, that his union of accurate knowledge with a good taste, and his power of popularizing science, appear most conspicuous. The charm of his style in these compositions, which is great, appears to increase as he grows older; for age seems to remove the tendency to subtlety and over-refinement which existed in youth, and to communicate to his observations on life and morals a more tender and earnest character.

The philosophical depth of Montesquieu has certainly been overrated. He writes sententious epigrams, or supports ingenious paradoxes on polity and government, in the style of a French Tacitus, but with a false brilliancy of diction, inconsistent with true grandeur or profundity of mind. As a discoverer in the science of politics or ethics, we are at a loss to perceive what new view he has originated, or what point attended with doubt his learning or his penetration has cleared up. In his treatise on the Greatness and Decline of the Romans, we see he adopts as implicitly true the common narrative of Livy. The contradictions and difficulties since pointed out by Niebuhr, and suspected even before Montesquieu’s time, never embarrass him: he reasons on the received accounts without even a suspicion of their authenticity; and, accordingly, those brilliant lights which the German critic occasionally throws across the obscurity of some portions of the Roman history, such as the Agrarian laws, or the relations of client and patron, are wholly wanting in the clever and amusing, but superficial work of Montesquieu. The same objection is applicable to his celebrated *Spirit of Laws*, where the inartificial divisions, and the indiscriminating adoption of statements as the basis of his reasonings, which will not bear investigation, render the book, though it may stimulate thought, one of very slender practical utility.

It matters not, in truth, to the learned and ingenious president, whether his facts come from France, Bantam, or Timbuctoo, from “Nova Zembla, or the Lord knows where;” they are

all assumed with equal complacency, as grounds on which a pompous edifice of speculation may be built up. As it stands, then, the work seems to justify the observation of the Prince de Ligne, that it is not so much *l'Esprit des Lois*, as *l'Esprit sur les Lois*.

The same epigrammatic tendency which pervades the works of Montesquieu, appears not less obvious in the historical writers of this period. History had been timid and subservient during the reign of Louis XIV., nor was much boldness to be expected, where even a doubtful speculation with regard to the origin of the French nation, had been sufficient to consign an unlucky antiquary, the learned Freret, to the Bastille. But, in proportion to its former restraint, seemed to be its present license of portraiture and of speculation. The spirit of free enquiry, which Voltaire had probably imbibed from his intercourse with England, he bequeathed to a numerous body of imitators; and from the labours of the French school, did our English historians in turn borrow that more reasoning and philosophizing character which distinguishes the works of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, from their predecessors. Voltaire cannot certainly be considered a great historian: he wanted learning, conscientiousness, knowledge of original sources; but he was an admirable narrator—an art indeed in which his Charles XII. may be considered as a masterpiece.

We pass over the disagreeable subject of the gradual growth of the new infidel philosophy, till it reached its height in the Materialism of La Mettrie, and the thorough-going Atheism of Diderot. But while nothing can be more detestable than the philosophy of Diderot, it cannot be denied that his views of criticism, though undigested and incomplete, were more comprehensive and liberal than those of many of his countrymen—that he had a feeling of the beauty of simplicity, and natural expression of passion, a mind of very remarkable activity and fire—though, as Barante observes, it was often fire without fuel—and that he possessed something which, without amounting to genius, occasionally made an approach to it. As a narrator, the directness and rapidity of his manner in his best passages, equal the manner of Voltaire; and in his

criticism he frequently throws out views, derived no doubt from the study of foreign literature, and without form or system, but which were both new and important to his countrymen. “Diderot,” says Villemain, “is a superior critic; though he is frequently wanting in exact justice. But he feels what he judges; he analyses with eloquence. His imagination takes its colour from that of others: he assumes the language and the accent of those he is about to praise. You think him emphatical and declamatory: it is because he is writing a dissertation on Seneca. But read the few pages he has written on Terence; it is impossible to be more simple, more elegant, more precise, more tasteful. Terence had fascinated him; and he preserves his image as a sensitive eye, which has been for some time fixed upon a bright and distinct colour, preserves its impression, and carries it for some time along with it.”

The name of Diderot is almost inseparably associated with that of D'Alembert, his friend and fellow-labourer in the *Encyclopédie*: a man of great ability, not merely as a mathematician, but of singular clearness, method, and very considerable grasp, in all those provinces of literature which depended rather on the vigorous application of the intellect, than of the sensibilities or the imagination. Where these were necessary, he entirely fails. His style is particularly cold and constrained, totally destitute of that natural vigour and ease in which Diderot, with his carelessness and his coarseness, is rarely deficient. D'Alembert carried the austere style of science even into literature itself. He disliked the style of Buffon, and inveighed against it to a friend as pompous and declamatory: “Why, what would you have?” said the person to whom the criticism was addressed; “it is not every one that can pretend to be as dry as yourself!”

Unquestionably, however, where the subject was one where breadth of philosophical view was legitimately associated with this austerity of style, as in his celebrated Preliminary Discourse to the *Encyclopédie*, D'Alembert appears to great advantage. The correctness of particular opinions in that dissertation, has been justly questioned; and D'Alembert unquestionably

dogmatises a little on subjects with which his acquaintance was but partial ; but an accomplished judge has admitted the general grandeur, simplicity, and nobleness of the outline traced by D'Alembert, and afterwards imitated, corrected, and surpassed by himself.*

The turning of the tide in philosophy, from materialism towards idealism, becomes first visible in Condillac, in his *Essai sur l'Origine des Connaissances Humaines*. "The philosophy of Condillac affects to lay aside systems, and to rest upon observation and reasoning. It speaks a language precise and without imagery, but agreeable by its justness. It marks a resting-place—a schism in the eighteenth century. Condillac first brought materialism into serious doubt. He investigates, examines, distinguishes, when the age was accustomed to dogmatise. He perceives the double nature of man in that which Diderot, Helvetius, and Holbach explained by the simple fermentation of matter, or the play of organs. Like them he sets out from the action of the senses ; but in his course he becomes an idealist, and this interpreter of sensation has even, it may be said, erred upon the side of over-spiritualism, in attributing to the mind the power of creating the forms and colours which it perceives."

"Yet as men, and even philosophers, are often satisfied with appearances, Condillac has very often been judged of by the first words of his doctrine ; it is thus that he has been styled an odious philosopher by that vehement spiritualist M. de Maistre, and denounced in our own day as the father of sensualism. The character and consequences of his philosophy, however, had from the first been sufficiently obvious to the materialists ; and the difference between him and them had early become apparent. Diderot, in praising him publicly for some articles he had communicated to the *Encyclopédie*, took offence at certain passages, and characterised him as a schoolman and an idealist. It was even partly for the purpose of combating his views, that he entered upon his own physiological explanations of thought. To many others less clear-sighted than Diderot, Condillac no doubt appeared a

useful opponent of the metaphysics of religion—an observer favourable to scepticism—and by them he was as much lauded as Bonnet of Geneva was decried, though their doctrines have in fact many points of connexion. He succeeded in a great measure, in France, to the great reputation which Voltaire had created for Locke, as the founder of a new and liberal philosophy."

Amidst all this parade of intellectual and philosophical analysis, and this predominance of an absolute materialism, what was the condition of poetry ? "So wan, so woe-begone, so spiritless," that it scarcely deserved the name ; for all genuine poetical belief and inspiration were for the time at an end, swept away by the current of a universal scepticism and selfishness. A feeble attempt at descriptive poetry, in the manner of Thomson, was made in the *Seasons* of St Lambert : a work, the popularity of which, though extensive, was but of short duration, and which was afterwards thrown completely into the shade by the more finished performances, in the same department, of Delille. "The elegance of St Lambert," says Villemain, "is not the elegance of a fine and classic diction, it has but the appearance of it, without the soul and life. The words are pure—the turn of the language harmonious. Sometimes we find nobleness—nowhere passion ; often coldness—never eloquence." Comparing him with Thomson, he observes, "Thomson has not the grandeur and precision of antiquity, but his heart overflows at the sight of the country. He abounds in true images—in simple emotions. He possesses that poetry of the domestic hearth, in which the English have always excelled, and he has blended it with all the beauties of nature which for him are only shadows of the Creator's hand. Religious, and a painter, how could he fail to be a poet ? Yet he wrote during the same age with St Lambert, and but a few years before him, in a country even more philosophic than France. Whence this difference between the two poems ? It does not arise solely from the inequality of their talents. But the English poet, from the midst of the luxury and the philosophy of the capital, seeks the country, trav-

* Stewart's Preliminary Dissertation to the *Encyclopædia*.

sing it in poverty and on foot, to breathe the purer atmosphere of Old English morality. Though he dedicates his work to a great lady, his feelings are with the people—a people rich and proud of a free country. Like them, his imagination is nourished by the imagery of the Bible. Like them, he loves its pastures, its forests, and its fields. Thence springs his glowing manner; thence, under a gloomy sky, and in a period of cold philosophy, is his poetry so full of freshness and colour.”

Two other names of this period awaken attention and sympathy, perhaps as much by their misfortunes as their genius—Malfilâtre and Gilbert. The first had a conception of poetry which rose far above the languid elegance of St Lambert or Colardeau. His fragments translated from Virgil, though sketches, mutilated and sometimes incorrect, seem a revival, as Villemain says, of the happy boldness of Racine. He is at least the first of the French poets since Racine, who indicates something of a genuine lyrical talent; while, in perusing his imperfect compositions, we must remember that want and misfortune clouded his talents, that “sharp misery had worn him to the bone,” and consigned him to the grave at the age of thirty-four, ere he had time to labour for eternity.

“La faim mit au tombeau Malfilâtre ignore,”

said Gilbert, a poet of a different stamp, but resembling Malfilâtre in the early and melancholy termination of his career, which closed in suicide, committed during an *accès* of madness in the hospital. With a mind ardent and impetuous, with many traits of genius, and a sullen energy of expression which resembles Juvenal; with a style unequal, unformed, but always pregnant with ideas—still full of the faults of youth, but full also of the promise of a powerful manhood—his fate, like that of Chatterton, excites deep sympathy and regret for the early blight of a genius which promised to revive, in some degree, the sinking spirit of poetry in a worn-out and helplessly prosaic period.

It is somewhat singular, indeed, to find that the spirit of poetry, no longer able to animate into life an exhausted frame, passes in some shape into that of science, and communicates elo-

quence, warmth, and imagination to the descriptions of natural history, in the animated pages of Buffon. It is doubtful whether Buffon is entitled to the character of a man of genius, and still more to the magnificent eulogy which he lived to see inscribed on his statue, “*Majestati nature par ingenium*”—his own conception of genius, which he described as *une longue patience*, seems rather to indicate a man of strong conception, united to resolution and perseverance of character; and to the union of these qualities, the laborious and yet striking compositions of Buffon owe their origin. “Some descriptions,” says Villemain, “have been extracted from his great work, which it is usual to admire in an insulated form. This is doing Buffon injustice; the great merit of his works on animal life lies, on the whole, in the way in which tradition, observation, narrative, and criticism, are united and blended. The too pompous elegance of some of his commencements, only makes way for the precision of details, and the clear simplicity of narrative; and it is there, in particular, that his excellence as a writer consists.

“The true or conjectural painting of the habits of animals—the description of the places which they inhabit—this contrast, this blending of animate and inanimate nature, present the most vivid colours to the historian. Pliny has sometimes caught them in their greatest diversities—as he describes the lion or the nightingale, he is by turns energetic or brilliant, with the same striking effect. Buffon is more equal, more elevated, more pure. Pliny belonged to that school of imagination rather than taste, which, in Tacitus, produced one incomparable painter, but which is elsewhere stamped with the impress of declamation and subtlety. Pliny frequently throws the veil of a far-fetched style over fables or notions in themselves false. Buffon, enlightened by modern science, is severe and precise even in his most ornate descriptions. His diction, more irreproachable than that of Rousseau, is free from that affectation which mingles with the style (so truly French) of Montesquieu. By another and still rarer privilege, during forty years no decline, no falling off, is visible in his mind—if we except some needless circumlocutions, some pompous phrases,

every thing in his writings appears equally youthful and matured, vigorous and polished."

He was a slow composer—patiently meditating his fine passages—laboriously reducing his matter into shape—striving in solitude to give his ideas all the neatness, precision, and elegance of expression of which they were susceptible. To the very last he used to say, "I am learning every day the art of writing." "In my later works there is infinitely greater perfection than in my first." And this estimate, Villemain adds, is correct, at least in regard to the *Epoque de la Nature*, which he wrote at the age of 70, and which he had recopied eighteen times.

The most distinguished name which alternately adorns and disgraces this period of French literature, is that of Rousseau—a being whose singular, and in many respects antithetical qualities, were at once the production of his age, and yet contradictory to the main current of its opinions. In his very first writings we perceive a spirit of democratic vehemence—a hatred of the refinements and distinctions of society—an earnestness, an appearance of conviction, which mark a vast advancement in the progress of popular opinions, since Montesquieu advanced the opinion that honour was the principle and foundation of monarchy. "They display the irritation of a man of superior abilities who has been long kept beyond the pale of society; we perceive in them the recollections of the miserable apprenticeship of his youth—his flight without bread or a home—his forced conversion—his employments of valet, seminariste, musician, copyist, secretary, and lastly of clerk, at Paris, without ever advancing further than merely sustaining life by hard labour."

Though Rousseau, however, was in earnest, so far as a feeling of aversion to the distinctions of rank and the refinements of society was concerned, it is extremely difficult to believe him serious in some of his paradoxical opinions—such as his eulogy of the savage state; as to which Voltaire, with dry irony, remarked, in thanking him for his essay—"That it was so seductively written, that it really tempted a man to walk on all fours after reading it." Still more preposterous is his denunciation of the idea of property. "The first person," says he, "who, having

enclosed a bit of ground, thought proper to say 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society. How many crimes, wars, murders, miseries, and horrors, would not the human race have been spared, if some one, tearing up the stakes, or filling up the ditch with which he had enclosed it, had called out to his fellows: 'Beware of listening to that impostor; you are undone if you forget that these fruits belong to all, and the earth to none!'" Well might Voltaire, who seems to have had the profoundest contempt for the practical judgment or good sense of Rousseau, remark in regard to this passage, "What is this species of philosophy, which dictates opinions which common sense repudiates from China to Canada? Is it not that of a beggar, who wishes to see the rich robbed by the poor, in order the better to establish fraternal union among mankind?"

A candid but somewhat too favourable a criticism on the *Emile* and the *Confessions* follows. We can make room, however, only for the concluding remarks on Rousseau, in which Villemain compares the influence exercised by Voltaire and Rousseau respectively on French literature.

"On the 30th March 1778, Voltaire, leaving the Old Louvre and the Academy, crossed the Caroussel, amidst the applauses of an immense crowd, on his way to the Theatre Français to witness the sixth representation of *Irene*. Dressed in the ancient mode, with his large powdered peruke and long lace sleeves, he wore also a magnificent cloak of sable fur—a present from that guilty Empress to whom he has lent an undue celebrity. An uncommon fire sparkled in his eyes; he poured out an unceasing flow of wit and ingenious remark. *Irene*, or rather Voltaire, excited a tumult of enthusiasm such as had once greeted the *Cid*. The people applauded in the street; the men of the court filled the pit; well-dressed women in the boxes joined in the demonstrations of applause: and when, after the close of the piece, the bust of the poet was carried upon the stage, a new delirium ensued. Voltaire was more intoxicated than a young author at his first successful play, and exclaimed with feeling, 'Would you have me die of pleasure!' Two months after this apotheosis, on the 30th May 1778, Voltaire had ceased to exist."

Within a week after this brilliant close of his career, the rival of Voltaire, if he had one, Rousseau, who had scarcely completed his 66th year, terminated, on the 3d of June, an existence, the burden of which he was suspected of having voluntarily thrown off. These two spectacles thus brought together, seemed emblematical of what was wanting in the philosophy of these two great writers. The one, passionately fond of eclat, of the world, and the theatre, even to extreme old age, had hastened his death by declaring the verses of his last tragedy more feeble even than *Irene*. The other, solitary, savage, with his reason disordered, with a genius still full of vigour, perhaps committed suicide, or died consumed by anxiety without a cause, and pride that knew no bounds.

Thus disappeared the two most influential personages of the 18th century; or rather their death displayed more clearly the influence of their opinions, and the strength of the impression which they left behind them. We cannot admit, in this respect, the terms of the parallel, such as they have been laid down. We are no believers in the providential contrast which Bernardin de St Pierre supposes, and which makes him see in Voltaire and Rousseau, the embodied representations of the evil and the good genius of the time. For each of them in turn has had his share in this double part, and this share, more or less equally distributed, is found in all the history of our present society.

The action of these two men on the opinion of society, however, was in some respects as different as the nature of their genius. Voltaire had more influence on common opinion; Rousseau on characters and talents. Voltaire had no pupils of any originality; he trained up no men of superior ability; he had no disciples but France, of which he was the organ, and Europe, which he dazzled with the ideas of France. By that sceptical irony, and that zeal for humanity, independence, and political well-being, which he found or excited in his time, he has, more than any one else, prepared the spirit of our own, and the singular contrast of our ideas and our manners. His admirable judgment, which one passion only had distorted upon the most important point of the social problem, still constitutes the

basis of opinion in France, and is dominant even over those by whom his name is rejected.

Rousseau has exercised a less durable influence over men's minds. Except during those times of social crisis, when his doctrines were commented on by inflamed passions, he has remained in the class of speculative writers, and of writers who are eloquent without the power of persuasion. Though he has bequeathed a legacy of expressions to our political writers, and even of forms to our institutions, his theories have lost their absolute hold over the mind: after having convulsed the political world, he continued to retain an influence only over a literary school, which, however, it is true, exercises in turn some influence on society. But at the commencement of the Revolution, his double influence inspired by turns St Pierre and Mirabeau—the man of contemplation and the tribune of the people—the elegant painter of nature, and the impetuous orator armed with genius and indignation. And soon after, amidst the social chaos which followed, it animated the wandering studies of a youthful French officer (Chateaubriand), thrown first amidst the savages of Louisiana, then back from the desert into the camp of civil war, and thence into the melancholy isolation of a great foreign city; it nourished, with mingled sorrow and hope, this fugitive then unknown, and sustained him by the example of what genius can do against obscurity and misfortune.

The influence of Rousseau is not less decidedly marked in the works of the great English poet of our age. But while strengthening, in Byron, that hatred against society which is never the judgment pronounced by the virtuous or the wise, it contracts in him a still more fatal alliance with scepticism. Hence that poetry, melancholy and yet sensual, bitter without being serious, borrowing the richest colours from the spectacle of nature, kindling into enthusiasm at the physical beauties of the world, but never carrying into them that moral emotion which should constitute their greatness and their life. The genius of Rousseau has not had a less share in the production of the poetical egotism of the painter of *Childe Harold* and *Lara*, than that of Voltaire has had on the philosophical education of the painter of *Don Juan*,

NOTES OF A TRAVELLER. NO. II.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many things I see
Which are exceedingly absurd,
And ought exposed to be!

THE VAUDEVILLE!

HAVING shown our number, the box-keeper smiles (we soon see *why*), and bidding us follow, stops in front of a long receding box, which she opens stealthily, and in a twinkling we find ourselves keyed in with a double row of male and female occupants. It is a party evidently unprepared for our reception: accordingly, tawny and black moustache are seen to rise vindictively at our blameless intrusion; and even the ladies, whose eyes are yet red with the pathos of a double adultery and an incidental parricide, on which the curtain fell a minute ago, scan our altitude reproachfully. We had got into the *wrong box* indeed; but it is too late to retreat, for the next piece is commencing, and the orchestra is no longer empty; already are some of the purveyors of noise in their places, and at work. What a pandemonium of sounds to drive one mad, is an orchestra getting itself into tune! There they go!—scrape, scrape; tweedle, tweedle; grumble, grumble; tootle, tootle! Such a diapason of discord as only one other place on earth can be found to match, *that* place, reader, being the long ward of *sick dogs* in the hospital of Alfort. I wonder when those two brown bassoons will understand each other! Look at those fellows, cheek by cheek, spitting alternately into the side holes of hollow cylinders, which distil water at their nether end! Here a thorough bass, grumbling minor discords into subjection; there a clarionet modulates something between wind and cat-gut; there an incorrigible melodist sits teaching his horn its horn-book, while half a score of fiddlers, barnacled and without barnacles, are twisting and screwing, lowering or tightening the elastic fibre. All this dreadful note of preparation finds an end at last, and the leader of the band, who is to “ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm,” stands erect! Hush! he points his chin at the central stage lamp, and after a hawk-like glance to his myrmidons, right and left, and

with the proud bearing of one who feels his own importance, gives the sign, and the first broadside strikes the receding curtain!

A pause; crash the second! A second silence, and then—why then?—without any apparent motive, a frisky transition from adagio to jig, followed by a love dialogue between flute and clarionet. By degrees, and still you know not why, other instruments have something to say in the conversation, which waxes general, not to say disputatious. The smothered note of a lethargic bassoon, heard fitfully, makes you, indeed, for the moment, fear a new storm; but he lies down again, till a sudden swell of all the instruments chafes him into the decided growl of a chained mastiff;—in short, each by turns wishes to make an umpire of the public, and solicit a private hearing, but luckily the wind instruments must pause to take breath, and the fiddles are left in undisputed possession. Bravo, fiddles!—and now for those long and majestic sweeps of persuasive horse-hair, riding in triumph over the back of the purring cat-gut! Soothed by the lengthened melody, you would gladly close your eyes in submission if not in satisfaction; but this the *Composer*, the *Maestro*, will not. Your thought is dislocated by the animating waltz; the eye can no longer discern the rapid evolutions of flying fingers, nor the ear the sounds; when fairly dazzled, deafened, and done up, three more crashes, with their conclusive bangs, fortunately announce the overture at an end, and up goes the curtain. We glance from our play-bill, which says “*Mariage de Raison*,” to the boards. A coquetishly dressed young lady sits embroidering; as soon as the curtain has cleared the plane of the last tier of boxes, she puts down her work, *dove-tails* her fingers, deposits the double phalanges of her white hands on her apron, and begins to tell you of her youth, her *inexperience*, and her *innocence* (topics on which they are

always communicative—*ces dames ci*, and never *veracious*). Presently a young gentleman comes out of a side door, at which he surprises *sua innocenza* listening! Suzette and he are thus found (we suspect, not for the first time, though so they instruct the pit) *publicly*. Presently she falls to talking again about her innocence, when "*le cher Monsieur Edouard*" insinuates a liberal proposal to take the incumbrance off her hands at her own price—an offer which she very decidedly declines *in a song*, partly addressed to the *polisson* in question, and partly to the pit,—which, or whom, it now seems our Suzette intends to make her confidant throughout. But the young Moustache is a soldier; the song has no other effect than that of causing him to attempt familiarities, which compel her once more to remind him of her virtue. More *empressement* on the part of M. Edouard, who appears quite incorrigible—his arm is round her waist—a stage resistance follows *selon les regles*; in vain she invites him to be reasonable; he upturns his head, and swears by the gods (in the gallery) that ———. But hark—at this new, touching, and unexpected proof of his devotion, the lady breathing at the rate of forty inspirations per minute, and putting, we *must* think, to rather an unfair trial the laces of her *corsets elastiques*—(you know, reader, that a brass knocker on the stage is often appealed to in the straits and difficulties of female virtue)—a stormy discharge of double knocks is directed to one of the side doors, before the audacious youth has had time to understand his advantage,—knock, knock, knock, knock, knock! The whereabouts to hide has been vainly sought, as in those cases, *passim*, between the impracticable cupboard, shallow fire-screen, and a table that would not conceal a cat.—Come, come, sir, you must *really* let the old gentleman (it is his father) in, in common decency.—(Scene shifts.) The brown Suit enters accordingly, and a jolly old fellow he is,—and wherefore comes he? Not to scold, or to talk big-wig morality, as you suppose, to the young people, but merely, it seems, to *sing to them and the audience*! To do which *more majorum*, he tucks an arm respectively of Suzette and the gallant under his own, and leading them in front of the stage, full in the

flare of the lamps, the patriarchal man, smiling now on her and now on him, acquits himself of the said song with prodigious success! But the object of his visit is yet a mystery: he comes then, it appears, to propose to Suzette, not M. Edouard, of whose energetic and summary way of making love he cannot be supposed to know any thing, but a certain brave *militaire*, with a wooden leg, who had been wounded in Spain, in his son's defence, and has loved said mademoiselle, in secret, for two years odd! On this communication, Suzette, a reasonable young woman, first cries a little, but on reflection consents, and the pit cries bravo! *On fait les noces*—and the evening of the marriage ceremony arrives. Act 3d, Suzette comes alone, and is making up her mind to try to love her new husband on French philosophical principles, and has nearly succeeded, when who should tap at her window (which she *opens*) at this hour, but that incorrigible Edouard? Neither gods nor knockers should be invoked for nothing, and certainly the *dignus vindice nodus* does appear to be arrived. Our old friend of hinged brass, "good at need," is a *second* time in exercise, and our gallant lies *perdu*, while admission is given to a female cousin, who comes (at this unseasonable hour, when every body is going to bed), to congratulate her on her *mariage de raison*; she finds occasion, in the course of the conversation, to relate many things to the advantage of the accepted spouse, and not a few of an opposite kind, for the edification of M. Edouard, who, becoming assured, from behind the screen, of his own pretty character, takes the earliest opportunity to bolt. And now, nothing hindering the *mariage de raison* being consummated, a nuptial dialogue takes place in public, *coram populo*, in which the husband manages his proœmial part so well, that Suzette is fairly birdlimed into a new affection, and, coming forward, assures the audience, as the curtain modestly falls on his marital privileges, that she has *determined* to live henceforth the blameless spouse of her "*brave Henri*;" and the pit as instantly determining that, such being the case, she shall receive its most unanimous support, white kid gloves are shaken in the boxes, and coloured cotton streamers wave from the gallery!—They call these things *Vaudevilles*!

CHAMPS ELYSEES—ON A PÊTE.

It is a crowd of people amongst the trees, some of whom, at the rate of five centimes *per shock, per person*, are about to take a dose of electricity in *public*, whilst others, detected by the keen-eyed owner of the apparatus contriving to filch a little of it on the sly, are informed that his wheel does not brew electricity without materials. Walking round his ring of bystanders with electric cord in hand, he offers it liberally, to all and sundry, for a farthing a *shock*, while many a brave *moustache*, not afraid of gunpowder, turns away his head from the unknown agent, not exactly feeling the courage to accept, till some *curiosité* from the country steps forward, and asks boldly for a *whole sous* worth of the product of the wheel—him the "*physicien*" salutes with courteous bow, and, presenting the magic string, nods to his attendant. When a sufficient accumulation to stun an ox has been produced, "*touch*," says the man in black to his hob-nailed customer, and "*go*" says Electricity, as she flings him back in terror amidst the admiring crowd! He is now offered, with becoming gravity, another *charge* without *further expense*; but, thinking the amusement rather *overcharged*, he slinks away, with aching shoulders, to pastimes better suited to his physical and intellectual capacities. A hundred such shall not be missed from that gay arena, where tinfoil and gold leaf, and brass-knobbed phials of different dimensions, the enchanted house, the dancing paper, the horse-shoe magnet, the pith balls (now rubbing shoulders, now standing aloof, from each other, like dear friends in difficulties), and many other marvels, afford their thousand *attractions*! But when the "*physicien*," emboldened by an increasing auditory, flocking from all sides, begins to tell of the *medical* virtues of the *agent* to which he is *Agent*, then, not Punch himself, in any act of his brief and eventful career—not even when it comes to his "*last squeak*," when the battered head of the hero leaning over the stage of his agonistic exploits against the "*Adversary*," exhibits all the symptoms of incurable concussion—not even then can he compete for public attention with the mar-

vels which are related by the man of that wonderful wheel!—of wasting muscles restored to strength and size; of sightless eyeballs filled with instantaneous light; of ears that never heard before becoming avenues of sound; of palsy, touched by that life-giving spark, starting up to run *after an omnibus*! Such are his themes, and they are, of course, backed by a suitable display of electric power, well calculated to *make the hair stand on end*, and extort for the peripatetic exhibitor as many *sous* as there be fools or philosophers to hear.

Near this monopolizer of so much of the public money, but out of his dangerous atmosphere, roulette tables rattle away to the wooden ball, or small metal discs ring upon a copper floor, over which knives, candlesticks, and cork-screws hang as prizes for the successful discobolus. Plaster cats, stuck upon skewers, fall victims to ambitious archery—a yielding cushion measures the strength of your forearm—the *Gondole*, confronted by a *mirror*, clicks your weight, and shows you how you look, for the same penny. Here is the *facile princeps* of puppet-shows, in which, pull but the string, you may say your prayers in St Peter's, or fight at Eylau or at Wagram. But make way for a troop of young schœnobatists; and don't mind that stentor-voiced tooth-extractor who wishes you for a customer. To refuse the syrens who sell the bad gingerbread called "*plaisir*" is no great act of virtue or frugality, but the indefatigable chair-letters are not to be resisted. The tinkling *limonadier's* bell may be a cheerful sound to the thirsty; but dare we here affirm *αριστον μεν υδωρ*, or trust that his lemons ever had a peel upon them? The turbaned venders of the date of Egypt or the fig of Smyrna, want not their customers; but for those whose whole commerce is the smouldering *pastille* of many a detestable aroma, one is at a loss to conceive how they get on;—in short, go where you will, it is the same scene; every body looking merry but one's self, and that affrighted-cur that yelps at his adventurous master carried round and round on ship or wooden nag. But who can put down a tithe of the provisions

made by a bountiful government to keep people merry—and *quiet*? And there be greater things than these:—The giant's strength, which succumbs not to a pyramid of pigmies, and the fat woman's charms, proclaimed in stentorian tone, with drum and cymbal: look along that line of canvass which records in glowing colours, the *acta et gesta* of Napoleon; or, scarcely less attractive, that group of bold Europeans engaged in rescuing Circasian loveliness (for two sous it is to be

seen within) from a yelling horde of red barbarians, who, it must be owned, look abductive in the extreme; those poor fellows, so actively engaged in green icebergs with Arctic bears, make one shudder; while the Indian, in act to throw the compulsory *lasso* over the head of a tiger, whom he waits for with such *sang froid*, makes one sweat. In short, visit the Champs Elysées on one of the "*trois jours*," and see if I have overcharged the picture.

A DAY AT ST DENYS.

You start on this journey from the Porte St Denys, the arch of "Gladness and of Sadness," as king-loving chroniclers have styled it, through which all the early monarchs made at least two journeys. By this portal they entered Paris *en rois*; through the same, their funeral cortège proceeded to the church of the acephalous saint, in the cold vaults of which they are deposited. To count, on a fête day, the arrivals and departures, during only a few minutes, from the Porte St Denys, were as impossible a task as that imposed on Cinderella by her ball-going sisters!

Around this spot is generally collected, as now, a large stationary crowd, of what the journalists and play-wrights call *canaille*, when the law and the soldiery have the upper hand; but when blood and rapine have secured to this *canaille* more respectful consideration, they obtain the endearing name of *enfants du peuple*. Here you see fellows waiting for a job with gold ear-rings and a doubtful physiognomy; here halts the basket-burthened countryman to breathe under the shadow of the huge architecture; against its walls lounges the dissatisfied labourer, with hands in a dangerous state of inactivity; here congregate the knights of industry to speculate on the probabilities of untied pockets, which they do with an instinct that rarely misleads. Here the shoe-black offers an assistance which is rarely declined in a city where clean shoes are "*de rigueur*," and the frequent polish still embellishes the deformed or cracked leather of the superannuated boot, whose wearer, perhaps, never exhibited a shirt front, but who pays ungrudgingly more, in a

year, for an amalgam of tallow and blacking, than it has cost him for half his life in *soap*. See how complacently he looks on the shining surface now in progress, and with what satisfaction he pays the coin which requites the indispensable, and the only indispensable item of his toilet. Here, too, you are annoyed by the street merchandise of little sluts of thirteen, who look you audaciously in the face, and try hard to seduce you with violet and rosebud nosegays, and of course generally succeed.

Among signs and ensigns on the houses which surround this *αμφαλος γης*, who can fail to be attracted by yonder vast portrait of a green Lady, in whose arms a winged messenger is depositing a young nursling, on whom the painter contrives to make her look with such affectionate interest, that you almost wish you were its papa! But do not suppose the *sage femme*, whose tenderness this production unequivocally attests, has it all her own way; for opposite, a younger rival, equally captivating, unbonneted, and in pink, stands over two eggs, on a richly painted carpet, out of which eggs two *oviparous* babes are making their way, at a huge destruction of shell—in the background a languid female, half hid under the quilt. Between these rival midwives you may read, and doubt for a moment if you understand, an intimation that dolls' eyes are manufactured within, and that children's playthings may be mended on the lowest terms.

In this quarter, too, you can scarcely move your own length without being confronted by a smartly-dressed man, placed conveniently to intercept the crowd that passes betwixt him and

his shop window; he would fain clothe you in equally becoming raiment with his own; do but glance towards his window as you pass, and swifter than spider darts along his line on an implicated fly, he is at your side!—"Voyez, Monsieur!" "Entrez, Monsieur!" Or, are you hungry and not naked? Behold the pastry booth, with plates of cold Yorkshire pudding, rancid "*babas*," and gingerbread *piqué* with almonds, and all that can be made of equivocal butter, mildewed flour, and brown sugar. Here, too, are stay and corset-makers, who pique your curiosity or challenge your anatomical knowledge, in the display of *taille* of the most captivating dimensions, and indiscreetly show the very public *how* such things may be brought about by padding, and wadding, and cushions, and steel springs.

But enough! The *Boulevard St Denys*, as every one knows, is a compendium of Paris itself, and the St Denys coach, by which we mean to go, is ready to start, and warns us to mount in a hurry, lest we lose the quickly-occupied place to every sub-

urban station: on we go, and on we go—the street getting shabbier at every step through the long long fauxbourg (all fauxbourgs are long, all fauxbourgs are bad, and this the longest and the worst), the shop-windows exhibit less and less costly merchandise; the plate-glass windows of the smart shawl-shops disappear; the frescoed ceiling and the gilt cornice of the coffee-house are no more. The *bon-bons* shops, which in Paris more than rival the very jewellers in display, have no business here—orange, and pink, and sapphire-coloured sugar-plums are for other regions. We behold no longer the pyramid of *caramel*, the *pralined* petals of the orange, the violet, or the rose, the chrysolite that melts in your mouth, or the pretty girls who serve you. *Sages femmes* there still are and must be, but not like our Boulevard ones; the very signs are all in this quarter by inferior artists, and in place of the chemist's shop with all its glories, dried plants and *tureens* full of *leeches* indicate the humbler *herboriste*.

THE BARRIERE AND THE FAUXBOURG.

"Substitut ad Veteres Arcus madidamque Capenam."—JUVENAL.

We are at the Barrière, and some day we will stop for five minutes to look at the proceedings of the officers of the *Octroi*, whose business it is, in behalf of the good Ville de Paris, to exact the municipal tax, so named, on all alimentary substances; and who accordingly run their long steel spits through unknown packages, and announced as dry goods—a skin of wine or spirits would stand a bad chance with this practical commentary on the *Impulerat ferro Argolicas fœdere latebras*. The buzzing hornets of this troublesome excise left to their occupations, we find before us a long amphibious kind of street, of which every second house is destined for cheap repast and economical wine-bibbing, where countless sign-boards attest how surely the ruling inclination of the many is to reconcile gastronomy with the frugal administration of finance; one tells us of its hundred *couverts*, and its weekly *balls*; another is prepared for marriage feasts, or any other rejoicings to be

got up on short notice (*noces et festins*). Here a swan with a cross between his neck and foot is at once the *signe* and *cygne de la croix*, and by the singularity of the device arrests the customer. There the "three barbels," true to their ensign, exhibit the dish of ready-fried flounder or gudgeon. Further on, the over-tempted Saint, amidst naked syrens and ruby cups, seems by his gesture not so much intended to indicate the necessity of self-control, as the pleasure of yielding to the temptation of the Burgundy, &c., within—Burgundy beyond the barrier and the *Octroi*! Peep through those dirty panes and you shall see a *voiturier's* larder,—sheeps' trotters, *crapaudine* pigeons, stale cold meat, faded sallad, basins filled with stewed pears and plums, or the rolled cylinder of raw beef waiting orders, or the half of a yellow goose, such as one hopes Cyrus did *not* send his hungry friends; in short, hundreds of places are here where nature may be satisfied for a few

sous, and where hungry carters (who are *καρτεροι ανδρες* of course) assemble to toast sausages on their forks, and swill unoctroyed but sour wine with abounding approbation ;—be-

yond all, behold that seemingly interminable avenue which is to end with our short journey, and place us before the Abbey Church of St Denys.

THE ROAD.

There's a bit of true French road-making for you! Straight and flat as need be, and with nothing to draw off your attention from the *chaussée* itself. A double row of young trees on either side, make two geometrical boundaries, which the eye may follow for miles, with practical illustration of the axiom that two parallel straight lines never can become one. The long line of lamps hung in the mid road; the clean-cut formal parallelograms by the way-side (for what use intended we could never guess) now half filled with water; the rectangular off-walks into the fields; the flat unhedged country, where the frequent poplar needs no training, and towers high above the apparently naked soil; the miserable wickets of the few cottages by the road-side, covered with rags drying in the sun and dust, are all un-English; while the utter absence of all vegetable barriers, the land's best covering, explain the striking absence of birds, which elsewhere adorn the sorriest rural scenery;—in short, you are soon tired of the whole thing, and look forward to the objects that are approaching or passing you, the suburban carriages, which rejoice in the name of *coucou* (a nest of strange birds may usually be found there in incubation); the *à volonté*s, the going

of which depends on the separate and sometimes opposite wills of wheel, driver, passenger, and team, and many others with or without distinctive names. Curious it is to see those gaunt, Holbein-looking horses, scampering away under the thundering blows of the gnarled whip-handle, or suddenly halting, or rolling groggily to one side, or shuffling knee deep, in dust of their own raising, dragging their little friend, the associated donkey, through it,—such as these, and many others, meet or pass you in long succession, two, three, four, at a time, with right jovial crews inside, who sing, smoke, and make the most of their short drive; while, at the distance of several miles off, o'ercanopied, or emerging each from its cloud, the towering roof, the herculean build, and the approaching thunder of rival diligences freighted from England and Boulogne, approach, arrive, and pass with all the honours, privileges, and concessions of the road, leaving the cloud of dust which has dredged us like millers to be slowly dissipated. Again we are able to look about us, and find we are at the bridge of the Canal de l'Ourq; the Rubicon is passed, and we descend with both noise and speed into the very centre of St Denys!

THE ABBE.

And here we are at the door of our friend the Abbé * * * : an excellent man he was, and this we said even before the excellent dinner he gave us. His age might have been seventy; he had seen much of the world, without having become on that account less benevolent or less indulgent to its frailties—all this you saw, or might see in his face—all this you heard, or might hear in his every remark, and all this you learned in his eventful history. He had been a chaplain in the army in early life—an official, for whose existence in the French armies we suppose the English reader is un-

prepared—and had there duly impressed upon his own mind the importance of discretion and self-command. Old enough to insure respect, he was sufficiently urbane to dispel reserve; his good temper won an easy confidence, and his unaffected humanity was such as to lead him to sympathize with all human suffering. He was dressed in full canonicals, the black-ribbed cap fitting closely to his skull, the black bands with the narrow white edge perfectly adjusted, and not one button of that long front row of a priest's walking attire, out of its button-hole. While he went to give

orders for dinner, I had time to glance at his little library, and discerned, amidst lives of saints, Catholic missals, and *les Nuits de Young*, a sprinkling of uncanonical romance, and an amateur treatise or two on cookery and medicine. A print of Fenelon's fine head was on the wall, and a *Mater Dolorosa* from Sasso-Ferrata; a bad engraving of the Crucifixion in a black frame, was evidently not hung up as a work of art, and two or three holy subjects in oils, with a few landscapes, completed the decoration. By the modest, but not uncomfortable bed, hung a small carved ivory crucifix, with a little vessel for holy water; a broad-brimmed hat hung on its peg,

and there was just enough of carpet in the middle of the room (*more Gallico*) to keep our friend's feet and those of his large oak table from taking cold; add a few chairs, an *armoire*, a warm cushion, which also did duty for a footstool, a comfortable stove, whether for standing at, or for sitting to read at by candle-light. All this had been glanced at, and the small amount of what is essentially necessary to human comfort reflected on, when the agreeable owner returned to accompany me to the cathedral; so, after taking a glass of wine and some of the *talmouse*, which is the staple commodity of St Denys, we proceeded thither together.

THE ABBEY.

The Abbey St Denys is, for an edifice, as sacrosanct as any in Christendom. Ever since the decapitated saint who originally imposed its name, took that celebrated walk, "of which the first step alone was difficult"—(the promenade took place towards the end of the third century)—ever since he appeared to a saintly lady, by name Catulla, for the purpose of suggesting the necessity of a shrine for himself and two other saints, his fellow martyrs, has this same abbey been the scene and site of many a pious fraud. Its whole history comes of miracle,—the shrine, which long preceded the cathedral, was itself, we see, intimated from above, and miracle on miracle marked the whole period occupied in the erection of the sacred edifice. The very workmen were supported on *miraculous* supplies, and a single inexhaustible cask of wine, of undeniable quality, gave them spirits for the task and strength for the toil; nay, on the very evening of the day preceding that when the bishop was to perform the ceremony of consecration on the finished building, a certain leper, fearing lest, by reason of his infirmities, he should be prevented from getting in with the crowd, stole thither, it seems, over night, and, standing between two columns (which of course are known), beheld the person of our Saviour, who, having touched the wall with his hand, forthwith vanished! Relating what he had seen to the people and the priests, who naturally required proof, this was soon

procured; for happening to point to that part of the wall which the divine hand had touched, his immediate *cure* was effected. Since this period the reputation of the abbey has been supported chiefly on the *voluntary contributions* of miracles, in which the attesting parties have been generally eye-witnesses of that for the accuracy of which they vouch; nay, the very road along which we have just been travelling to get here, may well have its interest to the faithful, though I could not stop the reader in the dust, as we came over it, to tell him of the very singular event which occurred before it was *paved* (some 800 years ago), a mile on this side the *Barrière*: a rogue, it seems, had stolen "*La Hostie*" from one of the Paris churches, St Genevieve, I believe, and was making the best of his way out of town with his prize. Having cleared the gates, his curiosity was natural enough to open the sacred *patina*, when lo! the contained host escaped, and flew up to heaven like an uncaged bird; not, however, to *remain* there, since, according to the Chronicle, "*après plusieurs hymnes et louanges chantées à l'honneur du St Sacrement, la dite Hostie, suspendue en l'air, vint à descendre miraculeusement entre les mains du Curé de St Gervais, non sans grande étonnement d'une multitude infinie de personnes qui estoient presents.*"

Of a hundred persons entering this edifice for the first time, the probability were, that ninety-nine would utter an exclamation indicative both of plea-

sure and surprise ; so imposing is it in height of roof and length of nave, so graceful the graduated elevation of its fine sanctuary and quire, so pleasing the effect of those cataracts of coloured light that pour in on all sides from a thousand windows ! The *monuments* are few, but on a grand scale, and placed with *effect* where they stand, especially that to the memory of Francis the First, the base of which is occupied by a magnificent bas-relief. The new organ, which *is* to be without rival in France, was, at our visit, not as yet installed, but active preparations were making for its inauguration, and it may be, and probably is, already pealing along the aisles. My friend the Abbé first conducted me to a door on one side of the quire ; a secret spring obeys his touch, and we pass onward through a cold cheerless Sacristy, the only furniture of which was an ample store of huge fluted candles, and a high-mounted extinguisher standing in one corner. But here we stay not—a narrow door opposite to that by which we enter, lets us into a well-boarded, well-warmed, well-proportioned room, where a handsome stove, some easy chairs, and several good modern paintings, put your mind at rest on the subject of monastic austerity as comprehended at St Denys. A room was this where ladies might have sat over their work-boxes, or a gay evening party have assembled, *quoad* light, heat, and cheerfulness, without any mistake : but we must not tarry in it, for we have the vaults to visit, to do which we retrace our steps into the body of the church, looking up, as we are instructed, at the glass effigies of the French kings on the painted windows ; we cross the high altar over the tombs of some of the later Louises, and descend by a dozen steps, through an iron grating, into the cold atmosphere of the royal vaults beneath. Directly at the end of a long arched corridor, and illuminated by a window which lets in a scanty light from above, you soon discern, on a high pedestal, the statue of Charlemagne. Here and there, on either hand, early sovereigns of France and their royal consorts, stone crowns on their heads and stone sceptres in their hands, lie extended in grim repose. The corridor, which appeared to terminate at Charlemagne's statue, is found, on approaching it, to divaricate

into other passages, leading to little low-roofed crypts or chapels, where, placed upon many a stone sors, lie quilted warrior and brocaded dame. Of course, you ask for *Clovis*, the *first* Christian king who ever imposed conditions on Providence, who, fighting against the Germans in 455, and being hard pressed, “fit un vœu à Dieu, que s'il lui donnait la victoire *sans autre delay*, il se rangerait à l'église Chrétienne, et se ferait baptiser.”—“Prince très illustre,” adds his historian, “si sa grande cupidité de regner *seul*, ne lui eut fait oublier et l'équité et l'humanité, envers ses *parens* et ses *sujets les plus fidèles* !” *Childebert* is another name you are sure to recollect ; he came into being about sixty years afterwards. He it was who built that church in front of the Louvre, which no Protestant forgets, “*St Germain l'Auxerrois*.” Here he sleeps in his stone trough, with his wife *Ultrogoth* beside him. It is she whom *Surius* calls, “*Nutrix orphanorum, consolatrix pupillorum, sustentatrix pauperum et Dei servorum, atque adiutrix fidelium monachorum*.” In the eighth year of the reign of *Childebert*, a great inundation of the Seine and the Marne happened, and boats *suffered shipwreck* between *St Denys* and *Paris*. “*Sequana Matronaque tantam inundationem circa Parisios intulerunt, ut inter civitatem et basilicam St Laurentii, naufragia sæpe contingerent*.” *Chilperic* comes next in order : he was by no means a deserving person, and his wife *Fredigonda*, who lies “*en marquetterie*” at his feet, was a very *Clytemnestra* in her life. He is represented here with his hand to his chin, not, says *Gregory of Tours* (who is by no means flattering in his account of him), to signify *how* he died (his throat was cut), but merely because he had a habit of stroking his beard. *Gerard* gives you all that need be said or sung of either consort in three lines—

“*Campanos vastavit agros, crudelis et atrox
Uxorem primam jugulat ; Fredigonda secunda
Quem jugulat ; mors hæc crudeli digna marito.*”

“*Exemple memorable*,” adds the *Chronieler*, “*pour les roys, ne ex pellice conjugem faciant*”—as if *that* remark were alone applicable to kings ! *Pepin le Bref* lies on his belly—*pronus et non*

supinus, "*pro peccatis patris sui, Caroli Martelli.*" Next comes Charles le Chauve, who, with Cæsar's laurel, could never get Cæsar's knack of writing Latin; witness the following edict, where, in honour of *St Denys*, he ordains, "*nullum teloneum, vel barganicum, nec rotaticum, nec pontaticum, nec cæspitaticum, nec pulveraticum, nec salutaticum, nec mutaticum, nec ad nostrum opus nec ad vestrum, nec ad juniores nostros ullo exigere aut exactare præsumatis!*" The *Reine Blanche* sleeps here in *black marble*, and Philip Augustus, who, in 1190, enclosed Paris with a rampart. He built the *Halles*, "*Halas*, *Magnas Domus* in quibus, tempore pluviali, omnes mercatores merces suas mundissime venderent, et in nocte, ab in-

cursu latronum tute custodirent." The pretty baby king, little *Louis X.*, who died at eight months, is a lovely-looking infant, and gives relief to the quaint tombs near him, where imbricated warriors lie in quilted mail, while coloured figures in wood, with short petticoats, and of true Dutch build, stand over them. Hideous blue angels support golden heads of departed sovereigns, on red cushions, while the yellow or green slippers of the royal form rest upon the flank of some frightful abortion of natural history, a mis-shapen dog, a lamb with a golden fleece, or a round-headed lion with a man's face and a rat's tail. On the whole, a day at *St Denys* is far from being unproductive of entertainment or instruction.

PARTIES.

Mr ———'s drawing-room is an elegant drawing-room—we speak of the men and women we meet there, not of his tables and chairs. It is one of those which one frequents with feelings of unqualified approval, and never too often. His dinners are without pretension, good, and remarkably well served. In their social composition he knows both who is who, and what is what; and to partake of that repast *chez lui*, which is at once the criterion of an host's abilities and a specimen of his society, is, in the *Maison *****, an assured enjoyment of several hours, for which you feel grateful and flattered. One already foresees a beautiful *avenir*, where the soup is not an unmeaning expletive, but challenges attention by its excellence, and is promptly distributed by many hands. The first moments of suspense are past—you have reconnoitred your position—you have taken your roll out of its spotless napkin, and unfurled it on your knee—you are going to make that first *sotto voce* and decided movement towards acquaintance with your *voisine*, which, inspired by the soup and half a glass of fine sherry, gets on afterwards of its own accord. In this agreeable *salle à manger* the dishes always come at the right moment—the damask arena is always occupied—the servants watch the guests' movements, and know that while they are interesting each other in sparkling sallies of wit,

or graceful attentions of common-place, that any thing put down to be eaten, abruptly before them, would only be an impertinence, and stop mouths more agreeably employed. The adroit service seizes the happy moment, when an agreement as to a *cantatrice's* merits, or an actor's originality is arrived at, and the conversation for an instant languishes; this is the time, surely, for the *entremet*, the *sole en matelotte Normande*, the pleasing mixture of the *Macedoine de legumes*, or that abyss of good things, the truffled *vol-au-vent*, which lies smoking before you. The wine, being necessarily good, is not, as in England, descanted on; no dish is criticised; the elegant refinements of easy circumstances, and the good taste of the invited, spare you the possibility of a shock, and are apparent throughout; no awkward butler breaks mismanaged corks; an invisible functionary executes that duty without reproach. The footmen are silent in their service, unless, when bringing round some bottle of more *recherché* quality, they whisper the patronymic. They note your slightest movement of want, existing or satisfied, and never trouble you to repeat a demand. No lowering spouse looks thunder-clouds at some awkward exhibition of the homeliness of the family resources; no conscious husband strives to cover his wife's discomposure by becoming prematurely and unnecessarily gay; no flippant imper-

finances pass muster; no indiscriminate praise or censure of men, books, or things, no loud assertion of egotistical opinion, or egregious self-esteem will here meet with sympathy or support. Scandals past, present, or to come, form no part of the conversation: vulgar retaliation upon French prejudices are abstained from; provincialisms or solecisms offend not. The conversation is, perhaps, never *deep*, but it is seldom *dull*; it may affect, perhaps, the last *fashion* of phrases yet unvulgarized by use, but still its essence is the maintenance of that happy medium between sustained argumentation (which monopolizes attention and induces dyspepsia) and that raw violence of manner which, in addressing you, forces unqualified dissent, or compels to silence and reserve. As dinner proceeds, it flows with more and more facility and fewer interruptions; each has fair play; the whole is a piece of concerted music, a diapason of harmony, and a Solo would scarcely be commenced ere it was quietly put down. It is not conceded to any large dealer in anecdote, at Mr——'s parties, to inflict his tiresome *memory* on reluctant audiences. Even the *célébrités* do not engross attention. The profound thinker, from whose prolific wisdom society abroad may have drawn her largest supplies, here imitates those mighty rivers, which impart only the *overflowings* of their full urns, and as they pass along, discover not in the serenity of their surface the depth of their resources. All waters are equally deep to the eye, and like them, the mind's depths must be fathomed to be known. To perfect the whole, a condiment to the intellectual banquet is supplied in the freemasonry of a liberal education, and all rise with improved conversational powers to join the ladies and contribute to *their* amusement. A few musical friends drop in, and the rest of the evening is passed in listening to what is perfect in its kind, and new in its quality. May many such *dinners* be in store for us (inasmuch as *toutes les grandes pensées viennent de l'estomac*), and may many such soirées follow them!

But, alas! all parties are not *ejusdem farinae*! Take a specimen of another!—

When a man is matrimoniously in-

clined, let him keep his own counsel; and if he have already been indiscreet enough to speak out to a lady confidante, let him hold, suspect her offer of introducing him to the "charming young friend" with whom she may have been at school. A man disposed to matrimony, as an expedient state, will go through any thing to arrive at it! On one of those fatal occasions, when introductions to all that is enchanting are generously promised and gratefully accepted, did we find our way up three pair of stairs of corkscrew architecture, and land upon two or three square feet of neutral territory, between two exactly similar doors exposed to equal assault in the exploratory uncertainty of the guest. Here did we take our last draught of respirable air for that night! we hit upon the right bell, and were again admonished on the threshold, that we must be *very* sentimental if we would prosper in our undertaking; the door of the exterior *oven* presently opened, and in we went. There were three rooms, at least there were three times four walls defining the limits of three compartments of contracted space, the whole of which would have made a respectable *aviary*, but would have been scarcely a *zoological* allowance for *monkeys*. These boxes, of course, opened and *steamed* into each other, wafting reciprocal gales of musk and music to the equal annoyance of the victims who were being *black-holed* with surprising resignation!

The innermost room had been rendered entirely insupportable by a stiff fire, which it maintained till it came to a natural death for want of air, on which desirable event the guests, who had been equally ready to expire, began to show tokens of revival. This furnace, or engine-room, was moreover papered of a fiery-red, with butterflies and passion-flower devices for border; an equally glaring carpet, covered every inch of the twelve by fourteen feet of surface on which it was extended; and a voluminous rug almost *smoked* in front of the fire-place. The rest of the furniture was all dwarfish, to correspond to the room, *except* a huge piano—an immense old broken-kneed Vauxhall-song affair—which quite occupied one side of the small parallelogram, compelling the guests who were to applaud its achievements to the other, and, played on or silent, was the

lion of the evening. Such large instruments, we found, were always objects of respect; some opined "it must have cost a deal of money:" some stated that it was *particularly* adapted to sacred music—and we wished it in St Peter's accordingly. Some celebrated *Anger* had pronounced upon its tones before it had been purchased; *loud* to be sure it was, but then it was so easy to open the window (*bien entendu* when the wind was not easterly) and disperse a portion of its vibrations. The chimney-piece was ornamented with flowers, cut out by some of the family, and paper pinks and muslin roses, on silk-twisted wire-stalks, and under glass bells, flanked a clock in alabaster. But what could our Louisa be thinking of, to hang up those horrible daubs, by her fair hand, in *oils*? one was accordingly compelled, on this confession, to say "very pretty," to a certainly *original* sketch of Love sleeping on a green bank—green, indeed, but not *exactly* the right sort of green; and as for the Cupid thus served up on chopped spinnach, he looked as if he were not likely ever to wake again. That Warrior's head, we have surely seen before in some foreign collection—and now that we recollect, it was from the top of a coach on Snowhill, where such a Saracenic head has glared on us since we were five years old. We believe he gets *rouged* every three or four years, but *Louisa's* warrior will not require it.

A calmer sea than *that*, never showed smooth surface of a deeper blue; nor did the same element ever exhibit more froth below, or blacker sky above, than the *pendant*, on another piece of canvass covered by the same indefatigable young lady, at whose bidding quicksilver rivulets run out of lead-coloured lakes, snow-capt mountains are provided with green hills for footstools, inextricable forests of black trees, are bisected by a gash or wound over which a bridge is thrown to intimate that some geological feature is designed, or a most peculiar sky is *studded* with birds, stuck immovably between heaven and earth—and so much for *paysage*, the fine arts, and Louisa.

Did our sufferings, pulmonary, cutaneous, or moral, terminate here? Oh, that *Canaan of ass's milk*, a lady's album! with its lunatic addresses to

the moon, its moral exhortations to Lord Byron, its mawkish valedictions of young friends going to *Cambridge*, its lines written at *sea*, (and signed M. E. which must mean *maris expert*) or stanzas from *abroad*, which only show the writer not to have been at *home* in any thing but his Spelling-book!—or to crown all, its charades, its epigrams, its profane *micrographical curiosities*—the *stone tables of the law*, or the *prayer of the Redeemer* within the circlet of a ten *sous* piece.

The *Album* penalty exacted to the letter, and our civility and patience having outdone themselves, we thankfully look up, and are prepared to resign the interesting volume into the hands of the fair proprietor, when two tall gentlemen, who had been obtaining—but a bird's eye view, are already competitors! Two long right arms are suddenly extended towards the relinquished prize: two long right arms are as suddenly *retracted*, with *galvanised* politeness on perceiving each other's intentions. These were the *active* of the party, but many a silent guest was sitting there in mute submission to the inscrutable decrees of fate, and leaden-eyed expectation of eleven o'clock, which was still far distant! Tea came, and a third cup *per man* had been proffered and refused. The ill-made card-table had opened its sybilline leaves, and displayed to eager eyes its wax-bespattered thread-bare baize: premonitory of long whist, five sous points, captious trick-takers, women partners, and thin French cards. The *young* people, we hear, are expected to *dance*! Dance? what! in that cupboard, where a score of *mice* would interfere with each other's *tails*? Dance? to that horrible *Megatherion*, the *grand piano*? No, by St Vitus! No, by our innate self-esteem, and our instinct of self preservation. Leap, like Curtius, into that gulf of un-to-be-rewarded immolation, we neither can nor will! besides, could two indifferent arms do all the dancing duty of this preposterous evening? The limbs of Briareus and Antæus, moved by the gallantry of a modern colonel of militia would be left at fault, and we must look for the lucky moment when the necessity of our departure can be *confidentially* whispered, together with our immense regret.

LEGAL DIETETICS.

"*Sir Andrew.* Do not our lives consist of the four elements ?

Sir Toby. Faith, so they say ; but I rather think it consists of eating and drinking !

Sir Andrew. You are a scholar—Therefore let us eat and drink."

Twelfth Night.

IN regarding the learned professions, and observing the influence they exercise respectively over the minds of men, we may reasonably come to the conclusion, that the religious profession exercises what we may call a future influence, the medical profession a domestic influence, and the legal profession a public and political influence. It is a popular supposition, as vulgar as it is erroneous, that to the intimate connexion that must ever necessarily subsist between the law maker and the expounder of the law, to the great public and personal interests frequently confided to gentlemen of the long robe, as well as to the prominent position in which their avocations place them before the eyes of men, this great public and political influence of the legal profession must be fairly attributable. While the medical profession boasts only one solitary representative in the Commons' House of Parliament, the members of the bar are represented by no less than fifty-six learned friends, be-wigged and be-gowned, ready to scramble from the bar to the bench, to fill offices simply political, and to take care that no law shall ever be passed in that House, detrimental to the interests of the profession to which they have the honour to belong. In the Upper House, too, it is a well authenticated fact, that rather more than one-third of the Peerage springs from the successful talent of the bar ; and that the descendants of former Chancellors and Lord Chief-Justices of the Court of King's Bench now control, in their senatorial capacities, the march of revolutionary destruction ; and stand between the throne, whose legitimate counsellors they are, and the ragamuffin levellers who would reduce throne and constitution to one chaotic mass of hopeless anarchy and confusion.

Our present purpose is to correct the vulgar errors, that, by assigning causes for the influence of the profession of the law with which the profession of the law has nothing to do, tend materially to lower the character

and dignity of the members of the bar ; and by assigning the true and only sources of its high and deserved distinction, to raise it still more, if that were possible, in the consideration and estimation of mankind.

It is to the education of gentlemen for the profession of the advocate, and to nothing else, that we are to attribute the influence he must command, and the eminence he must attain—it is to the pains taken by the venerable seniors of the several Inns of Court to adapt to their uninformed disciples that sort of food most nutritious in quality, most abundant in quantity, and most easy of digestion—as well as to the appetite of the disciples themselves, that the world is permitted to admire in so eminent a degree the overwhelming erudition, and inexhaustible elocution, of the men who are fated in future times to browbeat witnesses, bully the bench, and badger their "learned friend" on the opposite side.

Before I enter, however, upon an exact detail of the system of national education provided for gentlemen of the law from time immemorial, it is necessary that I should briefly describe the seminaries in which that education is conveyed ; and therefore I must for a few moments entreat the patience of the non-professional reader, while I notice with as much brevity as the importance of the subject will admit, the several Inns of Court, or Colleges, as I may properly style them, of legal education.

The stranger in London passing through Temple Bar, would hardly suspect that to the right and left of Fleet Street, lie hid, in perpetual murkiness, towns (for towns they are) exclusively appropriated to various grades of the legal profession, from the ministerial officers of the several courts of law down to the scriveners, law stationers, and professional apple-women ; through the several gradations of benchers, barristers, practitioners under the bar, conveyancers, special pleaders, solicitors, articulated clerks, bed-women, laundresses, law-

yers' clerks, porters, gate-keepers and so forth. On entering one of these manufactories of discord, the stranger feels his heart grow sad within him—he looks around, thinking that he has straggled into a barrack, but the universal cobweb, muck, and dirt of the inhabitations speedily undeceive him. He wanders from court to court, from lane to lane, and from alley to alley—he sees lights at noon-day in every window—the windows here not being intended to let in day-light—and he may haply observe one of the briefless amusing himself, by writing the word “fee” on the two-year-old dust of his chamber window, with several notes of admiration at the end of that rare and curious monosyllable. He observes that the several sets of apartments are approached by a common nuisance called a common stair, from which he is diverted by his olfactory organ, and on either side of the entrance to this stair, he observes catalogues of the occupants of the several chambers from the cellar upwards, names of gentlemen for whose individual occupation the present excellent Lord Chancellor is merely airing the woolsock, and who intend to occupy it in the order of their seniority! The atties he will discover to be occupied, if he chooses to go high enough, by that class of society for whose exclusive residence Grub Street was formerly appropriated, but who reside here at present in consequence of Grub Street having been pulled down, as well as for the benefit of quiet, and a purer, not to say a cheaper, air—in short, for reasons precisely similar to those which influence my own choice in residing in a garret.

As he wanders up and down, his eye cannot fail to be attracted by a building having some external resemblance to a church, but which is in fact the lecture-room or academy of its respective society—the windows being decorated with escutcheons, very much resembling in size and shape transparent trenchers, of illustrious individuals who have greatly distinguished themselves in the professional exercises herein studiously observed.

Nor, when we consider the uses to which the several Halls of the Inns of Court are applied, can we wonder that they have been erected with a due regard to splendour of decoration, and

convenience of space: to-day, the Lord High Chancellor presides here in his elevated chair, dispensing the equity of his court to the several suitors; to-morrow, a waiter, for greater convenience deposits therein a half-empty soup tureen, or a bundle of dirty knives and forks—or it may happen that a party of half-cocked law students range themselves round the sacred seat with their bottles of wine, while some unholy wag is graciously pleased to assume the Seals for the nonce, and proceeds with great gravity to mimic the tone and manner of the keeper of the Royal conscience—awful profanation! misprision of treason at the very least, if not legal sacrilege itself!

It was my fate to hear no less than three solemn arguments in the great case of *Small and Attwood* thus burlesqued, the parts of the eminent advocates engaged therein being sustained by the requisite number of loquacious scamps, and judgment delivered by a rakish young barrister of six weeks' standing, amidst cries of “order, order”—“hear him out”—“another glass of wine,” while one extra-facetious young lawyer gravely interrupted the judgment of the Chancellor, amidst shrieks of laughter, to request that His Lordship would have the goodness to cut his judgment as short as possible, because a gentleman within the bar was anxious to favour the company with a song!!

It is not my intention to dilate upon the judicial functions exercised in the several halls of the several Inns of Court, they being merely occasional, and subordinate to the great gastronomic purposes of professional education for which these hospitable seminaries were first erected, and which they still continue faithfully to fulfil.

The profession of the law is eminently a gastronomic profession: it is not, therefore, surprising that it should have become the profession that it is, and have expanded into a plethoric and almost apoplectic robustness. The judges are feasted by the mayors of cities and boroughs, a particular banquet being peculiarly appropriated to them by the Lord Mayor of London, in the Egyptian Hall; they are banqueted as well by the nobility on their several circuits—the members of the bar have general invitations to the

assizes, balls, and suppers; and mess on circuit very socially together,—while in town the terms are worthily opened by a breakfast to the judges and Queen's Counsel—legal as well as military battles being contested more hotly upon a full than on an empty stomach.

But this is a small portion, very small indeed, of the gastronomic powers of the law.

In his respective hall, the youthful aspirant for barristerial honours eats, year after year, his impatient way to the bar, exactly as an active rat fixes his persevering tusks in one side of an old cheshire, and never leaves off until he goes right through it, poking his proboscis through the rind on the other side. In their respective halls, barristers, in like manner, eat their tedious way to a colonial judgeship, or attorney-generalship of the Cannibal Islands, a revising barristership, a commissionership of any thing—or secretarieship, or under secretarieship of any thing else, or in short, whatever they can by any possibility lay their hands on.

In their respective halls, too, of which they may be considered the licensed victuallers, and whose treasurer for the time being is a sort of principal waiter, the venerable benchers, defended by a screen from the intrusive gaze of the inferior cormorants, devour their rations of victuals and wine in all the dignity of learned leisure and professional elevation. While the students eat heartily, and the barristers hopefully, the benchers, more experienced in the vanity of human wishes, handle their napkins with the gravity that becomes their years and station; while through the body of the hall resounds the professional badinage, the execrable pun, or the fifty times told joke, from the table of the benchers not a sound more articulate is heard than a low and pleasing murmur of conflicting glasses, and a silver sound of forks harmoniously jingling in the plate basket.

The profession of the law is, more strictly than any other, a profession of etiquette.

Not only are the several grades of devourers, or unproductive consumers, as Ricardo calls them, strictly severed by position in the hall, the students occupying the body of the apartment, the barristers the cross tables at the

top, and the benchers the elevated platform, or dais, at the upper extremity of the hall; but the good things to be devoured are apportioned to the different classes of dignitaries, with an attention to professional precedence and standing, hardly less rigorous than that observable on board a seventy-four, where the midshipmen dine in the cock-pit, the lieutenants in the ward-room, the captain in the gun-room, and the boatswain and other petty officers the Lord knows where. Like every thing else in this laborious and difficult world, the law is up-hill work; and it is lucky for the students that they commence their education in the flower of their youth, with the appetite of cormorants and the digestion of an ostrich; otherwise they never could eat their way for four or five tedious years through interminably recurring legs of tough mutton (roasted) and bottles of liquid fire, by courtesy called wine, and consumed under the name of port.

By degrees, however, a good digestion, sharp teeth, and indefatigable perseverance, will effect wonders: in ten or twelve years' time, the student, now a barrister-at-law, attains to the dignity of a silver fork and a morsel of cheese, subscribed for by the members of the bar, who lay their learned heads together for that purpose, and from which the unhappy students are still, being considered merely infants in law, precluded from the privilege to subscribe. Twenty years' standing, by which time the learned gentleman, if he has discharged his duty to his stomach and his profession, will have lost all his teeth, and wear a head as grey as a badger, entitles him to a full pint of the execrable port, and a morsel of cheese, at the benchers' expense, as also a cucumber in the summer season, so that he may now be said to have arrived at the highest dignities, short of the attorney and solicitor-generalships, of the bar; and is regarded, as he slices his cucumber, with longing, lingering eyes and watering mouths, by the mob of students in the hall, who have a quarter of a century before them ere they are fated to arrive at the dignity of the coif and cucumber!

The benchers, as may be supposed, taking their dinners within the bar, like the landlords of other inns, are by no means so restricted in the quality

of their eatables and quantity of their drinkables, as the exclusives in the body of the Hall. We are enabled to state, on the highest authority, that these dignitaries study two courses daily, including all the delicacies of the season, with a dessert of corresponding magnificence; and are accustomed to refresh their legal fauces after the professional fatigues of the day, with wines of all the recognised vintages, and of every possible variety.

Thus wisely and well, the attentive reader will observe, is every step of professional elevation, every gradation from the lowest to the highest dignities of the law, marked by a change of diet—a promotion, as it were, in the bill of fare, ascending, as I have said, from impregnable mutton and exorable port, to the ambrosia of turtle and venison, and the nectar of sparkling champagne.

Let the hypothetical reader suppose what is, indeed, the only supposable case, that Mr Timothy Two-to-one, the opulent pawnbroker of Holborn bars, having made onson a surgeon, another an attorney, a third a clergyman, is lost in doubt as to the occupation to be provided for the fourth and youngest hope of the family of Two-to-one. Many people wonder, indeed, that one of the sons is not to be brought up to the pawnbroking line, with such a splendid business to step into when old Two-to-one is changed into a cherubim—I say people wonder; but let me take the liberty of asking people what is it to them? You may be surprised yourself, that none of the young Two-to-ones is to succeed old Two-to-one; let me take the liberty of asking what's that to you? The fact is, inquisitive reader, old Two-to-one has made so much money that he is obliged to bring his money to the Bank in a coal-scuttle, and Mrs Two-to-one having been, at a less propitious period of her life, under-housekeeper in a gentleman's family, the pair have come to the resolution of performing a miracle, by metamorphosing pawnbrokers' whelps into real genuine thoroughbred gentlemen, cost what it will—or as old Two-to-one, in all the pride of a bloated

pocket, observes, slapping his corpulent thigh, “the genteel thing for Two-to-one, and never mind the expense!” Accordingly, one day at dinner in the back shop of old Two-to-one in Holborn bars, Frederick-William, the as yet unappropriated offspring of “my uncle,” having solicited for the fourth time some more “toad in the hole,”* the amazed mother of the voracious son of “my uncle” thus addresses the ravenous Frederick-William.

“Crikey, Fred! I'm afeared of yer brustin' yerself. Don't give him no more—d'ye hear, Timmy, dear?”

“I say, mother, don't be a-comin it so werry strong. I arn't had more nor a pound and a half or so of wittels, father lays the pudding on so werry thick,” was the dissatisfied reply of Frederick-William, holding out his plate for more.

“Blowed if I doesn't think yer'd make a good lawwyer, Fred, yer tucks in sich a reggler blow-out!” was the sage remark of the father of the Two-to-ones.

“Blest if he wouldn't eat his wig!” remarked the eldest hope of the Two-to-ones, who, by virtue of his seniority, thought he had a right to be extra facetious.

“Or a child out of the small-pox,” observed the surgeon.

“Or a man on horseback,” said the attorney.

“Or a mystified monkey, stuffed with straw,” resumed the elder Two-to-one.

“Or a physick of fish-hooks,” remarked the surgeon.

“Or the sunny side of a donkey,” echoed the attorney, determined not to be outdone by his brethren.

“Or a hackney coachman stuffed with twelvepenny nails,” reiterated the elder Two-to-one, amid the laughter of the whole family.

“Or a barbecued wild cat with”—here the current of the surgeon's wit was diverted into the ocean of business, by the irruption of an apparition of the pawnbroker's boy, in slippers and shirt, with a smoothing-iron in his hand, which, duly presenting to Mr Two-to-one—

* *Toad in the hole.* Beef-steaks laid in a pie-dish on a substratum of batter-pudding and sent to the baker's—a Cockney eatable of great and deserved celebrity.

"Here's a gal in the shop what wants to spout that 'ere flat-iron," observed the juvenile apparition.

"How much on it?" enquired "my uncle," scrutinizing the flat-iron with profound attention, and shaking it well, to see if the handle was loose.

"A tanner," said the ghostling in reply.

"Half a tizzy," said Mrs Two-to-one, indicating in her peculiar phraseology that the gal might receive one fourth of her demand, or threepence instead of a shilling, on the security of her flat-iron.

"Bundle, Freddy, and make out the gal's ticket," observed the father of that young gentleman, who, after several unsuccessful efforts, got off his chair at last, snorting like a walrus, and bundled into the front shop in obedience to the paternal injunction.

"I knows this 'ere flat-iron this four year," observed "my uncle," taking up his old acquaintance; "the old gal as owns it gets a livin' by washin' 'o' sodgers' shirts, and spouts this 'ere harticle venhever them seven brats what she's got begins at her for bread. She's always werry bad off ven she spouts her flat-iron."

"That's vy I cuts her down to threepence, deary," interrupted Mrs Two-to-one, with a wink at her better half. "I knows as how she can't get her livin' without that 'ere, so the littler she gets she comes the oftener."

"Right, ducky," remarked "my uncle" approvingly; "the interest's the same, you knows, for a month or a day—so we screws it out of the old dust all the oftener."

"Ve arn't turned less nor five bob on that there harticle, I'm sure, this blessed 'ear since Genewerry," observed Mrs Two-to-one.

"No, I'm sartin sure we arn't," assented Mrs Two-to-one's better half.

"Let—me—see," calculated Mrs Two-to-one, putting her fingers in an arithmetical position—"twice a-veek up our spout and twice a-veek down our spout—two browns a-veek regglar—very well—how many veeks in yer 'ear?—Eh! Timmy?"

"Fifty—let me scratch—I knows it's fifty-summut, but vether its fifty-threeer or fifty-seven, blow me tight if I knows—Yer had as good ax Freddy"—insinuated Mr Timothy Two-to-one.

"Never mind," carelessly replied the lady—"fifty-threeer or fifty-seven, it's no great differ; but I says agin, we arn't turned less nor four bob and a joey on that there hiron since Genewerry"—concluded the lady of "my uncle," taking down her digits and abandoning her calculation *à la* Pestalozzi.

While Frederick-William was making out the gal's ticket for the flat-iron in the front shop, the thought flashed like lightning through the mind of "my uncle," that Frederick-William would make a splendid Lord High Chancellor of England; and, as it was considered in these our days, though by no means indispensably necessary in the olden time, that that functionary should previously be called to the bar, it was inwardly resolved by the father of the Two-to-ones that Frederick-William should, with all imaginable speed, be qualified, by a call to the bar, for the honourable and influential station of the woollack. In his cogitations upon this subject, it never entered the old usurer's head to enquire, whether his son was fit for the profession of the law—whether he would like the profession of the law—or whether he would have the remotest glimmering of success at the profession of the law; all that he thought upon the subject was, that it would be a fine thing for *him* to be able to see Fred the lawyer's speeches reported in the newspapers, and to be able to get so many franks when Freddy would be in the House of Lords doing a snug business as Lord High Chancellor.

I am the less surprised at the selfish turn which the ambitious cogitations of the veteran pawbroker took upon this occasion, inasmuch as nine out of every ten elderly gentlemen whose sons suck their thumbs like young bears in the purlieus of the Temple and Westminster Hall, with grey mares' tails (not paid for) stuck upon the outsides of their heads, have been brought to this deplorable condition by a train of reflection precisely similar in selfishness and folly to the train of reflection that dictated the final determination of "my uncle." This final determination, which was nothing less than the elevation of son Freddy to the woollack, was communicated to Mrs Two-to-one that very identical night in bed, where the old couple

laid their noses together and settled the matter to their mutual satisfaction, Mrs Two-to-one confirming by her approval the resolution of her spouse, for several reasons replete with maternal wisdom and affection, but especially because it would *vez* old Ballis, the other rich pawnbroker of Holborn bars, who had purchased a commission in a marching regiment for his son, Mr Fitzstephen-Augustus Ballis, and whose *horious* daughters, as Miss Seraphina Two-to-one called them, were perpetually handing round Holborn bars bundles of perfumed letters received by them from their brother Haugustus the hoffer! "It would cut their livers out," Mrs Two-to-one classically remarked, "to think that my son Freddy is for to come for to go to be a barrystir at the lawr, and for to sit on the Lord Chancellor's woolpack without never payin' a sixpence, as his mother had for to pay—bless him! Vell, Timmy dear, who'd a ever a thort it that our Fred would a cum to sichin a 'igh sitation; and as for them horious Ballses over the way, what takes in stolen goods or any think, for my part, I must have my say out—I can't a bear 'em!" How much more Mrs Two-to-one might have said upon the subject of her son Freddy, the odious Ballses, or the honourable profession of the law, it is utterly impossible for me to say; her oration being suspended for that evening by the involuntary performance of a solo on his natural trombone by her lord and master, which indicated that gentlemen's utter unconsciousness of all that his better-half had been talking about for the last three quarters of an hour.

The peripatetic reader will have the politeness to walk with Mr Frederick-William Two-to-one and myself down Holborn into Chancery Lane, and thence turning to the right under a Gothic gateway to the Steward's office in Lincoln's Inn, where Mr Two-to-one has finally decided to enter his name, on purpose to commencing the gastronomic course of study, for which, as we have seen, by his performances upon the "toad in the hole," that young gentleman was so admirably qualified. The Temple was at first selected as the Inn which was to have the honour of employing its cooks in the service of young Two-to-one; but it being happily ascertained from

one of the waiters at Lincoln's Inn, who was a friend of the family, that the dinners were more plentiful, and the wine twice as strong there as at the Temple, the destination of the youthful aspirant was immediately changed, with the full approbation and consent of the pawnbroker and his wife, who wisely observed that their son "could tuck in a pretty good lot, and they saw no reason in life why they should not have full value for their money."

As the usual preliminary to being admitted a regular customer of the great eating-house of Lincoln's Inn, all aspirants for that high honour are required to produce to the Steward of the Inn a medical certificate of their digestive powers, the form whereof, for the use and benefit of all future applicants, I hereafter insert:—

"We, the undersigned, having duly and solemnly examined Mr Frederick-William Two-to-one on two several occasions, the examination of the first day being confined to roast pork and pickled salmon, that of the second to baked mackerel and fried liver with bacon, do certify, under our several hands and wafers, that Mr Frederick William Two-to-one is in full possession of his digestive powers, and a proper person to be admitted of this Inn, for the purpose of guttling his way to the bar.

(Signed)

"A. B., M.D., L.S.

"C. D., M.R.C.S., L.S.

"E. F., M.A.C., L.S."

If the candidate for admission happens to be in possession of a testimonial from Cartwright the dentist as to the condition of his teeth, more especially the incisors and molars, he will not be a whit the worse for it.

The next little matter to be attended to in the Steward's office is to give security for the victuals and drink that you are expected to devour, or what Doctor O'Toole very emphatically calls the "ating and the drinking;" and this was done in the case of young Two-to-one, as in every other case, by the deposit of a hundred pounds—I should rather say by the sacrifice of one hundred pounds, because, although at the time of payment it is called a deposit, it becomes, in the course of the "ating and drinking," a lien in the hands of the Benchers, and

is generally taken out by the young lawyer in grub. The Benchers very naturally look for this security, knowing that if they were to find roast legs of impregnable mutton and bottles of red-hot port on their own responsibility, the whole town would hasten to the Inn to do them honour, and all London become but one gigantic lawyer. Accordingly, for fear of accidents, and lest the young student should drop off in an apoplexy, or choke himself with the back-bone of a baked mackerel, as often happens, care is taken that the parents, friends, or guardians of the youth shall be made responsible for the damage—so that at the present time Lincoln's Inn is the only eating-house in London where the customers pay in advance.

Formerly there was no further check upon the students than their own honour, and the consequence was the Inn became impoverished, and the Benchers began to talk of surrendering *en masse* for the purpose of taking the benefit of the insolvent act, the immortal oyster-eater (Dando) and several other gentlemen of his description, having become members of the Inn, and carrying all before them. The present system, however, saved the Inn from total ruin, and by enhancing the price of admission, swells the number of candidates panting to be admitted; for you will not fail to observe, that in this country, if you make admission any where difficult, and give out that the entertainment is considered vastly genteel, you will have all the men canvassing, and all the women pulling caps for tickets, though the spectacle be a *pas de deux* of dancing-dogs, the erudition of the learned pig, or the vagaries of the comical donkey! This is the reason why all the unappropriated young gentlemen and sons of pawnbrokers flock to Lincoln's Inn, and this it was that brought thither Master Frederick-William Two-to-one.

The preliminaries being now arranged satisfactorily, and security given in the usual form that all the grub to be eaten would be paid for, the pawnbroker returned to Holborn bars with such elation of countenance and agility of step, that it would have cut the liver out of old Balls, the rival pawnbroker, to have seen him, although he did go home just one hundred and fifty odd pounds (the fifty odd

pounds being for stamp duties and fees) poorer than he left it. Master Frederick-William, in the mean time, took an airing in Lincoln's Inn gardens, among the little nursery boys and girls, to whose almost exclusive use that spacious enclosure is appropriated, throwing, at intervals, longing lingering glances at the dining-hall clock, and sharpening the edge of his appetite by a succession of turns on the noble terrace that overlooks Lincoln's Inn Fields, as if equally impressed with his venerable father of the propriety of having value for his money!

As the hour of half-past four draws nigh, the gardens gradually fill with enthusiastic students eager for the fray, and all eyes are directed towards the tardy clock, that, having no appetite of its own to satisfy, seems determined not to hurry Phœbus' cattle to satisfy the appetites of others, but slowly and sedately "walks its lonely round" of the dial-plate with a most provoking gravity of motion. A loud noise now attracts the attention of Master Frederick-William Two-to-one, and, directing his steps to the great door of the dining hall, whence the noise is heard to proceed, he observes a mob of students gathered round, jostling, hustling, and kicking one another's shins, with all the pertinacity of professional ambition—but all in vain; for the two or three interior strata of the mob, being composed of hungry broad-shouldered Irish students, foil the more remote aspirants in every effort to approach the door, the Hibernians holding on by the doorposts, manfully kicking the door, and determined, apparently by their energetic agitation, to insist on "Justice to Ireland." The mob gathers imperceptibly, and blocks up the public thoroughfare—the hustling, jostling, and swaying to and fro of contending portions of the crowd, becomes more and more energetic—the Milesians at the door are evidently kicking the panels in—a magistrate, who happens to be passing, runs home for the Riot Act, and a posse of the new police arrives to act as an army of observation. Suddenly, within the gate a grateful sound, as of the withdrawal of bolts, is heard—the swaying to and fro, the hustling and the jostling, are all exchanged for an uniform forward pressure—the Milesians are on the *qui vive*—the doors open—the rush, fully equal to that of the pit-door at Drury

Lane on a command night, tumbles in, upsetting the unfortunate porter who opens the gate, the old woman who serves the students with gowns, and two or three rash under-waiters who happen to be lingering near the spot—the hall is filled in the twinkling of a bed-post! And now an internal scene of confusion is being enacted in taking places; that operation being performed, by seizing upon as many plates as you can lay hold of with your fingers, toes, or teeth, and turning them bottom upwards, by which you acquire the right of next presentation to all such places so secured, for as many of the mob of your acquaintance as may happen to come late, and also have the pleasure of observing gentlemen of decency and feeling, who do not appertain to the mob, retire from the hall, unable to procure places in consequence of your successful monopoly. It wants now but a quarter to five; and the barristers of twenty years' standing, who have arrived at the dignity of the cucumber, come dropping in, one after another, and proceed with becoming gravity to the upper end of the hall, where they begin to open oysters, throwing away the shells to the right and left, after eating the fish with judicial impartiality. It is five o'clock—the mob of students are all decorated with gowns—the barristers all radiant in their patent wigs—the talking is fearful, and the opening of oysters proceeds with alarming velocity—there cannot at this moment be fewer than fifteen hundred embryo Lord High Chancellors in the hall. Suddenly a gentleman-usher appears at the upper extremity of the hall, and proclaims with a loud voice—"BENCHERS, GENTLEMEN—BENCHERS, GENTLEMEN—IF YOU PLEASE." A crimson curtain is now withdrawn, and in single file a long array of elderly apoplectic gentlemen, with faces as crimson as the curtain itself, enter the apartment, and bowing profoundly as they pass to the barristers and students, who bow profoundly to the Benchers in return, pass on to their places at the table allotted to them, where they seat themselves, not in the order of professional rank, but by seniority, as Benchers of the Inn. The chaplain, or reader of the Inn, now leaves the table of the barristers, where his place is, and, going to the top of

the table of the Benchers, remains there, while three solemn knocks with a hammer, after the fashion of the Cock-Lane ghost, announce his presence. Grace is said with becoming solemnity; and it is proper to remark, that grace is pronounced by the present reader in a tone and manner that give to this usually unimportant ceremony an air, if not devotional, at least reverend and impressive. Loud is the noise of the company, one and all resuming their places—tremendous the clangour of knives, forks, and spoons—the serious professional business of the day may be truly said to have commenced—here at least there are none briefless—all are engaged in the cause—and every learned gentleman confronts his equally learned friend on the opposite side.

While the profession is thus worthily employed, let the disinterested reader walk with me through the venerable dome, and regard the several objects of attraction therein contained, which the noise and racket prevent me pointing out. At the top of the hall, exactly over the centre of the Benchers' table, which extends crosswise from east to west, is the Chancellor's chair—that chair to which the ambition of every eater and drinker within the body of the hall is laudably directed. Over this post of honour is placed, curiously enough, the escutcheon of a man who occupied it once, and is by no means likely to occupy it once again—the egotistical, physico-theological, melo-dramatical, Tomkinso-political, bombasto-logical schoolmaster—

"As peevish, tart, and splenetic,
As dog distract or monkey sick."

To the right of the schoolmaster is placed the armorial ensign of that upright judge and excellent man, Lord Denman; to the right of this the escutcheon of the Lord Lyndhurst; and to the left of the Chancellor's chair are emblazoned the family arms of the Vice-Chancellor Sir Lancelot Shadwell, of the present Lord High Chancellor (Cottenham), and of that able and learned Parliamentary lawyer, the Right Honourable Charles Watkin Williams Wynn.

Immediately over these arises a canopy of fretted oak, curiously carved, and worthily sustaining an admirable picture of Paul before Festus, from

the pencil of the inimitable Hogarth, who, to the honour of the Benchers be it spoken, was invited by them to dinner on the occasion of this picture being raised to its present elevation—the only instance on record, I believe, of a gentleman of another profession than the law being the guest of the Benchers, if we except Canning the statesman, King Charles the Second, James Duke of York, and Killigrew the joker, who were jointly and severally entertained at the expense of this Inn. This great but little-known work of a very great man, is perhaps the noblest ornament of the hall, unless the admirers of the sister art of sculpture are disposed to prefer to it the statue of Erskine, which embellishes the further extremity of the room, and which gives a lively idea not only of the features, but of the fire, of that splendid speaker. Round the hall, in various panels of the wainscoting wherewith it is encircled, are emblazoned the bearings, and inscribed the names, of distinguished members of the Inn, from the earliest periods to the present time, among which will be found the talented founders of many of our *now* most aristocratic families in the land, many of our greatest judges, and, though last not least, the names of Perceval and Pitt. A lofty oaken screen, grotesquely carved, encloses the hall at the lower end, and contains, within recessed panels, the royal arms, subscribed with the initials C. R., together with the escutcheons of the distinguished, witty, and jocular persons who formed the royal party on the occasion above referred to, a minute account of all the ceremonies attendant upon which I would here feel it my duty to bestow upon the patient reader, if I did not consider that the spectacle of the *then* Benchers of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, crawling upon their knees before their royal and jocular guests, and the honourable treasurer presenting, upon his marrow-bones, a basin and towel, with other base and disgusting prostrations then and there enacted, would rather redound to the dishonour of the Inn than to its credit, and so defeat the only end I have in view in this enquiry; to wit, the honour and glory of the law, and of all and singular the honourable members of that most honourable, not to say useful, profession.

The reader will by this time, no doubt, have observed that the hall of Lincoln's Inn is, to use the phrase of the proprietor of the Spread Eagle in the City Road, an eating-room of "the nattiest magnificence and genteelst splendour," every way worthy of the astonishing amount of "ating and of drinking" that is enacted within its hallowed walls. It is not the walls—it is not the roof—though the roof, let me observe, in spite of its dirty little lantern that lets in any thing but light, is a fine thing in its way—it is not its emblazoned windows, with their dim religious light, nor its oaken panels inscribed with the names of learned lawyers and lucky dogs, who got on because their fathers got on before them—nor its splendid statue of Lord Erskine, nor the still more splendid picture of Paul before Festus—it is not these that raise my mind to a sort of reverential, awe-struck, elevated-subdued, how-came-you-so, come-tumble-me feeling, with which I am ever oppressed, particularly after dinner, in the venerable hall—it is the association of ideas—the identifications of the place with the important purpose to which the place is applied—the mingling of the pleasures of memory with the pleasures of hope—of the remembrances of the eating and drinking past, with the prospects of the eating and drinking to come—this it is that makes the hall of Lincoln's Inn classic ground, that confers upon it all its real dignity and all its indisputable glory. When left alone with a heel-tap of the red-hot port in the deserted hall (for I generally sit the profession out, having, to tell the honest truth, nothing better to do), imagination usurps the throne of reason, and fills with her gay but ephemeral creations the over-heated brain; roast legs and shoulders of mutton dance fantastically through the hall; fried soles, with shrimp-sauce, swim in mid-air; and the ornaments of the concave ceiling represent so many pigeon-pies.

"Is this a mackerel that I see before me?"

It must be so—a live baked mackerel, and on its fins and gills are gouts of—parsley and butter.—"Beg pardon, sir, but 'tis time to shut up the hall!" observes an odious waiter, rousing me from a delicious reverie; so, starting up, I stare the waiter in the face,

throw myself into a theatrical attitude, rub both eyes with both thumbs (as they do at Drury Lane), and, exclaiming with a wave of my dexter mawley,

“ ‘Tis no such thing !”

whip off my gown, throw my wig at the astounded waiter, and cut like fury out of the deserted hall.

Deserted, did I say? Worshipful reader, I plead guilty, and request you will do me the favour to fine me five shillings for being drunk. The hall, so far from being deserted, is as full as a tick—tremendous the clangour of knife, fork, and spoon—the tingling of glasses is musical. The loud and continual buzz, every body talking and nobody listening, is as the noise of rushing waters afar off. Now and then a loud uproarious laugh—not the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind—but that sort of delighted chuckle that issues from the gills of a crammed turkey, rises high above the interminable clatter, like the break of the tenth wave on an Atlantic shore. As the dinner approaches to completion, and the guests to repletion, the clatter becomes more clattering, the laughter becomes louder and more robustious—the gathering of the claus—plates, dishes, knives, forks, and spoons—the rush of waiters hurrying with velocipede velocity in opposite directions, gulping the heel-taps at full speed—the jingling of beer-glasses upon trays—the rattle of knife-boxes, crammed, like those that used their contents, to suffocation, make altogether a veritable confusion of noises, articulate and inarticulate—a confusion that Babel could not hold a candle to; for, if it did, the confusion would put it out! How exciting is the noble emulation of generous youth, contending thus, not for fame, fortune, a mistress, a place, a pension, or any of those low and vulgar incentives to ordinary ambition—no—but for that one great, one indispensable, one all-absorbing and paramount necessity—the necessity that keeps the peasant to his spade, the tar to his tiller, the waggoner to his team, the miner to his pit, the dog to his truck, the donkey to his cart, the sweep to his chimney-top, and me to my pen—the necessity of having, at least once in the four-and-twenty hours, a bellyful!

How exciting, I say, is all this professional eating and drinking; but,

alas, how transient is the excitement! The eating soon is over; for, as men eat in Lincoln's Inn Hall, unless they were created on the principle of certain molluscous animals, in whom the stomach and the whole body are only one and the same thing, how the devil do you think it could be otherwise? The eating is soon, too soon, over—the things to be eaten are all eaten up—and as for the drinking, that is come and gone like a flash of lightning. The fifth butler has put the decanter on the table—the decanter *was* full a second ago, and it is *now* as empty and as fragrant as Normanby's head; and as for the wine—did I say wine—“*fuit vinum*”——

“ ‘Tis like the snow-flakes on the river,

A moment *wine*, then gone for ever,”

with hardly the ceremony of “wine with you,”—a ceremony that is performed in Lincoln's Inn Hall with an air of vulgar *hauteur*, and a sulky affectation of gentility, that changes the red-hot port from blazes to vinegar! I say nothing of the quality of the wine, if wine that can properly be called which is an admixture of bad brandy, logwood water, and tincture of kino, fifty per cent over proof, and certainly liable to the brandy duty; I say nothing of this, because I like my wine to be stiff if it be scanty; and for the benefit of Johnny-Raws, whose throats are unseasoned to swallowing of liquid fire, there is a pump (*gratis*) with an iron ladle attached, in the Inn-yard; but, good Lord, sirs! the quantity—that's the thing makes me cry murder—nor am I at all surprised that, on the evening of the day made memorable by the coronation of our gracious Queen, when the Benchers

“—— out of their great bounty,

Built a bridge at the expense of the county;”

or, what is the same thing, gave the students a feed out of the funds of the Inn,—a certain profane wag, who shall be nameless, when giving out a verse of the National Anthem, which he was solicited to lead in a solo, took that opportunity of stating our grievances as to the modicum of port, in manner and form following—that is to say—

“Happy and glorious—

Three half-pints among four of us,

Heaven send no more of us,
God save the Queen !”

which ridiculous perversion of the author's meaning was received with a full chorus, amid tremendous shouts of laughter and applause.

The wine, however, is gone—the reckoning has been drunk out—and the several messes, depositing their wigs and gowns, look wistfully at a table-spoonful of the ruddy port that clings affectionately to the bottom of the decanter, but dare not taste it, considering that it would be considered ungenteel; so with great reluctance they “homewards then take off their several way,” leaving the table-spoonful of port to the expectant waiter, who has already swallowed it three or four times in the agony of a thirsty imagination.

As the several messes retire from the hall, they have to shoulder in the progress of their exit a hungry mob armed with platters, trenchers, baking-dishes, jugs and mugs, coming to the auction; and it now becomes my duty to direct the attention of the bargain-hunting reader to the circumstances attendant upon the ceremony of the auction, which at this very moment, like the performances at Greenwich fair, “is a-going hexactly to begin.”

Around the doors of all the dining-houses, eating-houses, and guttling-houses of this vast metropolis, from the highly respectable boiled-beef house in the Old Bailey, down to the cheap and nasty “dead-meat shop” in Rupert Street, about six or seven o'clock in the evening may be observed a lean and hungry mob of draggle-tailed women, the wives, daughters, and dependants of artisans as lean and hungry as themselves, in waiting to purchase the bits, scraps, and remainders of victual, saving and except such as are reserved for the mock turtle of the following day, together with all the plate-washings and dish-scrappings of the establishment, which disposes of them to these poor people for something about double their intrinsic value; if, indeed, the leavings of the shabby-genteels who take out their tenpenny ration at such places, can be truly said to bear any intrinsic value. Lincoln's Inn is no exception to eating-houses in any other part of the town; the only difference being, that at the regular “dead-meat shops” the auction is deferred until the busi-

ness of the day is over; while at Lincoln's Inn you are hustled by the mob of the Victualling Office as you put your foot over the threshold on quitting the Hall. There, in a sort of bar cut off from the body of the Hall, presides a young lady of very prepossessing appearance, a greasy bib tucked under her chin, who is understood to be the daughter of the head cook, and an heiress of no inconsiderable expectations—*verbum sap.* The hungry mob confronts this amiable damsel, and now the mangled remains of a sirloin of beef—now a baking-dish full of plate-washings—now a quarter or so of ruined pigeon-pie—and, again, a plateful of an olio, combined of first and second courses, of meat scraps and sweet scraps, is set up for sale to the highest and last bidder by Miss Georgina Robins as aforesaid. As the lots are severally knocked down, the successful bidder produces a pewter spoon from under her cloak, and begins to stir up her particular “lot,” sucking her thumbs from time to time with especial relish. One lady is overheard to complain, that “if she had knowed as there wasn't not no custard in her ‘lot,’ she'd be blowed afore she'd a giv ninepence-farden for't.” Another holds up to the admiring spectators the well-cleaned bone of a shoulder of mutton, and appeals to them whether “that there for fifteenpence isn't a reggler himposition.” While a lady, who has bid for soup, pathetically observes, that “her husband 'll give her a jolly good hiding for laying out his hard-earned money on a bucket of slops.”

But it is high time to return from the auction, which I have only alluded to as a highly gratifying spectacle—a diffusion of useful knowledge—equally profitable to the public and to the honourable professors of the law.

The course of gastronomic education pursued in the Inns of Court, will next demand our serious consideration.

The Inner Temple professes to receive the rich and great more exclusively, and accordingly the legal bill of fare at that Inn is *recherché* in a high degree—nothing plain ever being put upon the table, and French cookery preferred. The strictest silence is enjoined in this Hall during the whole time of study, hob-nobbing being interdicted as low, and no further intercourse permitted among the several members of the mess than an

occasional scowl transmitted from one side of the table to the other—after the manner of English who have not the honour of one another's acquaintance, and who, consequently, have an undoubted right to assume every stranger to be a pickpocket, until there is good evidence to the contrary. In the Inner Temple Hall it is understood that you *may*, in a case of great emergency, ask your neighbour for the salt; but it is also understood that he is not obliged to let you have it. It will be advisable that the young and inexperienced student should not venture to hazard an observation upon the weather in the Hall, that being here considered an indirect attempt to make your neighbour's acquaintance, which he very properly resents by staring you vacantly in the face, and suspiciously buttoning up his breeches pockets.

The Middle Temple is of a different temperament, as the sound maxim of law hath it,

“The Inner for the rich—the Middle for the poor”—

And here accordingly the course of professional education is confined to the scrag-end of a neck of mutton, and occasionally griskins.

The consequences of this meagre course of study may be easily predicted—and the fact is well ascertained that the Middle Temple has given to the world fewer great men, and these at longer intervals, than any of the other Inns of Court. How indeed could it be otherwise? What professional acumen can be derived from the scrag-end of a neck of mutton, or what inspiration can the sucking advocate imbibe from griskins? To the Benchers of the Middle Temple I would say, in the language of—Blackstone I think it was—

“Reform it altogether!”

Gray's Inn is, if possible, still more lenient in the style of its professional instruction—the daily routine in that hall consisting of, for the first course, potatoes boiled with butter-milk—second course, of potatoes roasted with butter-milk—and third course, of potatoes boiled and roasted also with butter-milk.

On Sundays the students pay attention to bullock's liver fried, with tripe and onions—while on Grand Day, out of respect for the memory of the im-

mortal Bacon, who so worthily sustains the early reputation of this Inn, the entertainment consists of a first course of rashers and eggs, with gammon and spinach to follow!

Lincoln's Inn has produced more illustrious men than all the other Inns of Court, put them all together. Percival belonged to this Inn—so did Pitt—so do I! Well, then, to descend a peg in the social scale—Camden, Hardwicke, Ashley, Loughborough (afterwards Earl of Rosslyn), Erskine, Lyndhurst, and fifty more, whose names I do not now recollect, worthily occupied the Chancellor's chair; while Ellenborough, Mansfield, and Denman (*inter alios*), with equal dignity and reputation have occupied—the last-named excellent judge and most worthy man still occupies—the Chief Justice seat of England. To us Addington belongs—to us Abbott—and I know not how many other speakers of the House of Commons. The pulpit of our chapel has been adorned by the presence of Hurd, of Van Mildert, and many other divines of equal reputation in the Church; and though last, not least in public regard, by Lonsdale. Of Chief Justices and other Judges of the Common Pleas—of Chief Barons and Puisne Barons of the Exchequer, and Justices of the King's Bench, our list is interminable, extending far into the gloom of remote antiquity.

To what, then, is this galaxy to talent owing—this constellation of eminent men—this firmament of the stars of the legal profession, that over-arches the venerable hall of Lincoln's Inn? Ambitious student, it is owing to the solidity, the substantiality of our bill of fare—it depends upon the grub—it is the natural and legitimate consequence of what Doctor O'Toole, that high authority in educational matters, emphatically styles the “ating and the drinkin'.”

But this part of our subject is deserving of more minute consideration—we proceed to a description of the bill of fare.

<i>Sundays,</i>	{ Roast beef Plum pudding.
<i>Mondays,</i>	{ Roast leg of mutton Custard pudding.
<i>Tuesdays,</i>	{ Boiled beef College pudding.
<i>Wednesdays,</i>	{ Boiled mackerel Roast shoulder of mutton.

<i>Thursdays,</i>	{ Roast beef
	{ Bread and butter pud-
	{ ding.
<i>Fridays,</i>	{ Fried sole
	{ Roast leg of mutton.
<i>Saturdays,</i>	{ Boiled lamb
	{ Pigeon pie.

Now, I put it to you, I put it to my learned friend on the opposite side, whether this is not a substantial system of English jurisprudence—whether there remains any wonder that Lincoln's Inn should be the inn she is—and that the men of Lincoln's Inn should be the men they are? I must observe that the bill of fare, above transcribed exactly from the records of the Inn by permission of the treasurer, is not unvaried. On the contrary, it is adapted to the times and seasons of the year, as well as to the temper of the students at the several terms. For example, in winter, roast beef and plum-pudding preponderate, winter being the season of severe study; in summer, mutton and custard supersede the heavier matter, summer being the season of digestive relaxation. Michaelmas term affords the student gravy soup and bouilli; Trinity term, on the contrary, replaces these delicacies with the more refrigeratory victual of cold boiled lamb and salad. In like manner, Hilary term is celebrated for boiled capons and oyster sauce. The advent of Easter term, again, is hailed with rapture as the season of returning spring, cabbage, early cauliflowers, and sprouts. The baked plum-pudding of winter gives way to the rhubarb tart of spring, and to the gooseberry pie of maturer summer; while, with returning winter, baked plum-pudding once again smokes upon the board. But these delicate and judicious variations of the bill of fare in Lincoln's Inn hall, are so numerous, that I am compelled to leave the subject in despair, trusting that some author of more matured experience in legal dietetics may favour the hungry public with a complete catalogue of all the delicacies of the season as consumed in Lincoln's Inn hall, from time whereof the memory of man extendeth, not to the contrary.

The conversation in our Hall—for conversation to a limited extent is permitted—is begun after the first glass of wine, and is continued until after the second, by which time the wine

being drunk out, the conversation comes to a stand-still, and silence resumes her dominion in the Hall. The turn which the conversation invariably takes, is naturally dictated by the main object of the assembled parties—that is to say, of and concerning dinner—What was for dinner yesterday, and whether it was good—this is an illustration of the pleasures of retrospection—What is for dinner to-day, and whether it is likely to be good—being an illustration of the pleasures of hope—And what will be for dinner to-morrow, and so on. Scruggins observes to his opposite neighbour at the mess, that in his humble opinion the roasted legs of mutton are always *under-done*. Wiggins lays down the law on the opposite side, by an argument tending to prove that the boiled buttock of beef is always *over-done*. Spriggins then sums up in the style judicial, enlarging upon the fact, that some men like mutton *over-done*, and beef *under-done*, and the contrary—that mutton may be either *over-done* or *under-done*, but not both together; that the same law is applicable to beef—that beef, when *under-done*, may, by the judicious application of additional caloric, be done enough, or even *over-done*, which holds also of mutton; but that mutton, when *over-done*, can by no culinary process hitherto discovered, be *under-done*, the same law of nature being applicable to beef—that one man likes one thing, and another man likes another thing—that there are cases exactly in point—that there are two sound maxims of law bearing upon this argument, which he (Spriggins) takes leave to quote to the court,—the first being to the effect, that

“De gustibus non est disputandum;”

and the second not less authoritative to the same effect, “that what's one man's meat, is another man's poison.” Having delivered this charge, or something very like it, in the true judicial fashion of leaving the whole matter more obfuscated than he found it, Lord Chief-Justice Spriggins (that is to be) takes a pull at the red-hot port, and looks round the Hall with the air of a man who has done a meritorious action! The conversation now migrates to port. Duggins is confident that the wine is *not* so confounded bad this term. Stiggins will answer for

last term, that it could not have been worse; while Jiggins wishes he may never finger a fee, if next term the wine will not be worse than ever it was. In short, while these gentlemen are drinking the wine, the wine is getting worse and worse every mouthful; but when, at last, the last drop is drained out of the decanter, the wine is pronounced absolutely not drinkable!

The politics of Lincoln's Inn Hall deserve our gravest attention. At present, the question of paramount importance in the hall is the potatoe question; and parties are divided pretty equally into the "potatoe-with-jackets-on" party, and the "potatoe-without-jackets-on" party—both parties being equally violent and outrageous, as respectable political parties are in duty bound to be.

The "potatoe-with-jackets-on" party assume the character of innovators, and pretend to call themselves reformers—they talk perpetually of the "march of intellect," and are morally certain that the "school-master is abroad"—of which, as far as the poor man's intellects are concerned, there has not for a long time been a shadow of doubt; they laugh at the wisdom of our ancestors, and affect to be surprised how any rational man can suppose that the existence of our glorious constitution is involved in the potatoe-with-jackets-on question. They prate of economy too, in all matters that do not affect the pockets of themselves and their relations—and draw up documents to prove the necessity of a Commission to show the saving that will accrue to the Inn if the potatoe-with-jackets-on question is carried, in the manual labour now required for peeling the potatoes, and in the melted butter at present demanded to make the potatoes go down! In fact, the potatoe-with-jackets-on party, upon this and all other occasions, have proved themselves neither more nor less than talking potatoes.

The potatoe-with-jackets-off party are of a different stamp—they talk little, but they think the more—they venerate the wisdom of our ancestors, and are devotedly attached to our glorious Constitution—they assert that potatoes-with-jackets-off have been in consumption within our Hall, from time whereof the memory of man extendeth, not to the contrary—they say Black-

stone has laid it down, that immemorial custom carries the force of law, with which observation I entirely agree, and insinuate that the potatoe-with-jackets-on party care neither for law nor gospel—which, there is too much reason to fear, is somewhere about the truth. They boldly assert that the pretended economy of the potatoe-with-jackets-on party is all in my eye and Mrs Elizabeth Martin—that plates to peel the potatoes on must be bought by the Inn, to which the potatoe-with-jackets-on party reply, that plates are cheaper than melted butter. The potatoe-with-jackets-off party hold peeling potatoes in the dining-hall to be a filthy practice; to which the other party reply, that their thumbs may be supposed to be cleaner than the thumbs of the scullions—a rejoinder rebutted by the tart assertion of the potatoe-with-jackets-off party, that they (the p—w—j—o—party) don't know whether or not! Meetings and counter meetings have been held—resolutions and counter resolutions have been passed—petitions and counter petitions lie everywhere for signature by every body who can sign, and for signature by proxy by every body who cannot—nobody knows where the potatoe question will end; and very many quiet, well-disposed respectable people are sick of the subject, and have given up eating potatoes altogether!

Latterly, the peelers, as the potatoe-with-jackets-on party is facetiously denominated, have become insolent in the highest degree, in consequence of the accession of the Irish party—by no means an inconsiderable faction in Lincoln's Inn Hall. This party, understanding the potatoe question as it does, was considered of great importance to the potatoe-with-jackets-on party, and its adhesion to their principles is considered the "precursor" of complete success. Indeed it is obscurely whispered throughout the Hall, that the Marchioness of Normanby, prime minister, has had a draft of a bill for the settlement of the potatoe question carried into Buckingham palace by one of the pages of the back-stairs—that her ladyship, with the other stipendiary ladies of the back-stairs, have considered the matter favourably, and are shortly expected to give their more than royal assent; while the *he-fellows* who are

held in their places by the petticoat strings of these high-minded damsels, have already, we understand, received orders to spare "no expense" on the potatoe question, and to hold themselves in readiness to conciliate the paramount Irish party by the immediate settlement of the long-mooted potatoe-with-jackets-on question, as also, in the next session, if possible, to agree to a repeal of the Legislative Union!

We do not intend, in this place, to enter at large into the antiquities of the several Inns of Court, my learned friend, Counsellor O'Rubbishy, being at present up to the ears in cobwebs and black-letter upon that very subject, to which the learned gentleman intends to prefix a dissertation upon the origin of eating and drinking in general, and of legal eating and drinking in particular; also, in the appendix, to give a minute account of the *original* eating-house on Mutton Hill, where the learned gentleman and myself dine in vacation, to which will be added, observations tending to throw light upon the personal identity of the first lawyer, who, saving your reverence, is credibly understood to be neither more nor less than Old Clooty himself! I only mention what Counsellor O'Rubbishy means to do in this place, as we put a specification into the Patent Office to secure an exclusive right—that is to say, to prevent, in the case of the learned gentleman, needy scribblers in trashy periodicals from doing by him as they have done (God forgive them!) by me—taking the bread out of my mouth, and leaving me, by the theft of an original idea, *minus* a dinner! I don't so much mind a man stealing an idea, if he knows how to work it up decently, but I do solemnly protest against my morocco being cut out by a brogue-maker—and I hereby warn and advise all literary pirates whatsoever, who may glean from my conversation or otherwise what they have the effrontery to call an *original* article, that whenever they throw my lion's hide over their asinine shoulders, I will take up the title of their stolen original—and, close upon the heels of it, write an article of my own head, that will knock them, as brother Jonathan has it, "into eternal smash!"

The law, like all other sublunary matters, is not stationary but pro-

gressive. The profession "goes ahead" marvellously. We ourselves recollect many great and important changes. We are full of experience, and looked up to as a high authority in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn. We remember several epochs in the gastro-nomic history of the bar—about five-and-twenty years ago we were not quite grey—we held *one* brief—and we had no wine in Lincoln's Inn Hall! It seems as if it were only yesterday! Then came, we recollect, the epoch of the bottle—seven years exactly after, I arrived at the dignity of the cucumber! I can safely hazard my reputation as a lawyer upon the fact, which I here give as my professional opinion, that from that time to the present the wine has got worse and worse every term; and that, if worse could now by any possibility be had for love or money, we should be required to swallow it. In my early days, when the world lay all smiling before me, as Tommy Moore has it, and I looked upon Lord Eldon as only a venerable old gentleman airing my chair, we dined off pewter platters—helped ourselves to gravy with iron spoons, that imparted to all our dishes a high chalybeate flavour—stuck our several knives promiscuously into the saltcellar, and suspended our "kibbaubs" of impregnable mutton upon bi-pronged forks. Since that time we have gained *a point*—our forks are now *tridents*—our iron spoons, by some alchemical process, are transmuted into pewter, and our pewter platters are replaced by hydrographic (only think of the perfectibility of crockery) by hydrographic plates! About this time turnip radishes were introduced into our hall, and in Hilary Term 1801, we arrived at the epoch of cheese! Up to Trinity Term 1830, the profession drank their beer from a mug—I have heard before now of tea in a mug—but beer in a mug I never knew till I knew it in Lincoln's Inn Hall! The epoch of mug, however, like other memorable epochs, passed away, and was succeeded by the epoch of tumblers. About this time, too, an important change came over the spirit of our dreams—pewter was discarded—and the students actually appeared in the hall with silver spoons in their mouths!

This was the silver age—

"How blest the silver age in early times,
When no avenger knew or punish'd crimes!"

Soon after this our old tin candlesticks were superseded by bronze—this may be designated the age of brass!

I need not pursue further the mutability of human affairs—the philosophic reader has already perceived that human affairs are transitory and evanescent—that reform bills and bills of fare are enacted, discussed, objected to, and forgotten, and that an equal obscurity awaits the names of Lord John Russell and Dick the waiter! Eatables and empires disappear—drinkables like dynasties are swallowed and forgotten. But this is a trite subject—and trite subjects are not the subjects for me!

The professional student will not fail to have observed, if he has followed my description with the attention it deserves, that there are two different classes of lawyers—those, to wit, who are never seen at Westminster Hall, and those who are never seen any where else—lawyers who are all teeth, and lawyers who are, on the contrary, all jaw!

I do not, I honestly confess, belong to the talking class; I might have been born deaf and dumb for all the opportunity I have ever had of displaying my forensic powers; I have therefore, in common with nine hundred and ninety-nine barristers out of every thousand, turned my attention exclusively to mastication. Of course, I would gladly have done the other thing if I could have got it to do; but, God help me! my father was not a successful attorney, which I take to be the true and only essential preliminary towards being a successful barrister; indeed, I do not think any one belonging to me ever saw that rare and curious animal an attorney, and it was for this very reason, I believe, that they put me to the barristerial business!

Accordingly I am grown old, and as I grew old I grew poor. The little substance that in trade, commerce, or manufacture, might have served as the nucleus of an independence, I have dissipated in the vain pursuit of a profession that has never yielded me a shilling. My dinner is now my

business and my enjoyment—during term time I am happy—in the vacation I am miserable—would that I were a dormouse to sleep away the tedious interval!

Ambitious reader, you are coming to the bar! I know you are—I know you *must* be, unless you are already a clergyman or a doctor; for your dear paternal father and mother have discovered that you are a genius; and the only sphere for *their* genius is the profession of the law! Perhaps you have had the bad luck to distinguish yourself at college, or at the spouting club; if so, may the Lord have mercy upon you—you are decidedly undone!

My young friend, I have been jocular; I am now serious. As you value your future happiness, take your own advice in the disposal of your life, and let your father and mother mind their own business; do not let them delude you into a fatal confidence that you are clever, or that you are loquacious. Loquacity and cleverness, as such, have little to do in amassing an independence. Do not desert the profession of arms, as Erskine did, for the law—believe me, *you* are not an Erskine,—nor the profession of medicine, as did Sir James Macintosh, for the law—fifty such sucking geniuses as yourself, could not make *one* Sir James Macintosh. Look to your prospects! look to your prospects! I repeat, for the third time, look to your prospects! and of a profession let your prospects govern the choice. Then may your fate be happier than mine; then, in some unenvied sphere of quiet and successful industry, may you decently maintain your wife, and creditably rear your children; then may you see the friend of your bosom at your hospitable board; then may you lend a helping hand to a fellow Christian in distress—to *me*, perhaps, who began the race of life thoughtlessly, and with foolish confidence of success, now, in the evening of my days, comfortless, childless, without society, solace, or station; in loneliness passing away my appointed time in a naked garret, too happy to be permitted the opportunity of scribbling for my daily bread!

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

No. VIII.

THERE is nothing in which the caprice of fashion is more strikingly manifested than in travelling. In this instance, as in numerous others, John Bull seems to take a pride in showing himself the mere creature of imitation. As when the foremost sheep in a flock leap a ditch, or scramble through a hedge, all the rest make a point of performing the same feat; so when the leaders of *ton*, at the close of the London season, order their horses' heads to be turned in any particular direction, a host of the middle classes—*imitatorum servum pecus*—are sure to follow in the track of their chariot wheels. Next to being fashionable himself, the best thing is, in John Bull's estimation, to be seen in the haunts of people of "mark and likelihood." If he goes to Brighton, it is not so much because he likes the place—for who that has the slightest taste for the picturesque can like such a bleak, formal, gewgaw town?—as because it is frequented by the *beau monde*. Aristocratic Cheltenham is visited for the same reason; as, for reasons diametrically the reverse, some of the loveliest little nooks in the kingdom remain unnoticed, save by poor artists and still poorer poets. Many years ago Weymouth was all the rage, because it was the favourite resort of royalty. Next came the Highland influenza, when John Bull scampered, like a lunatic, across the Border, in order that he might be enabled to boast that he had seen those romantic regions which Scott's *Lady of the Lake* had just made the town talk. In 1814, the silly fellow must needs rush to Paris, the presence of the Allied Sovereigns there having made a trip to the French capital indispensable to his notions of gentility. His next fancy was for the Rhine and Switzerland, whither he was seduced by the example of Byron; for how could he possibly confess to ignorance of the scenes depicted in so celebrated a poem as *Childe Harold*? Just now, he is all for the Spas of Germany, Captain Head's popular *Bubbles of Brunnen* having recently brought these watering-places under the special notice of

the "Sir Oracles" of taste and *ton*. There is something supremely absurd in this eagerness on the part of our middle classes to follow blindly wherever fashion leads the way. Only imagine Russell Square, with Burton Crescent and half the Regent's Park at its heels, rushing off to Cheltenham or Brighton, or across the water to Spa or Baden-Baden, for no better reason than that the list of "fashionable arrivals" in these watering-places occupies an imposing space in the columns of the *Morning Post*! We laugh at the French for their vanity, and they may well laugh at us for the sacrifices we make in order to be thought genteel. This is the rock against which we are constantly wrecking our peace of mind. We had rather cease to live, than not live *à-la-mode*. In a word, we are the slaves of the lamp—and that lamp is, Fashion!

I cannot say I have any sympathy with this puny, sickly ambition so prevalent among our middle classes—especially those of the metropolis; and still less can I enter into the feelings which too often prompt them to underrate their own country, and to fancy that the word "Continent" has a genteeler and more imposing sound. Britain, so far as my travelling experience enables me to form an opinion, is unquestionably the noblest, the most marvellous, and—taking into consideration its lavish varieties of the sublime and beautiful—the most picturesque country in the world. Its numerous towns and cities, and their inhabitants, are unrivalled in intelligence, industry, and opulence; its Menai bridge and its railroads are equal in grandeur of design, and superior in utility, to the boasted passes of the Simplon; its proud "meteor-flag" streams in every port, and is familiar with every wave; and its armies are the conquerors of Waterloo. Then, as regards its scenery, which our would-be fashionable tourists are so prone to depreciate,—in the heart of its Scottish and Welsh Alps are to be found glens, waterfalls, and green, sunny, winding strips of valleys, quite as romantic as any that one meets with

even among the snowy ranges of the Jura or the Pyrenees; and in the softness and luxuriance of its sylvan landscapes, Provence, renowned in song, will not bear an instant's comparison with it. Let St John—as he has done in his delightful tale of *Margaret Ravenscroft*—speak in raptures of the “wooded Apennines,” I, being a man of moderate expectations, am quite satisfied with the shades and “green retreats” of Windsor Forest, even though they be but twenty miles distant from Cockaigne. Talk of Tempe and Arcadia! I care not for the prose of Celian or the verse of Theocritus; give me the view from the summit of the Long Walk, whence the eye ranges over a rich and apparently an endless variety of all that constitutes the perfection of home scenery—hill and dale, wood and water; flowery knolls, alive with the hum of bees; far-stretching glades and thick groves, from whose shady depths comes the distinct, mellow note of that “wandering voice,” the cuckoo; sloping lawns, whereon the quiet sheep feed, and the sun lies like a smile from heaven; majestic avenues of oaks, elms, and beeches; and, in the remote distance, the Royal castle—worthy of England's monarchs—rearing up its noble head as though it were the guardian spirit of the scene!

Landscapes superior to this are not, I am persuaded, to be found in any part of Europe, let our enthusiasts for all that lies on the other side the Channel say what they will to the contrary. How would the refined Claude, or the vigorous Ruysdael, with his greater truth and exactitude of details, have exulted in the contemplation of such a prospect! But, exquisite as it is, it is by no means peculiar to the Forest, for the whole country is picturesque in an eminent degree. What, for instance, can be lovelier of its kind, than Miss Mitford's village of Three-mile-cross, with its wild common, which should

never be without a gipsy encampment, its clear gravelly springs, its one rustic mill, graceful in its simplicity as Rembrandt's, and its broad daisied meadows, through which winds the sleepy Loddon, here in the open sunshine, and there under the shade of trees which turn an untrained arch above its head? How well I know every spot of ground in this neighbourhood! Here I spent the only six weeks (far too brief) of a chequered life I would ever desire to spend over again. Happy moments such as these are like the refreshing springs that the wearied traveller meets with in the desert, and that give him strength to resume his journey. But if “our village” be deemed too tame and homely, pass on, pursuing the high-road, to the adjacent town of Reading, and an easy two-hours' walk shall bring you to the retired out-of-the-way hamlet of Caversham, whose many scenic attractions have been eloquently insisted on by Sergeant Talfourd in a sonnet worthy of his theme.

It was a painting of this pretty little village which hung near the bow-window in the Picture Gallery, that suggested the foregoing remarks. The artist, I suspect, was Hayell, and there was much in his sketch that reminded me of Gainsborough, whose freshness, vigour, and rare truth of delineation, had been imitated with happy effect. The perspective, in particular, was managed with consummate tact; and the disposition of the cattle in the foreground, together with the rich warm colouring of the clouds, and of the autumn-tinted foliage of Caversham park, showed that the artist had been a close observer of nature, even while he availed himself of hints furnished by the great masters of English landscape-painting. The subjoined tale is in illustration of this sketch; and, if it possess no other recommendation, it has at least the merit of being correct in its local descriptions.

THE PEDESTRIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF;

OR, THE MISHAPS OF A NIGHT.

“More exercise, my dear sir—you should really take much more exercise; for, with a constitution such as yours, I know no other way of preserving health.”

“Just so, doctor, and that's the reason why I always make a point of walking five or six times up and down my study before breakfast, and the same number of times before dinner;

to say nothing of an occasional stroll down the lane, and a ten minutes' turn in my garden before lunch. If this be not exercise, I know not what the word means; unless, indeed, you would have me jump over the chairs and tables, or play at leap-frog or hop-scotch with my housekeeper!"

"My dear Mr Waddilove, when I talk of exercise, I mean that you should take a good long walk every day—say, three or four miles—so that you may feel something like a wholesome, moderate fatigue."

"Three or four miles! You're joking—why, such an exertion would be my death! No, Thompson, prescribe any remedy but that. It is the very worst form in which martyrdom can develop itself."

"Well, if you will not be advised by me in this respect, at least go out more into society than you are in the habit of doing, which is in itself a sort of exercise, by the stimulus it gives to"—

"Right, doctor, so it is; and it is this conviction which has induced me to accept our mutual friend, Captain Capulet's invitation for to-morrow. He is going to leave Caversham in a day or two for the sea-side, and has asked me to a farewell dinner. I doubt, however, whether I shall be able to go, so very indifferent is my health. The dyspeptic symptoms that I spoke to you of last week, have"—

"Like all your other maladies, real or imaginary, their origin in want of exercise."

"Pshaw, doctor, you're a man of one idea—always harping on the same string!"

Finding further remonstrance useless, at least for the present, the apothecary, who was a shrewd man of the world, contented himself with giving his patient a few commonplace directions with regard to regimen, in order to keep up the appearance of paying attention to his case, and then took his leave, with a promise that he would look in again in a day or two.

Mr Miles Waddilove, as may be inferred from the above conversation, was a gentleman of lethargic, and somewhat hypochondriacal, temperament, and of studious and secluded habits. He was a bachelor, about forty-five years of age; was tolerably independent in circumstances; and resided in an old-fashioned red brick

building, with two clipped yews in front, which stood halfway down a shady lane that terminated in the London road, on the outskirts of the town of Reading. In person, Waddilove was of the middle height; he had a goodly, though not a preposterous paunch; and legs as sturdy as those which we so often see in the possession of a drayman. His face was a dead white, like plaster of Paris; he was bald as a turnip, and wore a wig; and had a thick under-lip, which drooped over an expansive chin, one-half of which was always imbedded in a padded neckcloth.

All men have their peculiarities, and the one prominent feature in Miles's idiosyncrasy was his abhorrence of pedestrian exercise. For days together he never stirred outside his gates. Even to talk of walking roused his spleen, for it brought to mind a rash peripatetic experiment which he had been prevailed on to make in the year 1814, when he crawled upwards of four miles along the dusty high-road, under a blistering sun, in order to get a peep at the Allied Sovereigns on their way back to London from Oxford; and returned home with a face scorching hot, fingers swollen to the size of sausages, the stitch in his side, and the cramp in both legs! When, in addition to this peculiarity, I observe that Waddilove was a bit of an epicure, and addicted at times to absence of mind, I have said all that is necessary to prove that he was one of those quiet homespun characters, whom young ladies are apt to look on as oddities, and quiz as such.

Immediately on the apothecary quitting him, Miles rang the bell for his housekeeper, and told her to hasten instantly into the town, and desire Toulmin's coach to be ready at the door next day at five o'clock, in order to convey him to Caversham, where his friend Capulet resided. As this vehicle was something of a curiosity, a passing mention of it may not be amiss. It was a sort of cross between a carriage and a hackney-coach of the olden time; its box was low and spacious; its ill-conditioned wheels stood out afar from its sides, like the red ears of a Yorkshire ostler; and its two ends, back and front, came down with a gradual slant inwards from the roof, which, instead of being flat, bellied out like the top crust of a

gooseberry pie. Being the only coach in Reading that was let out on hire on the principle of the London hackney-coach, it was generally known by the name of the "town-tub;" and in its rickety motion, and, above all, in its extraordinary genius for upsetting, it had the rare merit of rivalling even an Irish post-chaise!

Punctual to the hour appointed, this eccentric vehicle drew up at Waddilove's door, who in a few minutes made his appearance, attired in all the finery of black shorts and silks, with his best bob-wig newly frizzed and powdered. He was in high glee at the idea of having escaped a hot dusty walk; and as the "town-tub" went clattering down Friar Street on its way to the neighbouring little village of Caversham, he kept humming the tune of "Old King Cole," which he always did when in good humour, and glancing every now and then, with visible satisfaction, at the magnificent clocks which ran halfway up his silk stockings.

He was thus pleasantly occupied, when suddenly, just as he had accomplished about a third of his journey, a loud crash was heard—off flew one of the wheels, and down came the coach on its side, right in the middle of the road! Fortunately Mr Waddilove, though not a little alarmed, sustained no injury from the catastrophe, and was promptly extricated by the cool and collected coachman, whom long experience had taught to look on an upset quite as a matter of course. On examining into the nature of the injuries sustained by the town-tub, it was found that it would take upwards of an hour to remedy them; and, as such a delay was not to be thought of under the circumstances, poor Miles, groaning bitterly, as a recollection of his walk in 1814 flashed across his mind, proceeded on his road on foot, this being the only chance he had left of reaching Caversham in time for dinner.

It was a dry, warm, autumn evening, with just enough wind to put the dust into a state of brisk activity—a special annoyance when one happens to be walking in full dress, and is anxious to wear a becoming aspect, as was just now the case with Waddilove, who lost much time in his various tackings and manœuvres to avoid the whirling clouds that beset him at certain turns and angles of the road.

After plodding straight on for nearly half-an-hour, he reached that long, irregular, picturesque bridge which spans the Thames, there of imposing breadth, and leads direct into the village of Caversham. Arrived at this spot, he might have admired—for few can behold it without admiration—the singular sylvan beauty of the landscape about him; the flowery meadows stretching for miles along the nearest bank of the river; the wooded uplands of the distant Mapledurham; and the rich autumn-tinted foliage of Caversham park, which shone with a thousand gorgeous colours in the setting sun; the broad reaches of the lake-like Thames, with the numerous cottage lawns and flower-gardens sloping down its edge; the straggling village at the foot of the bridge, and the high chalk cliffs immediately beyond it, planting their white feet in the stream, and redeeming, by their bold precipitous character, what might otherwise have seemed too tame in the landscape;—all this, Miles, had he been so disposed, might have regarded with just admiration: but his thoughts were otherwise occupied, dwelling with more complacency on the rich soups, juicy meats, and luscious wines that awaited him at his journey's end, and alone reconciled him to his unforeseen walk. The clock struck six as he turned off the bridge into the village. He halted. The last stroke rung like a knell in his ear. At that very moment the servants were bringing in the first course. He should then be too late for the soup and fish! Horrid anticipation! Nevertheless, there was still a faint chance; and, buoyed up by this reflection, he quickened his pace almost to a trot, but had yet to toil through the village and up the hill that rises beyond it, ere he could reach the desired haven.

At length he arrived at his friend's house, and the first agreeable moment he had known since his ejection from the town-tub was, when he rang the garden-bell, and saw an old female servant hurrying down the gravel-walk to answer the summons.

"Is dinner on table?" he enquired in tremulous accents, that betrayed the great interest he took in the question.

"Dinner!" replied the old dame, who was rather hard of hearing—"did you say dinner, sir?"

"Why, how the woman stares! To be sure I did. I'm one of your master's guests; so, let me in—quick; I'm quite late enough as it is. Do you hear, woman?—let me in, I say!"

"Bless your heart, I daren't do no such a thing, for it's directly against orders. Says my master to me, no later ago than yesterday—Betty, says he—"

"I tell you again, woman, I'm one of the party engaged to dine here to-day!" exclaimed Miles, in a loud tone of voice intended to bear down all opposition.

"I know nothing about that," replied Betty; "all I know is that master had a large dinner-party yesterday, and that this morning all the family set out for Southampton, where they mean to spend the autumn."

Poor Waddilove looked the very picture of despair as he heard these words; and, hastily fumbling about in his pockets, drew forth, after a close search, his friend's note of invitation, read it, and found his worst suspicions confirmed. True, he had been invited to a dinner-party at Captain Capulet's; but he had mistaken the day, and arrived just twenty-four hours too late!

When he had somewhat recovered the shock of this discovery, he entertained, in most moving terms, that Betty would at least let him in, and allow him to rest for a few minutes while he collected his scattered thoughts. But the old woman would not hear of such a proposal; she had received strict orders, she said, to "let no strangers in whatsoever," and it was as much as her place was worth to act "contrarywise."

"But I am no stranger, but, on the contrary, one of your master's oldest friends," insisted Miles.

"That's not my look-out," rejoined the unmoved Betty; "my orders is positive, to let no strangers in while the family's away; and you're a stranger to me, sir—uncommon strange, to be sure!" she added in an under-tone, at the same time casting a sly suspicious glance at Waddilove's sullen visage and dust-soiled habiliments; after which she gave a brisk tug at the garden-gate, to assure herself that it was fast locked, and then made the best of her way back into the house.

Miles was now in a state of very grievous perplexity; for not only had

he lost his dinner, but his bed also, on which he always reckoned when invited to a party at the captain's. His first impulse was to return home immediately; but as this involved the necessity of a walk of upwards of four miles—there being no suitable conveyance to be procured at Caversham—he shrunk with dismay from the idea. Next he thought of taking his chance of a meal and a bed at the village alehouse; but as he passed it, the fumes of mingled gin, beer, and tobacco, issuing from the open window of the low-roofed parlour, assailed him so powerfully, that hot, jaded, and hungry as he was, he had not the heart to venture in. At last he recollected that, about a mile or two further on, past Caversham Park, there dwelt a rich, elderly, single lady, whom he had occasionally met at Captain Capulet's, and who had shown no unwillingness to cultivate his acquaintance. He had not seen this ancient dame for two years, nor would he have remembered her address—perhaps not even her name—had not his memory just now been quickened by his necessities. Hoping that here at length he might get a dinner and a ride home in the lady's carriage, Waddilove trudged on with renewed spirit, just halting for a few minutes when he reached the great gates of the park, in order to brush the dust from his shoes and stockings with some large dock-leaves that grew under the palings.

By this time the sun had set;—a silver mist began to steam up from the broad valley of the Thames, the gnats rose by thousands, forming a sort of cloud just above the hedges, and the humming cockchafer "made wing" for the elms and horse-chestnut trees that flung their shadows far beyond the footpath, imparting a refreshing coolness to Miles's fevered frame, who, considering his sedentary habits, held up with remarkable perseverance, in the hope that he might reach his fair friend's house before nightfall. But he toiled on in vain; for not a single habitation of any sort was visible, the road—which, so far as he could see, ran straight as an arrow—being bordered on one side by hedges, and on the other by the long range of the park palings. Here was a dilemma! How should he act? Ask his way? There was not a human being in sight to whom he could apply for informa-

tion: Go back? In that case he would lose his last chance of procuring refreshment and a ride home. Go forward? Yes, this was his sole remaining alternative, to which he was the more disposed from the incessant promptings of the gastric juice, whose hints became every moment more significant, till at last he was compelled, as his only means of satisfying hunger, to halt and pluck the blackberries that grew thickly in the hedge, and those well-known Berkshire sloes, from which so much of our "old crusted port wine" is manufactured. Striking illustration of the caprice of fortune! A middle-aged epicure standing on tiptoe, like a schoolboy, to snatch an *impromptu* meal from some dusty shrubs in a high-road! When Miles had gathered a handful or more of this unsophisticated fruit, he sat down on a hillock that jutted out on the pathway, to eat, and if possible digest, it; but had scarcely finished his meal, when he was annoyed by an intolerable itching in his legs, and hastily jumping up, found—unhappy wretch!—that he had been sitting down upon an ant's nest!

While he was brushing off these pestilent insects, who evinced a keen sense of injury by stinging him in a hundred places, a man came jogging along the road on a cart-horse, and humming the plaintive air of "Bob and Joan." On enquiring of this warbling clodhopper the nearest way to Myrtle Lodge—the name of the ancient spinster's residence—Miles was told that he must go straight on for about a quarter of a mile, and then take the first turning on the right, which was a bypath leading up to the lodge. Having walked what he conceived to be this distance, he came, not to the path in question, but to an isolated cottage; and, on making a second enquiry of a young woman who was standing in the doorway, received for answer that he had still half a mile further to go! Delightful intelligence to a man whose tight shoes are constantly impressing his nervous system with an acute consciousness of corns! Perseverance, however, be the difficulties what they may, never fails to carry its point; and, in the fulness of time, Waddilove reached the lodge; but what words shall express his consternation and disgust when he saw, posted in large printed

letters in the unfurnished front parlour, "THIS HOUSE TO LET!"

Heart-stricken by this last calamity, Miles slowly and abstractedly set out on his return to Caversham, determined no longer to give in to the prejudices of his fastidious olfactories, but halt at the public-house, which he now regretted having passed with such disdain, make the most of whatever fare might be placed before him, and even pass the night there—so effectually had fatigue and hunger subdued his sense of gentility. But even this last sorry resource was denied him; for, on turning again into the high-road, absorbed in painful reverie, he took the wrong direction, so that, instead of retracing his course back to Caversham, he was momentarily placing himself at a greater distance from it. He did not discover his error—his notions of locality being of a very confused, parson-Adams-like, character—till he found himself advanced upwards of a hundred yards upon a large tract of moorland. He instantly hurried back, but was again doomed to disappointment; for, just at the commencement of the common, three roads met, and for the life of him he could not make out which was the one he had just left. As well, however, as he could judge by the faint glimmer that still lingered in the west, the three ran in nearly parallel lines; so, concluding that each would lead to Caversham with but little difference in point of distance, he took the central road, and followed its course for nearly a mile, when, darkness coming on, he soon got off the track, and stumbled upon some marshy ground which sucked in his pumps at every third or fourth step he took, occasioning him as much annoyance as if he had been walking in damp weather over a ploughed field.

Waddilove was now quite desperate; and as he went floundering on, cursing the inexorable destiny that thus forced him, like M. Von Wodenblock in the tale, to "keep moving" whether he would or not, the cramp, brought on by fatigue, began to tie double-knots in the calf of each leg, while his stomach rumbled so exceedingly, from the joint effects of hunger and the tart fruit which he had swallowed, as to impress him with the humiliating conviction that he was just becoming a—*roarer*! Miserable man! His walk to see the allied sovereigns was a mere lounge

compared to this. All sorts of grim imaginings beset him. Apoplexy haunted him like a spectre; and the freshening wind, as it swept across the unsheltered moor, seemed redolent of agues and rheumatisms. What enormous sin had he committed, that he should be thus visited with a severer punishment than if he had been sent to pick oakum at the tread-mill! Had he violated all the decencies of social life, or so far sported with the sacred interests of truth as to call Joseph Hume a statesman, then, indeed, he might have anticipated a stern retributive visitation. But he had done nothing of the sort; but, on the contrary, had always strictly fulfilled his duties as a man and a citizen, and held it as an axiom that Joseph was by no means a Solon. And yet here he was—he whose anti-peripatetic prejudices were the strongest in his nature, and the constant theme of remark among his friends—wandering alone at nightfall on a moor, in silk stockings and pumps, thawing like a prize-ox in the dog-days, and with no chance of bettering his condition until daybreak, supposing he should survive till then—or, at any rate, till the moon should rise, supposing that there was a moon! It was a cruel, an unprecedented case, and might have given a serious shock to his faith in a superintending Providence, had not his train of indignant meditation been seasonably diverted by his making a false step, and plumping down upon a smooth, dry mound. Too tired to get up again, and more than half persuaded that it was all over with him, and that he should be found a corpse before the morning, Miles threw himself at full length along this mound, and in a few minutes was fast asleep, and wandering through the land of dreams; now fancying that he was Captain Barclay, and walking for a wager a thousand miles in a thousand hours; and now, that he was Harlequin, and, as such, compelled not only to walk but to frisk through a pantomime, without stopping, for three mortal hours!

It was now nearly nine o'clock; the risen moon shone like a tempered sun, except when the clouds, driven by a fresh south-wind, swept across her orb; and by her light two men might be seen making their way over the common towards the mound whereon Miles lay sleeping. From their dress,

and still more from the hang-dog expression of their faces, it was evident that they were confirmed scapegoats—choice samples of a breed such as may be found in almost every country village; fellows who get drunk whenever they can; steal whatever they can lay their hands on; are at home in the stocks; familiar with the flavour of horse-ponds and the sharp discipline of the cat's-tail; and want nothing but opportunity to ensure their promotion to the gallows. Both these vagrant geniuses were attired in a costume whose uncommon raggedness approached to the picturesque. One wore a grey beaver hat, and a great-coat which reached to his ankles, and was patched in twenty different places; the other had no hat at all; but then, to make amends for this defect, his yellow shirt-tail stuck out behind through a fissure in his small clothes, in the gracefulest and most natural manner possible. As this precious couple drew near the slumbering Waddilove, whose nap had by this time lasted upwards of an hour, a sudden movement that he made with his legs, accompanied by a deep groan (as if, in the character of Harlequin, he was just going to take a reluctant leap head-foremost through a window), attracted their notice, and, hastening up, they gazed for a minute or so, in expressive silence, on the sleeper, who lay on his side with his head buried in his arms.

At length one whispered the other, "I say, Jack, this is a rum go, this is; there's been some of the family at work here, I take it."

"No, no," replied his com-rogue, stooping down and gently turning Miles on his back—"it's no affair of that natur; the cove's not been queered, he's only lousy, and as fast as a church—I'm blest if he ain't."

"Vy, then, I'm a-thinking, Jack," resumed the first speaker, laying his forefinger beside his nose, "as it would be but right and proper in us to take care of the gemman's watch and seals for him, for it's wery clear as he can't take care on 'em his-self."

"No more he can't, Bill," replied the other, with a grin of intelligence; "he's as helpless as a babby."

"Vy, then, here goes, Jack:" and so saying, the one scamp knelt down, and dexterously drew out Miles's gold watch, with its massive chain and seals; while the other ransacked his breeches-

pockets, whence he presently extracted, with an air of modest triumph, a well-stored silk-net purse.

This done, they next proceeded to make free with Waddilove's hat and wig, and would even have reduced him to the attractive state of nature in which Adam was before the Fall, had not their intentions been frustrated by a loud trumpet-like snore from the sleeper, which startled their delicate nerves to such a degree, that they flew off across the common, as if, to quote Byron's well-known words, "the speed of thought were in their limbs."

Miles, mean-time, continued buried in profound repose, but about eleven o'clock he awoke, and, starting to his feet, looked about him with a countenance of as much wonder as Abon Hassan showed, when he found himself sitting up, broad awake, in the Caliph Haroun's state-bed. He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and, being refreshed by his nap, and goaded to further peripatetic exertions by an appetite of wondrous potency, he gave a preliminary jump or so, by way of taking the starch-like stiffness out of his knees, and then set out on his return to Caversham, no longer apprehensive of losing his way, for the moon shed down a steady radiance on the common, and enabled him to see that he was only separated from the right track by a patch of marshy ground, on the edge of which rose the grassy tumulus whereon he had made his bed.

Just as he was about to start, feeling an uncommon coolness—say, rather, a decided chill—in his upper story, he put his hand to his forehead, when, to his inexpressible astonishment, he discovered that he was *minus* hat and wig. How was this? Was there witchcraft in the case? Had Puck or Robin Goodfellow being trying their hands at petty larceny, or some vagabond zephyr taken a fancy to the articles in question? No, no; there had been no agency of this sort at work, as the bereaved Waddilove soon found to his cost, when on feeling for his watch, in order to see what o'clock it was, he ascertained that this too had gone, most likely to keep company with his hat and wig; and that his purse also had taken the opportunity of playing truant! I forbear, from conscious incapacity, to describe the paroxysms of rage into which Miles was thrown on making these

untoward discoveries; suffice it to say, that after firing off volleys of oaths, like minute-guns, till he was nearly black in the face with the effort, he took out his pocket-handkerchief, tied it about his bald shiny pate, after the fashion of an old Irish apple-woman, and then hurried along his road, taking those fidgety, petulant, and irregular steps, which men are wont to take when labouring under unusual nervous excitement.

Nearly opposite the cross-road to Myrtle Lodge, there was a swing-gate, from which ran a winding public footpath through Caversham park. This park terminated in a stile not far from the entrance to the village, and as it cut off a considerable elbow of the road, Miles, who had missed it on his way out to the Lodge, now determined to avail himself of it, it being a matter of infinite consequence to him to reach the public-house, and secure supper and a bed, before they should shut up for the night. As he maintained a smart pace, and was no longer incommoded by the heat, the night being cool and the wind fresh, he made very satisfactory progress, and had already got as far as the park preserves, which the footpath skirted, descending thence into a gradual bushy hollow, when he was startled by the sound of whispers at no great distance from him, which was almost immediately followed by the discharge of a gun. Now, it happened that the pacific Waddilove had the same invincible horror of fire-arms that King James had of a drawn sword; he could not even look a gun in the face without a shudder; judge, then, of his consternation when he heard this sudden discharge, together with a rustling among the preserves, as though a gang of poachers were emerging upon the footpath! Overmastered by his apprehensions, and taking for granted that, if he should be seen, he would instantly be shot for a gamekeeper, and not have the mistake cleared up till he lay stretched like a cock part-ridge on the ground, with a score or so of small shot buried in his epigastrium, he abruptly quitted the path, and plunging down into the thick copse near it, doubled himself up, hedge-hog fashion, heedless of the brambles and stinging-nettles which gave him any thing but a gracious reception.

The noise he made, as he went

crashing into the heart of the thicket, caught the quick ears of the poachers, who, darting out from the preserves on the other side of the footpath, stood looking anxiously about them, and whispering to each other, as though doubtful whether the sound of their gun had started a spy or a hare. Intense was Miles's agitation while he heard these scamps, among other equally significant threats, announce their intention, when once they got a glimpse of him, to "do for him"—"riddle him like a cullender"—"bring him down at a long shot"—"pitch him into the Thames, with a big stone tied about his neck," &c. ; and he inwardly vowed that, should he but escape the perils of this memorable night, he would never again venture so far from home—not even in a coach, much less the accursed town-tub—were he to be bribed by the daintiest dinner that epicure ever sat down to. No, he would cut the acquaintance of every one who lived more than a hundred yards from Reading. While he was thus settling the course of conduct he would adopt, in the event of his getting safely out of his present ticklish serape, the moon became suddenly overcast; whereupon the poachers, eager to avail themselves of the favouring gloom to pursue their vocation in the preserves, and satisfied by this time that the noise they had heard was merely occasioned by the starting of a hare, withdrew again to the spot which they had so lately quitted.

Miles waited till they had all left the footpath, and were lost to sight in the leafy and tangled preserves, and then stealing cautiously back into the road, like a shy old badger out of his hole, he stood listening for a few seconds, after which he flew at his utmost speed along the road, with outstretched neck, and both hands clapped instinctively upon his hind quarters, so as to act as a sort of protecting shield in case he should chance to receive an ignominious shot in the rear. Away, away he flew, insensible alike to fatigue and hunger, so completely had fear got the better of every other sensation. As the wind rose and fell, sighing among the pines and beeches, and whirling the dead leaves by hundreds into the air, he fancied he heard the quick tramp of footsteps behind him; mistook the hooting of the owl for the yells of his pursuers;

and, in the spectral moving shadows flung by the stirred trees across his path, beheld the signs of a lurking enemy.

It must have been a rare treat to a lover of the grotesque, to have seen this adipose fugitive scouring along in a steeple-chase style, and taking big bouncing leaps like a ram, while the broad flaps of his black coat streamed in the wind, and his mouth stood ajar like the shell of a dead oyster. What cares he for distance or difficulty? The trunk of a fallen elm lies across his road; he is over it in a jiffy, and comes down on the other side with all the agility of a dancing-master. Further on, a brawling brooklet threatens to impede his progress; in he plunges, halfway up to his knees, and scrambles out again, refreshed rather than incommoded by his partial bath. Thus, copse after copse, slope after slope, are passed; now he descends into a shady dell; now he winds round the brow of a verdant hill, whence he may catch a fine view of the park that extends to the bank of the Thames, affording shelter to large herds of deer, and magnificently timbered with giant oaks, who have bid defiance to the storms of centuries, and heard the roar of Cromwell's cannon against the walls of Reading Abbey; and now, all danger passed, he halts to rest himself on the stile which, as I have before observed, abuts on the main road, just at the entrance of Caversham.

Waddilove reached the village as the church clock was striking the last chime of midnight. As he passed along the main street, its irregular rows of houses wore a cold, staring, and even ghastly aspect in the imperfect moonlight, and nothing was audible but the rippling of the near Thames against the arches of the bridge, or the occasional growl of some drowsy watch-dog. Under other circumstances, Miles's imagination would have been forcibly impressed by the dead solitude of this hushed hamlet through which he moved, the only living being, startling the echoes of night by his tread; but his late adventures had, for the time being, given him quite a surfeit of romance.

On coming to the public-house, he found, as might have been anticipated, that it was shut up, and that not the slightest glimmer of a light was to be seen in any of the rooms. Determin-

ed, nevertheless, on gaining admittance, he banged away at the door for full ten minutes; but finding this of no avail, he bawled out the landlord's name, and then let fly a handful of small stones and gravel against his bedroom windows. This had the desired effect, for presently the lattice was cautiously thrown open, and a man's head, enveloped in a worsted nightcap, thrust through the aperture.

"Who's there?" enquired the landlord, in a peevish tone of voice full of sleep.

"'Tis I," replied Miles.

"And who the devil is I?"

"A friend of Captain Capulet, Mr Waddilove of Wallington Lane, near Reading. I've been unexpectedly detained in the neighbourhood, and want some supper and a bed, for it's too late to think of returning home to-night."

"Humph!—supper and a bed! You'll get neither the one nor the other here, so be off with you—I ain't going to open my door at this hour to fellows without a hat; you may be a thief for aught I know;"—and with these words, the landlord shut to the window.

Nothing daunted by this repulse, Miles discharged a second shower of gravel against the window, hoping by such means to bully the churl into a surrender. But he knew not the man he had to deal with; for no sooner had he taken aim for the third time against the casement, than it was again opened, and down came the saponaceous contents of a wash-hand basin on his head!—

It was past one o'clock when a market-cart, laden with fruit and vegetables, stopped at Waddilove's door, and a gentleman descended from it, pale as the turnips among which he had been seated, shaking in every joint from excessive jolting, his clothes begrimed with dust, and a handkerchief tied about his head, looking as rumbled as though a quart of water had been but just wrung out of it. And this pitiable sample of humanity was Miles Waddilove, Esquire! Alas, how changed from that Miles—*quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!*—

who but eight hours before had left his home, smiling and sunny, in all the consciousness of a captivating costume! He had met the cart as he was crawling, snail-like, along the main road, after leaving Caversham bridge, and had bargained with the driver—who was on his way to Reading, to be in time for the morrow's market—for a seat among his vegetables, by way of a dignified finale to his walk of upwards of ten miles, and the mis-haps consequent upon it.

After his recognition by his housekeeper, which was a task of no ordinary difficulty, Miles hurried into his study, and throwing himself on a sofa, ordered up all the cold meat in the pantry, made a prodigious supper, which he washed down with a bottle of his very oldest Madeira, and then plunged into bed, where he soon fell into the soundest sleep ever, perhaps, enjoyed by a sedentary gentleman on the shady side of forty. Had he taken laudanum, or, what is equivalent to laudanum, subjected himself to the perusal of Doctor Bowring's edition of Bentham, his slumber could not possibly have been more profound.

When he rose at a late hour next day, in a state of more vigorous health, bating a slight stiffness in his limbs, than he had known for some months, he found his medical man waiting for him in the breakfast parlour, whom he instantly acquainted with all the sufferings he had undergone on the preceding night. To his great astonishment, the apothecary, so far from condoling with him on his involuntary peripatetic achievements, had actually the hardihood to congratulate him; and even went the length of assuring him that—notwithstanding his fatigues and vexations—he might consider himself a very lucky fellow, inasmuch as the walk, by giving a wholesome stimulus to his nervous system, and producing a corresponding energy of action in the blood, had most likely saved him from an attack of hypochondriacism, thereby exemplifying the truth of the old adage—"out of evil cometh good."

A FAMILY CONTINENTAL TOUR, AND ITS RESULTS.

IN SIX GLIMPSES.

GLIMPSE THE FIRST—HOME.

"I wish it were all over, and we safe back again here," said Mr Hartwell to his good lady, as they sat at a breakfast parlour window of the family seat in which he was born, and overlooked his own park and the pleasant country beyond.

"Really, my dear," observed Mrs Hartwell in reply, "to confess the truth to *you*, I do sometimes fancy that I wish the very same thing; but still I am quite sure that we must have a very great deal of enjoyment during our tour. Only think with what delight all our neighbours speak of the different places they have seen, while we can only sit and listen, and have nothing to say."

"Ah, well!" sighed Mr Hartwell, "the die is cast; and so, go we must, I suppose now, though for my part I care no more about foreign places nor foreigners than they care about me."

"As to that, my dear, I don't suppose we differ much; but then you know we must *see* them, or else we cannot say so."

"If there was any chance of being believed, I really think I could stretch a point and 'say so' without going, as a queer old gentleman recommended to his son, rather than risk his neck by descending into a coal-pit."

The good lady laughed; and then, for the five hundredth time, alluded to the advantages their daughter Jane would derive from the trip, though her notions of their precise nature and extent were by no means very distinct. How many English of late years have toiled and travelled about the Continent with the same odd inducements!

In the library under the same roof, two younger persons were conversing upon the same topic.

"I certainly am pleased at the idea of going abroad," said Jane Hartwell, "I will not for a moment deny it. Indeed, as society now is, a tour forms part of one's—what shall I call it?—'finishing' my good governess might have said;—but you understand me, I'm sure—and so, grave sir," she added, while a playful light sparkled

in her bright black eyes, "you may expect, when you meet us at Paris on our return, to find me quite a different sort of person."

"I trust not," replied Edward Drayton, mournfully; "no, no, Jane! remain what you are! I would not have you changed—no, not in any respect."

"Thank you, Edward, that's very flattering. Well, well, I believe you, notwithstanding; but hark ye, sir, 'changed' is a word of strong import, when spoken with foreboding tone, and a countenance so dismal as that which I have the honour—nay, don't be so very sensitive!—I mean the pleasure of seeing before me,—I don't like the word 'changed.' It implies suspicion, and *you*, less than all others, ought to make use of it to *me*, whom you have known so long;" and she added reproachfully, "you cannot seriously imagine that a few months' absence from home can, by any possibility, effect a change worth speaking of in my character, my sentiments, or my feelings."

"No, dear Jane, I will not; but I cannot look calmly forward to the six long dreary months of separation, when you will be I know not where, and associated with I know not whom."

"Why, really, my good gentleman, you talk as if I was going to undertake an expedition into the interior of Africa, among savages, instead of travelling over roads, along which, hundreds of our own acquaintance have passed before us; and among people who claim to be even more civilized and polite than ourselves."

"If I were but permitted to write to you, Jane!"

"Hush, hush, Edward! be content; let us keep *one* of our promises unbroken, at least. As for the other"—and she hesitated and blushed.

"It is unbroken, dearest Jane!—Do not imagine that any thing you may have chanced to say in the confidence of our friendship, as to what you might be prevailed on to do un-

der different circumstances—do not suppose that I will allow you—I mean, myself—to receive, or you to commit—No, no,—think not of it; you are free.”

The language of the eyes cannot be transferred to paper; but hers were most eloquent as she smiled and looked up in his face, and said:—

“That is poor sophistry, Edward! But let it pass. There is my hand once more! What I have said, I will never retract. We understand each other;”—and her head sank upon his shoulder.

“Dear, generous, noble-minded girl!” he exclaimed.—“Yes, yes, I ought to be, and I will be, content!”

It need scarcely be said that these young people were lovers; but a few words are necessary to explain their position at this juncture.

Edward Drayton had “spoken to the old folks” some months before; and the result of his passionate representations and protestations, and their calm deliberations and consultations, was, that they pronounced the young folks to be too young to think seriously, or judge correctly, upon a subject of so great importance. This decision, of course, appeared exceedingly ridiculous to the young gentleman, who was then within a few months of the completion of his twentieth year. But the elders were inexorable; and he was compelled to pledge his word of honour that he would neither correspond with the young lady when ab-

sent, nor urge his suit when present, nor receive or exchange any promises from, or with her, until the expiration of his minority. This was an unpalatable exaction; but as the only alternative was strict exclusion from the roof beneath which she dwelt, he submitted with indifferent grace, and so was permitted to pay occasional friendly visits during the vacations, as he was now pursuing his studies at Oxford.

Similar restrictions were placed upon Jane; and it was understood by all parties, that, if all parties continued to be of the same mind at the end of the period of probation—then, and not till then, the matter was to be taken into more serious consideration.

How completely the young people had acted up to the letter, if not to the spirit, of this engagement, has been already seen; and the elders were perfectly satisfied with the wisdom and propriety of their arrangement.

Under these circumstances they separated. The young gentleman returned to Oxford to complete his terms, and Mr and Mrs Hartwell and their daughter went upon the Continent; and, ere long, discovered that all the places and things which they were desirous of saying they had seen, could not possibly be seen in six months. When that period had expired, they were at Geneva, in the pleasant month of October.

GLIMPSE THE SECOND.—GENEVA.

“It may sound like a contradiction, my dear Charlotte,” said Jane Hartwell to a young lady with whom she was walking beneath the trees of an elevated ‘promenade’ called ‘La Treille,’ ‘but certainly so it is. The last six months have passed away most rapidly, and yet I feel as if I had been very much longer away from England.”

“Well, I’m no philosopher, but I suppose the latter feeling comes over you when thinking of a certain person,” observed Miss Byrne, who from a chance acquaintance had become an intimate, and then a confidential friend, merely because her father and self had been travelling over the same ground as our tourists, and, conse-

quently, they were frequently thrown together.

“No, no! It is not that!” exclaimed Jane, rather hastily. “I wish you would not be always teasing me about such nonsense!”

“Well, well! Then it sha’n’t be teased,” said Charlotte, playfully. “But, if it is not that, I’m sure I can’t tell what it is.”

“Then I think I can,” observed Jane, in an unusually serious tone. “I have been questioning myself very closely, as my good governess taught me in former days, and I am not satisfied with the result.”

Why, my dear girl! what can you mean? You, who are all goodness and innocence!”

"No, no, Charlotte! we have lived a strange and hurried life lately. I have had no time to think, but I remember how much I was at first shocked by the general profanation of the Sabbath, the dreadful oaths I heard, and the many things daily occurring in our journeys so revolting to our English notions."

"Call them prejudices, dear Jane, and say no more about them."

"That is exactly what I have done, Charlotte; and I am not satisfied. Yesterday was the first Sunday that we have attended any service since we left Paris; and, even when we were there, how was the rest of the day spent? The manners and customs of the people here are more like our own, and what I heard yesterday reminded me of home, and made it seem very long since I last entered our quiet little church, which we used to attend so regularly; and it seemed to me that I was separated from home not only by absence of body, but in spirit. I feel that I am changed, or else how could I have seen and heard, so calmly as I often have done, things which at first shocked me?"

"Why, my dear friend, if we could make all the people do exactly as we wished, there's no doubt but they would all be a great deal better than they are; but, since we cannot, it does not seem worth while to be *triste* about the matter. *Chacun à son gout*, as the French say. The people here may shut up their shops on a Sunday; but they are as shocking cheats as any of the rest, I know. There was that diamond crescent hair-comb of mine that was to be—but, la! only look! Yes, that's the handsome German count that was with us at Chamouni! He sees us, too, and is coming this way; and there is another gentleman with him—who can he be? *Il a bonne mine*, at all events."

The two gentlemen joined them, and talked as fluent nonsense as any two young ladies would desire to hear,

during their promenade; and when they separated, Miss Byrne volunteered, for her friend's edification, a comparison between the elegant politeness of foreign manners and those of England, by no means favourable to the latter.

"And yet," thought Jane, "how impertinently intrusive and embarrassing would all that I have been listening to for the last hour have appeared, if addressed to me when I first landed at Calais! Has it annoyed me now? No, quite the contrary. Therefore *I must* be changed."

Major Byrne and his daughter dined with the Hartwells that day; and, in the evening, the worthy squire was introduced to a "*cerele*," where he passed several hours very agreeably at whist; so pleasantly, indeed, that he declared he almost forgot that he was abroad. For this treat he was indebted to the Major, who had travelled much, and seemed perfectly at home wherever he went; and, sooth to say, Mr Hartwell, whose habits were somewhat convivial, was right glad of his acquaintance, for of sight-seeing he had long been heartily tired, and would generally, on their arrival in a town, enquire, with an almost imploring yawn, "Well, I hope there's nothing to be seen *here*?"

The "*cerele*" was, of course, revisited, and its delights might have determined him to pass the winter in Geneva, had not their course been previously decided on in family debates, too long for detail, but the result of which was, an utter abandonment of the original limits of six months to their tour. They were now on their way to Italy.

"I am so glad we are going from this dull place," said Charlotte Byrne to her father, as they were leaving Geneva. "If we had remained here much longer, I do think that Jane would have turned methodist; and that *would* have been a pity, for she was going on so well before! Scarcely one foolish prejudice left."

GLIMPSE THE THIRD.—ROME.

Another half year had elapsed, and it was on the day after a splendid ball and entertainment given by Torlonia (the banking duke), when Jane Hartwell sat in her boudoir alone. There

was a flush upon her cheeks, and a restlessness in her dark sparkling eyes and quick occasional movements, that indicated all not to be quite at ease within.

"Le Comte de Marberg!" said an Italian valet, throwing open the door.

"Giacomo! Did I not tell you?" she exclaimed faintly; but, ere the words had passed her lips, the door was closed, and the person announced was in her presence, apologising incoherently, but with an almost reverential air, for his intrusion.

Such an intrusion would indeed have alarmed and perplexed the unsophisticated daughter of Hartwell Hall a year earlier: but she had since seen ladies receive visitors of the other sex even in their chambers, and had "assisted" at numerous gay and frivolous parties of every description.

She was now an altered person, and, instead of being over-fastidious, had begun to abandon herself to that latitudinarian "insouciance" of manners and conduct by which our fair countrywomen so frequently astonish foreigners. Possibly her feelings might be somewhat similar to those of a new convert to some sect, who imagines himself bound to evince, on every occasion, his utter contempt of all his former errors and prejudices, by going somewhat farther than the more regularly initiated.

Be such matters as they may, the Comte Henri de Marberg (the same "handsome German" whom they had met at Chamouni) and Jane Hartwell were, in less than a minute after his entrance, engaged in a volatile *tête-à-tête*, which continued for half-an-hour, during which time they "talked over" the last night's party. Then another half-hour was spent in a conversation much more interesting to both, but with the detail of which we shall not meddle till the expiration of the said second half-hour, when Jane said, "Now, really, if you wish us to remain friends, you must not continue to plague me with such nonsense. I have told you frankly that I do not mean to change my situation."

"But, lovely Jane, it cannot be always so. Your beauty and good sense and accomplishments will ever make you to be surrounded with flatterers and adorers, and I am sure you have a heart formed for"—

"Heigho! I'm sure I don't know what it was formed for!" exclaimed Jane, in a tone that appeared compounded of a sigh and a yawn; but there was no time to consider which predominated, for the moment after

she continued, in high spirits: "but, 'a propos des botes,' you have not told me how you contrived to find your way here, when I ordered Giacomo to show all visitors to my father into the *salon*, and to say that I was not at home. You perceive that he has announced no one else, and some of my other partners must have called."

"Charmante étourdie!" exclaimed the Comte, gazing upon her with an expression which would formerly have discomposed her utterly, but at which she now smiled, and merely bade him proceed. So he informed her that her father had been somewhat unlucky at cards, when playing with a Russian nobleman and Major Byrnie, in the early part of the previous night, and that probably on that account he had been induced to partake rather freely of the choice wines that were so abundant at the supper tables.

"After that," said the Comte, "he had some more play, and, as he was at the table with one of the bankers' relatives, no doubt as they took care he should not be obliged to ask many times for refreshments, and so he did not come home till long after I had the honour and felicity to hand you to the Comtesse's carriage, and now—that is—just now, when I come, he is not up. So I said, never mind, Giacomo, your young mistress will do as well, and I know she is at home and expects me, which must be the truth, because I am sure you cannot suppose as I would let the morning pass without calling to ask how you have recovered from your fatigue. And now I have asked you that, and something else"—

"Ah, méchant! Do you dare, after I have forbidden you?" exclaimed Jane, interrupting, with a playful air of authority. "Let us have no more of that, for the present at all events, or I shall positively hate the sight of you. There! Get along with you, do, you good-for-nothing creature; unless you feel inclined for a little music this morning, and then you may go into the *salon* and wait till I come," and she left the room laughing.

"Twenty thousand English livres sterling! Cela en veut bien la peine!" muttered the Comte when left to himself; and of course he descended to the *salon*.

At the time of the above conversation, Mr Hartwell was sitting alone over his coffee and eggs, in a frame of

mind far from enviable. "Confound them altogether!" he murmured, "There's madness in the very air one breathes, I do believe. To believe that I, Charles Hartwell of Hartwell Hall, an English gentleman, who never thought of playing above crown points, and always lived within his income, should be such an incomprehensible ass as to sit down with a parcel of outlandish jabbering foreigners, and Hebrew Jews, and lose pretty near three hundred pounds in one night! Then there's the note I owe the major! Zounds! One must amuse one's-self somehow. Well, well, what's done can't be helped. Heigho! there's my poor dear wife too! If any body had told me that when she was ill I could have sat down to breakfast without enquiring after her, would I have believed it?" And, rising angrily, he rang the bell, and summoned her maid, who reported that her mistress had passed an unquiet night, and that Miss Jane was not yet stirring, though she well knew how that young lady was engaged.

"I have a great mind to go back to England at once," soliloquized the squire when again alone. "No, that won't do, I *must* wait here for a remittance. Besides, poor dear soul! in her present state, she couldn't bear the journey. Humph! Naples, they say, is cheap. If so, it will be the first

cheap place I've found, though I suppose one might hide one's-self in some obscure town or village, and save money. That's what we must do. If the air is to be of use to her, as they say it will, it will be purer there than in a city. We have all the summer before us, and then, perhaps, I can find some fishing and shooting, maybe somewhat different from our own, and so have something to talk about in that way when I get back, if ever I shall. Bless my heart! what a wild-geese chase we have been running, just for the sake of being able to say that we have seen a parcel of places, and things, and people, that some of us might have been better if we never had seen. Heigho! and where's Edward Drayton, too? He seems in no hurry, now he's got to Paris." And thus the poor gentleman went on grumbling, after the too prevalent fashion of persons, who, discontent with themselves, resolve to be dissatisfied with every one else.

Could he have witnessed the glee with which, at that moment, his recent antagonists, and his friend the Major, were exulting and laughing over their winnings, and ridiculing his "tour-dise" and execrable attempts at speaking French, assuredly it would not have increased the amiability of his disposition.

GLIMPSE THE FOURTH.—NAPLES.

On a bright calm day in the month of August, two gentlemen were seated in a shady recess of the public gardens. They had been for some time silent, and nothing was heard save the gentle plashing of the blue waters against the marble sea-wall. The younger was Edward Drayton, and fierce contending passions were painfully expressed in his countenance. "So you refuse me!" he at length exclaimed in an angry tone.

"I see the end too clearly," replied Major Byrne, "he is a practised fencer, and would have his choice of weapons. You would stand no chance. None. Besides, after all, what has he done? You have told me that there was no engagement between Miss Hartwell and yourself, and the letter you showed me, recommending you to travel slowly, and see all you could

see at Florence and Rome, was written at her father's desire, and is the only one you ever received from her. There certainly is nothing like love in *that*."

"Oh, but in former days!"—groaned Edward, pressing his right hand upon his burning forehead—"I cannot endure it! If you knew all!"

"I can conceive all, my young friend," said the Major; "I have had some experience myself in such matters. You should look forward, and not back."

"All is gloom and misery before me!" exclaimed the youth.—"I shall never more know happiness!"

"Ay, so I have said ere now," observed the Major.—"But you are wrong. Come, let us look at the thing coolly:—Suppose you were to give Marberg the *coup-de-grace*, would your suit be forwarded one jot?

—Not an inch. You cannot marry the girl without her own consent ; and if you could, would she be worth having ?—No, no ; leave her.—She is not worthy of you. Quit this place, and travel ; and, rely upon it, that fresh scenes and continual change will soon eradicate—nay, nay, don't shake your head ! I know they will ; I know it, Sir. Take my advice, and I'll bet you a thousand to one you'll thank me for it some day."

"You mean me well, I have no doubt, Major ; but you don't understand—you cannot enter into my feelings. Call him out I will,—that's settled ; and the only question is, whether or not you will be my friend. I ask you, because I know no one else here. Tell me plainly, yes or no ?"

"Why, Mr Drayton, I don't like to refuse you ; and yet—you must give me time to think of it—say till to-morrow."

"Be it so," said Edward, rising, and taking the Major's hand,—“I shall depend upon you. Excuse my leaving you abruptly.—I am in no mood for conversation, as you may perceive,”—and he walked slowly away.

"Confound the fellow !" said the Major to himself ; “I wish he'd broken his neck by the way, ere he had come here. All was going on so well ! But now, in spite of all he says, I can see that the little flirt is undecided about who shall be the man ; and, if she should jilt Marberg after all, I may whistle for the five hundred *louis* he owes me. Then, if he should pink this young fellow unluckily, he must cut and run, and that would be nearly as bad. No. He must disarm him.—That's the play ! or I will have nothing to do with it ; for, if mischief be done, there will be an end of *écarte* with the old noodle ; and such an unsuspecting, conceited, old pigeon, is not to be found every day. He thinks he understands the game *now*, and billiards too ! It is strange what could have set him and the poor old lady travelling, when they have not one glimpse of taste for painting, sculpture, music, scenery, or antiquities, or any one object in view, unless it be ‘killing time,’ which, he says, never hung so heavily on his hands at home as it does here. It's a strange infatuation ! Well, as Franklin says, ‘A man will sometimes pay dear for his whistle.’”

About three weeks after the above conversation, the Comte Marberg lay reclined upon a sofa, in luxurious indolence. His features were somewhat attenuated, and his complexion paler, from recent confinement ; but the whole expression of his countenance was indicative of triumph. “Twenty thousand English poundssterling !” he soliloquized, “That's her own ; and as she is an only child, when the old people go, why, three or four times as much more at least. Bravo, Henri de Marberg ! Diable ! I can hardly believe my good luck. Ah ! that's Byrne's voice ! He has lost no time since he got my note.”

The Major here entered the apartment, and after a few words of congratulation upon the Comte's good looks, and evident convalescence, said—“I have had a dreary time of it at Terracina. Almost every day some traveller brought a report that there was no chance of your recovery. If I had not known your handwriting well, I should have thought your last note a hoax. What has wrought this sudden and almost miraculous cure ?”

“La petite capricieuse,” replied the Comte gaily ; “I shall not keep you in suspense. It is all good. All has been good since when that awkward Englishman gave me ‘la botte ;’ for which I thank you ; as if you told me he knew nothing—absolutely nothing—of the use of the sword, I should have taken care, because nothing is so difficult as such a man ; like a left-handed man as squints, one can't guess what he will do.”

“Well, well !” said the Major, impatiently,—“never mind that now. What happened after ?”

“Ah ! after ? You shall hear as I played my game well. You call me expensive to have apartments in the same hotel with them ; but I know better. Well, they brought me home here, and sent for a medico, with whom I soon agree, as I will be in great danger of my life, and so very interesting ill. Eh ! you see ? although the wound is a mere *bagatelle*.”

“This is too bad !” exclaimed the Major ; “and so I might have remained safe in Naples, instead of running off and hiding”—

“Doucement, my good Major ! I know my game better. It was necessary to be debarrassed of that Drayton,

for I found out, no matter how, as there has been *un premier amour* between him and you know who; and, as you are his second, you could not stop. Nothing else could do. We was on very uncertain ground, Major. If I had wounded him instead of me, and he been here like me—Bah! I believe truly as he should have gained the preference after all. She is so bizarre! What think you of her playing the part of a sister of charity? Ha, ha! You see I was so *very* dangerous ill, and like to lose my life, which I hazarded on her account; so she must be interested, and I send her word, as I am content if I can but see her once before I die. She come directly, and when I see the tears in her eyes, as she sat at my bedside, I take her hand and press it. Bah! you may guess what pass then; and after, as we are under the same roof, (ah! that was

the master-stroke!) she come again and again, and sat with my hand in hers during some hours. And we are not silent all that time; *je vous en répond*, Major, particularly as I got worse—and worse—and at last, father Isidore, a *bijou* of a padre, who comprehend me as well as the medico, came one night with the viaticum; and all that night she remained at my bedside till the morning, when the old people find it out, and papa played "*le diable à quatre*." Ha, ha! He was too late! They forbid her to come again, but 'tis no use. She is *entêtée*, and come nevertheless, which soon made the crisis of my danger go by; and then the old people themselves are glad to come to, as it is gone too far for retreat, as all the world in this great hotel know every thing, and there is some other English families as will take the news home if they refuse their consent."

GLIMPSE THE FIFTH.—BADEN-BADEN.

"My poor dear mother never got the better of it, I fear!" said the Comtesse de Marberg; "she had been very unwell for some time previous. She lived only three months after my unfortunate marriage. It is now as many years since that event, and you are the first bosom friend to whom I have ventured to confide the secret of my griefs. We were children and playfellows together, Mary. Our prospects were the same, but how different has been our lot! You are returning to happy England, to the society of old friends, and your own quiet, domestic home. For me there is no such place—none! and the only chance of our being at all settled, even for a time, is the Comte's obtaining some diplomatic situation, which, with his habits, is scarcely probable. In the mean while, we are wanderers upon the face of the earth, going from one gay place to another, living in the strangest manner, I know not how, and endeavour not to think, for I have every reason to suppose that my little fortune has been dissipated long since. And then the strange, coarse people of both sexes with whom I am obliged sometimes to associate!"

"We married women cannot always choose our own society," observed Mrs Lea, hardly knowing in what way to comfort her once almost inseparable friend, "nor indeed can the men, particularly at such places as this. No doubt,

the Comte has his motives for associating with such persons as you allude to: with some from family connexions, and, as he is seeking a diplomatic office, with others, perhaps, from interested motives."

"Ah! Mary, you are but too correct!" sighed the Comtesse.

"Well, then, Jane, let us hope he will be successful. I assure you that my Goodman thinks highly of the Comte's talents, and has expressed regret that they should be wasted in the frivolous sort of life that people lead here. If his time were but usefully employed, he would find relaxation at home, instead of seeking it elsewhere from mere ennui. Nay, do not shake your head, and look so incredulous! He would, indeed, Jane; and your kind attentions would then be appreciated, and your purity of mind would form a contrast that must"——

"Oh, spare me!" exclaimed the Comtesse, "I cannot bear to hear you talk so. You know not what you say. But, tell me, is Mr Lea intimate with the Comte? I have not been out much lately, and acquaintances are formed here so suddenly; besides, he never mentioned his name before me. Tell me, do they play together?"

"If you mean gambling, my dear, certainly not. My husband has an utter detestation of every thing of the

sort ; but they have passed an hour or so together latterly at *écarté*."

" Ah ! I thought so ! He must not do so again. Warn him, but do not let him know who told you. Tell him never to play with the Comte again, *particularly* if I should be present, or else—I cannot say more. Oh, Mary ! Mary ! do not despise me ! I cannot help myself. I have told you much—but, if you knew *all* ! " Shocked as Mrs Lea was, she had sufficient presence of mind to pass unnoticed the scarcely equivocal confession of the gamester's wife, and referring to her last words, replied, " I shall often think of you when absent, Jane, and of what you have told me ; but we must never abandon hope, and if the Comte can but obtain his appointment, I don't despair. Idle folks are always getting into mischief. There's my goodman, for instance, because he has nothing to occupy his time here, seems to have taken it into his simple head that he understands *écarté*, and so must needs try his luck with an experienced player, as I suppose you mean to say the Comte is ; so, of course, I shall lecture him on the subject, and really feel greatly obliged to you for your friendly warning."

" Hush ! " exclaimed the Comtesse, " that is his voice ! He is angry at something, I know by his tone. Let us talk of something else—anything ! You said you were going to see the castle at Eberstein, I think. *Do* seem cheerful ! "

There was a scowl on the brow of Comte Henri de Marberg as he opened the door ; but it disappeared the moment he beheld his wife's visiter ; and during her stay he endeavoured to make himself particularly agreeable—an endeavour in which he was seldom unsuccessful.

" Accept my thanks for your kind attention to my dear Jane," said he, when Mrs Lea was about to take leave ; " she is sadly too much alone. I often urge her to mix more in society, particularly as your country families are so many here ; but I cannot persuade her as I would, and I fear she is very dull at sometimes, though her amiable disposition is such as she always says it is not so."

Having dismissed their visiter, the Comte strode back to the table, and throwing down a letter, said, in an angry tone,

" There ! Read that ! It's from your father—a cursed old miser ! He refuses a paltry single thousand—curse him ! What for do you sit gaping there, like a fool ? Can't you take and read ?—Eh ? " and he threw himself upon a sofa, and, uttering low imprecations, scowled upon his wife as she tremblingly unfolded, and, with tearful eyes, ran over the contents of the letter ; and, when she had finished, looked up imploringly, and murmured,

" I am very sorry—but what more *can* I do, Henri ? "

" What more ? Why, write again, and again, and again ! I *will* have it. Say as the wine crop is nothing ; tell him as some tenant have failed ; or as it must come and secure my appointment ; or what you like. Bah ! "

" But, listen, Henri ! How can I say any thing about the appointment, when he insists upon knowing what it is, and you will not tell me ? "

" Bah, you fool ! You know as I know no more as yourself."

" And then your estate, Henri ? This is the third time he has enquired where it is precisely, and I cannot tell him more than it is near the Rhine. He says it may be mortgaged, and money raised so. I don't understand such matters, but"—

" Oh, you don't, don't you ? But you understand them so well as I understand your fortune being in three per cent instead of sterling, what I expected. You could keep that back to deceive me when you would be Comtesse, and you must do something now."

" Indeed, indeed, Henri, I never meant to deceive you ! You know I did not. All that I knew was that my aunt left me"—

" Curse your aunt and all the family ! "

" Oh, Henri ! Could I ever have believed ! "

" Well, well, then don't be a fool. Do as I tell you, and write and coax him. Come, come, don't cry like a child—so stupid. I don't mean no harm, only, besides this letter, I am provoked as I lost more than I intended with that lady's husband to-day, because there was somebody looking on as I am afraid knows too much ; but I shall get my revenge to-morrow, when he will come here. You see I do all I can, and you must help and do something too."

GLIMPSE THE SIXTH.—HOME.

Two elderly gentlemen were sitting over their wine in the dining-room of Hartwell Hall. In their earlier days they had spent many a social confidential evening together; but duty had called one to the East Indies, where he had resided many years, and this was his first visit to his friend since his return.

"I see you don't think much of my second choice, Cowdrey," said squire Hartwell.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Mr Cowdrey, "what can you mean? Surely I have not committed any breach of politeness, or failed in paying Mrs Hartwell proper attention at dinner?"

"No, no, not at all, my old friend. You East Indians cut us plain country gentlemen quite out in that respect; but I know, by your look and manner, a certain something that I can't describe, but which puts me in mind of old times, and I like you all the better for it. Come, speak out plainly, and tell me what you think of her."

"In the old times you allude to, I might have been foolish enough to decide upon the character of a person at first sight; but since then, I have been deceived rather too often to venture such random shots. Moreover, if I had seen more of your good lady, methinks that my opinion would be of little importance. If you are happy and content, that's quite enough—never mind what other people think."

"Very true, very true, my good friend. That's the main thing; and after all, perhaps, I might have done worse, for I must say that she keeps all household matters in capital order, though, sometimes, she's a confounded deal too particular and straitlaced. That is, according to my fancy, for I always liked a cheerful house. I believe I was rather too much in a hurry; but I married her out of spite, and the end is answered, that's some comfort."

"Not the most amiable motive possible. How was that?"

"I remained a widower for three years, and, during that time, the scoundrel who married my daughter, spent or gambled away the whole of her fortune, and swindled me out of

five thousand pounds besides, under various pretences, all of which I at last found, on enquiry, were false. And that was not the worst. *She* had deceived me too. I thought I should have gone mad when I discovered *that*. Oh, Cowdrey! If you had but known her when we left England! She was all goodness and purity, and, though young, we considered her lot in life settled, as an attachment had sprung up between her and a young man who was all we could wish. Poor Edward Drayton! He has never held up his head like a man since! He took to the church afterward, and I had the pleasure of presenting him to a small living last autumn—a poor compensation! Ah! if Jane had but married him, how happily might we all have lived together here!—here, where our forefathers have lived for so many generations. But, to think that this fine estate would pass away at my death to a foreign swindler, was more than I could endure. The idea haunted me continually. By night I was tormented with dreams of executions in the house, and sales by auction of every familiar object; and by day, especially at twilight, all the family portraits seemed to look at me imploringly, as though they tried to speak, and beseech me to save them from coming degradation. Then, if I rode out, or took my gun, or strove in any way to amuse myself in the open air, it was all the same. The woods, the river, the very ground beneath appeared to reproach me, and I fancied that the fine old trees, as their branches waved aloft, cast a darker shade around, and groaned as though the axe were already at work to hew them down to supply the wants of a gamester and a stranger. More than once I was tempted, since all must go, to turn gamester myself; for, in our unfortunate tour, I had been betrayed into that vice, and suffered some temporary inconvenience in consequence; but, luckily, I had then made a vow never to play for above a certain stake, or, I have frequently thought since, I might have given way to the temptation, for I was reckless, and longed for some strong excitement that might prevent me from thinking.

However, I did escape that danger, and then, to cut the matter short—for I fear that I am wearying you—I resolved to marry again, and marry I did, and have now a son and heir; and, between ourselves, it is more than probable that there may be a farther increase in our family. I allow Jane so much a-year, in quarterly payments, and have taken care that the same shall be continued after my death. I know that she is not what she was, and have great reason to suspect that I don't know all. Be that as it may, I shall never forget that I am her father, though, thank God! she is no longer my *only* child. No, no. There's a pretty fair chance now that the Hartwells will hold the property for another generation or two, at least. So I can look round me with comfort; and, though of course it's fancy, I can really imagine, at this moment, that yonder grim old cavalier in the corner has got his eye upon us, and looks as though he would like to step down from his frame and join us in a cheerful glass. Well, here's a bumper to your memory, old gallant heart and strong i' th' arm! He was at the battle of Worcester, and—but I won't get into family stories. I've tired your patience already, I fear; but I feel as

though a load were taken off my mind, by thus unbosoming myself to a trusty old friend. I don't know when I have passed a half hour so agreeably."

Here a servant entered and announced that tea was ready, and thereby caused no small alteration in the worthy squire's countenance. He bit his lips for a second or two in silence—then a flush o'erspread his cheeks—and then, as though conscious that his appearance was somewhat ludicrous, and it behoved him to assert his independence, he summoned resolution, just as the man had reached the door, to say, in an authoritative tone, "Tell your mistress!" There he stopped, and the footman stopped likewise. It was an awkward pause; but presently the squire resumed the same tone, and said, "Tell—tell Jones to bring us a bottle of the *old* old. He'll know what I mean.—What do you stand gaping there for? Do as I tell you, sir!"

"That's always the way whenever I have any visitors," he continued, when the man was gone; "but, now! with so old a friend! when we have not met for so many years! Hang me, if I will submit! It's hard indeed, if, in my own house, I may not be allowed to enjoy myself *for once*!"

AN EXCURSION OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO ABERYSTWITH.

THERE are two sorts of exhibitions now open for the improvement and delight of the eye of taste—Nature and Art. Are they rivals? They are not unfrequently in undue opposition. At this season we prefer taking the former first, and then, though late, pay respect to the latter; and visit the exhibitions of art in our picture-teeming metropolis. Having just seen the trees put on their glorious apparel (with the exception of some few late risers), we took to the mountains—leaving all thoughts of magillup and varnish, we had in exchange the purest air. We have seen some beautiful scenery, and, strange to say, we did not meet with *one* artist. Artists are either confined to town at this season by professional engagements, or they prefer the autumn. If the latter be the case, we think them decidedly wrong; they lose Nature in her vigour and freshest hue. There is more colour, they say, in autumnal tints. That may be denied, however, unless they mean variety of colours, which are in autumn more positive; but it may be doubted if the indescribable colours, and for which there are no names, are not at this season the most beautiful—the bloom of woods—nay, the bloom of earth, however covered—for all is now of youth and freshness. The setting sun, with all his gorgeous clouds, is not now a *distant* glory; it now, even when it be less splendid, has a more pervading beauty, suffusing all to the admirer's feet. This may be one reason why artists do not reach the true pastoral; for that is to be seen and to be enjoyed, not in the brown horrors of a coming winter, but in the time of the green year. This is the season for repose in the shade, the “*santa pace*” in the deep glens—where the flickering sunbeam, softened through young foliage, just comes to play its hour upon the waters of a sheltered stream or mountain river, then leaves many a sweet blossom it has called into existence, to unobtrusive shade and quiet; and so it goes round the earth like Nature's finger of light, partially touching it, and beauty gladdens the very skies, that look with wonder on the new creation.

Yet we did not meet with one

sketcher, and, perhaps, none to admire the scenery, varied in its character from the stupendous to the simply beautiful. Our excursion was short in extent and in time. Our chief objects were the Devil's Bridge, and Aberystwith. The first night we slept at Rhayader, a very poor place, but where there is said to be good fishing. Our friend and companion, another Piscator, hoped to have had some sport, but the river was too low; and we proceeded the following morning, without making any attack upon the innocent fish. Let us here note a very silly habit of some travellers, or pretended travellers, who, in their idleness, manufacture tales of horror as actual events; giving them “local habitation and a name,” to the annoyance of harmless inhabitants. We read, in the *Magnet* newspaper, a horrid murder in the neighbourhood of Rhayader, most romantically silly; in which a lady was stabbed to the heart, by her lover, at the source of the Wye. The writer professes himself to have been one of the discoverers of the murdered lady. But the whole is a wanton and foolish fabrication. Rhayader is not very distant from Llanidloes, celebrated for the Chartists' doings. The next stage from Rhayader, as we baited, we met with the landlord of the inn of Llanidloes, who showed us his coat pierced with a pike; and it appeared that the cowardly villain purposed to stab the unoffending man in the back. The landlord told us that one of the Chartists snapped a pistol at his (the landlord's) sister. What savages are the offspring of Democratic principles! It is to be feared, agitation, having been planted in England by men in authority, and protected by them when young, has taken a deep root, and will scarcely be eradicated. There is but a step from the speeches of Ministers and their emissaries, during the Reform mania, to the doings of the Chartists. We doubt not that all the Chartist principles, and the recommendation of their proceedings, may be gathered from the speeches of influential and Government men of the Reform day. The one party were only not traitors because they succeeded—the other will only be trait-

ors until they do succeed. But, we are among the mountains; and let us not pollute the pure air with politics. If evil days come, they will come; and so let us see what refuge, what solace, may be found among these wild and lonely fastnesses.

The road, made with great skill and judgment, lay entirely among the mountains; we were for miles threading the high passes—every turn of the road opening into some new course, some gorge, deep and close—and then some wild vale in the amphitheatre of mountains—with grand and sweeping lines folding within and about each other. Sometimes not a tree, not a shrub, to be seen in the whole, and somewhat wide, extent. It has been not unaptly said, that to enjoy solitude one must be more or less than human. The heart sinks under the oppressive desolation; the immediate effects of which are languor, apathy, a prostration of taste. It is long before we can admire the sweeping or precipitous lines before us, and not till the coming and receding shadows have relieved the mind, by offering, at least, this variety in the wilderness. It is in scenes where the disgust of unsociable and uninhabitable places is not at once overpowered by an awful grandeur, that this disinclination to admire is so strong. Actual sublimity will find something congenial with it in almost every mind, and its terror is even sought—courted. The desolate scenes short of sublimity, we hate. We do not, on this account, think such scenery is fit for the artist's pencil. We are often surprised to find them chosen, and represented under their worst effects—a hot sun, under which the eye is forced to scrutinize dismal detail, and find no one object to rest upon; while at the same time, the gusty wind is blowing the coarse rushes, and whitening and making obtrusive the marshy pools. Yet here we need not stay—pass we on. The scene is either more sublime, or changing into a lofty beauty. The rocky sides of the mountains are in larger masses, the foldings grander; or some wooded ravine bursts upon the sight, and the sound of water comes upon the sense with its fabulous mystery. Then we see, as we proceed, deeper and darker masses, and, at the bottom, deep and black pools, edged with white streaks or threads—the silver chords that

throw off nature's sweetest music. But wooded ravines in these regions are rare, and it was not until we approached the Devil's Bridge, that we met with any of much beauty. There were, however, some very beautiful scenes before we were perfectly within the area, or inner range of mountains. Wooded and low hills, with their deep shade and grassy openings, with little more than indication of a habitation among the trees, whose tops broke, not into the sky, but upon the loveliest blue of distant mountains; against which the whole low hill is dark, and of sheltered green repose, with a placid or gently interrupted stream at its base, that is lost to the eye as it winds round the base of the hill: and then lower down is a valley, if it may be called a valley which is but the descending land of higher territory, apparently, too, uncultivated—not a mark or division to be seen; but all of the loveliest colour—warm as gold beneath, yet veiled in the finest azure; and the sky, towards evening, so deep, so cool, yet so warm, so indescribable in colour!

Oh, the charm of these homes among the hills! Here might be trod the *fallentis semita vite*. Here is the poetry of pastoral life, sequestered, uninterrupted, safe, and happy. The very sky looks large and bountiful, and protecting all beneath it. We have now and then admired such scenes in Italy, and very similar in colour; but we have here the advantage of the refreshing green. Our friend, after his first burst of admiration, would talk of his hackles, and cast a longing eye to the stream stealing its way among the trees. But, as we may not stay, a mile or so is gladdened by social talk and fishing adventure, and sketching of adventure, all arising out of that home scene, till our attention is called off to admire some new wonder of nature's panorama. How different is the scene, when, unexpectedly and suddenly, we come to the very edge of a ravine, rocky, without any foliage, where meeting rivers, and not far, perhaps, from their sources, have scooped their courses, and torn away the cliffs above and, we might almost say, chiselled out ledges and masses of rock below, that, seen under water, look like steps down into black unfathomable pits of terrifying water, that not even "magician damned" could look at without

awe! And above, what have we?—a habitation upon the very edge, overlooking the abyss, from which it is protected by its massy stone foundation. Around, all is wild and barren; and grand are the forms of the high hills around, that, receding in two directions, fall below the horizon into lower valleys, and there, by their distance, intimating interminable regions of mountain range. But this habitation—is it desolate?—It is large, though simple in its form. Why built here? Not a human being to be seen; no mark of human foot. The windows above, broken—below, closed, barricaded, boarded. The winds have come, like us, to make enquiry, and swept around it, and finding none to reply have made forcible entry, and torn some dozen feet or more off the roof. Never was more lonely spot. Is it magician's dwelling—or hold they here their nightly meetings the mountain spirits—their convocation of demons that hide them from the light of heaven by day, under bog in the cloudy fell? Such are the questions the imagination puts, and is satisfied for the time to receive no answer. The illusion is best. We afterwards learnt that it was built for an inn, the stage from place to place being long; but the scheme had failed, and it is now uninhabited. It is a lonely, dismal spot—yet with much grandeur, and the sketcher may find much about the rocks and black rivers for his portfolio of wilder nature. This is near another lonely place—an inn too—that has perhaps been the ruin of the other; for it is built where the road turns off to the Devil's Bridge, leaving the course of the poor dwindled Wye to the left, making its apparently uncomfortable way from its source in Plinlimmon, and not very far from this spot. The inn is Dufflyn Castle. The poor cattle in these regions look wretched, and starved—the sheep the most melancholy things; and wherever we came to habitations we were sure to find lambs without mothers, showing it had been a bad season among the ewes. There had been a great lack of rain, and vegetation was very scant. A man who kept a little inn by the roadside, told us that, three years ago, he had lost nearly five hundred sheep. He spoke in great admiration of the sagacity of his dogs; and of their readiness to do their duty, he gave us an interesting proof. There were a

few stray sheep on the very steep hill above us; he called to his dog in Welsh, and as he varied his words, so did the dog vary his course, ascending a very steep and disagreeable place. In one spot there were two holes, in which he told us the dog often fell; as he approached these we observed he used more caution. There was a line or track hardly distinguishable in the rough ground, which, though he came frequently upon it, he would never pass. This was the boundary of the owner's land—the dog effected the purpose for which he was sent, and drove the sheep up, ascending higher and higher until he was well nigh out of sight—a word or two from his master brought him to a particular spot, and there he stood waiting for further orders. Sometimes at a word he would, while at great speed, suddenly change his course. Now the extraordinary thing is, this poor faithful creature was and is stone blind. We thought it wise; for it understood Welsh and we did not, and we should probably take a much longer time in learning it.

But as we are at Dufflyn or Dyfflyn Castle, before we turn off towards Hafod and the Devil's Bridge, let us take a sketch of the scene before us. We have been long without seeing human faces; and here are some, not the worst in the world, before us. Here are, at least, a dozen women and half as many children, with their blue cloaks and round black hats, and what a world of baggage they have in that half-waggon half-cart-looking conveyance; and, alas, we find but one poor horse! Let us not cast eyes on him, lest his ghost, and if he be one of the country, he must be at least half a ghost, haunt us. They are bound for a great distance to join their husbands at some iron-works, a world of a way off. The poor beast! "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." In Welsh, this conveys no injunction to merciless women. As we are in the neighbourhood of Llanidloes, perhaps this migration may be one of the happy effects of the late Chartist disturbances. We spoke of their baggage. The Welsh, in these parts at least, and as far as we went, to Aberystwith, are all well and comfortably and cleanly clad, especially the women; nor is there any appearance of poverty among them, excepting in some very few hovels among the wilds. And how very pleasing is

their native politeness, urbanity—a strange term to use and apply to population far from city!—but not so far from polity, and rule, and order, and moral and religious feeling, or rather religious principle, which sweetly and simply directs this civil and intelligent people. What new systems of education may do for them, who knows? Not those who set them on foot; yet perhaps *some* of them do. Legislators take the whole world, with all its wondrously differing population, to be but the parish of Marylebone, and enact laws accordingly. Education, and political education-mongers, are at their work among this orderly people; orderly, for we look upon your Llanidloes Chartists, if they be Welsh, as exceptions. We find they are having the worst books, of mischievously political and irreligious tendency, translated for their benefit, and amongst them, “the Black Book.” This we saw in a paper of advertisements. But our horse and tiger are refreshed, so we must be off for the Devil’s Bridge, ill-omened name! but we dare say that the road thither is easy enough, “sed revocare gradum.” The distance must be under five miles—the first two of which are dismal and dreary—after which the road suddenly makes a turn, and we are on the summit of a hill, and look over a very extensive scene, all mountainous even to the extreme distance. Range after range descends, yet we see not the depth; and above are other mountains running off from the eye, showing their forms and foldings in perspective. Immediately before us is a ravine, whose sides are covered with coppice, one side in shade, excepting the tops, which recline backward and catch the sun’s gleam; the other side, somewhat more than half-way up, is of a dusky coppice colour, but suffused with the gold of the evening sun. The depth, undiscovered how deep, lies in that obscure haze, that, by making forms uncertain, adds sublimity. The alternate azure and golden hues of the lights and shadows, and their occasional blending one into the other, and all receding and softening into a vast distance of mountain range, make the whole scene particularly beautiful. We remained some time and attempted it in colour; but the materials were wanting for properly attempting the view, and we failed. Still we keep the attempt; this we always do, for not only will it impress

the real scene upon our minds as we may hereafter turn over our sketches; but we shall come to find a something in it that may be useful, and may be true, though it was not our particular object in the drawing. Some figures that made their appearance while we were sketching, were injurious to the effect; this perhaps determined the poetry of its character. It was a scene for angelic agency, and above the regions of “low-thoughted care.”

As we proceeded, the ravine became deeper, and ere long we arrived at the Devil’s Bridge. Here the waters of two ravines meet, and flow in one narrow channel at the base of very high hills. The Devil’s Bridge Inn is finely situated upon the very edge of the precipice, and immediately above the falls of the waters rushing from the mountains on the right, in the direction of Hafod. It is situated very near the bridge that takes its name from that celebrated architect, the great Pontifex. “Give a dog a bad name and hang him,” and so they have hung old Sootie’s Bridge, as not wishing to be upon any footing with the builder; not liking much to meddle with him, they have built another above him, so there they are, one over another. After all, it may be said—“The devil a monk was he.” There is nothing like a good mysterious legend, in a wild country. It makes the woods, the waters, the hills fabulous. It is delightful at Killarney to hear of O’Donnoghue and his white horses under the lake. The legend here is a sadly mean affair. It is of old Sootie and an old woman, who seems, whenever they are brought into contact, to be a match for him. The old lady lost her cow; and at length found her, or rather saw her, for there was an awful chasm between them. Upon this, the old gentleman appeared on the opposite side, and offered his services to make a bridge, upon condition that he should have the first that put foot over it. The cunning old jade thought a moment, and agreed to it; whereupon the bridge arose, when the old crone took a cake out of her pocket, whistled to her dog, and threw the cake over before him. After it he went, the devil bit his lips; but took his perquisite, and was laughed off the field. The superstitious may think he was very near taking his revenge upon the sex a few years ago, by playing a

young woman rather a slippery trick. A lady's-maid, of all persons in the world the one that has no business to stand upon a precipice, lost her footing while looking over the abyss, and was borne down a frightful depth, but her dress spreading out like a parachute, she was no otherwise injured than by being lodged in the black pool, and terribly frightened. After some delay, ropes were procured and cast down; but in the hurry, no proper noose was made, so that, while they were drawing her up as she clung to it with her hands, her strength failed her and down she fell again. But now a boy had contrived to work his way down, and rescued her, by placing her insensibly in a secure place until more effectual assistance was procured. The poor creature long suffered, as we understood, from the effects of the peril.

At the time we arrived at the inn, the shadows had extended over the whole depth, and about three parts up the side of the precipitous hill, above which the more distant mountain range was seen. The partially coppice-covered rocks were of a beautiful colour, a warm brown, and the coppice so indistinct that it was not very easy to discover that trees were there. In the midst, and at some distance within the ravine, was a deep dark pool, into which a cascade, but of no great height, was pouring its white water, and we could just discover that it was in motion. The whole scene looked grand, large, and solemn; there was enough positive light to show some of the prominent forms, which, by their divisions, made the mass of hill and rock appear to its full height; but afterwards, when the sun had sunk lower and the whole was in shade, the grandeur was gone. As too much direct light gives a meanness by the innumerable divisions and subdivisions it exposes, thus destroying the scene as a whole, so too little light has the same effect by a different operation, by removing all comparison of part with part, and thus reducing the whole. We think here Nature gave a lesson to artists; herein is contained a principle for application. And now night has closed in, a lovely tranquil night. Look out of window—the hills, or rather mountains, have folded themselves into smaller compass, are asleep—the stars sentinel them, and the distant sound of the falling waters assure you that all is

quiet living sleep, and not death. This is an inspiring time to the artist; his imagination is awake, and he feels the silent blessing both of Nature and of Art. The inn is large, the accommodation in every respect excellent. The Duke of Newcastle is expending large sums to make it a large and first-rate hotel. The building is not offensive to the scenery, perhaps quite otherwise, though it may not bear too strict an architectural scrutiny. The roof is in the style of the Swiss cottage; not so the other parts of the building—yet, when finished, it may have a good effect; and its situation immediately over the abyss is greatly in its favour, for the view from the windows is very fine. This scene was not improved by a morning view, and less so at mid-day. It is certainly most beautiful towards evening, when a broad shadow is over the whole depth, and the tops of the mountains are partially lighted up. Scenery of this kind at mid-day is seldom seen to any advantage: at that time it requires large and moving clouds, that by their bold shadows separate the interfoldings, and give distance and character. A beautiful spot, therefore, should not be seen once, and left; the true admirer of nature, and particularly the artist, will soon acquire a knowledge, by his study of lines and the aspect of the scenery, of the changes that must affect it in the sun's course. It makes all the difference whether shadows come from the right or the left, from the back or front, when the objects that cast them are on all sides unequal. It is a great thing to know where it may be worth while to stop, not judging from the present effect, which may often be bad, and such as may disguise, for the time, great natural beauties. Who has not been surprised into admiration, returning in an evening over the very ground he had passed in the morning with weariness and distaste? It is far better to remain at one beautiful spot, days, and even weeks, than to run post-haste from spot to spot, the mind overwhelmed with vague recollections, and the portfolio crammed with imperfect studies—when ten to one but the very best subjects for admiration or study are left unvisited, and often, when visited, unseen.

We regret that our stay was necessarily short; yet we are but "the lion's provider," to lead the way, and do not

hesitate to recommend the Devil's Bridge as a place of sojourn. Not very far from the inn, and facing it, having crossed the bridge, are some very fine views of the general scenery. We were in the broad sun; it was too much cut up into detail for work; we therefore made our way down to the black water we had seen from the inn window, and here we sketched, though not much to our satisfaction. Our friend was more successful, but in another line, for the trout came out of the dark water, sparkling beautifully, at his bidding. But here were fine subjects: bold masses of stone, that had been storm-cast from the cliffs, were in the clearest water, here shallow and there deep; above them the small fall, and above that the high mountain sides, rock and coppice intermingled. Here we were delighted with a sort of ballet exhibition. Two very large kites flew into the area between the cliffs, from over the top to the right, and magnificently and gracefully sported; it was what a dance on wings may be imagined to be, by free creatures in their utmost joy. After a while, another swept over the opposite cliff, and came sailing in his glory among them, and they joined, varied their figure, and performed a wonderful ballet. Sometimes they seemed burlesquing what we have seen in a theatre—retreating and coming in again, and with a new vagary. We afterwards learnt that these creatures are remarkably fine, and peculiar to the place. The kite is a noble bird; they possess the mountains, like feathered princes. Retracing our steps, we returned to the inn, passed through a little gate, and behold the two bridges one over the other! The depth here does not look very appalling, probably not so great as it really is. From immediately below this bridge, the falls commence; we had seen them from the opposite hill, but had little conception of their beauty until we came near them. It is one stream, but several falls. The volume of water was not great: we are not certain if this was not an advantage, for there was enough to be very fine, and we saw more of the rock than we should have done had it been entirely covered by larger cascades; and we had better views of the wonderful scoopings it had at other times made in the rocky beds, which were now seen to great advantage under every

variety of form and colour. The first fall of magnitude would make a magnificent picture, if the direction of the fall itself were not unfortunate. Were there a more full body of water, it might break over the rock in various ways; with the present scant stream, it is too much directly across the picture, and as if in a cut channel. The background is very fine; a large hollow, behind and above the water, forming a wooded basin, surmounted by some pine-trees, above and partly through the branches of which the inn is not unpicturesquely seen, and the younger trees that shoot out their tender foliage into the hollow, give magnitude to the whole. This fall terminates in very dark water, nearly surrounded by deeply-coloured precipitous rocks, among which there are some of an ochrey colour, that give a very marked relief to the depth of the water.

But by far the most striking fall is that below "the Robber's Cave"—a cavern of no great depth; and where, it is said, a robber once lived with, we believe, two companions, a sister and another female. The habitation must have been very small for three persons, but certainly very safe from surprise. It is said that, one having betrayed the watchword, the robber was taken; he had committed a murder. A more savage scene can hardly be conceived—close to the roar and perpetual dampness of the cataract, a precipice before it, with only one, and that a dangerous, access. What a place wherein to meditate on crime! crime for crime's sake; for here could be none of the usual enticements—joyless, unsocial home! From this cave we descended, something like a path, or rather footing, being now made in the descent, to a ledge of rock, through a narrow passage in which the water has found its way. When in full volume, we suppose this whole mass is covered with water, and the scene must be very grand. Yet we had some advantage in seeing it in its present state, as we were enabled to reach what at other times might be the centre of the channel; and thus we had the fall in its recess, and immediately before us. The masses are large and very bold, the water even now being very grand, and though one as a cataract, broken into unequal and fine parts. The water seems pouring down from the sky, as the higher ground is not seen;

a few feet only from the great brow of the huge mass—the brow, that as it were conceals under it the roof, is the cavern, dark and gloomy; at its edge some rich-coloured fern is growing, which makes the gloom the greater. The sweeping lines of the rock are very grand, their breaking being only at the cataract, where great fragments jut out boldly into the foam, and around them the water thunders. The ledge which forms the foreground is divided into many channels, though now dry, and runs upwards to the right, forming a pass to the upper rock, yet marking its magnitude by the division. The sky above the cataract is broken by some bold trees, or rather trunks of trees, for there was scarcely any foliage on them. This scene would make a very fine picture in the hands of a skilful artist. Still lower, there may be even a finer subject. As we intended visiting the spot again, we did not attempt the descent—and now regret we left the Devil's Bridge without reaching the extreme depth of this awful place. The colour of the rock is well suited to the grandeur of the scene. The artist will not be content with general views; he will find an infinite variety of detail to occupy much of his time, and fill his portfolio with advantage. Nothing can be easier of access—it is close to the inn, where he can have the very best accommodation, and, if he pleases, on terms of boarding. We spent two days here, before we proceeded to Hafod.

The road lies still among mountains—about five miles, or scarcely so much, half up hill and half down. Shall we venture to say we were disappointed in Hafod? We had come from almost savage wildness, and were not prepared to see mountains dressed. The great extensive ranges of wood are very fine, and not the less striking from the freshness, the youth, yet fulness of the trees; the woods are *trees*, not coppice, but they are not of that massy, matted growth we are accustomed to see in old dressed places. We have vigour for antiquity—each has its peculiar charm. You see at once you are upon the very verge of extreme barrenness; the high woods, at their summits and nearly at their base, terminating, or rather flowing off, into wild mountain. The river was very low—it is so immediately

under the high woods, that we suspect it will not afford much variety for the painter. As a seat, Hafod is finely situated; yet, though there is plenty of wood, it wants shelter. There do not appear any deep glens in which you could embower yourself in shade: the heat of the day was oppressive, which made us look for this cool repose—the great beauty, after all, of landscape. We read what has been said of Hafod in the guide-books, and thought there was much exaggeration. We do not presume to be judges of architecture beyond its effect upon the artist's eye, and its agreement with the scenery around it. It would be difficult to define its order: it is not Gothic, it is not Venetian, nor Turkish, but a mixture of all. The little obelisks, two to each pinnacle, look very little indeed. It is fair to say, that as it is undergoing great alterations, and is partly boarded up, it must be impossible to judge of it as a whole. It is at present in a semi-neglected state. We walked to the flower-garden, or what was the flower-garden, and returned with melancholy reflections. For whom was it made, how was it cherished, and how desolate is it?—a deserted ruined garden is at all times a dire, a dismal sight. There is a trifling matter here that gave offence to the imagination, by rudely snapping its finest chain. There are some carved grotesque heads in the doorways entering this garden. The sculptor had cut, large enough to catch the eye, the date, and "London," and probably his name, for part was obliterated. Who, in such a spot, would wish to be reminded of London, or Bath, or marble-cutters' yards—or desire to know that these heads came from any part of the world but the garden—or that they were not left there by the genii of the garden, whose creation the whole circumference should be? Another remark, in our architectural ignorance, we will venture to make. There is something not pleasing in seeing bright freestone-yellow buildings arise, where there is nothing of the kind in the soil to harmonize with them. Should not houses in the country be *Aurochs*—as if they sprung from the ground—should they not be of the *stone* of the country, or as much like the stone of the country as possible? The eye cannot be deluded, and is sensible of an intruder nature never intended to be seen there. It is like a woman with false hair, which,

though it may be better than her own, never looks so well, and pretty surely mars her beauty. Would not Hafod be better of another colour? Its lightness ill accords with the wild majesty of the mountain dominion in the centre of which it is placed. It was very singular at such a season of the year to see so brown a hue. The oaks had been frost-bitten, and the leaves crumbled into dust under the hand—it had the strange effect of blending summer and autumn in one landscape. Is the mixture of the Scotch fir with oaks and other forest trees in good taste? Even the firs in such cases seem to lose their natural character, and look *too spruce*. High-rising trees should not be placed among lower and spreading—they hurt each other—making one too low, and the other too high. Scotch firs are not to be despised; they make grand dark-shading woods—they have a gigantic personality about them, when grown to any size, and proudly sentinel a domain. Their gloom is awful; and when the sun is behind them, and just gleams partially through them, the effect is magical; and how wonderfully, by their depth of colour, they throw off the azures, and set off the warmer tints of nearer distances!

We have left Hafod; and all on our way to Aberystwith, ranges and ranges of mountain again and again present themselves—all fine. Within sight of Aberystwith, they gradually lower on all sides, and at their bases lies in rich beauty an extensive valley, through which the river winds, and loses itself—or at least it did to our view—in an ultramarine, yet warm, haze, that flooded with azure light the whole vale. The first burst of this view, with the great arms of the mountain stretching down into the depth before us, would make a very fine subject for a picture, and would well suit Copley Fielding's water-colours. Why do they do their utmost to make all sea-bathing places look as hot as possible? Facing the unmitigated sun we have houses, and a whole range of them, as hot as yellow ochre can make them. Seek for shelter inside, and you have little shade—the sun still persecutes you there—curtains and carpet are sure to be red—you fly from the yellow to the scarlet fever. Aberystwith seems a poor place, excepting where the company—the gentry lodging-houses are built. We

were surprised to see an odd, fantastic-looking semi-castle building, erected by, above all persons in the world, the late Sir Uvedale Price! How very strange! "*Aliquando bonus dormitat.*"

Hour about five o'clock—looking on the sea. Never saw we any thing more lovely—never any colouring of nature that more convinced us of the truth of Claude's *Embarkation of St Ursula*, and his other marine subjects. Nearly the whole of the sea, to the horizon, lighter than the sky—and yet that is not dark, but all luminous—the whole expanse of water of a warm grey, changing occasionally into the most tender green. The sun, which is yet high up, flashes about the edged clouds, and down below them, a purple grey, tipped with brightest gold. Now, there are more distant clouds immediately under the others, half obscured in haze, edges brilliant. They must be thunder clouds—the most azure blue, if we might call it by the name of *one* colour, is above. Immediately below the sun's pavilion the blue is lost in a thicker atmosphere, almost of a greenish hue, and that melts off into a warm luminous grey, in which the red is very discernible, and from the sun-cloud, as from a centre, broad bands of shadow spread abroad, reaching the water to its utmost verge. The sea, without a wave,—but a gentle ripple plays about the shore, here edged with, and throwing off, drops of the purest gold. Starting distinct from the grey, there is a mass of the sun's light upon the very centre of the sea, but it is interrupted by a grey streak, and does not quite reach the shore—a rocky ledge or two seems to run out, as it were, to meet and salute it, and that alone is dark. Behind us lay the large and shattered fragments of the old castle, the ruins of which, particularly the tall upright tower, are still fine. Aberystwith did not seem to have much company. These sort of places are all alike—a semicircular range of yellow or white lodging-houses, facing the sea—white painted bathing-machines on the beach—loungers about the seats, smoking cigars—and ladies, by twos and threes, in green veils, poking among the pebbles with the ends of their parasols. Our piscator friend was very busy making enquiry respecting some fish said to be caught and catchable here with the rod and line. To him it

seemed a wonderful thing—to us, who had never hooked but one fish, and that in the side, it did not sound wonderful at all, remembering more of Homer than of Isaac Walton.

We did not remain at Aberystwith.

On our return to the mountains we went to a very neat newly-built church, the exterior of which reminded us of Italy. The service was in Welsh, the sermon in English; the Welsh we thought must be a powerful language; we imagined it to be in sound between Greek and German. The demeanour and devotion of the congregation was very gratifying, and the extreme neatness and cleanness of their persons. A retired tradesman from Aberystwith, with great civility, offered us seats; and, when the service was over, conversed with us with great natural politeness and simplicity. He told us his condition, showed us his garden, and offered the use of his stable should we at any time revisit the place for the sake of fishing. The manners of the Welsh in these parts is very pleasing, and their intelligent way of speaking very much above that of the generality in England. They are unaffected, simple, and single-minded people, and are not contaminated by that bane to morality, the beer-shop. They are the very reverse of "the vulgar." The sermon, which was in English, was very good; and, had the preacher paid more attention to stops, would have been more effective. He read it as if English had been an acquired language. His Welsh seemed to flow naturally, gracefully, and powerfully. The following day our friend hoped to have some fishing at Rhayader, as there had been rain; and, as we had closed our portfolios, we gave ourselves up to his amusement if we might be found worthy to carry his basket. It would not do. The fish were not to be caught. We saw some fine otter hounds; coarse, wily, strong animals, that would bear as well as give a bite and a tug under or above water. Our friend was eloquent upon the subject, and described many an otter hunt, and made the description more interesting by his calculation of the mischief these amphibious creatures do. "A

single otter," said he, "will consume a ton of fish in a year;" and, while speaking, he referred to a paper in his fishing-book. We observed one side of it denoted rhyme. "Ah," said he, when questioned, "for nearly forty years have I had many a fishing day with old Will Hill of Millslade, and being at the lonely but comfortable little inn there the other day, my old haunt, I thought over the days past; and I suppose a thankful heart, and no one to tell it out to, makes a happy man a rhymster, if not a happy rhymster, and so I made my trial. Here it is. I am as proud of dedicating my verse to poor old Will Hill, as Pindar his to Hiero. So here goes:—

TO MY OLD FISHING COMPANION, WILL
HILL OF MILLSLADE—

Old Will with thee,
In youth and glee,
I've spent some sunny hours;
But now, I fear,
The winter drear
Of age upon us lowers.

Yet still a dish
We catch of fish,
As well as some that brag;
No more we ply
The treacherous fly,
The brandling fills the bag.

Here in this glen,
Apart from men,
We lift our grateful hearts;
And feel the joy,
Without alloy,
That Nature wild imparts.

From Providence,
Our confidence,
This boon we anglers crave,
That we anon
May angle on
Safe to a peaceful grave.

"Come, then," continued he, "let us to the inn," and as if to apologise for his verse—

"*Dulce est de-sipere in loco.*"

So let us, like true artist and piscator, *sip* our souchong, and be wise enough to play the fool after our innocent fashion.

Finis chartæque viæque.

COLONIAL GOVERNMENT AND THE JAMAICA QUESTION.

THE unhappy contest which has now arisen between the local legislature of Jamaica and the mother country, has recently attracted a large portion of public attention, both in consequence of it having been the *cheval de bataille* on which the two parties which divide the state have come to a decisive conflict, and from its involving within itself the great question of the government of our colonial dependencies by the reformed legislature. The powerful excitement of the first of these circumstances, was that which in the outset brought it so prominently forward; but to the thoughtful and far-seeing, the last is the one which gives it such a momentous and enduring character. Recent events, both in Canada and the West Indies, have made it but too apparent, that the capability of the new constitution to withstand the shock of adverse fortune, and maintain inviolate the unseen chain which binds together the vast fabric of the British empire, is ere long to be put to the test; and that the time is rapidly approaching when the strain is to be applied to its dependencies, under which all former maritime dominions, from the beginning of time, have been snapped asunder.

The slightest acquaintance with history must be sufficient to convince every well-informed person, that *colonial jealousy and discontent* is the rock on which all the great maritime powers of the world have hitherto split. As the formation of a great maritime dominion without colonies is altogether impossible—for this plain reason, that the carrying trade is generally enjoyed as much by foreigners as natives, and the only traffic which can be permanently relied on as a nursery for seamen, is that which is carried on with your own dependencies, and of which foreign jealousy or hostility cannot deprive you—so the loss of such colonies has invariably been the certain forerunner of approaching ruin. To trust to the carrying trade, as a resource which can be relied on when colonial dependencies have been severed from the mother country, is of all delusions the most deplorable. Experience has every

where proved, what reason might *a priori* have anticipated, that trade with independent states, how extensive soever, invariably comes in the later stages of society to fall more and more into the hands of foreign shipowners, and that, in the very magnitude of a great manufacturing state, foreign commercial intercourse, is laid, but for the intervention of its own colonies, the sure foundation for its ultimate subjugation. The reason is to be found in the lower value of money, and consequent higher price of shipbuilding and seamen, in an old opulent commercial community than a young and rising one, which has the materials of a commercial navy within its own bounds, and the consequent cheaper rate at which goods can be transported and ships maintained abroad than at home. From this cause, the debility of advanced years necessarily and very shortly comes over every maritime community which is not perpetually reunited by the trade with its own colonies, just as the weakness of age prostrates every family which is not upheld by the growing strength of its own younger branches.

History abounds with the proofs of this great and leading truth, which strikes at once at the root of the reciprocity system, and demonstrates that it is to our own colonies, and not the trade with independent states, that we must look for the means both of upholding our maritime superiority, and obtaining subsistence or employment to our numerous and rapidly increasing population. But it is sufficient to refer, amidst a host of others, to two facts which are of themselves decisive of the position. America and Canada are both rising states of European descent, with the same language, habits, occupations, and external circumstances; but the one is a colonial dependency of Great Britain, and the other is an independent state. And what is the result? Why, our North American colonies, with a population of only 1,500,000 souls, employ 560,000 tons of British and 530,000 of native shipping; while America, with a population of 14,000,000 of souls, only gave employment, in 1831, to 91,000 British tons; though the exports to it, in

1836, rose to L.13,000,000. The whole remainder was taken off in American bottoms, which amounted to 250,000 tons, proving thus, incontestably, how rapidly an increasing trade with a foreign state, in an old commercial community, comes to glide into the foreign in preference to the home vessels. Again, the tonnage of Great Britain employed in the trade with all the states of Europe, is now considerably *less* than it was thirty-five years ago; while that with our own colonies, during that period, has increased more than *five-fold*.^{*} In fact, it is the vast extent and rapid increase of our colonial commerce, which has compensated the decline of the foreign trade with independent states, and rendered the nation blind to the rapid strides which the reciprocity system is making in destroying our shipping employed in such intercourse with other states; and yet, by a singular perversity of intellect, the reciprocity advocates continue to refer to the *sum total* of our exports and shipping returns, as evidence in their favour, when it is produced only by the progressive growth of the system they deprecate over that which they support.

There never was a country so evidently destined by Providence, so nobly endowed by nature, with all the gifts requisite to make it the heart and soul of all the European colonies over the globe, as Great Britain. Placed on the edge of the European States, cradled in the Atlantic waves, she is "the midway station given" between the energy, wealth, and enterprise of Europe, and the boundless realms of future greatness and population in distant parts of the world. Abounding to overflowing with coal and ironstone, she possesses within herself, in inexhaustible profusion, the means of creating both the moving power and the manufacturing implements necessary to cover the earth with her fabrics. Blessed for ages with a free constitution, teeming in all quarters with the ardour of freedom, singularly tempered with moderation and ultimate sobriety of judgment, she is powerfully moved by the ardour and energy which are the great characteristics of democratic societies; and yet she has hi-

ther to, as if by a miracle, been protected, by aristocratic foresight, from the ruinous explosions which in almost every other instance have torn asunder the state machine where such a power has been generated within its bosom. The consequences of this extraordinary combination of popular energy with patrician direction, of natural advantages with adaptation of character, have been, that here trade has been raised to a colossal magnitude, amounting last year to one hundred and five millions of exports; that her flag is seen, and her influence is felt, in every quarter of the earth; that in the east, in the west, and in the south, vast empires are arising out of her overflowing numbers; and that it is already the boast of her transatlantic descendants, that to the Anglo-Saxon race is destined the sceptre of the globe.

Numerous are the evils, both social, physical, and political, which have arisen, perhaps unavoidably, from so extraordinary a destiny being reserved for a little island in the Atlantic; and obvious as are the dangers, both external and internal, which now menace the very existence of society, and the duration of all those blessings and this godlike career of usefulness in the British islands, there is yet none of them which does not admit of an easy ultimate remedy, by a due attention to our colonial dependencies; nor any one which may not be converted into a source of strength, if the obvious destiny of Great Britain, as the propagator of Christian principles and the European race through the globe, is not forgotten, amidst the insane jealousy or monstrous folly of the dominant multitude in these islands. Are we overwhelmed with a redundant and rapidly increasing population? Do we find twenty-four millions—an enormous multitude of inhabitants—in two islands of such limited extent as Great Britain and Ireland? Are we reasonably anxious how such a prodigious crowd of human beings, increasing at the rate of a thousand a day, in a great degree dependent, directly or indirectly, on foreign commerce, are to be maintained, if the outlets of that commerce come to be impaired or closed up amidst the vicissitudes of future war, or the fast increasing decay of

^{*} See Porter's *Progress of the Nation*, 1. 2:7.

national strength? Let us turn to our colonies, and there we shall find young and rapidly growing states, to which all that surplus population would prove the most inestimable of blessings, and whose boundless wastes invite the hand of laborious industry, and the powers of European art, to convert them into fruitful fields.

Do we fear, in the rapid progress and keen rivalry of European manufactures, and the uniform and immovable jealousy of European governments, the decline or extinction of the accustomed vents for our manufactured produce, in the old world?—Let us look to the east, the west, and the south, and we shall see empires rising up, with the strength of an armed man, in whose industry, wealth, and prosperity, is to be found the surest guarantee, not merely for the continuance, but the boundless increase, of our manufactured exports and maritime strength all over the world. Do we observe with dread the progress of anarchical principles amongst us, and mark the advent of that second, and well-known, and often-predicted period in revolutionary progress, where the working-classes who continue, are striving to revolt against the rule of the middle classes who command, the movement?—Even here, too, the handwriting on the wall of ages, while it marks our danger, points also to the only specific by which a remedy can be applied. These widespread discontents—this monstrous revolutionary ambition, which would convert the illiterate, and rash, and too often corrupted and profligate operatives of great cities, into the rulers of the state, is chiefly dangerous, because it is pent up within narrow limits; it is by opening the safety-valve that the danger of the explosion is to be prevented. This violent democratic spirit is the mainspring of emigration—this impatience of control, this desire to rule, is the *centrifugal force* intended by Providence to overcome the cohesive effect of habit and civilized enjoyment; and send forth the burning democrat to the wilderness of nature, with the Bible in one hand and the axe in the other, to attempt in new worlds those fabled dreams of liberty and equality which never can be realized in the old, and seek on distant shores that freedom, of which, in his apprehension, Europe has become unworthy.

Is Ireland a source of incessant inquietude?—Has experience now proved, that all the efforts made to engraft civilisation and order on its semi-barbarous Celtic, priest-ridden population, are ineffectual?—that we have given them emancipation of which they were unworthy, and reform which has been prolific only of ruin?—that conflagration, rapine, and murder, are steadily advancing before the breath of an aspiring hierarchy, and atrocities the most frightful daily committed under the eyes of a democratic government, by a reckless, bloody-minded, infuriated peasantry? Even in these melancholy circumstances—the darkest stain which the history of the world has yet affixed to the Catholic faith, and the cause of freedom and toleration—a ray of hope, opening a vista of ultimate felicity, is yet to be found in the capabilities for receiving the surplus population of the country which the colonies afford. Here, as in almost all other cases where priestly ambition combined with revolutionary passion fires the torch, it is agrarian distress and wide-spread misery which has laid the train; and, if we would apply the only effectual remedy to the multiplied evils which have so long fastened on that devoted land, we must commence with affording a vent to the overwhelming multitudes who now overspread its surface, and finding employment to the industrious poor who may be left behind. Here, again, the colonies start up to lend a helping hand to the empire, when almost sinking under the load of that passion-desolated land in the waves. The innumerable bands of half-employed, half-civilized, half-starving bigots, who now encumber its surface—the ready instruments, within its narrow and wasted bounds, of priestly ambition or democratic vengeance—possess qualities which, if properly directed, might be productive of prosperity, wealth, and comfort, to themselves and all around them. Diffused over the boundless wastes of America, Southern Africa, and Australia, they would find ample employment in reclaiming the wilderness to the first stage of improvement; converted, by comparative comfort, to industrious habits, they would cease to follow the hideous trade of assassination and conflagration; enabled to bring up, in rude plenty, a numerous offspring, they would be-

come the progenitors of a bold, and hardy, and independent yeomanry. Insensibly, in the course of a few generations, their ferocity would be converted into valour, their restlessness into activity, their indolence into exertion, their disregard of human blood into the love of country and home. From elements the most discordant, from materials the most unpromising, from passions the most desolating in their native seats, Great Britain possesses the means, not only of effectually liberating her own territory from the dreadful evils under which it labours, but of realizing in distant lands the beautiful vision of the poet :—

“ Come, bright Improvement, in the car
of time,
And rule the spacious world from clime
to clime ;
Thy handmaid Art shall every wild ex-
plore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie’s banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song;
Where human fiends on midnight errands
walk,
And bathe in brains the murdering toma-
hawk—
There shall the flocks on thymy pastures
stray,
And shepherds dance at summer’s opening
day ;
Each wandering Genius of the lovely glen
Shall start, to view the glittering haunts of
men ;
And silence mark, on woodland height
around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.”

Is money wanting to carry these generous designs into effect?—are the resources of the state, and more than its resources, required to meet the numerous foreign and domestic enemies by which its independence and tranquillity are menaced?—and is government unable to lay its hand upon any funds at all commensurate to the magnitude of the remedies which require to be applied to the state?—Here, too, the colonies afford a certain source of strength; and, in providing for their growth and protection, the surest foundation is laid for the independence and security of the parent state. How was it that the Romans, for so many ages, held together the vast and unwieldy provinces of their empire, and established a dominion which, from

the wall of Antoninus to the foot of Mount Atlas, and from the river Euphrates to the Atlantic Ocean, was actuated by one spirit, governed by one set of laws, and inspired by one unanimous sense of experienced obligation? Simply because they conquered for the interest of the provinces even more than themselves; because they consulted their wishes and desires even more than those of the ruling state, and employed the vast army which the resources of the empire enabled them to keep on foot, in executing great public works, constructing bridges, and forming highways, to connect together their mighty dominion. Why is not the navy of England employed in similar beneficent purposes, to cement together its vast colonial empire, embracing the globe in its circuit, by the strong chain of experienced obligation? Why are the royal ships of England employed during peace merely in naval parades, useless cruises, or inglorious observation of insult to the British flag, when their co-operation is so loudly called for to relieve one part of the empire of its superfluous load of inhabitants, and transfer to another the much-needed supply of civilized industry? Could foreign nations entertain any jealousy of the British navy, if employed in great part in such a work of manifest necessity and utility? Could fifty sail of the line, a hundred frigates, and two hundred smaller vessels, be better employed than in such a transference of the resources of the empire from those places where they are superfluous to those where they are required? If such a system was judiciously adopted, how rapid beyond all that the world has ever seen, would be the growth of the British colonies? What would it signify that our European trade was declining under the withering embrace of reciprocity treaties, if new fields of adventure were daily arising, and new markets opening on the shores of the St Lawrence, the wilds of Australia, or the mountains of New Zealand? How soon would disappear the discontents of the colonies, thus constantly supplied by the gratuitous efforts of the parent state, with what to them is a perennial source of strength, of wealth, and prosperity—a continued influx of skilled and civilized labourers? And what need we fear either the armies or navy of Rus-

sia, if fifty British line-of-battle ships, and twice as many frigates, regularly employed in the transport of emigrants to our colonial dependencies, were ever ready, with their crews which have braved every breeze of the ocean, to protect the majesty of the empire from injury or insult?

The British empire exhibits at this moment, on the opposite side of the ocean, a social aspect so peculiar and remarkable, that the intention of Providence in regard to it, the purposes it is destined to serve in the moral improvement of mankind, and the means which remain for the delivery of itself from impending ruin, are as clearly marked out as if they were declared in thunders from the clouds of Mount Sinai. On the one side of the ocean, is an old, densely peopled, and highly civilized nation, teeming with energy, buoyant with spirit, but cramped by want of territory, and suffering under numerous real, and still more numerous imaginary, evils. On its opposite shore, at the distance of many thousand miles, other provinces of the same empire are to be seen, boundless in extent, teeming with riches, overflowing with fertility, but covered with the jungle and the forest, the abode of the tiger and the rhinoceros, yet requiring nothing but the superfluous hands of the parent state to convert them into a terrestrial paradise. To give effectual relief to the old empire, nothing is needed but to adopt the measures which would at once give life and vigour to the new. Between the two lies the British navy, raised up apparently by providential care to universal dominion, and once numbering a thousand pendants on the ocean; capable, while it protects the integrity of the whole empire, of affording the means of rapid, safe, and gratuitous transmission of the surplus of one part to supply the wants of another. Yet, oh, incredible blindness of mankind! this navy, at once the glory, and cement, and strength of this mighty empire, which could convert the ocean into a secure paved highway encircling the globe, has, under democratic influence and direction, been suffered almost to become extinct, and not a king's ship has ever been employed in that useful labour which could at once enrich, strengthen, invigorate, and mutually endear every part of the empire.

But it is not only by sins of omission that the British Government has been found wanting to its colonial subjects; its sins of commission have been still more serious and flagrant; and there is perhaps no parallel to be found, in the long annals of human misrule and oppression, to the catalogue of injuries with which the dominant multitude in the British islands have alienated the affections of their West Indian possessions. In treating of this momentous subject, we shall not immerse our readers and ourselves in a sea of details: we shall not quote angry resolutions of the House of Commons, or semi-rebellious speeches in the House of Assembly; we shall not go into details of prison acts, or complaints against Baptist missionaries, or misdeeds of prejudiced stipendiary magistrates. All these are important topics, which are the proper subject of consideration for Government or the Legislature, when the specific subjects to which they relate are brought under consideration; but they are not the real causes of the discord. Like the last angry notes in a diplomatic correspondence which terminates in war, they bespeak a previously excited rancour and state of exasperation, and may be held out as the ostensible causes of difference, but they are not the real grounds of hostility. It is in previous injuries, in deep and irreparable wounds inflicted by the injustice of the parent state, that the real cause of discord is to be found.

It is evident that the rule of a distant parent state, over powerful, and vigorous, and distant colonies, can only continue for a succession of ages if founded on three principles:—1st, A fair and equal *reciprocity of advantages* between the central empire and the colonial possessions. 2d, The establishment in the colonies of the same general frame of government as obtains in the parent state: under such modifications only, as necessarily are suggested by the difference in their physical or social situation. 3d, The maintenance of such an armed force, naval and military, by the mother country, as may compensate to its remote offspring the want of independence by the certainty of protection.

It is remarkable, that while democratic institutions in the parent state are the mainspring of all colonial adventure—the centrifugal force by which,

in every age and country, mankind have been driven abroad from the luxuries and endearments of home, to seek better fortunes in distant lands—they are the institutions, at the same time, which have rendered it most difficult to prevent those colonial settlements from breaking off in anger from the parent state. Such was the smothered discontent which prevailed in all the colonies of the republics of antiquity, that, on the first serious reverse to the parent state, they all proclaimed their independence, and the vast colonial dominion was at once dissolved. The revolt of all the Athenian colonies, after the disaster of Argospotamos; of the Spartan confederacy, after the defeat of Leuctra; of the Roman colonies, after the slaughter of Cannæ; of the Carthaginians, upon the overthrow of Zama, have all their parallels in modern times; when, on the first serious reverse to more recent republics, their whole colonial dependencies at once proclaimed their independence, and, so far from supporting the mother country, fearfully swelled the ranks of its enemies. Upon any considerable reverse to Venice, Florence, or Genoa, the cities of which they formed the head broke off from a subjection which they hated, to destroy that invidious authority in which they were not permitted to bear any part. The American war, and loss of her magnificent transatlantic possessions to Great Britain, is another instance of the inherent tendency of democratic societies to lose their full-grown offspring, at the very time when they have arrived at the period of life when they might zealously expect from them efficient assistance, and some return for the long anxieties and protracted solicitude of maternal care.

No person who surveys with a dispassionate eye the relative situation of Great Britain, and her astonishing colonial empire, can entertain a doubt that we are on the verge of a similar catastrophe, and that nothing but the long duration of European peace, and the halo of renown which England has inherited from the deeds of other days, prevents a general separation of her colonies from taking place. Canada, though in profound peace, has twice broken out into open revolt; albeit provoking, by so doing, the undivided strength of a nation which, five-and-

twenty years ago, hurled Napoleon from his throne. Jamaica is in such a state of exasperation, that Government have deemed it necessary to bring forward two different bills for the suspension of its constitution, and the entire subjection of its inhabitants to the rule of a despotic Governor and Council. New South Wales is brooding over injuries which absorb almost the whole ample columns of their local press; and a spirit of discontent is there awakened, which only requires a little more strength to make that distant colony break off the connexion with the mother country, even at the hazard of losing that extraordinary prosperity which, in twenty-five years, has augmented its shipping and commerce above thirty-fold. Such is the dissatisfaction prevalent at the Cape, that not only has the emigration to that noble settlement nearly stopped, but the settlers are actually crossing over with their herds and families to the Caffre territories, and voluntarily incurring the risks of savage rule, rather than the protracted insolence and injustice of civilized democratic government. Even the Ionian islands have fallen into a state of discontent; and Sir Howard Douglas has just followed the common example of dissolving the House of Assembly in Corfu, on account of the rebellious spirit of our Greek subjects. If any man imagines that a colonial empire, agitated by such passions, suffering under such evils, is in a tranquil state, or possessed of the cohesion and moral attachment requisite to make it hold together under the shocks of adverse fortune, he is little versed either in the history of mankind, or its secret spring, the workings of the human heart.

It is remarkable that this tendency to break off from the mother country, and separate into a multitude of independent states on the first serious national reverse, is peculiar to the colonial dependencies of democratic governments, and does not exist in any degree in firm or strongly cemented monarchies. Such monarchies have none of the inherent vigour and energy which is requisite to produce proper colonial offshoots; but in the dominions which they have acquired by conquest, or succeeded to by inheritance, there is none of that restless desire of emancipation, which forms so strong a feature in the character of

dependencies. Deep and apparently fatal were the wounds inflicted at different times by the arms of Napoleon on the Austrian monarchy; but not a symptom of impatience at the imperial rule was manifested, when the French eagles approached Vienna, in any part of its multifarious empire; on the contrary, the most animating episodes of modern history are to be found in the heroic efforts made by the Tyrolese, and the mountaineers of Croatia and Carinthia, to preserve their connexion with their beloved Kaiser, even after he was driven from the palace of his fathers on the banks of the Danube. Did Russia exhibit any symptoms of dissolution—did her provinces rise up in rebellion against the Moscovite rule—when the eagles of Napoleon approached the Kremlin, and the fortunes of the empire were apparently wrapped in a funeral conflagration in the flames of Moscow? Certes, the legions of Napoleon felt the reverse amidst the ruins of Malaroslavitz, in the snows of Krasnoi, on the banks of the Beresina. Did Spain fall to pieces, and each province declare its independence, when Madrid was occupied by the battalions of Murat, and the insurrection of its brave inhabitants quenched in innocent blood? The ramparts of Saragossa, the walls of Gerona, the unconquered bastions of Cadiz, proclaim the contrary. Examples of this sort are common in all ages; they are scattered down the stream of time, and form the bright spots which console the historian for his labours, and fascinate the eye of the reader in the dark and turbid waves of human events.

Is any man sanguine enough to believe that a similar devotion, in its distant colonies, would illustrate the British empire, if assailed in its heart by similar dangers? Would Canada become a La Vendée, Jamaica a Tyrol, Australia a Saragossa, India a Spain, if Nicolas had laid his iron grasp on the arsenals of Woolwich, Portsmouth, and Plymouth? If a Russian fleet of thirty ships of the line lay across the Nore—if Portsmouth and Plymouth were closely blockaded, and the estuaries of the Mersey and the Clyde were closed by hostile fleets—we should

look long enough before we saw friendly sails from the St Lawrence, the Gulf of Mexico, or the shores of Australia, arriving to raise the blockade of the heart of the empire. Now all this is possible—all this might happen without the once powerful, but now democracy-paralysed, empire of England being able to fit out a fleet for its defence;* and yet we are doing nothing either to strengthen our means of national defence, or secure the allegiance and co-operation of those numerous colonial settlements, on the prosperity and connexion of which not only our welfare, but our very existence as a nation, depends.

Mr Hume has explained, with his wonted sagacity and wisdom, the reason why the remote provinces and colonial dependencies of a despotic empire are always better administered than those of democratic societies. "The reason," says he, "is, that an absolute sovereign, being equally elevated above all his subjects, and not more dependent on one class than another, views them all, comparatively speaking, with equal eyes; whereas a free state is ruled by *one body of citizens who have obtained the mastery of another*, and govern exclusively the more distant settlements of the empire, and are consequently actuated by personal jealousy or patrimonial interests in their endeavours to prevent them from obtaining the advantages of equal and uniform legislation." It is in this circumstance—the government of one body of citizens in one part of the world, by another body in another—that the true cause of the general discontent and exasperation of democracy-ruled colonies is to be found. A monarch equally interested, from the security and strength of his throne, in the prosperity of all his subjects, whether in one part of the world or another, may rule them all with equal justice and equity: but it will always be found impossible to make a body of citizens in one country—the tenn-pounders of England, for example—sacrifice their own interests or inclinations to those of the distant colonies of the empire. It was the stern refusal to give them a share in the representa-

* In the beginning of last November, the *Powerful*, of 84 guns, was put in commission, and began to take in seamen, under that gallant and popular officer, Captain Napier: in the end of May she put into the Cove of Cork, still a hundred deficient of her complement!

tion of the empire by the British Commons, which brought about the American Revolution: it was the reckless sacrifice of the whole British West India Islands to the dreams of immediate emancipation, which has occasioned the present deep-rooted exasperation of the white inhabitants of those possessions; and nothing is wanting but the oft-projected and apparently approaching homage to the ten-pounders of England, by the equalisation of the duties on Baltic and American timber, to fill to the brim the cup of Canadian discontent, and convert the Anglo-Saxon race, hitherto the firm supporters of the British connexion, into its most powerful and inveterate enemies.

But although the sacrifice of their material and patrimonial interests to the jealousy, selfishness, or caprice of their numerous rulers in the parent state, is one cause, and a most prolific one, of the discontent of the colonies of all republican communities, it is not the only, nor, in some cases, the most powerful. It is the denial to one part of the empire of the privileges and forms of government which are enjoyed by another—the stern resolution to deny to one class of citizens the privileges which themselves enjoy—which is often the more immediate cause of the rupture. Power is more dearly prized than even property; to forms of government an ideal importance is attached, greater than belongs even to the actual realities of life. When the inhabitants of the colonies of a republican government read the debates in the ruling councils of the commonwealth, and the effusions of its daily press, they see nothing but praises of the unbounded blessing of popular rule, and the incalculable advantages, social, political, and moral, which ever spring from the practical application of the great principles of general freedom and self-government. Great as are these advantages, where sufficient strength is at the same time provided for the framework of government, they are magnified to the imagination of the colonists by distance and want of experience, and the desire for them rendered uncontrollable by the perception of how rapidly they would all fall into their hands, if the great step of separation from the mother state were once accomplished. So natural is the tendency of the human mind to become

inflated with these wishes, and actuated by these principles, that it may safely be asserted, that in progress of time they will become irresistible; and that the independent spirit, engendered in the parent democratic state, will in all cases rend the colonial empire asunder, if due attention is not paid to it, in the cautious but steady concession of privileges analogous to those enjoyed by the inhabitants of the ruling power to its colonial dependencies.

The most obvious way of effecting this object, would be the extension at once of the central constitution to the colonial dependencies; and the conferring of a seat in the great council of the nation on a certain number of representatives from all its colonies, wherever situated. But, though the equity of this has much apparently to recommend it, and the principle of some sort of representation in the central parliament appears by no means unworthy of attention; yet experience has every where demonstrated, that it is by the appointment of a local legislature, elected on principles suited to the varying circumstances of each colony, that both its wishes are most likely to be attended to, and its interests best consulted. Such is the variety of character, physical circumstances, intellectual cultivation, and original race or intermixture of blood in different colonies, that no uniform system of representation could be established without speedily throwing the empire into combustion; and, if the representatives of all the colonies were to sit in the ruling assembly, the result would inevitably be, either that its time would be entirely absorbed in discussing details of great local but little general importance; or that the most material separate concerns of each colony would be overlooked and forgotten in the vehemence of party strife, or the vast national concerns of the whole empire. The ruinous effects which have already resulted from the extension of the same representative system to Ireland as Great Britain, and the woful obstruction of general business which has resulted from the magnitude of its separate concerns, sufficiently demonstrates the extreme danger of overlooking the vast difference in the preparation of different races or nations for free institutions, and the risk of the utility of a

general assembly being in a great degree destroyed by the magnitude of the subordinate details thrown upon it from a particular part of the empire.

But although, for these reasons, the establishment of separate local parliaments, or houses of assembly, in different colonies, is probably the only way of combining their multifarious interests and wishes with one central ruling government; yet it must ever be recollected, that the utmost delicacy is requisite in dealing with these separate and in some degree independent assemblies; and that, if the central legislature, trusting to the force of the national strength, relying on the omnipotence of the general government, requires absolute and implicit obedience in the provincial assemblies, a discontent fatal to the integrity of the empire will speedily be generated in all its colonial dependencies. The more democratic that the central parliament is—the more popular the system of election in the mother state—the more indispensable it is that a corresponding spirit should be tolerated in the colonial assemblies: for it is from the heart of the commonwealth that its wishes and public opinion comes, and the subjects of a democratic legislature will reasonably expect that the home parliament will concede that liberty to others which they take to themselves. It may be true that it is difficult to do this; it may be true that no rulers are so despotic in their administration—so peremptory in their demands—so tyrannical in their measures to any but their own constituents—as those who are elected under the most popular institutions; and that Aristotle's maxim still holds good, that the rule of a mob is the worst of tyrannies. All this may be perfectly true; but it will not alter the nature of things—it will not remedy the internal weaknesses of a popularly governed colonial empire—it will eradicate none of the seeds of dissolution which are sown in all establishments where the interests and passions of one body of men are brought to bear directly upon the welfare of another.

The West Indies, with respect to that vital point of colonial prosperity—a constant supply of agricultural

labourers—stand in a very peculiar situation; and the magnitude of the injustice which they have experienced from the legislation of the parent state cannot be appreciated, unless the singular circumstances of their situation in that respect is taken into consideration. Devoted chiefly to the cultivation of an article of rude produce, which can be reared only in a tropical climate, and yet has become an article of necessity to most European nations, they cannot carry on its cultivation but by means of negro labourers, or others equally habituated with them to bear a tropical sun. Experience long ago proved, what recent attempts have still more clearly substantiated, that the European race is, generally speaking,* incapable of labouring in the fields in the West Indies, and that field hoeing of the canes, without which no crop of sugar could be reared, speedily proves fatal to the descendants of Japhet. Among all the varied expedients which the necessities of their situation have compelled the West India proprietors of late years to adopt, in order to supply the vacuum occasioned by the measure of negro emancipation, the obvious expedient of supplying their place by the redundant population of Ireland has never been thought of; because every body practically acquainted with the subject knew, that their transportation would be merely lost money; and that the yellow fever and marsh miasmata would speedily consign even the most robust of them to an untimely grave.

It is historically known, and matter of common notoriety, how the *desideratum* of finding labourers capable of cultivating sugar in the West Indies, and producing the immense addition which it was capable of affording to the national wealth, was supplied. Negro slaves were, under the authority of various royal proclamations and acts of parliament, imported from Africa into the West India islands; and to such a length was this traffic carried, that not only did it for a long time occupy a considerable part of the British commercial navy, but it at length transferred above seven hundred thousand Africans to the oppo-

* Possibly the Maltese labourers may be able to bear the sun of the West Indies, and in some instances tried on a small scale they have succeeded; but this is the exception, not the rule.

site side of the Atlantic. There is hardly to be found another example in the whole history of the species of so considerable a removal, without the aid of increase in the new settlements, of the human race from one part of the world to another.

Enormous as are the evils—heart-rending the sufferings—of slavery, when consequent upon the removal of mankind from their native seats, and the subjection of the blacks, for the purposes of profit, to the *temporary* rule of white task-masters, there was one circumstance in the condition of the negro race, when the hideous transposition was accomplished, of inestimable importance, which promised in the end to deprive slavery of its bitterest pangs, and rear up in the British West India Islands a happy, industrious, and contented people. This was—they had become *STATIONARY*. The pangs of separation from kindred and home were over; the horrors of the middle passage were past; they had become permanently located on fixed estates; they had acquired homes, and all the endearments and enjoyments of domestic existence. Experience has abundantly proved, that the negro race is capable, not only of maintaining its own numbers, but of rapidly augmenting, on the opposite side of the Atlantic: for the American slaves, it is well known, increase faster than the European inhabitants in the southern provinces of the Union; and one of the great dangers which threatens the transatlantic republic, is the fearful disproportion, which is every day augmenting, between the sable labouring, and the fair-haired dominant, race. When the British Government therefore, in 1807, adopted the humane, and at the same time judicious, step of putting a peremptory stop to the slave trade, they necessarily rendered the safety and welfare of the negro race an object of solicitude to the white proprietors; because the cultivation of their estates could not be maintained but by their propagation; and their numbers could not increase but under the influence of marriage, home, and domestic comfort. The promiscuous concubinage and disorderly manners consequent on their first settlement, necessarily gave way before the wants and necessities of the masters, not less than the native feelings of the slaves; and slavery became, what it

has ever been in other parts of the world—the necessary state between savage manners and civilized industry;—the transition state necessarily enduring several centuries, during which the working classes, the property of their superiors, are indebted to them for the protection and subsistence which they could never otherwise obtain; and the habits are slowly acquired, through successive generations, necessary to enable man at length to bear generally the destitution, the excitement, and the power of freedom. So irksome is constant labour to uncivilized man—so repugnant is severe toil to the savage, in all ages, climates, and countries—that it never has been overcome in any part of the world, but by the introduction and long continuance of slavery; and when the easy supply of animal wants by the chase, or the spontaneous fruit of the earth, is exhausted, the human race would every where perish or become stationary, if, before the moral chains of artificial wants were thrown around civilized, the physical restrictions of servitude were removed from savage, man.

Under the influence of these causes, the stoppage of that hideous blot on Christian civilisation, the slave trade, did all that was necessary to secure the ultimate prosperity of the negro race in the West Indies, by identifying their preservation and increase with their masters' interests, by giving them the same ever-powerful motives to protect them which they have to preserve their cattle or houses, and converting the very desire of gain, the mainspring of the original frightful traffic, into the certain bulwark of their ultimate welfare. Under the influence of these causes, the African race not only maintained their own numbers in the West India islands, but were advancing, before the disastrous era of their emancipation, with rapid strides in the career of industry, comfort, and usefulness. It is well known, that in opulence and well-being they were, in general, superior to any peasantry in Europe. Dwelling in cottages which, by a prescriptive usage, had become in a manner their own; surrounded by their gardens, their fruits, their children, they exhibited, generally speaking, a spectacle rarely witnessed in this world of care, and to which the eye of the philanthropist might turn with pleasure even from the brightest scenes of European civili-

sation. Doubtless, to this pleasing scene there were some exceptions; doubtless the lash was a dangerous implement to trust in the hand of hard-hearted Christians; doubtless the character of the master in a great degree affected the prosperity of his subjects, and the cruel and the unfeeling had ample means of wreaking their vengeance on a helpless race. But these instances were the exception, not the rule. In the great majority of cases, the negroes on the estates were in such easy and affluent circumstances, as to be hardly credible but on the most uniform and concurring testimony. They had generally two days a-week, besides Sunday, during which they were at liberty to work in their gardens, or at wages on their own account; and so prolific were the powers of nature in that benignant climate, and such the reward of industry and good conduct, that after being provided, themselves and their families, better than any peasantry in Europe, they could lay by with ease *thirty pounds* a-year. Their cottages were generally comfortable, often elegant; artificial wants, civilized vanities, were making rapid progress amongst them; and the cheering spectacle of forty thousand negroes in Jamaica alone, who had worked out or obtained their own freedom, and were prosecuting with respectability and success the paths of honest industry, proved that the sable race was capable, in the end, of bearing emancipation; and that, by permitting time to work out the great social change from bondage to freedom, with its usual slow pace and unerring wisdom, it might be effected, as in modern Europe, in so gradual a manner as to render it impossible to say when the one ceased and the other began.

In these circumstances, the course which a wise and paternal government, in justice alike to the negroes, the planters, and the empire, should have done, was clearly this: They should have lowered to a very moderate amount the duties on colonial produce, considering the sugar of Jamaica as just as much a part of the domestic produce of the empire as the wheat of Middlesex; they should have cautiously abstained from every thing calculated to excite the negro population, or precipitate or endanger the vast change from servitude to independence, and limited themselves to such moderate measures as were

calculated to improve the comforts of the slave, and ensure to him the blessings of marriage, home, and the acquisition of property. Provision might have been made for every slave being entitled to purchase his freedom from his master, as soon as he had amassed his own value, which, at the current price of from sixty to eighty pounds, might have been generally done by industrious men in three years, and that all should have two days in the week to work for themselves. In this way, those only would have been liberated from the restraints of servitude who had afforded a convincing proof that they had acquired those of civilisation; full justice would have been done to the planters, by the receipt, in every instance, of the full market value of the slave; the negro population would have been gradually mingled with a free black race, capable of teaching them by their example, and influencing them by their habits; and the vast transition from savage to civilized life, from compulsory to voluntary labour, would have been accomplished, as it was in Europe, and some parts of southern America, so gradually as to be at once imperceptible and unattended with danger.

Instead of this, what have the British government, acting from first to last under the dictation of the masses, actually done? Their conduct may be reduced to three heads, which comprise the principal points of colonial misgovernment, and, more than the rashness of Lord Normanby or the prejudice of Sir Lionel Smith, have been the cause of the present disastrous state of those once magnificent settlements.

The first thing which they did, above forty years ago, was to lay a duty of thirty shillings a-hundred-weight on sugar imported into this country, which was subsequently reduced to twenty-seven, and within these few years to twenty-four. A grosser instance of fiscal oppression, it may safely be said, never occurred, than in the imposition of so enormous a burden on an article of *rude* produce. In such a case, as it is well known, the producer cannot compensate the burden by superior skill or machinery in the production—little can be gained by that expedient in any department of field labour, as is clearly proved by the inability of the British farmer, with all the advantages

of English skill, capital, and machinery, to rival the Polish, who is totally destitute of any of these advantages. The tax, therefore, required to be paid either by the producer or the consumer, and it is now clearly proved that almost the whole of it fell on the producers. The burden formerly of 30s., then 27s., and now of 24s. the hundred-weight on West India sugar, was little felt during the war, when that article sold for forty or forty-five pounds the hogshead (from L.6 to L.6, 10s. the cwt.); but when, on the return of peace, prices fell to L.12 or L.15 the hogshead (from 50s. to 60s. the cwt. including duty), it became intolerably severe. It then became nearly a hundred per cent on the rude material; the same as if a duty of fifty shillings a quarter had been laid on wheat raised in England for the home consumption. Nor had either the planter or the refiner the means of eluding this tax to any considerable degree, by either raising the price of the article to the consumer, or diminishing by economy or machinery the cost of its production: the cost of raising rude agricultural produce can hardly ever be diminished to any considerable extent by the application of machinery; and the stoppage of the slave trade, necessarily, in the first instance at least, increased the cost of production, while the only way in which it seemed possible to render the burden tolerable, was by augmenting the quantity raised, which necessarily depressed to an undue extent the price which it bore in the market. Being unable to diminish the cost of production from these causes, all the efforts of the planters to make head against their difficulties, and defray the interest of their mortgages by raising more extensive crops of sugar, only tended to lower prices and throw the taxes as an exclusive burden on themselves. The proof of this is decisive: the price of sugar in America is generally higher than in England, if the duty be deducted, sometimes by fully a third. In 1831, the price per cwt. was, in Great Britain, 23s. 8d., excluding duty; while in America it was 36s. per cwt. in the same year. Taking into view the greater expense of freight to Britain than America from these islands, there can be no doubt that almost the whole tax has been paid in many years by the producers, amounting though it now does to 100 per cent. Nothing

more is requisite to explain the almost total ruin which has fallen on these splendid colonies, even before the last measure of emancipating the slaves was carried into effect.

In all fiscal measures on this subject, there is one principle to be constantly kept in view, to the neglect or oversight of which, more than any thing else, the ruin of the West Indies is to be ascribed. This is, that while many branches of manufacturing industry possess the means, by improvements in machinery or the division of labour, of compensating very heavy fiscal burdens, the raisers of rude produce can hardly ever do the same; so that, unless they can succeed in laying the tax upon the consumer, which is very often altogether beyond their power, they are forced to pay it entirely themselves, and it becomes a ruinous direct burden on industry. No doubt can exist on this head, when it is recollected not merely how slight is the improvement which agriculture has ever received from the aid of machinery; but that, while in the most highly civilized states, such as England, the cost of raising manufactures is always, notwithstanding heavy taxes and a plentiful currency, less than in ruder states, it is always much greater of producing agricultural produce. Great Britain can undersell the world in manufactures, but her farmers would be ruined without a corn law. If any one doubt that this enormous tax has, for the last twenty years past, fallen almost exclusively on the producers, we would recommend that he should propose that a tax of fifty shillings a quarter should be forthwith laid on British wheat, and thirty on British oats. If such a burden were imposed, we apprehend it would give little comfort to the British farmer to tell him, that he could not be injured by the tax, for that it *all fell on the consumer*! Now, this is exactly what we have done for the last forty years with the West India proprietors; and no one can wonder, after such a crushing direct tax on production, that they have, after a severe struggle, almost all become deeply embarrassed, and that creditors and mortgagees consume in every case a half, in many the whole, produce of the soil.

The next step of British legislation was to pass the Emancipation Act in 1834, by which, in consideration of

L.20,000,000 paid down to the planters, the whole slaves were unconditionally emancipated in five years. Much has been said of the extraordinary liberality of this grant, and the munificence of Parliament and the nation which made such a sacrifice in the cause of humanity. Admitting that the concession of so large a sum in name of compensation, was a magnanimous act on the part of the Imperial Parliament, which goes far to redeem the violent and disastrous nature of the step which they took, still nothing can be more certain than that it was very far indeed from affording indemnity to the proprietors, whose property was thereby taken away or rendered useless. The number of slaves emancipated was about 600,000; and the sum paid being L.20,000,000, the value paid overhead for the slaves was just twenty-five pounds a-head. This was certainly not half, in truth

little more than a third, of their worth. A good slave, in 1834, cost from seventy to ninety pounds; and, even including women and children, it was esteemed a good bargain to get a hundred slaves for L.6000. It is going to the very outside to say, that the Government compensation was a half of the value of the slaves: in most instances it was not a third.

But what was the effect of this hasty measure of emancipation on the average working of the negroes, and the produce of the estates after the apprentice system was introduced? Here we have authentic grounds to go upon. It appears, from the Lords' Report, 1838, No. 70, that the working of the first three years of the apprentice system has reduced the whole staple produce of the island of Jamaica fully *a third*, although the seasons were uncommonly fine. The numbers stood thus:—

Average produce of 7 years, ending	Hogsheads. Sugar.	Punchons Rum.	Coffee, Pounds.
1832,	93,156	34,354	20,953,705
1833,	78,395	33,215	9,866,010
1834,	77,801	30,475	17,725,000
1835,	71,017	26,434	10,593,018
1836,	61,604	19,938	13,446,033

The Returns for 1837 and 1838 have not yet been laid before Parliament; but there can be no doubt that they will exhibit a decrease still more rapid—indeed, we understand the crop of Jamaica for 1838 was barely 40,000 hogsheads, and that in 1839 it will not be 10,000. In short, the agricultural produce of the island is totally disappearing; the negroes, in the great majority of instances, either will not work at all for any wages, or are so extravagant in their demand for wages, and so irregular and inconstant in their habits, as to render it altogether impossible to continue the cultivation of sugar or coffee with any prospect of a profit. Unless some other race can be introduced, who will supply their place by free labour, and they peaceably retire to the mountains in the interior, there to squat and lead a life of savage indolence and penury, nothing is more certain than that in five years the cultivation of sugar in the West Indies will have entirely ceased, and nine-tenths of the estates will have irrevocably reverted to a state of nature. Could any thing else, have been expected? St Domingo, before the

emancipation of its negroes, produced 700,000,000 pounds of sugar, being more than all the rest of the world put together: now it *imports* that article of produce!—Hear Napoleon on this subject: “Had any of your philosophic Liberals come out to Egypt to proclaim liberty to the blacks or the Arabs, I would have hung him up to the mast-head. In the West Indies similar enthusiasts have delivered over the whites to the ferocity of the blacks, and yet they *complain of the victims of such madness being discontented*.—How is it possible to give liberty to Africans, when they are destitute of any species of civilisation, and ignorant even of what a colony or a mother country is? Do you suppose, that had they been aware of what they were doing, they would have given liberty to the blacks? Certainly not: but few persons at that time were sufficiently far-sighted to foresee the results; and feelings of humanity are ever powerful with excited imaginations. But now, after the experience we have had, to maintain the same principles cannot be done in good faith; it can be the result only of

overweening self-confidence or hypocrisy." Yet the British parliament, urged on by the British masses, did precisely, with the example of St Domingo before their eyes, what the Constituent Assembly had done, and a similar ruin must inevitably attend both colonies.

Are the friends of humanity, then, consoled by the rapid diminution of the slave trade, and the general amelioration of the African race, for the fatal blow thus struck at the West India colonies, and the evident approaching extinction of a trade, which, before it was destroyed, employed 240,000 tons of British shipping, and took off L.3,800,000 worth of British manufactures? Alas! here the prospect is still darker; and the evident degradation and loss of their industrious habits, under the premature and blasting gift of freedom, and their rapid relapse into the indolence and *insouciance* of savage life, speak in a voice of thunder the irreparable ruin we have inflicted on the once-flourishing negro race in our West India colonies. Every arrival from those fatal settlements brings the same woful accounts of fields neglected, canes rotting, indolent negroes spending whole weeks in idleness, or casually working a few hours a-day, as caprice or some passing wish prompts them, and then relapsing into their pristine lazy and savage habits. It would fill a volume to quote any considerable number of these reports: they are all of the same character, and their results will be soon proclaimed in statistical returns, showing the rapid decline of the agricultural produce of the whole islands, which will at once silence misrepresentation and defy reply.

No other result could possibly have been anticipated from a measure which, however well intended, was founded on such absurd and delusive principles as the Slave Emancipation Act. The principle on which it proceeded was, that *five years* were sufficient to clothe the slave with the habits and desires of a freeman, and render the transition from servitude to liberty safe and salutary: it may safely be affirmed that *five hundred years* would have been little enough for the momentous change. How long did it take to wear out slavery in the British islands?

Five centuries. Why was it never found possible to extirpate it even amidst all the refinements and civilisation of Greece and Rome? Why does it still exist, in undiminished and undiminishing vigour, over two-thirds of the globe? Evidently because it is a necessary step in the progress of civilisation: because without it savage man never has worked, and never will work; because without its coercion the human race would be chained for ever to the hunter or shepherd state; because, but for the slavery of our Saxon progenitors, we would now have been wandering in the woods; because, whatever evils may be attendant on servitude, and they are many and grievous, they are trivial in comparison of the universal and widespread penury, the total stoppage of the advance and prospects of the human race, which instantly follows the cursing of uncivilized man with the nominal blessings, but the real destitution, of freedom. To men in the stage of advance which the African negroes exhibit, liberty is the same thing as it would be to a herd of cattle or a troop of camels—the signal for the immediate abandonment of the restraints and the enjoyments of domestic life, and resumption of the want, the penury, and independence of the prairie or the desert.

Does the cessation of the slave trade over the globe, [the evident amelioration of the African race, and the stoppage of the unutterable horrors of the middle passage, console the friends of humanity for this disappointment of all their hopes, and blasting of their expectations on the other side of the Atlantic? Alas! here the prospect is even more gloomy than on the sunny slopes of Jamaica, now choked with weeds, or the rich marshes of Guiana, fast relapsing into jungle. The slave trade has been DOUBLED IN EXTENT AND QUADRUPLED IN HORRORS throughout the globe, by the monstrous act; and the sufferings of the African race, under European cupidity, is now incomparably greater than when the philanthropy of Wilberforce and Clarkson first interfered for their relief. The rapid decline in the agricultural produce of the British West India islands, has given an impulse to

the foreign slave colonies which is almost incredible; and augmented to an extent which it is piteous to think of, both the number of blacks who are annually torn from their homes and their children in Africa, and the barbarity with which they are treated in their passage to the American shores. Twelve years ago, the only exports of Puerto-Rico were cattle and coffee, and the only sugar she received was from importation. In 1833 she exported 33,750 tons—more than a sixth of the whole British consumption. The export of sugar from Cuba was, on an average of 1814, 1815, and 1816, 51,000 tons; in 1833 it had risen to 120,000 tons. In 1814, 1815, and 1816, the average exports of sugar from Brazil was 26,250 tons; in 1833, though a bad year, the exports were 70,970 tons. The increase, since the Emancipation Act passed, has been still greater—but no official accounts of these years have yet been made public.*

As might well have been expected, this prodigious increase in the produce of the foreign slave colonies, consequent on the progressive decline, and at length the almost total stoppage, of industry in the British settlements, under the influence of fiscal oppression and emancipation madness, has been obtained only by a vast increase in the importation of the African race, and a terrific addition to the sum of human suffering. The raising of sugar, by the stationary, domestic, half-civilized English serf, who had ascended a few steps on the ladder of freedom, having ceased, or evidently approaching cessation, the void has been supplied by an extraordinary multiplication of African savages, who are now treated and worked with a severity, compared to which, the condition of our domesticated slaves was Paradise.—“Great and deplorable as were the sufferings of the captives in crossing the Atlantic, in the large and capacious Liverpool slave-ships, they are as nothing compared to those which have since been, and are still, endured by the negroes in the hands of the Spanish and Portuguese traders, where several hundred wretches are stowed between decks in a space not three feet high; and in addition

to the anguish inseparable from a state of captivity, they are made to endure, for weeks together, the horrors of the black-hole of Calcutta. Nearly two hundred thousand captives, chained together in this frightful manner, now annually cross the Atlantic; and they are brought, not to the comparatively easy life of the British West India Islands, but to the desperate servitude of Cuba or Brazil; in the latter of which several hundred negroes are worked, like animals, in droves together, without a single female among them, and without any attempt to perpetuate their race; they are worn down by their cruel taskmasters to the grave by a lingering process, which on an average terminates their existence in seven years!”†

What does Mr Buxton, a most unexceptionable authority on this point, say to the amount of this fortuitous increase of the foreign slave trade of late years? “Twenty years ago, the African Institution reported to the Duke of Wellington, that the number of slaves who annually crossed the Atlantic was 70,000. There is evidence before the Parliamentary Committees to show, that about one-third was for the British islands, one-third for St Domingo; so that, if the slave trade of other countries had been stationary, they ought only to import 25,000; whereas, the number landed in Cuba and Brazil alone is 150,000 annually; being *more than double the whole draft on Africa*, including the countries where it had ceased, *when the slave trade controversy began. Twice as many human beings are now its victims as when Wilberforce and Clarkson entered on their noble task*; and each individual of this increased number, in addition to the horrors which were endured in former times, has to suffer from being cribbed up in a narrower space, and on board a vessel where accommodation is sacrificed to speed. Painful as this is, it becomes still more distressing if it shall appear that our present system has not failed by mischance, or want of energy, or want of expenditure; but that the system itself is erroneous, and must necessarily end in disappointment.”‡

The remedy which Mr Buxton and

* See Parl. Report on the Commercial State of the West Indies, p. 286.

† Alison's History of Europe, vol. vi. p. 128.

‡ *African Slave Trade*, by T. F. Buxton, M.P. London: 1839. p. 172.

the anti-slavery advocates propose for these awful evils, is the declaring the slave trade piracy by the laws of all civilized nations. It is evident now that this would only still further aggravate the existing evils; and that nothing but it is wanting to put the last hand to the cup of African bitterness. The whole navies of the world could not stop the smuggling of slaves between Africa and the American shores; the search for slave vessels, with the penalty of death hanging over the crew if taken, would only aggravate the sufferings of the captives by rendering desperate the cruelty of the captors. If the trade were stopped from the African shores, it would speedily begin from the southern provinces of America, who would breed slaves to fill up the gap produced by British madness in the West Indies. One way, and *one only*, of stopping the infernal traffic exists; and that is, enabling the British planter, with stationary slaves, gradually improving in industry, to *undersell* the foreign slave-holder in the supply of the world with sugar. That method—the simple, just, progressive method of nature—*was* in satisfactory progress; and the slave trade must have declined, and perhaps in the course of ages expired, from the effect of the competition of the British stationary serf with the foreign imported slave, when the whole progress was stopped by the Emancipation Act; our own islands reduced to ruin; our own slaves restored to savage life; and a new impulse, to which philanthropy can assign no limits, communicated to the execrable traffic in human flesh! Such even, when under humane guidance, and when actuated by a benevolent spirit, is the legislation of the masses. What must it be, if stimulated by cupidity and directed by ambition?

After the dreadful and irremediable evils inflicted on our own subjects—our own negroes—and the African race in general, by the well-meant but ill-judged and most disastrous legislation of late years, the recent disputes between the mother country and the Jamaica House of Assembly sink into insignificance, and cease to be the object of serious attention, except as indicating the indisposition of the party, unhappily still possessing

the majority in the British legislature, either to stop in the career of injustice, or make any amends for the errors of past times. It is evident, however, that, having plunged so deeply into former errors, it was incumbent on the British parliament to have had more than usual toleration for exasperated feeling and wounded interests—to have recollected that men, seeing their properties and the substance of their families wasting away, under the effect of former British legislation—could not be expected to have their feelings peculiarly cool, or their tempers signally under control; in political contests with the dominant power, from whom they had suffered so much: and that now, when experience is on all sides so clearly demonstrating how well grounded their complaints really are, was the time, by a respectful attention to their suggestions and uniform deference to their wishes, to have demonstrated the disposition of the parent state, to remedy, so far as yet in their power, the existing evils. Instead of this, what have the Liberal Ministry done? Why, they brought in a bill *suspending the constitution* of Jamaica, on the first angry controversy with the British Parliament; and on its being stopped by the firmness and zeal of the Conservative opposition, they have brought in another, substantially the same, and vesting absolute legislative power in the governor and council, if certain acts of Assembly were thrown out by the veto of the sovereign authority! We first tax the West India planter one hundred per cent on his agricultural produce; next let loose the live stock on his estate for less than half their value, and in so doing, render his fields totally unproductive; and, when he remonstrates on a subordinate point of management, deprive him of all his liberties and reduce him to despotic authority! If these are the blessings which democratic institutions secure to their colonial dependencies, what evils has despotism in store for its subjects? and if such is the system of government of a widely-extended colonial dominion, how long is it likely to withstand the shock of fortune consequent on the almost total paralysis of the central executive power?

ON HUME'S ARGUMENT AGAINST MIRACLES.

HUME's argument against miracles is simply this:—Every possible event, however various in its degree of credibility, must, of necessity, be more credible when it rests upon a sufficient cause lying within the field of what is called *nature*, than when it does not: more credible when it obeys some mechanical cause, than when it transcends such a cause and is miraculous.

Therefore, assume the resistance to credibility, in any preternatural occurrence, as equal to x , and the very ideal or possible value of human testimony as no more than x , in that case, under the most favourable circumstances conceivable, the argument for and against a miracle will be equal: or, expressing the human testimony by x , affected with the affirmative sign $[+x]$; and expressing the resistance to credibility on the other side of the equation, by x , affected with the negative sign $[-x]$, the two values will, in algebraical language, destroy each other, and the result will be $= 0$.

But, inasmuch as this expresses the value of human testimony in its highest or ideal form, a form which is never realized in experience, the true result will be different,—there will always be a negative result $= -y$; much or little according to the circumstances, but always enough to turn the balance *against* believing a miracle.

“Or in other words,” said Hume, popularising his argument, “it will always be more credible that the reporter of a miracle should tell a falsehood, or should himself have been the dupe of appearances, than that a miracle should have actually occurred—that is, an infraction of those natural laws (any or all) which compose what we call experience. For, assume the utmost disinterestedness, veracity, and sound judgment in the witness, with the utmost advantage in the circumstances for giving full play to those qualities; even in such a case the value of affirmative testimony could, at the very utmost, be equal to the negative value on the other side the equation: and the result would be, to keep my faith suspended *in equilibrio*. But in any real case, ever likely to come before

us, the result will be worse; for the affirmative testimony will be sure to fall in many ways below its ideal maximum; leaving, therefore, for the final result a considerable excess to the negative side of the equation.

SECTION II.

Of the Argument as affected by the Covert Limitations under which it is presented.

Such is the Argument: and, as the first step towards investigating its sanity and its degree—its kind of force, and its quantity of force, we must direct our attention to the following fact, viz., that amongst three separate conditions under which a miracle (or any event whatever) might become known to us, Hume's argument is applied only to one. Assuming a miracle to happen (for the possibility of a miracle is of course left open throughout the discussion, since any argument against *that* would at once foreclose every question about its communicability),—then it might happen under three several sets of circumstances, in relation to our consciousness. 1st, It might happen in the presence of a single witness—that witness not being ourselves. This case let us call *Alpha*. 2dly, It might happen in the presence of many witnesses,—witnesses to a vast amount, but still (as before) ourselves not being amongst that multitude. This case let us call *Beta*. And 3dly, It might happen in our own presence, and fall within the direct light of our own consciousness. This case let us call *Gamma*.

Now these distinctions are important to the whole extent of the question. For the 2d case, which is the actual case of many miracles recorded in the New Testament, at once cuts away a large body of sources in which either error or deceit could lurk. Hume's argument supposes the reporter of the miracle to be a dupe, or the maker of dupes—himself deluded, or wishing to delude others. But, in the case of the thousands fed from a few loaves and small fishes, the chances of error, wilful or not wilful, are diminished in proportion to the

number of observers ;* and Hume's inference as to the declension of the affirmative *x*, in relation to the negative *x*, no longer applies, or, if at all, with vastly diminished force. With respect to the 3d case, it cuts away the whole argument at once in its very radix. For Hume's argument applies to the *communication* of a miracle, and therefore to a case of testimony. But, wherever the miracle falls within direct personal cognizance, there it follows that no question can arise about the value of human testimony. The affirmative *x*, expressing the value of testimony, disappears altogether ; and that side of the equation is possessed by a new quantity (viz., ourselves—our own consciousness) not at all concerned in Hume's argument.

Hence it results, that of three possible conditions under which a miracle may be supposed to offer itself to our knowledge, two are excluded from the view of Hume's argument.

SECTION III.

Whether the second of these conditions is not expressly noticed by Hume.

It may seem so. But in fact it is not. And (what is more to the purpose) we are not at liberty to consider it any accident that it is not. Hume had his reasons. Let us take all in proper order : 1st, that it seems so ; 2dly, that in fact it is not so ; and 3dly, that this is no accident, but intentional.

1st, Hume seems to contemplate such a case, the case of a miracle witnessed and attested by a multitude of persons, in the following imaginary miracle which he proposes as a basis for reasoning. Queen Elizabeth, as every body will remember who has happened to read Lord Monmouth's Memoirs, died on the night between the last day of 1602 and the first day of 1603 : this could not be forgotten by the reader, because, in fact, Lord M., who was one of Her Majesty's nearest relatives (being a younger son

of her first cousin Lord Hunsdon,) obtained his title and subsequent preferment as a reward for the furious ride he performed to Edinburgh (at that time at least 440 miles distant from London), without taking off his boots, in order to lay the earliest tidings of the great event at the feet of her successor. In reality, never did any death cause so much posting day and night over the high roads of Europe. And the same causes which made it so interesting has caused it to be the best dated event in modern history ; that one which could least be shaken by any discordant evidence yet discoverable. Now, says Hume, imagine the case, that, in spite of all this chronological precision—this precision, and this notoriety of precision—her Majesty's court physicians should have chosen to propagate a story of her resurrection. Imagine that these learned gentlemen should have issued a *bulletin*, declaring that Queen Elizabeth had been met in Greenwich park, or at Nonsuch, on May-day of 1603, or in Westminster, two years after, by the Lord Chamberlain when detecting Guy Faux—let them even swear it before twenty justices of the peace ; I for one, says Hume, am free to confess that I would not believe them. No : nor, to say the truth, would we ; nor would we advise our readers to believe them.

2dly, Here, therefore, it would seem as if Hume were boldly pressing his principles to the very uttermost—that is, were challenging a miracle as untenable, though attested by a multitude. But, in fact, he is not. He only seems to do so ; for, if no number of witnesses could avail anything in proof of a miracle, why does he timidly confine himself to the hypothesis of the queen's physicians only coming forward ? Why not call in the whole Privy Council ?—or the Lord Mayor and Common Council of London—the Sheriffs of Middlesex—and the Twelve Judges ? As to the court physicians, though three or four nominally, virtually they are but one

* "In proportion to the number of observers."—Perhaps, however, on the part of Hume some critical apologist will say—"Doubtless he was aware of that ; but still the reporters of the miracle were few. No matter how many were present, the witnesses for us are but the Evangelists." Yes, certainly, the Evangelists ; and, let us add, all those contemporaries to whom the Evangelists silently appealed. These make up the "multitude" contemplated in the second case.

man. They have a common interest, and in two separate ways they are liable to a suspicion of collusion: first, because the same motives which act upon one, probably act upon the rest. In this respect, they are under a *common* influence; secondly, because, if not the motives, at any rate the physicians themselves, act upon each other. In this respect, they are under a *reciprocal* influence. They are to be reasoned about as one individual.

3dly, As Hume could not possibly fail to see all this, we may be sure that his choice of witnesses was not accidental. In fact, his apparent carelessness is very discreet management. His object was, under the fiction of an independent multitude, to smuggle in a virtual unity; for his court physicians are no plural body in effect and virtue, but a mere pleonasm and a tautology.

And in good earnest, Hume had reason enough for his caution. How much or how little testimony would avail to establish a resurrection in any neutral* case few people would be willing to pronounce off-hand, and, above all, on a fictitious case. Prudent men, in such circumstances, would act as the judges in our English courts, who are always displeased if it is attempted to elicit their opinions upon a point of law by a proposed fiction. And very reasonably; for in these fictitious cases all the little circumstances of reality are wanting, and the oblique relations to such circumstances, out of which it is that any sound opinion can be formed. We all know very well what Mr Hume is after in this problem of a resurrection. And his case of Queen Elizabeth's resurrection being a perfectly fictitious case, we are at liberty to do any one of three different things:—either simply to refuse an answer; or, 2dly, to give such an answer as he looks for, viz., to agree with him in his disbelief under the supposed contingency, without therefore offering the slightest prejudice to any scriptural case of resurrection: i.e. we might go along with him in his premises, and yet balk

him of his purpose; or, 3dly, we might even join issue with him, and peremptorily challenge his verdict upon his own fiction. For it is singular enough, that a modern mathematician of eminence (Mr Babbage), has expressly considered this very imaginary question of a resurrection, and he pronounces the testimony of *seven* witnesses, competent and veracious, and presumed to have no bias, as sufficient to establish such a miracle. Strip Hume's case of the ambiguities already pointed out—suppose the physicians really separate and independent witnesses—not a corporation speaking by one organ—it will then become a mere question of degree between the philosopher and the mathematician—seven witnesses? or fifty? or a hundred? For though none of us (not Mr Babbage, we may be sure), seriously believes in the possibility of a resurrection occurring in these days, as little can any of us believe in the possibility that seven witnesses, of honour and sagacity (but say seven hundred), could be found to attest such an event when not occurring.

But the useful result from all this is, that Mr Hume is evidently aware of the case *Beta* (of last Sect.) as a distinct case from *Alpha* or from *Gamma*, though he affects blindness: he is aware that a multitude of competent witnesses, no matter whether seven or seven hundred, is able to establish that which a single witness could not; in fact, that increasing the number of witnesses is able to compensate increasing incredibility in the subject of doubt; that even supposing this subject a resurrection from the dead, there may be assigned a quantity of evidence (*x*) greater than the resistance to the credibility. And he betrays the fact, that he has one eye open to his own jesuitism by palming upon us an apparent multitude for a real one, thus drawing all the credit he can from the name of a multitude, and yet evading the force which he strictly knew to be lodged in the thing; seeking the reputation of the case *Beta*, but shrinking from its hostile force.

* By a neutral case is meant, 1st, one in which there is no previous reason from a great doctrine requiring such an event for its support, to expect a resurrection; 2dly, a case belonging to a period of time in which it is fully believed that miraculous agency has ceased.

SECTION IV.

Of the Argument as affected by a Classification of Miracles.

Let us now inquire whether Hume's argument would be affected by the differences in miracles upon the most general distribution of their kinds.

Miracles may be classed generally as inner or outer.

I. The inner, or those which may be called miracles for the individual, are such as go on, or may go on, within the separate personal consciousness of each separate man. And it shows how forgetful people are of the very doctrines which they themselves profess as Christians, when we consider, on the one hand, that miracles in this sense are essential to Christianity, and yet, on the other hand, consider how often it is said that the age of miracles is past. Doubtless, in the sense of external miracles, all such agencies are past. But in the other sense, there are distinct classes of the supernatural agency, which we are now considering; and these three are held by many Christians; two by most Christians; and the third by all. They are

a.—*Special Providences*: which class it is that many philosophic Christians doubt or deny.

β.—*Grace*: both predisposing [by old theologians called *prevenient*] and effectual.

γ.—*Prayer considered as efficacious*.

Of these three we repeat, that the two last are held by most Christians; and yet it is evident that both presume a supernatural agency. But this agency exists only where it is sought. And even where it *does* exist, from its very nature (as an *interior* experience for each separate consciousness) it is incommunicable. But that does not defeat its purpose. It is of its essence to be incommunicable. And, therefore, with relation to Hume's great argument, which was designed to point out a vast *hiatus* or inconsistency in the divine economy—"Here is a miraculous agency, perhaps, but it is incommunicable: it may exist, but it cannot manifest itself; which defect neutralizes it, and defeats the very purpose of its existence"—the answer is, that as respects these interior miracles, there is no such inconsistency. They are meant for the private forum of each man's consciousness: nor would it have met any human necessity to

have made them communicable. The language of Scripture is, that he who wishes experimentally to know the changes that may be accomplished by prayer, must pray. In that way only, and not by communication of knowledge from another, could he understand it as a practical effect. And to understand it not practically, but only in a speculative way, could not meet any religious wish, but merely an irreligious curiosity.

As respects one great division of miraculous agency, it is clear, therefore, that Hume's argument does not apply. The arrow glances past: not so much missing its aim as taking a false one. The *hiatus* which it supposes, the insulation and incommunicability which it charges upon the miraculous as a capital oversight, was part of the design: such mysterious agencies were *meant* to be incommunicable, and for the same reason which shuts up each man's consciousness into a silent world of its own—separate and inaccessible to all other consciousnesses. If a communication is thrown open by such agencies between the separate spirit of each man and the supreme Spirit of the universe, then the end is accomplished: and it is part of that end to close this communication against all other cognizance. So far Hume is baffled. The supernatural agency is incommunicable: it ought to be so. That is its perfection.

II. But now, as respects the other great order of miracles—viz. the *external*, first of all, we may remark a very important subdivision: miracles, in this sense, subdivide into two most different orders—1st, *Evidential* miracles, which simply prove Christianity. 2nd, *Constituent* miracles, which, in a partial sense, are Christianity. And, perhaps, it may turn out that Hume's objection, if applicable at all, is here applicable in a separate way and with a varying force.

The 1st class, the evidential miracles, are all those which were performed merely as evidences (whether simply as indications, or as absolute demonstrations) of the divine power which upheld Christianity. The 2d class, the constituent miracles, are those which constitute a part of Christianity. Two of these are absolutely indispensable to Christianity, and cannot be separated from it even in thought, viz,

the miraculous birth of our Saviour, and his miraculous resurrection. The first is essential upon this ground—that unless Christ had united the two natures (divine and human) he could not have made the satisfaction required: not being human, then, indeed, he might have had power to go through the mysterious sufferings of the satisfaction: but how would that have applied to man? It would have been perfect, but how would it have been relevant? Not being divine, then indeed any satisfaction he could make would be relevant: but how would it have been perfect? The mysterious and supernatural birth, therefore, was essential, as a capacitation for the work to be performed; and, on the other hand, the mysterious death and consequences were essential, as the very work itself.

Now, therefore, having made this distinction, we may observe, that the first class of miracles was occasional and polemic: it was meant to meet a special hostility incident to the birth-struggles of a new religion, and a religion which, for the very reason that it was true, stood opposed to the spirit of the world; of a religion which, in its first stage, had to fight against a civil power in absolute possession of the civilised earth, and backed by seventy legions. This being settled, it follows, that if Hume's argument were applicable in its whole strength to the evidential miracles, no result of any importance could follow. It is clear that a Christianised earth never can want polemic miracles again; polemic miracles were wanted for a transitional state, but such a state cannot return. Polemic miracles were wanted for a state of conflict with a dominant idolatry. It was Christianity militant, and militant with child-like arms, against Paganism triumphant. But Christianity, in league with civilisation, and resting on the powers of this earth allied with her own, never again can speak to idolatrous man except from a station of infinite superiority. If, therefore, these evidential miracles are incommunicable as respects their proofs to after generations, neither are they wanted.

Still it will be urged—were not the miracles meant for purposes ulterior to the transitional state? Were they not meant equally for the polemic purpose of confuting hostility at the

moment, and of propping the faith of Christians in all after ages? The growing opinion amongst reflecting Christians is, that they were not; that the evidential miracles accomplished their whole purpose in their own age. Something of supernatural agency, visibly displayed was wanted for the first establishment of a new faith. But, once established, it was a false faith only that could need this external support. Christianity could not unroot itself now, though every trace of evidential miracle should have vanished. Being a true religion, once rooted in man's knowledge and man's heart, it is self-sustained; it never could be eradicated.

But, waiving that argument, it is evident, that whatever becomes of the evidential miracles, Christianity never can dispense with those transcendent miracles which we have called *constituent*,—those which do not so much demonstrate Christianity as *are* Christianity in a large integral section. Now as to the way in which Hume's argument could apply to these, we shall reserve what we have to say until a subsequent section. Meantime, with respect to the other class, the simply evidential miracles, it is plain; that if ever they should be called for again, then, as to *them*, Hume's argument will be evaded, or not, according to their purpose. If their function regards an individual, it will be no just objection to them that they are incommunicable. If it regards a multitude or a nation, then the same power which utters the miracle can avail for its manifestation before a multitude, as happened in the days of the New Testament, *and then is realized the case Beta of Sect. II.* And if it is still objected, that even in that case there could be no sufficient way of propagating the miracle, with its evidence, to other times or places, the answer must be,—

1st, That, supposing the purpose merely polemic, that purpose is answered without such a propagation.

2dly, That, supposing the purpose, by possibility, an ulterior purpose, stretching into distant ages, even then our modern arts of civilisation—printing, &c.—give us advantages which place a remote age on a level with the present as to the force of evidence; and that even the defect of *autopsy* may be compensated by sufficient testimony of a multitude, it is evident that

Hume himself felt, by his evasion in the case of the imaginary Elizabethan miracle proposed by himself.

RECAPITULATION.

Now let us recapitulate the steps we have made before going on to the rest.

1st, We have drawn into notice [Sect. II.] the case *Beta*,—overlooked by Hume in his argument, but apparently not overlooked in his consciousness,—the case where a multitude of witnesses overrules the incommunicability attaching to a single witness.

2dly, We have drawn into notice the class of internal miracles,—miracles going on in the inner economy of every Christian's heart; for it is essential to a Christian to allow of prayer. He cannot *be* a Christian if he should condemn prayer; and prayer cannot hope to produce its object without a miracle. And to such miracles Hume's argument, the argument of incommunicability, is inapplicable. They do not seek to transplant themselves; every man's personal experience in this respect is meant for himself alone.

3dly, Even amongst miracles *not* internal, we have shown—that if one class (the merely evidential and polemic) are incommunicable, *i. e.* not capable of propagation to a remote age or place, they have sufficiently fulfilled their immediate purpose by their immediate effect. But such miracles are alien and accidental to Christianity. Christ himself reprov'd severely those who sought such signs, as a wicked, unbelieving generation; and afterwards he reprov'd, with a most pathetic reproach, that one of his own disciples who demanded such a sign. But besides these evidential miracles, we noticed also,

4thly, The constituent miracles of Christianity; upon which, as regarded Hume's argument, we reserved ourselves to the latter section: and to these we now address ourselves.

But first we premise this

Lemma:—

That an *à priori* (or, as we shall show, an *à posteriori*) reason for believing a miracle, or for expecting a miracle, will greatly disturb the valuation of *x* (that is, the abstract resistance to credibility), as assumed in Hume's argument. This is the

centre in which, we are satisfied, lurks that *απορροή ψευδός* which Hume himself suspected: and we add, that as a vast number of witnesses (according to a remark made in Sect. II.) will virtually operate as a reduction of the value allowed to *x*, until *x* may be made to vanish altogether,—so, in the reverse order, any material reduction of value in *x* will virtually operate exactly as the multiplication of witnesses; and the case *Alpha* will be raised to the case *Beta*.

This *lemma* being stated as a point of appeal in what follows, we proceed to—

SECTION IV.

On Hume's Argument, as affected by the purpose.

This topic is so impressive, and indeed awful, in its relation to Christianity, that we shall not violate its majesty by doing more than simply stating the case. All the known or imagined miracles that ever were recorded as flowing from any Pagan origin, were miracles—1. Of ostentation; 2. of ambition and rivalry; 3. expressions of power; or, 4. were blind accidents. Not even in pretence were any of them more than that. First and last came the Christian miracles, on behalf of a *moral* purpose. The purpose was to change man's idea of his own nature; and to change his idea of God's nature. Many other purposes might be stated; but all were moral. Now to any other wielder of supernatural power, real or imaginary, it never had occurred, by way of pretence even, that in working miracles he had a moral object. And here, indeed, comes in the argument of Christ with tremendous effect—that, whilst all other miracles might be liable to the suspicion of having been effected by alliance with darker agencies, his only (as sublime moral agencies for working the only revolution that ever was worked in man's nature) could not be liable to such a suspicion; since, if an evil spirit would lend himself to the propagation of good in its most transcendent form, in that case the kingdom of darkness would be “divided against itself.”

Here, then, is an *à posteriori* reason, derived from the whole subsequent life and death of the miracle-worker, for diminishing the value of *x* according to the *Lemma*.

SECTION V.

On the Argument of Hume as affected by Matters of Fact.

It is a very important axiom of the schoolmen in this case—that, *à posse ad esse non valet consequentia*, you can draw no inference from the possibility of a thing to its reality, but that, in the reverse order, *ab esse ad posse*, the inference is inevitable: if it is, or if it ever has been—then of necessity it can be. Hume himself would have admitted, that the proof of any one miracle, beyond all possibility of doubt, at once lowered the — of his argument (*i. e.* the value of the resistance to our faith) so as to affect the whole force of that argument, as applying to all other miracles whatever having a rational and an adequate purpose. Now it happens that we have two cases of miracles which can be urged in this view: one *à posteriori*, derived from our historical experience, and the other *à priori*. We will take them separately.

1. The *à priori* miracle we call such—not (as the unphilosophic may suppose) because it occurred previously to our own period, or from any consideration of time whatever, but in the logical meaning, as having been derived from our reason in opposition to our experience. This order of miracle it is manifest that Hume overlooked altogether, because he says expressly that we have nothing to appeal to in this dispute except our human experience. But it happens that we have; and precisely where the possibilities of experience desert us. We know nothing through experience (whether physical or historical) of what preceded or accompanied the first introduction of man upon this earth. But, in the absence of all experience, our reason informs us—that he must have been introduced by a supernatural agency. Thus far we are sure. For the sole alternative is one which would be equally mysterious, and besides, contradictory to the marks of change—of transition—and of perishableness in our planet itself,—*viz.* the hypothesis of an eternal unoriginated race: and that is more confounding to the human intellect than any miracle whatever: so that, even tried merely as one probability against another, the miracle would have the advantage. The miracle supposes a supersensual

and transcendent cause. The opposite hypothesis supposes effects without any cause. In short, upon any hypothesis, we are driven to suppose—and compelled to suppose—a miraculous state as introductory to the earliest state of nature. The planet, indeed, might form itself by mechanical laws of motion, repulsion, attraction, and central forces. But man could not. Life could not. Organization, even animal organization, might perhaps be explained out of mechanical causes. But life could not. Life is itself a great miracle. Suppose the nostrils formed by mechanic agency; still the breath of life could not enter them without a supernatural force. And *à fortiori*, man, with his intellectual and moral capacities, could not arise upon this planet without a higher agency than any lodged in that nature which is the object of our present experience. This kind of miracle, as deduced by our reason, and not witnessed experimentally, or drawn from any past records, we call an *à priori* miracle.

2. But there is another kind of miracle, which Hume ought not to have overlooked, but which he has, however, overlooked: he himself observes, very justly, that *prophecy* is a distinct species of the miraculous; and, no doubt, he neglected the Scriptural Prophecies, as supposing them all of doubtful interpretation, or believing with Porphyry, that such as are not doubtful, must have been posterior to the event which they point to. It happens, however, that there are some prophecies which cannot be evaded or “refused,” some to which neither objection will apply. One, we will here cite, by way of example:—The prophecy of Isaiah, describing the desolation of Babylon, was delivered about seven centuries before Christ. A century or so *after* Christ, comes Porphyry, and insinuates, that all the prophecies alike might be comparatively recent forgeries! Well, for a moment suppose it: but, at least, they existed in the days of Porphyry. Now, it happens, that more than two centuries *after* Porphyry, we have good evidence, as to Babylon, that it had not yet reached the stage of utter desolation predicted by Isaiah. Four centuries after Christ, we learn from a Father of the Christian Church, who had good personal information as to

its condition, that it was then become a solitude, but a solitude in good preservation as a royal park. The vast city had disappeared, and the murmur of myriads; but as yet there were no signs whatever of ruin or desolation. Not until our own nineteenth century was the picture of Isaiah seen in full realization—then lay the lion basking at noonday—then crawled the serpents from their holes; and at night the whole region echoed with the wild cries peculiar to arid wildernesses. The transformations, therefore, of Babylon, have been going on slowly through a vast number of centuries until the perfect accomplishment of Isaiah's picture. Perhaps they have travelled through a course of much more than two thousand years: and, from the glimpses we gain of Babylon at intervals, we know for certain that Isaiah had been dead for many centuries before his vision could have even *begun* to realize itself. But then, says an objector, the final ruins of great empires and cities may be safely assumed on general grounds of observation. Hardly, however, if they happen to be seated in a region so fertile as Mesopotamia, and on a great river like the Euphrates. But allow this possibility—allow the natural disappearance of Babylon in a long course of centuries. In other cases the disappearance is gradual, and at length perfect. No traces can now be found of Carthage; none of Memphis; or, if you suppose something peculiar to Mesopotamia, no traces can be found of Nineveh, on the other side of that region: none of other great cities—Roman, Parthian, Persian, Median, in that same region or adjacent regions. Babylon only is circumstantially described by Jewish prophecy as long surviving itself in a state of visible and audible desolation: and to Babylon only such a description applies. Other prophecies might be cited with the same result. But this is enough. And here is an *à posteriori* miracle.

Now, observe: these two orders of miracle, by their very nature, absolutely evade the argument of Hume. The incommunicability disappears altogether. The value of $-x$ absolutely vanishes and becomes $=0$. The human reason, being immutable, suggests to every age, renews and regenerates for ever, the necessary inference of a miraculous state antecedent

to the natural state. And, for the miracles of prophecy, these require no evidence and depend upon none: they carry their own evidence along with them; they utter their own testimonies, and they are continually reinforcing them; for, probably, every successive period of time reproduces fresh cases of prophecy completed. But even one, like that of Babylon, realizes the case of *Beta* (Sec. II.) in its most perfect form. History, which attests it, is the voice of every generation, checked and countersigned in effect by all the men who compose it.

SECTION VI.

Of the Argument as affected by the particular Worker of the Miracles.

This is the last "moment," to use the language of mechanics, which we shall notice in this discussion. And here there is a remarkable *petitio principii* in Hume's management of his argument. He says, roundly, that it makes no difference at all if God were connected with the question as the author of the supposed miracles. And why? Because, says he, we know God only by experience—meaning as involved in nature—and, therefore, that in so far as miracles transcend our experience of nature, they transcend by implication our experience of God. But the very question under discussion is—whether God did, or did not, manifest himself to human experience in the miracles of the New Testament. But, at all events, the idea of God in itself already includes the notion of a *power* to work miracles, whether that power were ever exercised or not; and as Sir Isaac Newton thought that space might be the sensorium of God, so may we (and with much more philosophical propriety) affirm that the miraculous and the transcendent is the very nature of God. God being assumed, it is as easy to believe in a miracle issuing from him as in any operation according to the laws of nature (which, after all, is possibly in many points only the nature of our planet): it is as easy, because either mode of action is indifferent to him. Doubtless this argument, when addressed to an Atheist, loses its force; because he refuses to assume a God. But then, on the other hand, it must be remembered, that Hume's argument itself does not stand on the footing of

Atheism. He supposes it binding on a Theist. Now a Theist, in starting from the idea of God, grants, of necessity, the plenary power of miracles far greater and more awful than man could even comprehend. All he wants is a sufficient motive for such transcendent agencies; but this is supplied in excess (as regards what we have called the *constituent* miracles of Christianity) by the case of a religion that was to revolutionize the moral nature of man. The moral nature—the kingdom of the will—is essentially opposed to the kingdom of nature even by the confession of irreligious philosophers; and, therefore, being itself a supersensual field, it seems more reasonably adapted to agencies supernatural than such as are natural.

GENERAL RECAPITULATION.

In Hume's argument— x , which expresses the resistance to credibility in a miracle, is valued as of necessity equal to the very maximum or ideal of human testimony; which, under the very best circumstances, might be equal to $+x$, in no case more, and in all known cases less. We, on the other hand, have endeavoured to show—

1. That, because Hume contemplates only the case of a single witness, it will happen that the case *Beta* [of Sect. II.] where a multitude of witnesses exist, may greatly exceed $+x$; and with a sufficient multitude must exceed x .

2. That in the case of internal miracles—operations of divine agency within the mind and conscience of the individual—Hume's argument is necessarily set aside: the evidence, the $+x$, is perfect for the individual, and the miraculous agency is meant for him only.

3. That, in the case of one primary miracle, viz., the first origination of man on this planet, the evidence greatly transcends x : because here it is an

evidence not derived from experience at all, but from the reflecting reason: and the miracle has the same advantage over facts of experience, that a mathematical truth has over the truths which rest on induction. It is the difference between *must be* and *is*—between the inevitable and the merely actual.

4. That, in the case of another order of miracles, viz., prophecies, Hume's argument is again overruled; because the $+x$ in this case, the affirmative evidence, is not derived from human testimony. Some prophecies are obscure; they may be fulfilled possibly without men's being aware of the fulfilment. But others, as that about the fate of Babylon—about the fate of the Arabs (the children of Ishmael)—about the fate of the Jews—are not of a nature to be misunderstood; and the evidence which attends them is not alien, but is intrinsic, and developed by themselves in successive stages from age to age.

5. That, because the primary miracle in No. 3 argues at least a *power* competent to the working of a miracle, for any after miracle we have only to seek a sufficient *motive*. Now, the objects of the Christian revelation were equal at the least to those of the original creation. In fact, Christianity may be considered as a second creation; and the justifying cause for the *constituent* miracles of Christianity is even to us as apparent as any which could have operated at the primary creation. The *epigenesis* was, at least, as grand an occasion as the *genesis*. Indeed, it is evident, for example, that Christianity itself could not have existed without the constituent miracle of the Resurrection; because without that there would have been no conquest over death. And here, as in No. 3, $+x$ is derived—not from any experience, and therefore cannot be controlled by that sort of hostile experience which Hume's argument relies on; but is derived from the reason which transcends all experience.

TURKEY, EGYPT, AND THE AFFAIRS OF THE EAST.

THERE is a witchery, an enchantment, about all that relates to *the East*, which throws far into the shade the more homely spectacles, and the more familiar events of the western world; and which renders us fabulists rather than historians, and novelists rather than biographers, when we attempt to write of Turkey, Egypt, and the East. *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments* is the mirror of Eastern life and of Eastern history. The porphyry pillars, the bazaars, and baths; the gilded barges, the embroidered elephants, the cloudless skies, the half-veiled maidens of Eastern luxury; the curtains which surround the voluptuous slaves of the mighty pachas, beys, and lords, of those distant climes; the feathers of the egret of Cashmere, or of the argus pheasant's wing; the costly armour of the cavaliers, the lake of pearl, the sacred shade of a banyan tree, the Brahmins of the great Pagoda, the story-tellers of the East, the shawl goats of Thibet, the flowered girdles, the hung strings of fine pearl, the kitars to which Arab maids listened by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra, the prophet-chief, his tomb, the haram's curtained galleries, the burning focusts of Brahma, the rich Divan with its turbaned heads, the fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape, the full and fawn-like eyes of Persia, the small half-shut glances of China, the bloom of Georgia, and Azar's darker smiles; the splendid pageants, the endless processions, the white flag of Mokauna, the hundreds of banners to the sunbeam spread, the plumes, and lances, and the glittering thrones; Buchar's ruby mines, Eden's sainted shades, the mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of distant ages; the camels with their camel-drivers, the Hassan of the desert, the caravan-seras, the gold-coloured campac on the black hair of the Eastern women, the perfumed rods of the Eastern halls, the variegated coories which visit the coral trees, the blue pigeons of Mecca, the pagoda thrush, the birds of paradise, the white heron's feathers in the Uzbek Tartar's turban, and the "Alla Acbar" cry of the Arab—are some of the Eastern remembrances of our youth, and some of the dreamy recol-

lections of departed years, when "life was new, and all was in its spring!"

The Christian, when he thinks of the East, remembers "the Man of sorrows, who was acquainted with grief"—follows him in his wanderings in the Holy land—gazes on that bright star of Bethlehem, which led the Eastern sages and the Eastern shepherds to a stable and an infant—listens to the sayings of him "who spake as never man spake," on the Sea of Galilee, on the Lake of Gennesaret, on the Mount of Olives, and in the Temple of Jerusalem—weeps at the Cross of Calvary, and in the Garden of Gethsemane, and treads with hallowed awe those plains, or ascends with sacred rapture those mountains, which were once gazed on by that eye which ever beamed love and mercy, and which was itself moistened with tears, when he wept at the grave of Lazarus, or over the then future fate of the Holy City. The pious Jew, when he thinks of the East, remembers that there the first man was created—that there dwelt the first long-lived patriarchs, and the descendants of Noah till long after the Deluge—and that there the great monarchies of Assyria, Babylon, and Persia, were founded and flourished. He remembers the land of Judea or Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Assyria, Arabia, and Egypt. Palestine is pre-eminently dear to him. There the kingdoms of Israel and Judah flourished—there the temple of God was erected by King Solomon—there most of the inspired Scriptures were written—and there, in after ages, One arose who accomplished the all-important work of human redemption, and the Apostles of the Saviour were supernaturally qualified to go forth among all nations to preach the gospel of eternal salvation to a lost and ruined world. In the East, also, lay the land of Canaan, the land of promise to Abraham and his family, the land of Palestine, named after the Philistines, and that land of Judea, from the tribe of Judah possessing its most fertile division, now more commonly called the Holy Land, as there the ministry of Christ was exercised, and there the obedience, and death, and resurrection, and ascension of our

Redeemer took place for our eternal salvation.

What Christian can hear of SYRIA, and think of Antioch, now Antachia, without remembering that it was there that the Christians were first so called after their Divine master?

There were the mighty Babylon, the humble Bethany, the celebrated Bethesda, the hill of Calvary, the Cana in Galilee, the well-remembered Capernaum, the rivulet Kedron, the lamented Chorazin, the distinguished Corinth, the famous Damascus, the cities of Decapolis, the beloved Emmaus, the adored Galilee, the awful Golgotha, the destroyed Gomorrah, the often-mentioned Jericho, the four-hilled Jerusalem, the dear and worshipped Nazareth, the ancient and venerable Nineveh, the Patmos, so interesting to our earliest astonishment, the Samaria, whose daughter's history has so often been perused with delight, the Sarepta, with whose widow we are so familiar, the Siloam, whose healing waters we have heard of from our infancy, the Sheba, whose Queen has surprised us by her unbounding riches, the Sinai and the Horeb of another dispensation, the Zion, whose children's songs shall constitute the music of heaven, the Sodom, whose destruction we mourn over, the Tarsus, whose Saul afterwards became the glorious apostle of the Gentiles, and the Mount Tabor of Palestine, on which, in very deed, transpired the scene of the Transfiguration.

The philosopher, whether natural or moral, the poet, the linguist, the lover of arts and sciences, the antiquarian, the painter, the sculptor, the historian of ancient days and of by-gone centuries, all seek in the records, monuments, and recollections of the *East*, materials for their minds, tastes, and occupations; and drawing from those vast storehouses of knowledge and of facts, they enrich our libraries, adorn our galleries, and excite a livelier piety in our houses and in our temples.

We approach, then, with unaffected diffidence, and yet with undisguised delight, the consideration of the *Eastern question*; and, with the page of prophecy in one hand and the light of revelation in the other, we propose to open up fully this mighty and momentous subject. Nations do not rise

and sink of their own volition; the decline and fall of the Turkish empire, and the expanding power and influence of the Egyptian monarchy, are not the doings of man, but the works of God; and we feel, as the patriarch was enjoined to do, when approaching the burning bush—"the place on which we stand is holy ground."

But whilst we thus introduce to the attention of our readers this mighty question of the "*affairs of the East*," let it not be supposed that we shall be unmindful of those "*material*" questions which are identified with the history of modern society, or that we shall not descend from the heights and loftiness of the mountain, to the shades and retirement, obscurity and work-day character of the valley. Whilst we would cultivate, as a source of cheerfulness, excitement, and pure delight, the illusions of the world in which we have *not* lived, we would not forget that world in which we are living; that we have to do with man as he is, in the age in which we are suffered to play our humble part in the great drama of time; and that we are Britons as well as Christians, and citizens of the bravest and the brightest of the Isles of the ocean, as well as of a world created by the power and the perfections of Heaven. We have no love of chimeras. We derive our greatest enjoyments from facts. Sometimes those facts are past, at other times present realities, and at others only viewed through the long vista of futurity;—but they are facts—and our faith is no more required to be exercised for the future than for the past. If, then, our introductory observations have appeared to the man of business, to the capitalist, to the merchant, to the politician, the diplomatist, or the statesman, to be more poetic than historical, and more imaginative than real;—if any of them shall have apprehended that we are disposed to deal in generalities rather than in specialties, and in flights of fancy rather than in positive and uncontradictable facts—let all such misapprehensions be laid aside, let all such misconceptions be abandoned—and let a fair and undivided attention be granted to us, whilst we unfold and develop the vast subject which now occupies our minds as well as interests our affections.

Since the incorporation of Egypt with Turkey, the two great questions, until within a few years, have been, 1st, whether the pachas have acted honestly and fairly by the Egyptians, as representatives of the Sublime Porte; and 2nd, whether they have submitted to the *suzeraineté* of the Sultan, and have faithfully transmitted the khazneh, or tribute, to the Sultan. The Mameluke Government was an episode. The Mamelouks or Mamelukes were a race originally composed of Circassian or Mingrelian slaves, and for some years were the only military force in the country. For many years, at the close of the past and during the present century, Egypt was distracted by civil wars between the contending beys, by whom its provinces were governed. In 1786, the Turkish admiral, Hassan Ali, gained several victories; but though he repressed, he could not totally subdue them. In 1811, the Pacha *Mehemet Ali*, having received information of a conspiracy formed by the Beys, he, under the plea of a solemn feast, induced 800 of the chief Mamelukes to join in a procession to Cairo. When in the citadel, they were entrapped between the outer and inner wall—many of them were shot, and the rest were beheaded. An equally large number were subsequently killed in the neighbouring towns and villages, and their massacre was pursued into Nubia, till the race of Mamelukes became extinct.

The history of the pachas, from the time of Selim I. downwards, would be profitless, though not uninteresting—and it would prolong this article to an unreasonable length. It is only necessary to be borne in mind, that the Pacha of Egypt, up to very late years, was the acknowledged subject of the Porte; that, with but very few exceptions, the submission of the pachas was complete; and that, although in consequence of the gradual weakening of Turkey by the defection of her allies England and Austria, and by the aggressions of her foes the Russians and the Greeks, her authority is so much reduced, her power so inconceivably small, and her state so helpless, as to be unable to resist the disobedience and rebellion of the present Pacha and his victorious and able son, Ibrahim,—yet that the Sublime Porte

has never recognised Egypt as an independent government, is at this moment demanding the payment of the arrears of the khazneh, and is anxious to oppose the dominion of the rebel Pacha, in that portion of its former dominions (Syria), to which now we must direct a moment's attention.

SYRIA, or Suristan, was possessed by a succession of foreign nations, before the time of Ptolemy, when it became a province of the Roman empire. Five centuries afterwards, when the sons of Theodosius divided their immense patrimony, this country was annexed to the empire of Constantinople. In this situation it continued till the 7th century, when the Arabian tribes, under the banners of Mohammed, laid it waste. Since that period, torn by civil wars and by numerous invaders, it fell into the hands of the Turks, who have been its masters from the beginning of the 16th century. It is divided into the governments of Aleppo, Tripoli, Damascus, Acre, and Gaza, or Palestine.

Is this province of Turkey in Asia, bounded on the north by Caramania and Diarbekir, on the east by the latter and by the deserts of Arabia, on the south by Arabia Petræa and Egypt, and on the west by the Mediterranean, to become a portion of Egypt, under an independent crown, and separated from Turkey,—or is it to remain connected with the Turkish empire? This is one of the mighty questions which must ere long be resolved in the East—and one of those to which we must direct the attention of our readers. Of Syria itself it has been truly said,

On Syria's plains, though plenty fills her
horn,

And Smyrna's fruitful fields abound in corn,
Deem not those happy in the peaceful shade,
Whom earthquake, fire, and pestilence in-
vade,

Whose freeborn souls to haughty despots
bow,

And for tyrannic pachas hold the plough."

If Syria and the Syrian Christians were unhappy under the domination of Turkey, they are not less so under that of Ibrahim. If the Druses encouraged the Sultan in his attempt to regain Syria, they did so with sincerity; and the whole of Syria is now prepared to rise up against their Egyptian oppressors. Alas! for poor Syria, the land of so many marvels in

ages long passed away, there is no hope, we fear, for her, either from the expiring power of the Porte, the rising fortunes of Mehemet Ali, or the tender mercies of the Cabinet of St Petersburg.

We think the reader of the foregoing pages will now be prepared for the contemporary history of Turkey—Egypt—Syria—the Sultan—the Pacha—and the approaching *dénouement*. Let us briefly recapitulate the events of the last very few years.

We have said that the treaty of *Unkiar Skelessi*, which was that of 1832, between Turkey and Russia, made Turkey the vassal of the Russian empire; and now we add, that the treaty of Kutahia, previously signed between the Porte and the Pacha, destroyed the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and constituted Egypt an independent province or nation. Yet the great Lord Chatham exclaimed, "I do not take the pains to discuss the question of the East with any man who does not perceive that the independence of the Ottoman empire is a question of life and death to Great Britain." Was Lord Chatham right—or is Lord Palmerston a better patriot, an abler diplomatist, and a more profound statesman? We shall see hereafter.

The treaty of *Unkiar Skelessi* tied and bound the Ottoman Porte, and placed it in the hands of its old enemy, Russia. The treaty of Kutahia gave Syria to the Pacha of Egypt. The Porte had lost all but Syria. Moldavia, Wallachia, Greece—all—all had been taken;—Russia was mistress *de facto* of the Dardanelles,—Egypt was only nominally subject to the Porte, to whom it even refused the payment of the tribute; but Syria was left. Well, Syria was sacrificed also—and the Porte stood alone. The former treaty rendered the old ally of Great Britain helpless, and dependent on their common antagonist—Russia: the latter treaty, that of Kutahia, conferred power on that Pacha whose ambition knows no bounds, and who will be the first to throw all impediments in the way of Great Britain in her land approaches to her Indian possessions, if he can only make such arrangements with Russia as shall secure to him and his descendants the hereditary empire of Egypt and Syria.

Thus Turkey was weakened to helplessness, and Egypt was strengthened and fortified, whilst Great Britain, under Whig domination, looked on at the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, and at the creation of an Egyptian dynasty, and pronounced no prohibition, uttered no *veto*.

France boasts that the treaty of Kutahia was favourable to her views, and satisfactory to her policy. "She gained by the treaty of Kutahia," says the French ministerial organ, "because it is the interest of France to maintain the grandeur of Egypt." But why is France interested in maintaining the "grandeur of Egypt?"

First, That she may carry on with *Egypt* an extensive and most profitable commerce.

Second, That she may carry on with *Syria* a large and beneficial trade.

Third, That the new French possessions in the Barbary States may have a powerful and independent ally on the north of Africa.

Fourth, That France may, by her alliance with Egypt, be able to exercise a control over the maritime influence of England, and, above all, may possess sufficient influence with the Egyptian Government to prevent Great Britain from greatly profiting from her proposed land communications with India.

Fifth, That France may concur with Egypt, when powerful and independent, in preventing the northern powers of Europe from gaining any footing in the north of Africa, or in Asia Minor, and any permanent and important influence in the Mediterranean.

Sixth, That France may, in conjunction with Egypt, keep Turkey in a feeble and helpless state, by perpetuating the separation of Syria from the dominions of the Porte.

And, *lastly*, That France may thus become in Eastern affairs a *mediating power*, and attain a degree of importance and weight which never could otherwise belong to her in any Oriental questions, since neither her geographical, commercial, nor maritime position entitle her to any preponderance.

France affects, indeed, to feel a great interest in the preservation of the Ottoman empire—and the government declares that it must remain in-

tact. But what does France mean by intact? Simply that Austria shall not possess Bosnia and Albania, and that Russia shall not take open and avowed possession of Constantinople. But is this sufficient to restore life to Turkey? Is this to be the compensation for the loss of Egypt, Greece, and Syria, as well as of Walachia and Moldavia?

"La France," says one of the ablest writers of the new school of politics in that country, "*dans la question d'Orient est une puissance mediatrice. Ce qui lui donne ce caractère aux yeux de tout le monde, c'est qu'il est évident qu'elle n'a en Orient aucun intérêt de conquête et d'agrandissement. Elle n'a qu'un intérêt de civilisation.*"

But what is this interest of France, when examined closely, and searched to its heart? We are told that such interest is to maintain the Ottoman empire in its present state—and we are assured that such state is one of *independence*. It is no such thing. The Ottoman Porte is dependent. It is dependent on Russia on the one hand, and on the Pacha of Egypt on the other. The French politicians tell us, that the present independence of Turkey is necessary to the preservation of the European equilibrium. But we reply that the equilibrium was destroyed by the treaties of Kutahia and of Unkiar Skelessi. When Turkey had not bowed her neck to the Pacha of Egypt—when Syria yet belonged to the Porte—when Russia did not exclude from the Dardanelles whom she thought fit to proscribe; when Wallachia and Moldavia were not under her *real* domination; when the Black Sea was not the private property of the Czar;—there was something like an European equilibrium as to the affairs of the East; but such equilibrium exists no longer—and Turkey must fall, if the *status quo* be preserved. "But," it is said, "France protested against the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi—and she could do no more." And what was the reply of Russia to her protest? "That, whenever the case should arrive that the Porte should require her aid, in virtue of the conditions of that treaty, that she should fulfil those conditions in the manner and to the extent she might think fit, paying no attention to that protest."

The interest of France, we are told, is not one of conquest. Granted. But what is it? It is the erection of an Egyptian and Syrian empire as opposed to Turkey. This is what France calls the *status quo*. "Egypt is to become a civilized state. She is on her way. France must take care not to interrupt her progress, and not to allow it to be interrupted." But why this anxiety for the progress of Egypt? The secret has escaped the French politicians of the 19th century. It is this:—for the moment, the progress of Egypt is favourable to French commerce and to French conquests in Africa;—and eventually Egypt and Syria may be worthy of French ambition! "Commençons par fonder notre colonie d'Alger," cries the monarchical organ of the Revolution of July. And what afterwards? Listen to the following announcement:—

"Tant que la guerre sera contenue entre l'Egypt et la Turquie, tant que le traité de Kutahia seulement sera en question, la question sera encore tout-a-fait Orientale."

Yes; but when it shall cease to be wholly Oriental, when that war, as to the East, which Marshal Soult, the Premier of France, has just declared at the French tribune to be sooner or later *inevitable*, shall break out, what will then be the position and conduct of France? Hear, again, the government organ.

"Mais dès que la guerre sortira de ce cercle, dès que le traité d'Unkiar Skelessi sera aussi remis en jeu, la lutte alors s'engagera entre l'Angleterre et la Russie, la question deviendra Européenne, and Dieu seul sait le dénouement."

Thus the policy of France is for the moment—for the time being—for some years to come, to favour the progress of Egypt in Syria; to assist the development of what she calls "Egyptian civilisation;" to maintain intact the treaties of Kutahia and Unkiar Skelessi; to preserve a nominal and sham, but not real peace, between the Porte and the Pacha; to profit from this state of things in her trade and commerce; to exert her influence in preventing Great Britain from completing her arrangements for her overland expeditions to India; and then, when the time shall come to decide whether there shall be a Turkish or an Egypt-

tian empire, to be able to say, "I have the north of Africa under my control. Algiers is mine: Tunis is mine: Tripoli is mine. It is now time that Egypt should be mine also; and that thus both coasts of the Mediterranean should be subject to my sway, and obey my domination." And is this a new project on the part of France? Is this the policy of 1839 only? No; it was the policy of the Directory, of the Consulate, and of the Empire; and if we may believe the declarations of the opponents of the Restoration, it was not foreign to the views of those who undertook, in 1830, the expedition against Algiers.

The French politicians, and the best French writers on this Oriental question, are perpetually speaking of the "*interior regeneration of the Ottoman empire!*" What does this mean? What has France to do with the interior regeneration of the Ottoman empire? Let us see. Has this "regeneration," as it is termed, been productive of weakness or of strength to the Ottoman Porte? Has it attached the populations of Turkey in Europe, Turkey in Asia, or Turkey in Africa, to the Ottoman government? No. Have the changes introduced fortified the alliances of the Sultan, concentrated the national spirit, bound the Mussulmans together as one man, and given life and vigour to a decaying frame? Just the reverse. We speak not as amateurs when we say this, but on the information of the most able and enlightened travellers and residents of modern days. The bankrupt noble, who has no longer his chests filled with guineas and his title-deeds free from mortgage—who can no longer meet the pressing demands of enraged creditors with a diminished revenue and lessened estates—will perhaps inveigh against the extravagance of former years, and the villainy of his dismissed stewards. The banquets of gone-by days will be condemned as absurd, and the splendours of his more wealthy years as madness and folly. But why did not the nobleman entertain these opinions when his resources were vast, and his means of existence and happiness indubitable? No, no; he is still a spendthrift by choice, and reformed only from necessity. Thus it is with the Sultan Mahmoud and his Turkish subjects. They have no taste for the penury, the reductions, the occi-

dentalism, the journalism, the budgetism, the parliamentaryism of the 19th century. The times of Soliman are still those to which they look back, and refer with Ottoman pride and Eastern delight. They know and feel that Turkey is fallen. They know and they feel that the Turkey of 1839, is but the shadow of the Turkey of former generations. The "regeneration" of the Ottoman empire, to which French writers so often refer, is nothing more than the expedient of the bankrupt noble—the disgust of a worn-out voluptuary—the affected disapprobation of lust, which time and circumstances no longer allow to be enjoyed. The "regeneration" in question is the evidence of weakness, not of power—of fallen grandeur, and not of rising glory. When France thus proposes that Turkey shall be left to herself—she places the *escutcheon* beforehand on the gates of that once mighty empire, and inscribes on the sign of dissolution, "*REQUIESCAT IN PACE!*" When France proposes that the treaty of Kutahia shall be maintained, and that Turkey shall be left to pursue the work of her own regeneration, she merely seeks to gain time for the working of her own policy, which is that of suffering Turkey to expire, that Algiers in the mean time may become a wide and a mighty colony, and that, when the East shall have to be divided, her share may be Egypt. With such convictions as to the nature of French policy in the East, we have undertaken the preparation of the preceding and following observations on the Eastern question; and we now propose to examine, deliberately but briefly, the present state of the Eastern crisis.

The history of *Turkey* has shown us, that in all ages Russia has been the enemy of the Ottoman Porte. This is a fact of vast importance.

The history of *Egypt* has shown us, that the Porte has never voluntarily abandoned that province of its mighty dominions; and that Mehemet Ali is still in revolt against his legitimate sovereign.

The history of *Syria* has shown us, that never did it belong to Egypt; that for centuries it belonged to Turkey; and that, at this very moment, the Syrian Christians have decidedly less partiality for Ibrahim Pacha than even for the Porte and the Crescent.

Yet what is the present state of things in Turkey, Egypt, and Syria? Why, that *Turkey* is "protected" by her bitterest foe;—that *Egypt* is encouraged in her rebellion against the Porte, even by those who profess (as does France) to maintain the *status quo*;—and that *Syria* is to be required, and if necessary compelled, to submit to the domination of Egypt; and the mere advance of a Turkish corps to the frontiers of that province, is to be magnified into a cause for legitimate war on the part of all Europe against the Sultan.

We have said that Egypt is encouraged in her rebellion against the Sultan, and we say so advisedly. The French Government never protested against the treaty of Kutahia. The French Government has encouraged the Pacha of Egypt in his *Syrian* victories. The French Government now, to this day, requires that Syria shall remain attached to the territories of the victorious Ibrahim. But more than this: the Pacha of Egypt claims to be "*independent*" of the Sultan, and France encourages him in his ambitious projects. We know well that we shall be told that, in August last, when Mehemet Ali announced his intention of asserting that independence, the French Consul was the first to protest to the Pacha against the adoption of such a resolution; and that the Consul-General of France represented to the Viceroy, that to proclaim his independence "*at that time*" would be to rekindle war, and that, if necessary, the powers of Europe would oppose it by force. But what did this protest mean? The words, "*at that time*," embody all its sense and application; and the reply of the Pacha proved that he well understood his position.

"The Pacha," said the diplomatic note, "fully relies on the excellent intentions of the four powers with respect to him. He regrets to see them opposed to his views; but he predicts that the time is not far removed when they will change their opinion. He hopes, above all, that the *hereditary question* of the throne will be resolved in his favour. He will be satisfied if it shall be terminated without war, and by means of negotiations; but if he cannot thus succeed, and if he shall be forced to have recourse to arms, he will then proclaim not only

the hereditary rights of his crown, but the entire independence of Egypt. He is firmly resolved not to allow himself to be delivered up to the Porte by the European powers. He is old, and perhaps there is nothing better for him to do than to fall honourably in the conflict, rather than to leave his family, his servants, and his people, to the hazard of events. He has, in the course of his life, been obliged to shed much blood, in order to establish that which he has done, to obtain that which he possesses. He is resolved that such blood shall not have been shed in vain. Besides this, his views are in harmony with the interests and the policy of Europe. Why then sacrifice them? He is not of their religion—but he is a man like themselves, and he should be treated like a man; that is to say, he should be allowed to provide for the destiny of his children, for whose future fortunes he would provide. If the great powers of Europe do not approve of these reasons—if they will not give him any guarantee for the stability of the state of things existing in Egypt—if they reduce him to the necessity of following only his own inspirations, and of taking counsel only of himself—he is decided on sacrificing the rest of his life and of his strength to put an end to a state of uncertainty which is unsupportable, because, above all, it weighs down upon his children. Besides this, he knows well, that if the great powers are agreed on oppressing him, he must succumb; but these powers are already so powerful and great, that such a victory will add nothing to their renown, and that even the consequences of that victory may embarrass them. As to himself, there are ninety-five *against*, and but five *for* him; but that is of no moment.

In war the dice are always uncertain; and if hazard should cause them to be favourable to him, he leaves to the great powers the duty of considering the consequences of a victory which no one then will have the right to control or to moderate."

And what says France to this protest of the Pacha? Does she remind him of the conditions of Selim, of the character of all pachalik governments, of the impossibility of Europe to encourage revolt, and of the fact that the Porte, who conquered Egypt, and instituted a pacha there, has alone the

right of altering the form and direction of the government? No such thing.

"The hereditary rights of Mehemet Ali," cries the French Government organ, is an acquired right. It could not be disputed. We must desire ourselves to see civilisation by degrees gain possession, little by little, of all the coasts of the Mediterranean! *Thanks to our arms!* civilisation has regained a footing in Africa; in Egypt, thanks to Mehemet Ali; in Greece, thanks to the Treaty of London; and at Constantinople, thanks to the reforms attempted by the Sultan!"

Thus France has settled for herself the "*hereditary*" question of the throne of Egypt; and until the future events in the East shall enable her to take possession of that country for herself, she proclaims to Europe the necessity for changing the form of Government in the Egyptian dominions of the Sultan. Thus are whispered away the "*rights*" of the Ottoman Porte, and "*civilisation*" and "*the progress of reform*" are the cant phrases of the French politicians. But that the whole of the views and reasonings of France on this important question of the *hereditary* throne of Mehemet may be fully understood, we transcribe the following observations from the Government organ of that country.

"It would be painful to think that Egypt, after the death of Mehemet Ali, was to be restored to barbarism. Thus the hereditary throne of Egypt, in the family of Mehemet Ali, is an acquired fact. His children will endeavour to maintain it. Who is the pacha that would dispute their rights? We add, that this regular and peaceable manner of creating new states, appears to be one of the maxims of our times. It is thus that Greece became, by little and little, an independent kingdom. It is thus that Walachia and Moldavia have acquired, by a series of treaties, an independence certainly greater with regard to the Sultan, their former master, than with regard to the Czar, their new protector. The recognition of the hereditary throne of Egypt, in the family of Mehemet Ali, will be thus one of those regular and peaceable acts which prepare the way for the new life of states."

This is open and undisguised propaganda and democracy. There is no revolution, however unjust—no revolt, however savage or blind—that may not be vindicated and approved on such principles as these. At this rate the Belgian insurrection may be defended, because it is successful, as one of the "*regular and peaceable means*" of creating new states.

But what says the organ of the French Cabinet as to the rights of the Ottoman Porte? Are they actually neglected or passed over by the writers in question? Certainly not; but the manner in which they are treated is at once anarchical and deplorable.

"The Porte will preserve its *suzeraineté*, and it will, assuredly, be stronger, aided by the power of its hereditary vassal, than it is to-day; for to-day the force of Egypt is injurious to Turkey, and hereafter it will, on the contrary, serve it."

This short paragraph contains as many errors as it does words;—and each of those errors is dangerous and insidious. 1st, When the Porte shall no longer have a voice in the appointment of a pacha, its *suzeraineté* in Egypt will be at an end, except so far as the *khazneh* or tribute-money may be concerned. 2nd, When Egypt shall be governed by an hereditary pacha independent of the Porte, except perhaps the simple payment of the *khazneh*, not only will that pacha not be the vassal of the Sultan, but he will be his equal. 3rd, The force of Egypt to-day, is only injurious to Turkey, because it has usurped a force which does not belong to it, and has annexed to it dominions belonging to the Ottoman empire. 4th, The Pacha of Egypt has already announced three conditions of peace with the lifeless remains of the once-powerful Ottoman Porte, which are—1st, The annexation of the whole of Syria to Egypt; 2nd, The hereditary throne of Egypt secured to his family for ever; and 3rd, The eventual total independence of Egypt. How, then, would the mere recognition of the hereditary throne of Egypt, in the family of Mehemet Ali, secure the force of Turkey? And, finally, the erection of Egypt into a powerful, independent, and hereditary monarchy, must necessarily terminate, not in the force and progress, strength and vi-

gour of Turkey, but, on the contrary, in its final if not early destruction.

But France has a project of her own, as idle and chimerical as it is false and flimsy. She takes much pains to enforce one dogma, which is this, "*that the questions of the East should be decided by the East*," for the purpose of hiding from the public eye her real intentions. She proclaims that Europe ought *not* to interfere in Oriental questions. Why? Because it does not yet suit her to interfere herself. "Hereafter," she says, "that interference may become necessary,"—and then, when her *Algiers* shall be extensive and mighty—when *Tunis* and *Tripoli* shall be levelled to the dust—when nothing shall stand in the way of a French attack on Egypt,—when Asia Minor or Cyprus shall be valuable and gainable acquisitions,—then France will discover that the Eastern question is European as well as Asiatic, and the ports of Toulon, Marseilles, Bona, Algiers, Tunis, &c., will pour forth her vassals to the Mediterranean war. As, however, the projects of France for the future "settlement" of the affairs of the East it was necessary to keep from public observation, and as every one feels that the Eastern question is now, in 1839, one that admits not of delay, France has invented the following scheme or project, which we have called flimsy, idle, chimerical, and false. It is that of an EASTERN CONFEDERATION.

"An Oriental confederation, which shall unite under the hardy and decided protection of Western Europe all the scattered members of the ancient Ottoman empire;—Egypt, by the title of hereditary pachalick; Greece, as an independent kingdom; Walachia and Moldavia by the title of Hospodorates; with Constantinople for the centre and the capital, and the Sultan Mahmoud for suzerain and president;—a confederation of this sort would certainly be infinitely better than the impossible resurrection of the integrity of Ottoman empire."

This is the scheme of the French Government, court, and perhaps dandy. One more senseless could not be devised—and an *élève* of the college of Henri IV. would have merited dry bread and close confinement had such been his plan in reply to the question of his historical professor,—“What

are the best means to be pursued for preserving the integrity of Ottoman empire?” We are friends of peace, we are supporters of the French conservatives, and we have made many sacrifices of our sympathies and tastes to assist the government of Louis-Philippe; but we did expect some better “programme” than this.

This is indeed expecting order to spring out of disorder, and conflicting interests to co-operate for the same object. The Sultan—the robbed, spoliated, insulted Sultan—unable to open the Dardanelles without the permission of the Czar—unable to obtain the payment of the tribute of centuries from Egypt—cajoled out of Walachia and Moldavia, and tricked out of Syria, Greece, and Egypt—reduced by the treaty of Kutahai to a mere fourth-rate European power—and by the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi to play the part of a municipal governor at Constantinople;—this Sultan is to be the *suzerain* and *president* of an Oriental confederation.

From the pretensions and policy of FRANCE, if we turn to those of RUSSIA with regard to the Porte and to the question of the East, we shall find nothing to encourage or to cheer.

“Russia,” said M. de Boutenief (the Russian ambassador at Constantinople)—“Russia had no middle course to take between these two parts—either to be the first friend or the first enemy of the Porte.” And feeling this to be her position, Russia is equally ready to play either part, as her interests and as circumstances may point out: for in the Crimea and at Odessa she has always a fleet and an army, ready to hasten to protect, or equally to hasten to crush, the dying remains of the Ottoman Porte.

But what means M. de Boutenief by Russia being the “first friend of the Porte?” What has been the avowed policy of Russia towards the Ottoman empire from the time of Peter the Great downwards? The policy of encroachment. “Yes,” says M. Pozzo di Borgo, “but not that of the encroachment of others—only of her own.” This is not strictly true—for if so, how happened it that Russia consented to the treaty of Kutahia. The alphabet is not so commonly known in Russia as the fact, that the Government of that country has for centuries kept one object steadily in

view—the making Constantinople the southern capital of the Russian empire. The policy of Russia has been to weaken Turkey, since by so acting it rendered, on the one hand, resistance to her plans impracticable, and, on the other hand, it got rid of the chance of one day being opposed by a rival empire.

And if we look at the histories of the wars of Russia with the Ottoman Porte, one prominent fact will strike us, and that is, that she always undertook and carried on these wars when Europe was engaged with other and more pressing subjects. The reason was evident. Her wars with the Porte have not been those of vengeance, of sudden and quick quarrel, of the wrath of an enemy who has been provoked to combat, and who seeks to satisfy the demands of his dignity and his honour. Nothing of the sort. The wars of Russia against the Porte, especially those of the last hundred years, have been those of deliberate encroachment on its territory—of a systematic resolution to weaken its power and diminish its influence; not all at once, so as to create anxiety or alarm, but by degrees—now a little and then a little—sometimes laying by for a series of years, but always returning to the charge. The policy of Russia towards Poland has been of a similar character. Thus Russia has, by degrees, destroyed the nationality of both countries. In pursuance of this system of gradual destruction, or of gradual incorporation, Russia obtained the treaty of Adrianople, and subsequently that of Unkiar Skelessi. From that moment she proclaimed herself the guardian of the Porte—and Turkey became not the ward but the vassal of the Russian empire. Since the signature of the last-named treaty, six years have passed away—and we now approach the consideration of the present position of affairs. Turkey, bound down, fettered, and feeling her chains, has been, on the one hand, solicitous of destroying the treaty of Kutahia, whilst Egypt has been endeavouring to extend its effects and advantages. England has been anxious to diminish the evil consequences of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, whilst Russia has sought to fortify it. France and Austria, supremely anxious to avert a general war, as neither power was prepared to engage in it, have exerted all their in-

fluence to prevent a collision between Great Britain and Russia. Thus the labour of six years has been, on the part of France, England, Austria, and Turkey, to gain time; and on that of Russia and Egypt to push on the advantages secured by their respective treaties. Turkey has endeavoured in vain, single-handed, to regain possession of Syria by means of the revolt of the Druses. Ibrahim Pacha has preserved his conquests; and his father Mehemet Ali has been willing to make every sacrifice to preserve Syria. Two thousand years ago, says Mehemet, Alexander the Great marched against Egypt before proceeding to submit Upper Asia to his dominions. There is a mysterious connexion, he maintains, between Syria and Egypt. The Lagides of Alexandria and Seleucides of Antioch were ceaselessly at war, he will tell you, for the same reason. "Egypt is only an empire when she has Syria," exclaimed Ibrahim. "My father was the Pacha of the Sultan till I was master of Aleppo," cried this same mighty warrior; "but now he is the Emperor of the East!"

When Russia was informed of the intention of Mehemet Ali to proclaim the independence of Egypt, her reply was just such as might have been anticipated. If, said the Russian Government, this event shall occur, and the fleets of France and of England shall blockade the coasts of Egypt and Syria, and shall obtain the revocation of their independence, Russia will make no demonstration to succour the Porte; but, on the contrary, if the fleets of England and of France shall remain neutral, Russia will find herself obliged, in conformity with the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, to afford her aid. Thus faithful to her immemorial policy of considering the affairs of the East as independent of those of Europe, she separated her cause and her policy from those of the other powers, resolved, as she was, to pursue her course of gradual but effective encroachment, until the moment should arrive when Constantinople should become the southern residence of the Czar. In the East, Russia will be ambitious at her ease; always ambitious, and always progressing, but by degrees—slowly—surely—and never for one moment deviating from her purpose. It was, therefore, that in 1828, in her famous manifesto, she proclaimed—"Que nul pacte de ga-

rantie, nulle solidarité politique, ne rattachent les destinées de l'Empire Ottoman aux stipulations réparatrices de 1814 et de 1815." Russia will never allow that the concerns and interests of Turkey can be discussed and decided on by European powers. Turkey is always "the East," in the eyes of the Court of St Petersburg; and the Emperors Alexander and Nicolas have within the last twenty years, on several occasions, declared that, geographically as well as politically, Russia was the protectress of the Porte. Russia insists that the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was a natural and necessary Oriental arrangement. "Settle the affairs of Spain as you will," the present Czar is reported to have said to an ambassador of France; "but leave the affairs of the East to the East itself." This policy, if acquiesced in, would tend to destroy the commercial relations of Great Britain and France, and would reduce those powers to the mere secondary parts of watching the movements of their territorial neighbours.

The treaty of Unkiar Skelessi destroyed the independence of Turkey, under the pretext of saving the integrity of its territory; and the possession of the Bosphorus, with all its attendant advantages, has been one of the consequences of that treaty. The Governments which acquiesced in the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, or which, if they did not acquiesce in, did not oppose, its conditions by an armed resistance, have been, for six years, seeking to modify or to mitigate its provisions. This has been the labour of the diplomatists of France, Great Britain, and Austria—but especially of Great Britain. Has it been successful? No. The treaty subsists. The treaties of commerce concluded between the Porte and the Governments of St James's and the Tuileries, have in no respect changed the political relations of Constantinople and St Petersburg; and the Czar is as much as ever the "protector of the Sultan" and the master of the Bosphorus. These are hard truths to be told and sad verities to be recorded; but truth cannot gain from concealment. The commercial treaty of Lord Ponsonby was not without its merits; but it has not produced the results which the Sultan anticipated. He believed that the Pacha would not ac-

cept its provisions, or that, accepting them, they would ruin his revenue. The consequences have been different. The Pacha would not quarrel with England by refusing to accept the treaty, nor with his subjects, by fulfilling its conditions. As far as Egypt is concerned, the treaty of commerce is a dead letter.

The Czar, during the last year or two, has acted with even more than ordinary prudence in the affairs of the East. Perceiving that the attention of Great Britain and France was not wholly occupied with the affairs of Western Europe, the Emperor of Russia has contented himself with preparing fleets, organizing armies, refusing to make any concessions to either of the powers in question; or to the Porte as to the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; and has not thrown any very important difficulties in the way of the negotiations of those powers with the Sultan for commercial treaties, because he has felt that his relations with the Porte were of a very different character.

The conduct of Austria, during the last six years, has been embarrassed and contradictory. This is easily understood. Austria has no sympathy with France either as to French policy or French political institutions, or as to the affairs of Belgium, Holland, Spain, or Italy; but Austria owes some obligations to Louis-Philippe for his conduct with reference to *Switzerland*, and for the expulsion of demagogues and propagandists from those cantons—and Austria has an interest in maintaining the *status quo* in Turkey: Austria thinks with Russia on all northern and on all western questions; but on the question of the East she thinks with France; not that their interests are similar—not that their ultimate views have the least resemblance; but for the moment Austria would prefer a total inaction on the part of the more immediate combatants, Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali; and is one of the loudest in demanding the *status quo*. The recent commercial treaty between Great Britain and Austria, is said to have modified the views of the court of Vienna as to Eastern affairs, and that she is more disposed than ever to think and to act with England. We are not disposed to place much confidence in this report. Austria possesses a wise and prudent

government, which acts on fixed and conservative principles, and the events of recent years have not been of a character, either in England or Ireland, to afford her satisfaction or encouragement. But as a prudent and wise government, Austria has felt that the moment had not arrived for making any hostile demonstration on the subject of the Russian influence at Constantinople; and although she would have no objection to find Bosnia and Albania in her possession, yet she would not purchase that possession at the price of the capture by Russia of the capital of the Ottoman empire. To her, indeed, the neutrality of the Bosphorus is of the last importance, as the Bosphorus is the issue of the Danube; and on the liberty of that mighty stream depends the future commercial and political prosperity of Austria. But the Court of Vienna deliberates before it acts, and reflects long and deeply before it negotiates. It is fully convinced what are its interests, and it will steadily maintain them. Still its maritime interests in the Eastern question are, for the time, of less importance than the gradual and general tranquillizing of its Polish, and its Italian and Tyrolean states; and, unless in the event of a general war, Austria will not take any very important part in the Eastern question. The future government of France, the settlement of the Hanoverian question, the gradual calming down of the Germanic states, the question of Spain and Portugal, and the progress of democracy in some of the Swiss cantons, are of much more importance to Austria than the destinies of Syria, or the hereditary government of the Pacha of Egypt. The day will come, and that perhaps sooner than Austria desires, when the increasing power of Russia in the east and south of Europe, as well as in Asia, must attract the attention, and engage the mind, of the Court of Vienna; but, we repeat, for the present she is more alive to the events in Western and Central Europe, than to those of the East or of the South.

The present state of the Eastern question now opens broadly to our view. Russia requires that the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi shall remain intact. England and France desire its modification. Austria looks on, not with indifference, but with a mind

preoccupied by other more pressing interests. Turkey feels that her existence depends on the annulling of the treaty of Kutahia. Egypt is prepared to risk all her future hopes and present greatness in the defence of that treaty, and in the retention of Syria. The English Government wishes to secure to itself the favour of Mehemet Ali, and his friendship in our overland arrangements for India, by promising him that the throne of Egypt shall be hereditary in his family. As the price of this negotiation, it has obtained a treaty of commerce, which will be a *dead letter*, and has the adjournment, for the moment at least, of the Pacha's intention of declaring Egypt and Syria independent of the Porte. But this adjournment is *only* momentary; and Mehemet Ali, since his return to Alexandria from the gold mines of Fachiangora, has declared, "that from the day that the Porte shall attack his power in Syria, he will proclaim the independence of Egypt." France has acquiesced in the *hereditary* demand of Mehemet Ali, but has protested against the notion of the independence of the Pacha from the suzeraineté of the Sultan; and even at the price of her support to the *hereditary* question of Egypt, she has insisted on a treaty of commerce, and on the payment by the Pacha of the *khazneh* or tribute to the Porte. The payment of the *khazneh* has, however, been refused by the Pacha within the last few weeks—and Mehemet Ali replied to the Consul-General of Russia, when charged to press this payment upon him, "That under present circumstances, the Sultan might wait for the payment of the tribute, since, as the Porte had manifested its hostile intentions towards Egypt, it would be impolitic on his part to supply him with the means of realizing more promptly his inimical designs."

But what were these hostile intentions of the Porte towards the Pacha, which have led the latter to make this declaration? Let us see. If we strip of all its verbiage and repetitions the intelligence we have received for some weeks past from Alexandria, Aleppo, Beyruth, and Constantinople, it amounts to this, that a large body of the Turkish army, without any apparent or satisfactory motive, has crossed the Euphrates at Byr, on

the confines of the Syrian frontiers, and has, by this unaccounted-for act, demonstrated the well-known desire of the Ottoman Porte to regain possession of Syria. The Pacha of Bagdad is thought to act in concert with the Sultan; and Ibrahim Pacha is so satisfied of the hostile designs of the Turkish Government, that he has concentrated all his Syrian troops in the environs of Aleppo, and is preparing for the attack which he expects will be made upon him. Thus Turkey, ranged in battle along the Euphrates, from the Persian Gulf to Asia Minor, is presumed to have the design of attacking Egypt by her Eastern flank. It is a promised renewal of the old conflict between the Arab tribes and those of Upper Asia—between Cambyzes and Egypt—between Bagdad and Cairo in the middle ages; only that, in this immemorial conflict between the Euphrates and the Nile—in this dispute for the possession of Syria and Lebanon, when the Euphrates has seen ranged on her banks the tribes from Upper Asia, savage and uncivilized as they have been, the Euphrates has ordinarily triumphed. But when these Turkish, Median, or Scythian tribes, or by whatever other name history has called them, have passed too long time at Bagdad, at Persepolis, or at Babylon, where they have lost their mountain and active rudeness, and their primitive energy, victory has been uncertain—and they have been often defeated. To-day, in the divided state of the Turkish empire, the influence of Russia in the Ottoman army, and when that army is half-civilized and half-barbarous, all the chances of success are in favour of Egypt. Mehemet Ali and his son Ibrahim are aware of this—fully aware; and although, in obedience to Russia, France, and Great Britain, they have promised not to commence the attack on the Turkish troops so assembled on the extreme frontiers of the dominions ceded to Egypt by the treaty of Kutahia, still Egyptian forces continue to concentrate in the environs of Aleppo, and the cry of Ibrahim in Syria is, “To arms!” “To arms!” And what do the Syrians reply to the demand? They fly from Aleppo—rush from Ibrahim—and sigh for any deliverance from their Egyptian task-masters.

Before we proceed finally to ana-

lyze the points at issue, and the proposed modes of resolving the various difficulties in this Eastern question, we must be allowed to approach with sacred awe and holy veneration the pages of prophecy, and the declarations of holy writ. The most clear and indubitable prophecy relating to the decay and gradual downfall of the Turkish empire, and admitted as such by all Christian theologians of all Christian countries, is to be found in the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th verses of the 16th chapter of the Revelation of St John the Divine. After having, in the 10th and 11th verses, announced that the 5th vial is poured out—in which the votaries of Papacy are represented in a distressed and agonized condition—(under which vial we are now living)—and after having emblematically described the hatred of Papal Rome to that increasing and irresistible progress of knowledge, which demonstrates the absurdities and errors of the Papal religion, without producing reformation and repentance, the inspired writer proceeds as follows:—

“And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the East might be prepared. And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his ground, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame. And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon.”

Had any doubts been entertained, by the learned and pious members of the orthodox and protestant churches as to the meaning of this prophecy, we should have more than hesitated as to introducing it into this political investigation; but as its applicability to the decay of the Turkish empire has been universally admitted, we have not dared to banish from our contemplations this prediction of sacred writ.

The learned and profound Towns-

end, whose "New Testament arranged in chronological and historical order," is at once a magnificent present made to the Church of England, by one of her most enlightened and devoted sons, and an offering of no mean value made to the whole of Christendom, thus entitles the five verses we have just cited ;

"The sixth vial is poured out. By this time the end of the 1260 years approaches—the emblems under this vial represent the nearer, though still gradual downfall of the Turkish empire, the preparations for the restoration of the Jews, and the commencement of the great confederacy of the anti-christian powers against the Church of Christ in Palestine, under the influence of evil principles or false religions."

It would lead us too far from our immediate subject of contemplation, to relate at any length the causes of the origin, progress, and suspension of the conquests of Mahomet ; its subsequent temporary revival, the entire loss of its political power, as the dangerous rival of its neighbours, and its present increasing weakness, by the gradual separation and independence of its fairest provinces. But the facts are indubitable, and some of them have often been referred to in the preceding observations. Our writers on prophecy have shown the great probability, that as these two masses of error arose together, their power will also be destroyed at the same time, when the prophetic period of 1260 years, which commenced in the year 606, will have elapsed. We are not desirous, however, in this treatise, of resting any argument on these interpretations. The wise and the good have been unanimous in their verdict, and we bow to their decision. Time and history, however, are the only *certain* interpreters of prophecy ; and though the declining power of the Mohammedan apostasy undoubtedly sanctions this hypothesis, yet the reviving influence of the unscriptural errors and political power of Papacy excites at once our sorrow and surprise, and compels us, if not to hesitate as to the desired interpretation, still to withhold our full assent, until the veil is yet more withdrawn from the future, and until the passage we have cited shall be more clearly exposed, by opening

facts and coming realities. Africa and the East was still lying prostrate before the altars of the dark idolatries of their fathers ; but the voice of England was heard in the recesses of their groves—it has resounded through their temples—their gods are trembling in their shrines—and Dagon is falling before the ark of Jehovah, and the crescent is waning as the cross advances. The eventual conversion of the Jews—the final overthrow of the Mohammedan power in the East—the subversion of Popery, the apostasy of the West, and of idolatry and infidelity over the whole world, must be anticipated by every believer in the revelation of God to man. But it is not for man—weakly, feeble, ignorant man, to attempt to lift the veil which his Maker has placed before the future ; nor can we know through what variety of untried ways it may please the author of our faith that the visible Church shall pass, in its way to heaven. The Millennium, or universal reign of virtue, is the most rational opinion which a man can form who believes in a Providence, and is satisfied of the true Christian doctrine of the original dignity and present degradation of man as a spiritual though fallen being. The blood of the atonement cannot have been shed in vain. The revolted province of Earth must be recovered from the prince of darkness to the dominion of the King of kings. The time must arrive, when the progress of knowledge shall have banished ignorance ; and the influence of holiness and virtue be more prevalent than that of wickedness and vice. Then will the perfection of the human race be completed, and evil be overruled by good. Then the human race shall have attained to the highest state of good which this lower existence can afford them ; and after the object of man's creation shall have thus been answered, and the tree of life bloom again in this paradise, where it was first planted, the fulness of time will have come, when the enlarged and purified faculties of man shall be prepared for a higher state of existence ; and the heaven and the earth shall pass away, but the word of these prophecies shall last for ever, though clouds and darkness and thick darkness may veil his glory from both the reason and the curiosity of man.

We shall abstain from adding another line to the *prophetic* portion of this Eastern question.

We approach the termination of our review of the past and present state of the Eastern question. We will resume it rapidly: and look at the prospects of the future.

First, Is there now to be *immediate* war between the Pacha of Egypt and Syria and the Sultan Mahmoud? This is doubtful. The Turkish troops are on neutral ground, or on territory considered as such for a long period of time. Turkey is only kept in check by the fear of Russia; Russia is not anxious to press an immediate *dénoûement*, as she always prefers to be occupied with the affairs of the East, when western Europe is engaged with her own affairs.

Second, Is the Pacha of Egypt to be allowed to retain the advantages secured to him by the treaty of Kutahia? Is Syria to continue to be a portion of his dominions? Russia is opposed to this arrangement. So is the Porte. But France, England, and Austria, insist on the *status quo*. The Pacha, far from consenting to abandon Syria, is perpetually extending his conquests; and as Russia indulges a hope that eventually she shall cause dissensions and jealousies between the British and Egyptian governments respecting the overland route to India and the Red Sea, she regards the progress of the Pacha in Syria as an interested, but not an angry spectator.

Third, Is the demand of the Pacha of Egypt to secure to his children, and his children's children, the throne of that country and of Syria, to be conceded by the powers of Europe, and by the Ottoman Porte? This is, after all, the most pressing and important question to be decided. If in the *affirmative*, then subject to what conditions? If in the *negative*, then a war between Mehemet and Mahmoud is inevitable.

Fourth, Is the Pacha of Egypt to be suffered to continue to refuse the payment of the khazneh, or tribute to the Porte? If the payment shall be withheld much longer, the Russian Government will aid the Sultan in an attempt to recover it. If it shall be paid, by that payment Mehemet will still admit himself to be only the Pacha

of the Porte, subject to his orders and to his control.

Fifth, Is the Pacha of Egypt to be allowed to proclaim the independence of that country, and to found with that and Syria an independent and powerful empire? This question is wholly unconnected with that of the hereditary succession to the throne of Egypt being vested in his family. The Porte is opposed to both. So is Russia. England, France, and Austria oppose the independence of Egypt, but not the hereditary succession. They look only at the question of the khazneh or tribute money. A *nominal* suzeraineté on the part of the Porte, and a *real* tribute money annually paid to it by the Pacha and his descendants, would for the moment satisfy these powers. Yet what would that *settlement* amount to? To nothing more than the adjournment of the independence, with all the advantage in favour of the Pacha of his hereditary rights having been first recognised by Europe. But will the Ottoman Porte acknowledge the hereditary throne of Egypt, vested in the family of the Pacha? Never—unless Syria should be restored, and unless a treaty should be entered into between the Pacha and the Porte, under the guarantees of the allied powers of Europe, including Russia, by which any attempt at an invasion of Syria by Egypt should be declared to amount to a declaration of war against the guaranteeing powers. But would the Pacha submit to those conditions? Never. "I was a Pacha without Syria," said Mehemet; "but with Syria I am a sovereign." Nor would Russia adhere to such a guarantee. She will do nothing, sign nothing, agree to nothing, which shall bind her to the policy of other governments in the affairs of the East. She assented to an expedition in favour of Greece, and joined that expedition, because its tendency was to weaken the Porte, and to increase the influence of the Czar in the north of Europe. But she will not sign any other treaty, or guarantee the fulfilment of any other arrangement, which shall diminish her influence over the Porte, and her independent and isolated position.

Sixth, Is the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi to remain the bond of amity or of alliance between the Czar and

the Sultan? The interests of Russia are unquestionably bound up in its permanence and development. The interests of the Porte are actually sacrificed by its provisions. The interests of Great Britain, France, and Austria are necessarily compromised by the Russian possession of the Bosphorus, which virtually that treaty ensures. By the treaty of Adrianople, Turkey obliged herself to pay to the autocrat ten millions of ducats. By the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, she sold her freedom for a mess of pottage. As she was unable to defend herself, and as her "faithful" allies would not defend her, therefore, by an everlasting law of life among nations, she is no longer an independent state—she is no more. Is this treaty, then, to be suffered to remain as the political nightshade over the destinies of the Porte? If so, Turkey must expire. Russia announces her fixed resolution to maintain the integrity of the treaty, and to make war for its preservation. England has refused, by the Whigs, to go to war with Russia. She has sacrificed the freedom of the Black Sea, and the independence of the Bosphorus, to her policy in Ireland and her internal squabbles about pretended reform. France looks on. Austria imitates her example. The treaty of Unkiar Skelessi exists, and Turkey is gradually expiring beneath the "protection" of the Czar.

Seventh, and finally, Is the Turkish empire to be reconstituted? or is an Egyptian and Syrian empire to be founded? Are we approaching the period when that mighty Mohammedan colossus which bestrode the world is for ever to disappear, and when new states and empires are to arise on the ruins of error, vice, and superstition?

or has the world yet to witness new phases in this Eastern question, and are centuries still to elapse before "the river Euphrates shall be dried up, that the way of the kings of the East may be prepared?" The *status quo* is next to impossible; not perhaps for the hour, the month, or the year, but for almost the shortest period of a nation's history. We count our lives by moments—those of nations by years. The Eastern question cannot be SETTLED without war and conflagration. It may be postponed—not long—but for a short space of time,—its settlement by diplomacy is impossible. The decline and fall of empires, long since unknown but in the works of the historian, should teach us that the present position of the affairs of the East is only preparatory to a mighty catastrophe. The Mohammedan empire is reaching the closing period of its eventful history. But what is to supersede it? Is the Stamboul of the past to be inhabited by advancing Cossacks, and the yet uncivilized hordes of the Russian forests? Is the ancient Byzantium, once the seat of the Roman empire in the east, to become the capital of another despotism, not less tyrannical, but far less enlightened? Is the Archipelago to become the private property of the Russian Czars? Is the Sea of Marmora to be closed to all pendants but that of the eagle of the north? Are the Turks to saunter, as strangers in a strange land, amongst the ruins of their former glories? Are their children to feel that they are ruled by a stranger's hand as they walk on the Hippodrome, or enter the temple of St Sophia? We cannot answer these questions; but appearances are all in favour of the affirmative.

THE BOWER OF PEACE.

BY DELTA.

WHEN Hope's illusions all have waned,
 And Silence broods above the dead ;
 When Sorrow's clouds have gloom'd, and rain'd
 Full oft on man's devoted head,—
 The time-taught spirit loves to wend
 Back through the past its mazy way,
 And see the early larks ascend
 Up to the gates of day :
 While earth, outspread to childhood's glance,
 Glow'd like a dream of bright romance.
 'Twas in the depth of dazzling May,
 When bland the air, and blue the skies ;
 When groves in blossom'd pride were gay,
 And flow'rets of innumerable dyes
 Gemm'd Earth's green carpet, that I stray'd,
 On a salubrious morning bright,
 Ont to the champaign, and survey'd,
 With thrillings of delight,
 Landscapes around my path unfurl'd,
 That made an Eden of this world.
 I listen'd to the blackbird's song,
 That, from the covert of green trees,
 Came, like a hymn of heaven along,
 Borne on the bloom-ennamour'd breeze :
 I listen'd to the birds that trill'd,
 Each in its turn, some witching note :
 With insect swarms the air was fill'd,
 Their wintry sleep forgot ;
 Such was the summer feeling there,
 God's love seem'd breathing every where.
 The water-lilies in the waves
 Rear'd up their crowns all freshly green,
 And, bursting forth as from their graves,
 King-cups and daffodils were seen :
 The lambs were frisking in the mead ;
 Beneath the white-flower'd chestnut-tree
 The ox reclined his stately head,
 And bent his placid knee :
 From brakes the linnets caroll'd loud,
 While larks responded from the cloud.
 I stood upon a high green hill,
 On an oak stump mine elbow laid,
 And, pondering, leant to gaze my fill
 Of glade and glen, in pomp array'd.
 Beneath me, on a daisied mound,
 A peaceful dwelling I espied,
 Girt with its orchard branches round,
 And bearing on its side
 Rich cherry-trees, whose blossoms white
 Half robb'd the windows of their light.
 There dosed the mastiff on the green—
 His night-watch finish'd ; and, elate,
 The strutting turkey-cock was seen,
 Arching his fan-like tail in state.
 There was an air of placid rest
 Around the spot so blandly spread,
 That sure the inmates must be blest,
 Unto my soul I said ;

Sin, strife, or sorrow, cannot come,
 To desolate so sweet a home !
 Far from the hum of crowds remote,
 From life's parade and idle show,
 'Twould be an enviable lot,
 Life's silent tenor here to know ;
 To banish every thought of sin,
 To gaze with pure and blameless eyes ;
 To nurse those holy thoughts within
 Which fit us for the skies,
 And to regenerate hearts dispense
 The tranquil bliss of innocence.
 We make our sorrows ; Nature knows
 Alone of happiness and peace ;
 'Tis guilt that girds us with the throes,
 And hydra-pangs that never cease :
 Is it not so ? And yet we blame
 Our fate for frailties all our own,
 Giving, with sighs, Misfortune's name
 To what is fault alone :
 Plunge we in sin's black flood, yet dream
 To rise unsullied from such stream ?
 Vain thought ! far better, then, to shun
 The turmoils of the rash and vain,
 And pray the Everlasting One
 To keep the heart from earthly stain ;
 Within some sylvan home like this,
 To hear the world's far billows roll ;
 And feel, with deep contented bliss,
 They cannot shake the soul,
 Or dim the impress bright and grand,
 Stamp'd on it by the Maker's hand.
 When round this bustling world we look,
 What treasures observation there ?
 Doth it not seem as man mistook
 This passing scene of toil and care
 For an eternity ? As if
 This cloudland were his final home ;
 And that he mocked the great belief
 Of something yet to come ?
 Rears he not sumptuous palaces,
 As if his faith were built in these ?
 To Power he says—" I trust in thee !"
 As if terrestrial strength could turn
 The avenging shafts of Destiny,
 And disappoint the funeral urn :
 To Pride—" Behold, I must, and can !"
 To Fame—" Thou art mine idol-god !"
 To Gold—" Thou art my talisman
 And necromantic rod !"
 Down Time's far stream he darts his eye,
 Nor dreams that he shall ever die.
 Oh, fool, fool, fool !—and is it thus
 Thou feed'st of vanity the flame ?
 The great, the good are swept from us,
 And only live in deed or name.
 From out the myriads of the past,
 Two only have been spared by Death ;
 And deem'st thou that a spell *thou* hast
 To deprecate his wrath ?
 Or dost thou hope, in frenzied pride,
 By threats to turn *his* scythe aside ?

Where are the warrior-men of old ?
 Where are the realms on which they trod ?
 While conquest's blood-red flag unroll'd,
 And man proclaim'd himself a god !
 Where are the sages, and their saws,
 Whence wisdom shone with dazzling beams ?
 The legislators, and their laws,
 What are they now but dreams ?
 The prophets, do they still forebode ?—
 Our fathers, where are they ?—with God !
 Our fathers ! We ourselves have seen
 The days when vigour arch'd each brow ;
 Our fathers !—are they aught, I ween,
 But household recollections now ?
 Our fathers !!!—nay, the very boys,
 Who, with ourselves, were such at school,
 When, nectar-sweet, life's cup of joys
 Felt almost over-full,
 Although one parish gave them birth,
 Their graves are scatter'd o'er the earth !
 Alas ! with care we sow the wind,
 To reap the whirlwind for our pains ;
 On the dark day of need to find
 All proffer'd ransom Time disdains ;—
 All that was once our idle boast,
 Weigh'd in the balance, dust shall be ;
 Death knocks—frail man gives up the ghost—
 He dies—and where is he ?
 Vanish'd for ever and forgot,
 The place that knew him knows him not !
 Ho ! wanderer, ho !—eschew the wrong,
 To reason turn, from error cease ;
 And list the words of wisdom's tongue,
 The still small tongue that whispers peace :
 Withhold the heart from worldly strife—
 Do good—love mercy—evil fly ;
 And know that, from this dream call'd life,
 We wake but when we die ;—
 Unto the eager to be pure
 The path is straight—the palm is sure !
 For ne'er hath prodigal come round,
 Subdued in heart, and craving grace,
 Whate'er his faults, who hath not found
 Forgiveness in the Saviour's face ;
 At contrite hearts He will not scoff—
 Whoever knocks an entrance wins :
 Then let us, at the cross, throw off
 The burden of our sins ;
 And though their dye be black as night,
 His blood can make—has made them white !

THE ANTEDILUVIANS ; OR, THE WORLD DESTROYED.

"It is many years," says Dr M'Henry, "since I first entertained the design of writing a narrative poem, on some great event in the history of Man ; but the selection of that event was a matter of no slight difficulty. A good subject, I knew, was the first step towards success in any literary undertaking ; and I resolved to adopt none which I did not feel persuaded would form a recommendation to my work." Mrs Hannah and Mr Thomas Moore, and our friend Mr John Stewart, have furnished us with elaborate pictures of gentlemen respectively in search of a wife, a religion, and a horse ; but none of the three is so impressive as the Doctor's of a poet in search of a subject. In that search his scone has become slape—his eyes have lost their lustre—his frame has been bent earthwards ; so that, while yet little more than threescore, his semblance is that of extreme old age. Even we ourselves look—nay feel young, in his presence ; to us

"The oldest man he seems that ever wore grey hairs."

This comes of devoting one's self for many years to the selection—for the subject of a narrative poem—of some great event in the history of man. Their multitude is overwhelming—and shifting as the clouds. An event that to the eyes of imagination overshadows the whole morning sky—at meridian looks but a speck—in the gloaming, is gone. "Among great events, alas ! how few good subjects !" mentally exclaims the solitary, with a sigh. But a good subject is "the first step towards success in any literary undertaking ;" and till that is taken, lack a-daisical indeed must be the aspect of the meditative poet—sitting by himself with his pen in his hand. Every year he grows harder and harder to please—subjects not to be sneezed at on the score of size, to his fastidious optics seem contemptibly small—mountains dwindle into molehills—rivers into rills—seas into ponds ; and the consequence is, that, "resolved to adopt no subject which he does not feel persuaded would form a recommendation to his work," he

adopts none at all, and, after a term protracted far beyond the narrow span usually allotted to human life, he dies without his fame, and leaves no proof of his existence here below, except, perhaps, a few pieces of prose.

Such, however, will not be the fate of Dr M'Henry—though he has made a narrow escape. "The annals of mankind," he acutely remarks, "furnish many great and stirring events, well adapted to poetic narration ; but I wanted one not only great in its character, but *universal* in its effects, that *all men* might feel an interest in its details." That was a noble ambition, and proved how just an appreciation the Doctor had been led to make of his powers, aspiring very early to the most extensive practice. "Neither the founding of a state," he exultingly declares, "the achievement of a victory, nor the overthrow of an empire, was therefore adequate to my wishes."

"Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem,"

a line by many thought to be magnificent, seemed almost mean to his imagination—

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεῖς, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλλῆϊ,

an invocation by all felt to be sublime, fell far short of the reaches of his soul—and thus the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* appeared to the Doctor to be respectable poems in their way—"on great and stirring events, well adapted to poetic narration"—but because "not universal in their effects," sufficient for the genius of a Homer and a Virgil, but inadequate to that of a M'Henry, born in the fulness of time and for the illumination of the whole race of man.

"The discovery of the New World," he admits, "was an event of great and general interest ; but it was already poetically occupied, and therefore forbidden to me by both courtesy and policy." America, it may be remarked as we go along, is not a new world, but merely one of the four quarters of the old—and the old world went on well enough for the purposes of poetry, while it was supposed to consist but of Europe, Asia, and Africa—yet do we cheerfully grant that the disco-

very of the fourth quarter was "an event of great and general interest," not unworthy even of the Doctor's muse in its humbler flights. But it is manifest that he left it, without envy, to the weaker wings of Southey; for he adds—"I was, in truth, desirous of a subject more universally interesting than even this"—and he leaves the less illustrious laureate to enjoy the circumscribed fame of his *Madoc*.

"I considered," continues the Doctor, "that the poet who had made the strongest impression on the world, had been enabled to do so by his fortunate choice of the most exalted and universal subject which space in all its extent, and time in all its duration, could afford—the History of Creation and the Fall of Man. On that theme did the chief of poets not only find scope for the whole power of his genius, but his genius found excitement for unequalled elevation, and became invigorated by the grandeur and vastness of the topics presented to its contemplation."

He does not inform us at what era of his search after a subject he first took into his serious consideration Milton's fortunate choice of *Paradise Lost*. Perhaps it was late in life. From that hour he set himself sedulously to look over "space in all its extent, and time in all its duration," for the subject next in exaltation and universality to the Creation and the Fall of Man. But that this allusion to Milton may not be misinterpreted, he has the humility to add, "if I were indeed so vain as to imagine that I possessed talents like his, where could I find a subject on which to exert them like *Paradise Lost*? There never can be another poetic theme connected with human affairs of equal grandeur and sublimity. Nor will there probably ever be one so felicitously treated as this has been in that wonderful poem." We acquit Dr M'Henry of the vanity of imagining that he possesses the "talents" of Milton. But if he does not believe that he is a poet of the highest order—next to that where Milton sits supreme or sole—then he must be a great ninny. For who, short of a great poet or a great ninny, would "for many years entertain the design of writing a narrative poem on some great event in the history of man"—keep searching the "annals of mankind" for an event "not only great in its character, but

universal in its effects"—declare "the founding of a state, the achievement of a victory, and the overthrow of an empire, inadequate to his wishes"—be "desirous of a subject more universally interesting than the discovering of the New World"—envy Milton his "fortunate choice of the Creation and Fall of Man"—and finally fix on the subject next in exaltation and universality to Milton's—"which space in all its extent, and time in all its duration, could afford?"

Milton having anticipated M'Henry in the Creation and Fall, the Doctor, though often damped, was never dismayed—and on "the first of April morn by the chime"—A.D. 18—, by a desperate but triumphant effort of inventive genius, he bethought himself of—THE FLOOD. "Still in the annals of mankind there remained one subject unappropriated by the Epic Muse, which, although to sustain it suitably required less daring flights than that which was chosen by Milton, was yet amply magnificent and universally interesting—namely, THE FORTUNES AND CATASTROPHE OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD."

What a breakfast the Doctor must have devoured that morning! or was he too much agitated to eat? "Throw physic to the dogs—now shall I show that poetry is no drug—here goes a bumper to Apollo!" And so saying, the inspired M.D. turned up his diamond-ringed little finger—and in a cup of the "fragrant lymph that cheers but not inebriates," revelled beneath the beams of the god unshorn, and looked "rapt, inspired," as if he would

"Break Priscian's head, and ravish all the Nine!"

But after a few hours, the Doctor seems to have subdued his exultation to a pitch of sober and sustained self-complacency that has never since deserted him, and on that morning expressed itself in prayer.

"Oh! to sustain it till the strength be gain'd,

To which so earnestly my soul aspires;
No hope have I but in His mighty aid
Who bore the bard of *Paradise* to heaven,

And there disclosed to him such scenes sublime,

And glorious wonders, secrets fit for gods,
As human thought had ne'er before conceived.

Assist me, THOU, whom in his matchless
 song,
 With such acceptance, that great bard
 invoked.
 Fain would I hope that 'tis from thee
 proceeds
 The keen desire that animates my soul,
 A task so high and venturous to attempt,
 My song which to thy glory I devote," &c.

Perhaps all this, and a good deal more of the same sort, had as well be omitted in a second edition. Here are some lines that may be allowed to remain.

" 'Tis that fond wish for an enduring
 name,
 Which urges every warm aspiring mind
 To works of excellence and deeds of praise.
 I feel it now o'ercome the lethargy
 In which my slothful muse has long been
 bound ;
 Now, with unwonted courage, it defies
 The terrors of derision's bitter taunt,
 And that most dreaded doom, the public
 scorn,
 Which grasps and mangles daring vanity."

The Doctor complains of his "dormant fancy," his "indolence," his "lethargy," and his "sloth;" and, true it is, that since the publication of some presentation copies of his *Pleasures of Friendship*, he has not contributed largely to our national poetry; but now "Bold and determined, now my spirit spreads,
 Adventurous pinions for an arduous flight,
 More arduous than has oft been tried by
 man,
 And with due strength successfully attained."

The most difficult department in the art of flying, is that which embraces the action of the wings in the first essays of the fowl—be he aniceps or anser—to assoilzie himself from the encumbrance of the earth. Once up, he has no real ground for uneasiness about coming down, especially if he has the sense to go large—before the wind—"goose-winged," and never attempt to tack. We have seen fowls of the earth enabled, by adopting such precautions, to keep company with fowls of the air, and perform more than respectably

"An arduous flight,
 More arduous than has oft been tried by
 man ;"

but the difficulty, we repeat, in getting off their feet, webbed or otherwise, "lies in the first step towards any aerial undertaking;" that feat achieved,

you would wonder to behold how they clear the chimneys, and keep soaring and soaring, as if it were not altogether inconceivable that they might even settle down halfway up Arthur's Seat.

But to return more immediately to the Doctor. "This was the subject," he goes on to say, "that appeared to me the best calculated of any yet unsung to impart dignity and interest to a narrative poem. After due deliberation, I had the boldness to adopt it, although I was fully sensible of the difficulty of doing justice to a theme of such magnitude. It was certainly one exalted and sublime enough for the exercise of poetic talents of the highest order, and poetic ambition of the most fervid character. It presented a field in which the most active imagination could freely range, limited only by the dictates of reason and the laws of possibility." "Nay, it had," quoth the Doctor, "one advantage which Milton did not find in his mighty theme: it supplied abundant occasion for the display of human nature in its fallen state." Did the Doctor never read the Eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost*?

In studying the annals of mankind, the Doctor saw "one subject *unappropriated by the Epic Muse*;" but he afterwards tells us, that whether "the *title epic*, according to the scholastic meaning of the word, be awarded to this poem, is a matter of no importance, provided its readers derive enjoyment from its perusal. My great aim having been to produce an interesting poem on an interesting subject, I feel but little concern as to what class of poetical productions the work shall be assigned." This is hardly fair—for the author of *The Antediluvians* could not have been ignorant of the existence of James Montgomery's *World before the Flood*. It is not an epic poem; but it is an "interesting poem," on the subject which the Doctor says was unsung—and it is a narrative poem. Byron's *Heaven and Earth*—if we mistake not—is about the Antediluvians—so is Moore's *Loves of the Angels*—so is Reade's *Wanderings of Cain*; and Heraud's *Judgment of the Flood* is an epic. In no sense of the word, then, could it be truly said that the subject was unsung; it had been sung in the English language—lyrically, narratively, dramatically, and epicly—and in many other tongues unknown to the Doc-

tor, but nevertheless openly spoken by diverse nations. The Doctor, on that memorable first of April—to which “our free shepherds give a grosser name”—in the pride of his heart, discovered a mare’s nest.

“In regard to the plan of this work, the events are related in their natural order, as they succeed each other in point of time. I preferred this method to that of the stale and easy artifice prescribed by the schools, for preserving what is technically called the ‘unity of the action,’ by beginning in the middle of the story, and causing some of the personages to occupy a large portion of the work, by relating anterior events.” The worthy Doctor knows nothing of the prescriptions of “the schools.” In no narrative or epic poem—spoken of in “the schools”—do any “personages occupy a large portion of the work, by relating anterior events.” Heavens! can he mean to find fault with

“Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem?”

Homer employs the “stale and easy artifice” of beginning in the middle—or rather near the end of the Tale of Troy divine. Milton—but, oh dear! Dr M·Henry! would you clap padlocks on the mouths of the fallen angels in Hell, or of the unfallen in Heaven or in Paradise?—Interdict Raphael from holding that “celestial colloquy divine” with Adam in the bower?—Eve ever and anon going and coming; but never, when away, without the image of the first of men on her soul!

As to the order of time—it is good—no order can be better; but there are two kinds of times—believe us—imperfectly as we now express ourselves—outward and inward—of the succession of happenings or fallings-out of events in nature—among sun, moon, and stars—and of the sequences of states of our own souls—creative in their immortality; and to them—even as to their Maker—but that is a mystery—present, past, and future, have interchangeable being, and a thousand years are but as one day.

“Stale and easy artifice,” indeed! No—fresh as the life—deep as the law of the stars. Vitality and science! The human maker imitates the Divine—his works, too, are immortal—

“For he is not a child of Time,
But offspring of the Eternal Prime.”

Therefore, when you say, “the plan pursued in this work was not adopted from any desire for singularity, but simply from an opinion that the best mode of constructing an edifice of any description is to commence at the foundation,” you forget that body is not soul—matter not spirit; that Michael Angelo hung a stone dome on the air; that a poem—*Paradise Lost*—is like the starry heavens revolving on an axis, to which time and space—mere circumstantial accidents—are obedient—and at the bidding of the beautiful, which is imitable, “hide their diminished heads”—withdrawing from the mind’s empire, that owns them not, and extinguishes or restores them at the command of its own sovereign will, emanating from the Will that generated the universe.

Over and above all that, you never can have seen an old woman knitting a worsted stocking—for with her needles she takes the initial stitch far up the ham, and finishes with the toe—“simply from an opinion that the best mode of constructing an edifice of this description is *not* to commence at the foundation.”

“Scholars”—quoth the Doctor—“may censure this deviation from epic rule; but they must decide that the work is an epic, before they can subject it to the compass and square, by which they have been taught to measure the merit of such a performance. This, however, is a topic too trivial for lengthened discussion.”

The Doctor should tell us plainly whether or no his *Antediluvians* be an epic. He chose the subject, because it had not been appropriated by the Epic Muse. An epic poem is an edifice—and an edifice cannot be built without compass and square—and but by a master mason. The topic is trivial! Not more so than the Solar System.

“I write not merely to please the adepts in syntax, and the initiated in the Pandects of Aristotle. Such I have often found to be but poor judges of poetry. Give me for readers those, who, without regard to artificial rules and systems, will estimate my work by its influence on their feelings and fancies; and if they approve, I shall be safe in spite of philologists!”

Is the Doctor himself no “adept in syntax?” Syntax—according to Dr Johnson—is, 1. A number of things

joined together. "They owe no other dependence to the poet than what is common to the whole syntax of being."

Glanville.—2. That part of grammar which teaches the construction of words. "I can produce a hundred instances to convince any reasonable man, that they do not so much as understand common grammar and syntax."—*Swift*. Surely the reader, as well as the writer, of the *Antediluvians*, ought to be "adepts" in both kinds of syntax—especially the latter; though we can easily believe that Dr M'Henry has often found such "adepts" but poor judges of poetry. If by the Pandects he means the Poetics of Aristotle, he has been more fortunate than us in meeting so frequently with the initiated; but probably he alludes to some other work of the Stagyrite; for if he do not, there is not even the shadow of a meaning in—"if they approve, *I shall be safe in spite of philologists.*"

The Doctor then enters into some explanation of the principles on which he has constructed his versification. "I have written it in blank verse, because I conceive that species of verse to be more suitable than rhyme for a long and narrative work. The frequent recurrence of similar sounds which constitutes rhyme, however ornamental and agreeable in short productions, becomes, from its monotony, fatiguing in works of much length. Rhyme has, besides, an artificial air, which does not suit well with the freedom and ease required in an extended narrative performance. It also causes the work to move more slowly, as if it were in fetters, than comports well with the usual impatience of a reader who is interested in the events narrated." We have not Dr Johnson's abhorrence of blank verse—on the contrary, we love it dearly—when it is good; but poor blank verse is even the poorest of all poorest things—and such, we fear, is the blank verse of the *Antediluvians*, or the *World Destroyed*. But, before we come to that, let us be allowed to say a word or two in season for "the frequent occurrence of similar sounds which constitutes rhyme." The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it—and who in his senses ever wished that Ariosto, or Tasso, or Camoens, or Spenser, or Wieland, had written in blank verse? All great narrative

poems—with hardly an exception—are in rhyme; and, so far from moving as if in fetters, they flow freely as mountain-born rivers through a hilly country to the sea. Why should rhyme have more of "an artificial air" in "an extended narrative performance," than in an ode or hymn? All poetry is artificial—and therein lies its power, and the might of its majesty. The poet fills our souls with love and admiration of his beautiful and wonderful mastery over all the world of words—if it be his delight to rhyme his inspirations, it is ours—our ears are tuned by a few stanzas to the music it is his will to prefer and to prolong—and in that music we are made to feel that there is an inexhaustible variety—combinations innumerable—and inconceivable by us till we heard them—through them they seem to speak to our experiences of sweet or solemn sounds—to awaken reminiscences of delight or awe felt in some other world—so softly do they touch, or so strongly do they smite, the chords that in every human heart are ready to respond to the breath of genius—"airs from heaven."

"The composition of the following work, it will be easily perceived, is not particularly modelled after that of any preceding author." The Doctor says he does not mention that as entitling him to credit; for that, in a literary composition, he feels that it would be more difficult for him to imitate others, than to follow the direction of his own views and impulses. "As I permitted my thoughts to arise spontaneously from my subject, so I permitted my language to flow spontaneously from my thoughts." Is it not easy to imagine a happier frame of mind than this—when all that is necessary to the production of "an extended narrative poem," is to permit it to arise, and go to press. "By this means I was enabled to avoid singularity on the one hand, and I hope I have avoided all appearance of imitation on the other." Besides, he is of opinion, that the blank verse of Milton, or Young, or Thomson, would one and all have been equally unsuitable for such a poem as *The Antediluvians*. That of Milton is "magnificently epic, but so consecrated by the halo of veneration which surrounds it, that I dared not approach it;" and further, "if I had adopted any of its

peculiarities on account of my subject, I should have been accused by *thoughtless critics* of imitating it." That of Thomson he considered "too diffuse and florid"—of Young, "too antithetical and sententious"—of Akenside, "too excursive and full of complication"—of Cowper, "too sedate and didactic"—for his subject, *The Antediluvians, or the World Destroyed*.

We suspect that the Doctor laboured under a pretty considerable confusion of ideas while inditing the above—caused by the affliction called in Scotland stupefaction of the head. His intention was to characterise "the excellence of the versification of each of our great English writers of blank verse," but, at the same time, to show that the versification of none of them was suitable for his work—whereas, he says not a syllable about their blank verse, but maunders of their style—and of what he conceives to be its characteristics. The verse of Milton, he says, is "magnificently epic;" and so far well; but in the next sentence, without being in the least aware that he has shifted the subject, he says,—"*the style* of none of our other poets;" and deals out his *too this*, and his *too that*, as profusely as if he were the spokesman at a consultation. It must be mighty pleasant to snub in this way a series of great poets, all the while complacently stroking your own chin. We admire *The Seasons*, Jemmy, but your style, however well suited to them, is too florid and diffuse for our *Antediluvians*. Mark! the *Pleasures of Imagination* do you credit—but your style, allow us to whisper in your ear, is too excursive and full of amplification for the *World Destroyed*. Ned, you are a nightingale, "most musical, most melancholy," but your style, our moralizing youth, in the *Night Thoughts*, is too antithetical and sententious—indeed it is—for "a long narrative poem, on a subject in the annals of mankind still unappropriated by the epic muse." Bill, my boy, you have completed your *Task* cleverly, and there is one sugar-plum for yourself and another for Mary Unwin, but your style is "too sedate and didactic" for a theme so "amply magnificent and universally interesting" as "THE FORTUNES AND CATASTROPHE OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD." So get along, ye diffuse, florid, antithetical, sententious, excursive, full-of-amplification,

sedate, and didactic dogs, while "I permit my thoughts to arise spontaneously from my subject, and my language to flow spontaneously from my thoughts," and thus produce "versification, which, it will be easily perceived, is not particularly modelled after that of any preceding author."

And what thinks the Doctor of the style or blank verse of his contemporaries? "A description of blank verse of a more loose character and languid movement than that of either of those writers, has been introduced into our language, by the poets of a well-known modern school, who, ever since the commencement of the present century, have been labouring to revolutionize our literature, and to infuse into our minds a poetical taste different from that which we inherited from our fathers, and to which every poet who has become the permanent favourite of mankind, has conformed his productions. If to the slow-moving and spiritless style of this new school, there be any resemblance in the versification of the following poem, I am as unconscious of it, as I am incredulous of the power of any innovators to infuse a new poetical taste into the mind of man."

Now, Doctor, chuck yourself under the chin with your left, and with your right tickle your organ of self-esteem; and then, let us gently tap your development with the padded horn of the Crutch, now on the peace establishment.

You mean Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge? Well, then, and you think their blank verse distinguished by the same characteristics? Well, then, your ears are leather—not buckskin breeches-leather—but shoe-leather—but not of the shoe-leather of which upper-leathers are composed—but of the leather which is dedicated to soles—double-soles, with tacks, (*Scottice*, sparables,) in which the angler fords the Tweed, waist-deep, yet stumbleth not once among the cobbles till he gain the opposite bank—a broomy slope, crowned by an old Keep, dilapidated, but not seen to be so, in its bower of elms.

The worthy Doctor speaks of a "poetical taste which we inherited from our forefathers." Who were our forefathers?—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Collins, Thomson, Goldsmith, Aken-

side, Young, Cowper, Beattie, Burns, and a hundred others—"alike, but oh! how different"—and from them we have experienced, according to M'Henry, "a poetical taste" one and the same—a taste "to which every poet who has become the general favourite of mankind has conformed his productions." Every one of our greatest poets "revolutionized our poetical literature;" and yet, after all those glorious revolutions, its constitution remains the wonder of the world.

The Doctor is "incredulous of the power of any innovators to infuse a new poetical taste into the mind of man." Sophocles and Shakspeare constructed their tragedies on the same principles—and there is no difference whatever between Grecian and Gothic architecture.

He is unconscious of any resemblance in the composition of his *Antediluvians* "to the slow-moving and spiritless style" of the *Excursion*. So are we. We defy Wordsworth to point out a passage in his "Philosophical Poem" comparable in force and fire, rapidity and spirit, to the following flashes of inspiration that seem to set the highest heaven of the Doctor's invention in a blaze.

Then, aided by angelic architects,
Soon did they build that blest and wondrous ark,

The ark of safety for all living things,
Permitted to survive the world destroy'd,
As sole transmitters of terrestrial life.
Of gopher wood, constructed close and firm,

The spacious mansion was composed, of strength

Both wind and water to resist, though roused

To all the force of elevated strife.

Three hundred Hebrew cubits was its length,

The breadth was fifty, thirty was the length,

Divided into three successive floors.

In each, full many a various-structured cell
Was form'd, the different animals to lodge,

From the bold lion and behemoth huge,
To the dull beetle and the duller moth,
And from the imperial eagle to the wren."

"Animated and flowing diction," adds the Doctor, "is indeed avowedly repudiated by the followers of this school, whose leading tenet is, that 'the real language of poetry does not differ from that of ordinary life, except in metrical arrangement.'"

The Doctor is dosing—comatose. Nobody will believe that any school, old or new, ever avowedly "repudiated animated and flowing diction." But William Wordsworth and James M'Henry may have different ideas of animation and flow—the one conceiving that he beholds those qualities in a Westmoreland river—the other in the Paddington Canal.

There is no such passage in Wordsworth's glorious preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* as that given above by Dr M'Henry, as containing "the leading tenet of the new school." That preface is full of the grandest truths: it expounds the eternal principles of all poetry, removes the rubbish, and shows the foundations in the rock of ages.

The Doctor "argues the question:"—and absolutely, in opposition to Wordsworth, undertakes to expound the essential distinction between poetry and prose! As a clencher, he quotes Milton:—

"To the nuptial bower

I led her blushing like the morn; all heaven,

And happy constellations, in that hour,
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs

Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings

Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,

Disporting, like the amorous bird of night,
Sung spousal, and bade haste the evening star

On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp."

The italics are the Doctor's—and he exclaims, "every reader of taste will admit the uncommon beauty of the foregoing passage, placed as it is in a position where grandeur is natural, and decoration appropriate. Yet, who does not perceive that the splendid expressions which render it so remarkable, would, if employed in prose, be as offensive, as in poetry they are pleasing?" There is not one expression there that might not be used in elevated prose, provided only there were a departure from the metrical arrangement. In Milton's own prose there are hundreds as splendid—as poetical; and in the prose of Jeremy Taylor, and other great writers. Passion and imagination are not banished from prose—nor a sense of the sublime and beautiful;—nor are they

banished from the breasts of men who are no writers at all, but who nevertheless, under their influence, speak as orators or poets speak—even as men and women are heard speaking throughout all Shakspeare, in a style that must be most “offensive” to the Doctor, though “pleasing” to all the rest of the human race. True, ’tis a visionary world, and an enchanted floor—that Theatre. But the shadows seem to be of flesh and blood—to speak our language—to shed tears like ours—and utter what bears a dread resemblance to human groans.

The Doctor has the stupid impertinence to say, that Wordsworth has “strenuously recommended and practised a mode of writing, characterised by a meagre dryness of expression, and a diffuse languor of modulation, which has procured for it the epithet of “prose poetry.” Where is the blockhead who applied that epithet? Let him show—and deep must be the shade that, after an interview with Us, will suffice to hide “his many-coloured head.”

Let us hear now our friend’s opinion of his own poetry:—“The true style of good poetry is certainly one or other of these extremes; and a writer of judgment and good taste will as carefully avoid offending by the bare sterility, or by the meretricious gaudiness of his diction. The great art is to know when, and in what degree, to decorate. Some topics require language altogether plain and perspicuous, while others will appear flat and barren, unless enriched with the flowers of speech. Description and sentiment seem to be peculiarly susceptible of ornament, and will bear it to an extent that would encumber dialogue, and impede the progress of the narrative. Throughout the following work, I trust it will be found that, while on every admissible occasion I have indulged in the decorative style, I have been sparing of it wherever employing it freely would have savoured of affectation, produced obscurity, or occasioned unnecessary and unseemly glare.” In short, the author is of opinion that the *Antediluvians* is “written in the true style of good poetry.” *Nous verrons.*

The Doctor holds that “the diction of a poem is of much less consequence than the ideas”—and that, “in estimating the merit of a long narrative poem in particular, its general plan

and scope, comprising the individuals, characters, sentiments, and scenery, ought never to be overlooked.” Such dicta, so boldly announced, may appear paradoxical; but, on maturer reflection, the world will cheerfully admit their truth.

We admire the genius displayed by many of the Poets of the Flood—yet are “free to confess,” that, with the exception of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Enoch, and old Methuselah—Noah and his family, of course—we have never been able to bring ourselves to care much for the *Antediluvians*. There are grotesque images associated, in our fancy, with the very name. We know that we ought to be above such weakness—and we cheerfully acknowledge that the Deluge was “a great event in the annals of mankind.” We have no doubt that the World before the Flood was a very poetical world—for we know it was a very wicked one. But commend us on that and every other account—to the World after the Flood. Let us first exhaust it, if you please—and when there is no more to be said about it, fall back on the ages that never saw the rainbow.

The Doctor says, that “in drawing the characters, and relating the transactions of the important era that preceded the Deluge, the heart of man, under the various modifications caused by the same passions which agitate it to this day, can be exhibited;” and doubtless it may, but at a great disadvantage. We would not give Crabbe’s *Borough* for all that has been written or ever will be written about the Antediluvian world. We have been more affected by a paragraph in the *Westmoreland Gazette*, telling of the loss of a post-chaise, horses, driver, and a pretty girl, in the sands between Lancaster and Ulverston, than by Byron’s *Heaven and Earth*, or even by Poussin’s or Martin’s great picture.

“The awful event which terminated the first series of the human race, cannot fail,” says the Doctor, “strongly to affect the mind, and awaken the sympathies of their descendants of every tribe, and in every clime, as well as to teach them a warning lesson of the most impressive character they could possibly learn.” It does so in the Bible. But as we dislike and disavow all manner of affectation, we hope that we shall not give offence in

any quarter, by declaring in the July number of Blackwood, 1839, that though we are one of the most distinguished "descendants" "of the first series" of the human race, "the event which terminated" that series docs "fail strongly to awaken our sympathies"—and, shocking as it may seem, that we have not read Dr M'Henry's *Antediluvians, or the World Destroyed*, with a tithe of the interest we felt in Sir Thomas D. Lauder's *Account of the Morayshire Floods*.

The Doctor himself has some misgivings on the subject, and acknowledges "that it was, indeed, no slight task to bring before the public, the affairs and fortunes of a world, concerning which so few records remain." The Public will, no doubt, try to look more than usually pensive on the *Antediluvians and the World Destroyed*, but will be sadder at heart for the sake of a party of apprentices and their sweethearts drowned on a holiday in rashly "shooting the bridge."

The Poem of *The Antediluvians, or the World Destroyed*, opens with a description of Armon, or Armonia, "beneath the rule of the righteous Enoch."

"There flocks and herds
Amidst the genial valleys, multiplied
In joyous numbers; for no winter frost
Nor summer scorching there was feared
to cause
Sickness, or pain, or premature decay;
But every gale that fanned the fragrant air,
Bore health and gladness on its balmy
wings,
Giving duration to the life of man
Tenfold the period of its present state."

Is this scriptural? "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return into the ground," &c. The winter frost may not then have been very severe in Armonia, though we believe that now it is occasionally rather sharp, with sleet, hail, and snow. "Summer scorching" there must have been—and frequent drought. On what authority does a medical man of our day aver that there was "no sickness, or pain, or premature decay" before the Flood? Children'

complaints—especially teething—must have carried off multitudes—and so must the measles; "girls of sweet sixty" died then in fact of consumption—and blooming and blushing brides were prematurely cut off ere they had reached their two-hundredth year. We are nowhere told that the longevity of the Antediluvians was owing to climate. There is every reason to believe that the Flood improved climate—and for that, and all other heaven's mercies, "our heart leaps up when we behold a rainbow in the sky."

In the 24th verse of the 5th chapter of Genesis you will find it thus written: "And Enoch walked with God; and he *was* not; for God took him." Milton, remembering with awe that verse, and by it inspired, says,

"Him old and young
Exploded, and had seized with violent
hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatched him
thence,
Unseen amid the throng."

Here is Dr M'Henry's picture of the translation of Enoch.

"At length the patriarch of this happy race,
By the command of his approving God,
Bade earth and all the sons of men adieu.
As, congregated on a spacious plain
Near Jared, their chief city, sacred seat
Of patriarch rule, from Enoch's father
named,

The tribes, assembled by the godlike man,
Joined in an annual sacrifice, ordained
In mem'ry of the pard'ning covenant made
With our repentant parents at the fall,
The holy patriarch called upon his God
For permanence of blessings on his race.
When lo! a glorious sight burst from the
skies!

A radiant chariot of celestial mould,
By winged spirits drawn, and in its seat
A form of beauteous and majestic mien
Descended, in the midst, where Enoch stood,
Awe-struck the crowd at reverent distance
gazed,

As thus the bright angelic vision spake.
'Enoch, thy service in this world is o'er.
Thou hast performed it well; therefore
ascend

This chariot, and with me arise to Heaven,
There the reward adjudged thee to receive,
A crown eternal of unmingled bliss!
That instant Enoch's mortal frame was
changed;

Unrivalled symmetry his limbs adorned,
His features brightened with a glow divine,
And round his brows a heavenly halo shone,
Soon in the seraph's car he took his seat,

And, looking fondly on the wondering throng,
 'Farewell!' he said, 'my children! serve your God

With unremitting zeal, as I have done,
 And ye shall gain as bright a recompense !'

"The harnessed spirits, spreading forth their wings

That waved in golden radiance, like the clouds

In autumn evening burnished by the sun ;
 And hovering, for a moment, o'er the earth,
 With swift ascent towards th' ethereal realms
 Took their glad way, and mingled with the skies.

Th' astonished multitude fell to the ground
 In humble posture, and adored the Power
 Omnipotent, their father's God, whose hand
 This glorious miracle of love had wrought."

Chariots and cars are sublimely spoken of in Scripture—and in *Paradise Lost*—"instinct with spirit." But the descent of the present chariot, to the eye of our imagination, is anything but sublime. The set out is spick-and-span new—but too material by far—as if built by Croall. "In its seat" is too minute a touch, and we are curious to know if it were a *vis-a-vis*. "Soon in the seraph's car he took his seat," borders, we fear, on the ludicrous—and we trust we are not profane in saying it suggests the idea of Enoch being booked for heaven. "Therefore ascend this chariot" is not seraphic—and Enoch's parting words had been better, if not so self-laudatory. Nothing can be poorer, for nothing can be more commonplace, than the image of the clouds—and it is inappropriate ; for sunset is a steadfast show and far remote—whereas the harnessed spirits unfold their wings in the very midst of a crowd—on the ground—and then, hovering for a moment over the earth, swiftly ascend towards the ethereal realms. The mere colour of their wings may have resembled that of clouds "in autumn evening burnished by the sun ;" but all their other attributes are extinguished by the image.

Methuselah succeeds his father Enoch—and dies, near the bottom of the page. His son Lamech having predeceased him, Noah mounts his grandfather's throne—and then, it may be said, begins the poem.

We do not comprehend Dr M'Henry's views of hereditary succession to the monarchical government among the race of Seth before the Flood. On Enoch's translation, Methuselah, heir-apparent, assumes the sceptre.

But how, we ask, happened it that Enoch was king during the lifetime of his father Jared? If the Doctor will again look into the 5th chapter of Genesis, he will perceive that Jared outlived Enoch four hundred and thirty-five years. It is not said that he had resigned, or that he had been deposed—and we could not help being both surprised and hurt at his absence from the Translation. The Doctor must have supposed him dead long ago ; for he speaks of

"Jared, their chief city, sacred seat
 Of patriarch rule, from Enoch's father named."

In a second edition, the good old king (in his sixth century) must have a good place assigned him near the chariot "of celestial mould." Nor must Methuselah, any more than Enoch, be suffered to mount the throne till his grandfather's demise. A few hundred years must be cut off his reign, as erroneously given in the M'Henry's annals ; and with such correction of dates—for it is strictly a question of dates—the Doctor will not fail to discover the error contained in the lines,

"Through the long period of Methuselah's reign,

That reign the longest in the rolls of time."

Had we stopped here, we should have given the Doctor a famous opportunity for a triumph over us ; but we beg to inform the Doctor, that at the time of Enoch's translation, not only was his father Jared alive, but Jared's father, Mahalaleel. Mahalaleel then was king, Jared Prince of Wales, and Enoch Duke of — No, we are wrong again—for Mahalaleel's father Cainan was alive too, and he must have been king ; so the Doctor and we are called upon to re-adjust the order according to seniority of the blood-royal. Why, we are not right yet—for Cainan's father, Enos, was as much alive as any of them ; so, at the translation of Enoch—as described by M'Henry—there must have been present—Enoch himself, Jared, his father, Mahalaleel, his grandfather, Cainan, his great-grandfather, and Enos, his great-great-grandfather.

Mercy on us ! old Seth, too, was alive—alive and kicking !—Enoch's great-great-great-grandfather !

Methuselah, however, at last is dead. And our poet exclaims :—

"Illustrious Noah ! thou who wert ordained •

To be the second father of mankind,
 How did it grieve thy spirit, when thou
 found'st
 The progress pride and wantonness had
 made,
 By secret growth, even in Methuselah's
 days ?
 Ah ! now, where veneration for the years
 Of one whose power they had so long
 obeyed,
 No more restrained them in their vain
 desires,
 The proud and daring openly gave way
 To vile propensities, and wickedness
 Began to lose the shame which had before
 Kept her, decorous, from the public view."

Having found the Doctor so far out on his previous chronology, we cannot help suspecting that he is not aware that Methuselah died only about a year before the flood. This description of the gradual growth of wickedness—in the above passage and many others—after Methuselah's death, leads to this suspicion ; but, supposing that it is not so, then the action of the *Antediluvians, or the World Destroyed*—for Enoch and Methuselah occupy but four pages at the beginning—is comprehended within a single year. Long enough time, too, in all conscience—but then, how short for a poem undertaking to narrate "THE FORTUNES AND CATASTROPHE OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD!" We hear little or nothing, and that little or nothing in vague generalities, of any Antediluvians but those who were drowned in the Flood. The poem should have been called "The Year of the Flood." The *Antediluvians*, then, the Doctor cannot fail to perceive, has yet to be written—and he ought to set about it forthwith, lest some interloper, regardless alike of "courtesy and policy," take it out of his hand.

We should have wished to know something more of the Sethites than it has pleased the Doctor to reveal ; but we must now accompany him to the kingdom of the Cainites, under the iron rule of Shalmazar, a Demi-fiend—begotten by Belial on Astoreth, a princess of the blood-royal. "The infernal spirit who had caused the Fall" had long had possession of the hearts of the people—and the guardian angels had resought the skies.

"Oh ! direful was th' unhallowed intercourse,
 With more than half mankind, they had
 maintained

Which first inflicted death, the doom of sin
 Pronounced upon our nature at the fall !
 Subservient to the foul malignant fiends,
 Th' abandoned race of Cain their God for-
 sook,
 And to th' infernal agents gave their hearts.
 Oh ! preference worse than foolish, choice
 insane !

Which drove celestial spirits from their
 charge

Of guardianship o'er human feebleness,
 And left the hapless Cainites in the power
 Of hellish tyrants, whom they blindly served,
 Lured by the sensual pleasures amply given
 In transient, poisonous recompense for
 guilt !"

Let us take a look at the Demi-fiend.

"Here reigned the fierce Shalmazar, giant
 king,

Sprung from a mixture of infernal strain ;
 His sire the power of lewdness, Belial
 named,

Who, amorous of an earth-born beauty,
 won

Astoreth, princess of Gal-Cainah's realm,
 To his unhallowed love. The foul embrace
 Produced a monster of gigantic frame,
 And hellish passions from his sire derived,
 Who slew his mother's kin, and with their
 blood

Succession earned to their imperial throne.
 Such horrid intercourse was frequent, then,
 Between the infernals and the beauteous
 dames

Of Cain's cursed progeny, who feared not
 God,

But, filled with hellish wantonness, pro-
 duced

A monstrous brood, half devils and half
 men !"

This mixture, the Doctor believes, "is in due consistency with the ideas generally entertained in Christendom." We cannot figure to ourselves the produce of such crosses—a demi-rep is come-at-able in our imagination, but not a demi-fiend. This, however, is indisputable—that Demi-fiend must be an ugly customer—wicked whether he will or no—miserable—and a giant. The Cainite king should have been a man—and should have given the Antediluvian world assurance of his being so—though up to the knees and elbows in blood. Othello calls Iago a demi-devil—because he knew that he was man-begotten as well as woman-born.

Shalmazar had raised a golden statue of himself, "all enriched with gems of chrysolite and glittering adamant, emerald and topaz, amethyst and pearl," higher than the highest of the

Since the fell deed by bloody Cain was done,

Egyptian pyramids—a thousand feet at a moderate computation, whence we conclude that what are now called the precious metals were then dog-cheap.

“How grieved the heavenly angels were to see

The human multitudes, from hills and vales,

And villages and cities, numberless,

Who, with unholy steps, came wildly forth
To kneel in impious worship at that shrine
Of wicked pageantry, in full contempt
Of the true worship of the God of heaven!”

All were idolaters but a remnant.
The true believers had annually emigrated in considerable numbers to the land of Seth—all but one

“Glorious Jethuran! thine the happy choice

To stand alone ’midst the blaspheming world,

The friend and champion of the Eternal One.”

As he is about to be immolated to the fury of the tyrant, his daughter Hadallah rushes forward

“Like a beam
Of sudden light from heaven, that bursts the gloom
Of an o’ershaded sky,”

And throws her slender form at Shalmazar’s feet.

“The beauty of the suppliant, through the frame

Of the fell tyrant shot resistless fire
Of amorous longing;”

And “fondly thus the maiden he addressed”——

“Fair one, thou’rt charming!” &c.

Jethuran is sent to prison, and Hadallah is given to understand, that on the usual terms her father’s life will be spared.

Book Second is occupied with a detail of the measures taken by the Demi-fiend to get possession of the virgin; among which the most dangerous are the artifices of a painted and plausible jade, Jazeda, mistress of the harem.

“Now, with proud gait and high affected air,

Jazeda, mistress of the harem, came, —
Commanded by the king, to try each art
Of strong persuasion on Hadallah’s mind.
Advanced into the autumnal stage of life,
Her beauty faded, but not quite decay’d,
She its defects assiduously repair’d

By ornaments profuse, glaring and strong,
With glowing colours, and with rich perfumes,

Spread with such deep solicitude to please,
It was unnatural all, and gave offence
Instead of pleasure to the eyes of taste.”

Among other topics of persuasion, this harridan urges on Hadallah’s consideration the moral to be deduced from the following “story of Adda:”——

“Beware!—thou may’st deceive thyself;
for he

Has other passions that can be aroused,
And he can hate as fervently as love.
Hear me while I relate young Adda’s fate.
She was as fair a maid as ever woke
Impassioned feelings in the breast of man;
But she was of a stubborn chastity;

And at her feet when the world’s master sued,

She spurned his wishes and refused his love.

At length, his passions pushed beyond control,

He forced her first, then glutted his revenge.

See’st thou yon citadel, whose frowning towers

O’erhang the shadowy breadth of Kisna’s flood——

Lo! now they gleam in evening’s setting ray!——

There by Shalmazar’s mandate she was borne,

And in a room of state, decked splendidly
For his design, he revelled in her charms,
Spite of her imprecations, prayers, and cries.

Then nothing but revenge for her disdain
And fruitless opposition, moved his soul.

‘In love,’ he cried, ‘I now have rioted
And vengeance, long provoked, shall have its due!’

He caught her, trembling, in his furious grasp,

And from the topmost turret’s airy height
He hurled her headlong to the gulf below.

The flood enclosed her in its deepening wave.

And Kisna’s waters were her dying bed!
Take warning, maiden, nor presume too far

Upon thy beauty; think of Adda’s fate!”

The Demi-fiend, having as he grew old become an epicure in his pleasures, is now averse to the use of force; but, finding Hadallah obstinate, he takes her up to the Tower of Adda, and shows her Jethuran about to be flung into a pile of fire.

“ ‘Tyrant,’ she said, ‘I will not yield to thee!’ ”

And the executioners—

—“Cast their victim on the roaring flames.”

“But suddenly the shouting crowd is mute ;

Awe-struck, they gaze—for lo ! a miracle !
Three ’midst the flames appear instead of one !

Two with spread wings and fair angelic shapes,

By either hand the good Jethuran caught,
Swift at their touch the holy man is changed

From age to youth, from feebleness to strength :

His bonds fall off ; his earthly robes are turned

To radiant garments of celestial frame,
And on his head a crown of glory shines.
Short space the three survey the wonder-
ing throng,

With looks of pity mingled with rebuke :
Then to Hadallah, with approving smiles,
They turn their eyes, and take their flight
to heaven ;

Jethuran, in the midst, seemed in a car,
By cherubs borne up to the seats of bliss.”

This seems rather too much *da capo* of Enoch’s transfiguration and translation.

The argument of the Third Book runs thus :—“Shalmazar, recovering from his alarm, consults his Vizier and the High Priest of Baal, in relation to the effects which the preternatural appearances that attended the execution of Jethuran, might produce on the public mind.—At the suggestion of the High Priest, it is agreed to persuade the people that they were the result of magic.—Shalmazar then confers with his demon-slave, Asmodeus, on the means most likely to seduce the affections of Hadallah.—They try various modes of temptation, in which Asmodeus is the chief agent, but without success.—Asmodeus, at length, advises that an accomplished and beautiful youth should be allowed access to her, in expectation that he will become enamoured of her, and excite in her a reciprocity of carnal passion, which would occasion the heavenly influences that protected her while uncontaminated by such passion, to leave her to struggle against temptation with only her own strength.—A young warrior, named Ellam, is selected for this purpose.—He becomes enamoured of her, but it is with

a virtuous passion, which, although she does not return, she successfully uses as the instrument of his conversion to the worship of the true God.—The insidious designs of the tempters are, consequently, in this instance also frustrated.”

This argument, though pretty full, gives but an imperfect idea of Book Third, in which the character of the Demi-fiend is shown in a very puzzling light. Having recovered from the fright of the miracle, and got Horzan, priest of Baal, to convince the people, who had been getting rebellious, that it was no miracle at all, he

“Now fondly turns to more attractive cares—

Once more he muses on Hadallah’s charms.”

“Compulsion he would spurn, as ruinous
To the high visions which his fancy forms
Of bliss, resulting from the yielding love
Of so much beauty trembling in his arms,
With mutual fondness, and with mutual joy.”

Hitherto, certainly, he had not adopted the means most likely to create a tender feeling towards him in the heart of Hadallah ; but now he depends—

“Some unseen art it yet remains to try.
What shall it be ? The exciting power of herbs,

Or chymic philtres, to inflame the heart,
With amorous longing ? ”

That smells of Apothecaries’ Hall. But the Doctor, who is no quack, reinstates himself and the Demi-fiend in our esteem.

“Small faith in these,
Inactive oft, and transient when they act.
BUT MAGIC ! ”

Ay ! there comes the rub. Magic will do the business—

“Horzan has made it welcome to my ear !
Let him employ the name to cheat mankind—

The art I’ll practice to seduce the fair.”

At his potent conjuration appears “smooth Asmodeus,” as stated in the argument, who delivers, in good round set terms, a doctrine to which we cannot subscribe—to wit, “that the moment any seductive art can taint her soul with any impulse of a carnal stain,” her guardian angel will desert her, and she will rush into Shalmazar’s arms. If so ; what, it may be asked, is the use of a guardian angel ?

Asmodeus assumes the shape of a blooming chorister,

"Who frames love-ditties passing rare,
And sings them to that lady fair ;

and Hadallah begins to feel rather queerish.

"The luscious poison gently wound its way

Along each thrilling nerve, and moved her all

Into a mood of melting tenderness.

But transient was the insidious warmth"—

For she observed something alarming in Smoddy's eyes—for while "there flashed a gleam she could not understand," the casement opened of itself to "permit his entering steps"—the zephyr might now be felt "fanning with fragrance his voluptuous way"—and Hadallah in that crisis prayed, "Protect me, God ! in whom I trust."

"When instantly the infernal charm dissolved

Like a foul mist beneath the solar beam,
The casement closed against the intrusive fiend,

And fair Hadallah's mind again is free."

Hadallah goes to bed, but has odd dreams—

"For airy phantasies,

Seductive to the soul, now off its guard,
Before her vision pass bewitchingly."

No fault of hers, poor soul ! for Asmodeus is near her pillow, and

"Insidiously his incantations works
To charm her thoughts to love."

The semblance of an angel tells her that it is her fate to wed Shalmazar—infusing into her mind ambitious thoughts, and she feels distressed in sleep—

"As if pollution's breath

Had through her frame diffused some taint of sin."

Zoriel, a cherub messenger from Heaven, finds her "in temptation's grasp," and detects Asmodeus, whom he rates soundly ; but oh ! how unlike to the scene from which it is borrowed !—Satan at the ear of Eve in Paradise, starting up from a toad into an archangel at the touch of Ithuriel's spear !

Asmodeus next recommends—as in the argument—to place over her a young Captain of the Guards—Captain Ellam.

"And of this band of noble-looking men
Young Ellam was the noblest."

Captain Ellam had been a sad *roué*—though rather a good-hearted fellow—and a prodigious favourite with the ladies.

"He hitherto had roamed amidst the flowers

Which bloomed around him, flaunting all their charms,

And yielding all their sweets, where'er he chose

To sip and gather, free and unconstrained.
Nay, oft the graces of his aspect had
Bright beauteous dames of highest rank and pride,

As humble suitors to implore his love."

One cannot help smiling at Shalmazar's simplicity in confiding Hadallah to the charge of such a keeper ; and we do not believe that the scheme has ever been adopted, for the same end, since the Flood. The Captain, of course, falls desperately in love with his fair charge ; but, finding that he can make no impression on her heart, grows pious, is converted from idolatry or atheism, and feels his soul raised by her conversation—

"To adoration of the Power Supreme."

"Thus found the wicked ones their baneful arts

Once more defeated."

This Book we consider unique.

In Book Fourth, the Almighty, pitying Hadallah's distress, sends the angel Adareal to Japhet—

"Heir to Noah's throne,

A gallant youth, religious, brave, and wise,"

to command him to go to her rescue—

"And receive,

As recompense, the heart-enrapturing meed

Of her unsullied charms."

Japhet informs Noah of the heavenly message ; and Noah, after some hesitation, gives his assent ; advising his son to—

"Select a band of bold and valiant hearts
From 'midst the hardiest youths of all our realm—

Not to wage war offensive and unwise
Against the fierce Shalmazar's mighty power,

Nor in such manner as may cause alarm,
But such as may be deemed a peaceful train,

In honour of thy station and thy work."

But the Prince will not hear of that—and, in truth, the advice was injudi-

cious and unlike Noah—and declares he will only take

“His scrip and staff, and lyre of heavenly sound,

And one young friend of tried fidelity.”

So off they set—he and Irad—for Gal-Cainab, the metropolis of Shalmazar's empire.

Books IV., V., and VI., are occupied with a detail of the adventures of the minstrels—for in that character they travel—and some of these are, as might be expected, of no common kind:—

“Their dress bespoke them of the minstrel race;

The robe of green, the vest of azure hue,
The yellow sandals, and the jet-black hood

Encircled with the laurel coronet—

Unfailing emblem of the fame which forms
The special guerdon of the sons of song.

Thus habited, with buoyant hearts and bold,

Their harps upon their graceful shoulders slung,

They forward on their perilous journey set.”

It would appear that up to this time they had seen little of their own Armonia, and they are delighted with its beauties, which are fluently described; till, “on the orient boundaries of the sons of Seth,” they come to the border of a sandy waste, which it takes them twelve long weary days to traverse in thirst and toil—but then they behold a lovely lake sleeping in a flowery plain, “with shelving sides of a luxuriant sylvan-covered hill.” Japhet asks—

“Canst thou conjecture, Irad, by what race,

Whether the progeny of Seth or Cain,
This beauteous region is inhabited?”

Irad, as might have been expected, replies—

———“Who

The favoured people of the happy clime,
I know not.”

He inclines, however, from the beauty of the habitation, to think, that if human—

“They must be of the family of Seth.”

“But lo!—behold a wonder! See’st thou not

Something upon the surface of the stream
Move like a chariot? Also in the air,
Above the water, lo! a winged car
Comes, like a floating rainbow, hitherward,

From yonder distant shore beyond the lake.”

“‘I see them,’ said the prince; ‘tis wonderful!—

That air-borne chariot is a glorious sight,—

And lo! methinks in that which skims the wave,

I now discern some human shapes. They seem

Like youthful nymphs adorned most gorgeously.

Now to the beach beneath us they approach;

They land—five of the softer sex—they walk,

Graceful and easy, as if angels had

Taught them the gestures used in Paradise.—

Now, too, the air-borne car descends to earth.

Its door is opened, and lo! issue forth

Five radiant forms who lightly tread the ground,

Stately, and buoyant with angelic wings.

These bend before the nymphs in humble mood

And attitude, as if they were their slaves
Or their imploring lovers. They embrace:—

Now they retire amidst the embowering woods:

And from our eager and admiring view

These bright and happy beings are concealed.

Irad, we will approach; for though I feel
Such awe as tells me that these brilliant ones

Are more than mortal, yet what need we fear,

Protected as we are by HIM whose will
Both mortals and immortals must obey?”

“Down the green sloping of the sylvan hill,

They boldly, but with inward reverence, move

To where the glittering vision disappeared;
And soon, within an arbour wreathed

around
With blossomed woodbines, roses full in bloom,

And variegated lilies in their pride,

Again the radiant strangers they behold.

The beauteous females sat on verdant banks,

With thyme all fragrant, and with asmadine,

Whose odorous sweetness angels once admired.

This was a native flower of Paradise,

The favourite long of Eve in innocence,
And deemed the brightest in that gay par-

terre,
Whose tendence was her pure and blissful

task,

Ere hellish fraud seduced her into sin.
Even when expelled that happy residence,
By Heaven's indulgence it was spared to her

And her fair daughters, through all Eden's clime,

Until, with many a sweetly-kindred plant
That blest the vales, and charmed the sons of men,

The avenging Deluge swept it from the earth,

No more to solace a degenerate world.

"Embowered in fragrance here, these radiant nymphs,

Named Zaries, from the effulgence of those charms

By which, in this love-breathing clime, they held

Graceful dominion o'er the sons of Heaven,

Received attendance from angelic forms.

Nectar was here poured forth in cups of gold,

And fruits of rich delicious flavour, were,
In plates of shining crystal, spread by hands

That once had ministered in heaven, but now

Were fain to bend, in amorous servitude,
To the caprices of those earthly dames

Whose charms had lured them from their seats on high,

Causing their fall from angel purity,

And dooming them to banishment from heaven.

"Soon as the pilgrim youths this scene beheld,

They paused, alarmed, for suddenly arose
The angelic five, as if disturbed, and thus

Their brightest to the wondering Zaries spake :—

" 'There is intrusion into our retreats,
The breathing of some mortals we perceive

Within these precincts. Fair ones, shall we haste

Back to our mansions in the Isle of Love,
And shun their sight? Or, would ye that

we bring
Into your presence the adventurers?"

"Surprised, the Zaries started from their seats:

'Men! mortal men here venturing,' they exclaimed,

'To penetrate to our secluded haunts!

Haste! let us to our island, to avoid

Discovery by such bold and daring spies,
Who doubtless are some wandering sons

of Seth,
Envious or curious of the life we lead.'

"They would have fled like timid deer,
whose fold

Is rudely threatened by some ravening wolves;

But one less fearful than the rest withstood.

She, sweetly scornful, smiled, and thus she said :—

" 'What fear ye, Zaries? Sons of Seth are men,

Not ruffians; and to us no violence

Will offer, nor intrude if we forbid.

Why from the approach of men should we withdraw?—

Men, made by nature to adore our sex!

Ye should have more reliance on those charms

Which captivated angels, and which o'er

The hearts of men are still omnipotent.

For me, I'll see these strangers.—Orpheal, go,

And with due courtesy conduct them here.' "

Rather a pretty pic-nic party—though scarcely in the style of Watteau or Stothard.

The Zarie who spake was named Ulsannah, and she was their queen. Her father was the chief of Benashaar, a Cainite province,

"Where true piety

Was found to linger, after it had fled

From all the rest of fierce Shalmazar's realms."

The angel Orpheal had seen her one vernal morning gathering flowers in a grove near the palace garden, fell in love with her on the spot, wooed; and won her—

"And then it was

That woman's love first made an angel blest."

His example was soon followed by a great number of angels, who were banished from heaven for their frailty, but not, like them who fell through pride or ambition, to remediless perdition, but to the Isle of Love, where they

"Were only destined to be woman's slaves,
To her caprice subjected, and to dwell

With her on earth, partaking all her cares,
And tortured by her fickleness of mood."

* * * * *

"Here tarnished of their glory, did they dwell

In rigid servitude to woman's will.

Oh! happy slaves! whose welcome chains were forged

By woman's love, and gilded by her charms! "

Orpheal now instantly obeys Ulsannah's mandate, and ushers Japhet and Irad into the festal bower. No sooner has Ulsannah gazed upon the prince, than,

"struck with his manly grace, she heaves a sigh." Over head and ears she falls with him in a moment, and the angel Orpheal seems stale beside the son of Noah. Japhet, too, is smitten with the Zarie queen, though not so fatally, and, looking unutterable things, they "make babies in each other's eyes." Ulsannah says eagerly ;

"Zaries and angels, think ye not we should infringe the laws of hospitality,
Did we not for these strangers spread the feast

Of choicest viands in our brightest bowers ?
The first we've had of human visitors
Must not with churlishness be driven away :
'Tis right we to our island now return,
And bear with us these minstrels as our guests."

Assent was yielded, for the queen's desire
But echoed that of her attendant nymphs,
Against whose will the angels had no voice ;
Slaves to the fair, submission was their doom.

Soon in the air the winged car arose,
And on the lake the bounding boat was launched,

And half reluctantly the minstrel pair,
Seated amidst the gay alluring train,
Were borne triumphant to the Isle of Love."

The Fortunate Youth sit down to a sumptuous banquet, and feast—

"On grateful viands, fitted to increase
At once, and gratify, the appetite
With rich enjoyment, and supply the frame
With rich nutrition ; then the pilgrim guests

Quaff the brisk nectar, sparkling in gay cups
Of polished jacinth, angel workmanship,
And by attendant angels served around."

Isradell, "sweet angel of the lyre," sweeps the gold strings, and sings a song of his own composition, in praise of "lovely woman." The whole party, a little elevated, repair to the sward, and get up a country dance—cross hands, down the middle, boulangez, set corners, and reel—to antediluvian tunes, corresponding to our Honey-moon and the Devil among the Tailors.

"The joyous dance upon the flowery sward,
In evening's luscious hour, succeeded next.

Then were elastic motions, easy, light,
And gladsome, like the linnet's fairy print

Upon the violet, by woman shown,
In every graceful attitude of form,

And every figure of inventive mirth,
Where gaiety and elegance combine.—
The square, the cross, and the swift winding wheel,

And angle everchanging, yet preserved,
In gay eccentric regularity.

Japhet and Irad joined the mirthful band
Hilariously, for spirits, buoyant with
Ethereal lightness, all their frames en-
dued,

And gave to jocund frolic all their souls.
The angels also mingled in the scene
Of joyance, with the inspirers of their love :

And heavenly natures from terrestrial sports,

Which woman's loveliness had dignified,
Drew pleasure ; for in every gesture,
they

Beheld new fascination, and adored."

The minstrels remain in the Isle of Love precisely one week. We hear little of Irad, but of Japhet and Ulsannah perhaps rather more than enough. The Doctor, at the commencement of Book V., exclaims—

"What man e'er felt life's current in his veins,

And did not feel the power of woman's charms ?

Ah ! no, though virtue's ardent votary,
And resolute to keep in duty's path,
Hath not been tempted by the blandish-
ments

Of smiling beauty into pleasure's arms,
Though conscience blamed and piety for-
bade."

So much the more merit in Japhet's rejection of the proffered love of Ulsannah. "By every token fondness could devise, the beauteous queen betrayed the new-born flame," and we fear to follow the impassioned Doctor in his enumeration of all her allurements. Japhet was far from insensible to the lavish display of her charms.

"But piety, habitual in his heart,
Preserved true reverence for the will of Heaven,

And made the consciousness of doing right

More dear to him than all the enrapturing charms

Of love and beauty in that blessed isle."

The Queen, being urgent, the Prince resolves to be off—and communicates to her his mission to Shalmazar's court.

"A sudden faintness o'er Ulsannah came ;
It pass'd ; but left her all confused and
grieved

To find the man she loved, already tired

Of her endearments, and so little moved
By all her lavished favours on him heaped,
In the fond hope of gaining love for love."

But the moment she is told by Japhet that he is a "heaven-commissioned" messenger, she consents to his departure; for she is represented as a most pious lady, and though her heart is breaking, she exclaims—

"Oh! let it, rather than a wilful crime
I should commit against the King of heaven."

All this time the angel Orpheal either keeps in the back-ground, or, if in attendance, winks at the amour—nay, he encourages it, and appears delighted that his dear Ulsannah, whose slave he is, should have found a man so entirely to her liking—young, fresh, warm, human flesh and blood, so superior in her fancy to a seraph's! He is almost as unhappy as his wife, at the thought of Japhet leaving the Isle of Love; and, since the Flood, we venture to say, there has been no such accommodating husband. For the seraph is uxorious in the extreme—and would only be too happy to assist the interesting stranger to partake in his marital rights. We cannot doubt that there is a profound moral in all this; for Dr M'Henry is a most pious poet, and, "with respect to the incidents, characters, sentiments, and scenery of this poem," says, "that he has endeavoured to preserve them in due consistency, not only with themselves, but with the ideas generally entertained in Christendom of the rich regions and the momentous period to which they relate."

The "pilgrim minstrels," led by Orpheal, at the command of the chaste and pious Ulsannah, from the Zarian Isle, traverse an immense waste, ne'er trod before by human foot, till they come to the margin of a lake full of breakers and whirlpools, unsailed as yet by "bark of human fabric." How are they to get across? The angel wrenches a towering cedar from its site, and flings it into the foaming flood. The trunk expands into a spacious hull—the root becomes the stern, "where moves the guiding rudder"—the top the sharpened prow—the firmer branches the masts—the pliant twigs the ropes and cordage—the gay garniture of rustling leaves the sails. It becomes a noble ship—the three embark—Orpheal takes the tiller,

and, after a pleasant voyage of a few minutes' duration, her Majesty's ship the Cedar, comes to anchor in an opposite bay.

"Upon a flowery bank, beneath the shade
Of a fair spreading tree, the pilgrims rest,
And take refreshment, by the angel served,
Choice and abundant."

The Doctor attends carefully to their dietetics on all their journeys; and we happen to be aware, though he does not mention it, that the pilgrims had in their pockets each a box of pills and a paper of aperient powders, besides a supply—condensed into cakes of the size of a crown-piece—of portable soup.

After lunch, Orpheal discourses at large

"On various topics to instruct their minds,
And gratify their high desire express'd,
For information on mysterious things."

Japhet cross-questions him, more particularly on the loves of the angels, and his confessions are explicit and minute. Orpheal admits the guilt of connexion with woman, and that the loss of Heaven is dreadful to the thoughts of those who once inherited its bliss.

"To me 'twere sorrow not to be appeased,
But that I hope by penitence, and proof
Of virtue, to regain an entrance there."

He then returns his most grateful thanks to Japhet for his visit, and assures him that it has served his poor Angelship much—by affording him proof of the firmness, even while most he feared the feebleness, of his own virtue.

"I knew Ulsannah loved thee, yet my breast

Repelled the approach of every jealous thought,

Nor aught but kindness for a rival felt,
Who had deprived me of espoused love.
Nor was Ulsannah's love for thee a crime:

Although to me her nuptial faith was due,

And chastely, with unwavering firmness, kept,

For thee the emotions of her heart were more

Accordant with creation's law, and deemed

More genial than an angel could awake.
For male and female God had made
your race

To charm each other with love's holy spell,—

Nature's sweet impulse irresistible,
The soul-subduing sympathy of sex,
Whose force divine inspired her love for thee.

This knowing, from my heart all self I tore,

And planted there my rival as my friend.
For this I am accredited in heaven.

Ulsannah too hath met with favour there
For the great conquest o'er her passion gain'd,

When she, at duty's call, resign'd thy love,

Which o'er her heart such mastery possess'd,

That death to her more welcome would have been

Than parting with thee. Heaven beheld and blest

Her pious struggle to obey its will.

To me it was, in that same hour, reveal'd
That we were both accepted, and that death

Would soon release her from this earthly thrall,

When, with her spirit, I should re-ascend
And find admission to my native heaven."

Comment would be thrown away on such a revelation as this—yet we cannot but refer, in a single word, to Orpheal's delicate, judicious, and just compliment to Ulsannah's chastity—his victorious vindication of her preference and passion for a human being, and his profound reflections on the mutual influence and reaction of sex on sex—which must have had all the charm of novelty to Japhet—innocent, as he was, as a sucking-dove.

Japhet, however, had remarked a singular deficiency in the domestic life of the tenants of the Isle of Love, and summons up courage to say to Orpheal—

"A venturesome wish

Prompts me to make of thee enquiry,
which

With kind reply thou wilt indulge, and thus

The charm of thy discourse to me prolong.
Say, what the cause, that in this blissful Isle,

Appears no offspring of your angel race?

*Not unprolific, sure, your beauteous wives,
Nor wanting in maternal tenderness*

To nurse their children in those happy bowers."

That is a question to be put cautiously, and with a guarded expression of countenance; but Orpheal was prepared for it—

"Thy question I will answer," Orpheal said,

"All, freely—for it is a theme I love."

The answer is unambiguous, but verbose, and may be thus abridged, without insertion of the more affecting sentiments:—"We angels were guiltless of all offence, except in loving that dear sex which God created for the bless of man." Exile from heaven, and "servitude to woman's wish on earth," atoned for that offence. As for "those fair ones," they sinned not in joining their fate with ours—"ours was the fall, the exaltation theirs." Our offspring are numerous, and sinless; for neither the penalty of their sins, nor their mother's stain of earth applies to them; therefore, the great Sire of all—

"Still at their birth, ere from their mother's breast

They draw pollution, calls them to himself."

The Doctor informed us, in his Preface, that "those very records, from the sacred nature of their character, increased the difficulty ('of bringing before the public the affairs of our world, concerning which so few records remain'), by obliging the details to be in strict conformity with their testimony; and, consequently, limiting the creations of fancy to a rigid consistency with the particulars of Scripture history."

We cannot say that this scriptural explanation is as satisfactory to us as it would seem to have been to Japhet. Orpheal, that is, Dr James McHenry, does not make out a good case for either angel or Zarie; and there is something here peculiarly revolting in his theology.

The angels, in our opinion, were exceedingly culpable "in loving that dear sex which God created for the bliss of man." What right, pray, had they to come sailing down the sky like so many vultures, and to carry off honest men's daughters, and honest men's sweethearts at that rate, thereby necessitating swarms of old bachelors? We boldly declare, that exile from heaven was but a secondary punishment for a primary crime—and that they should have been all sent to hell. Servitude to woman's will on earth was exactly what they desired; and though Orpheal says he sorrowed for the loss of celestial bliss, we say he

was a thousand times happier than he deserved to be, eating off crystal, and drinking out of gold, and voyaging in a balloon—pic-nic-ing by sunlight in groves, and caterwauling by moonlight on roofs with that pretty puss Ulsannah.

On "the daughters of men" who eloped with angels and became Zaries, nobody who knows us would deem us capable of being ungentlemanly severe ; but we entreat the Doctor to reconsider his judgment acquitting them of all sin in absconding for ever, without notice, from the houses of their parents, and entering upon that very questionable and quis-quis kind of life. It would have been most ungrateful—and far worse, most ungal-lant in Orpheal—to have so much as hinted to Japhet his real opinion of the fair run-a-ways ; but it was the duty of the Doctor to put into a parenthesis a saving clause to that effect—for sake of fathers of families in the World after the Flood. For what Postdiluvian male creature does not seem an angel in the eyes of some one woman or another ? And did not the late Mr Colquhoun calculate the number of Zaries in a single city of ours at fifty thousand ?

Orpheal, with all his ingenuity, fails to make out, that neither the frailty of their sires, nor the earthly stain of their mothers, applies to the peccaninnies—the issue of those peccadilloes—because they were still withdrawn "ere from their mother's breast they drew pollution." Orpheal might have spared himself and others the pain of that expression. "Pollution" is a strong word—and comes with a bad grace from his lips. But, alas ! for Ulsannah ! For were they not bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, and blood of her blood ? Dismal, indeed, must have been the *accouchements* in the Isle of Love ! No preparation of baby-linen ! No experimental creaking of cradle ! No gossip ! No ta ! ta ! ta ! No little footsteps lightly printing the ground ! Phaugh ! a breeding-place to supply heaven with half-and-half cherubs ! And shuddered not the Doctor to think how the milk-fever must have been perpetually raging there—in every other house, a Zarie mother, furious as a tigress, robbed of her cubs—and in her brain's distraction giving vent to the most horrid curses ?

"But lo ! approaching from the Isle of Love,

A messenger, the seraph Isradell.

The pilgrims looked, and like a sun-beam bright,

They see the dazzling angel cross the lake ;

And swift he stands beside them on the turf.

'Haste, Orpheal, to Ulsannah's bower !' he said :

'The fair one lies upon her dying couch, Torn by commingling griefs—repentance deep

For love involuntary, burning still

For this young stranger, yet resisted strong,

With all the firmness of a dying saint.

She feels death in the struggle ; and she longs

For thy loved presence to assuage her wo,

While her grieved soul continues chain'd to earth ;

And when released it takes its flight to heaven,

To attend it there, and usher it to bliss.'"

[Loud cries of oh, oh, oh !]

Continuing their journey, the pilgrims come within view of the walls of Paradise, the splendour of which, and the flaming weapons of the angelic guards that encircle the sacred place, overpower their vision, and they are unable to proceed until relieved by an unfallen angel, who conducts them in safety to the dominion of Shalmazar.

"The angel ceased, and from a fig-tree near,

He pluck'd two branches, bright in leafy bloom,

And one to each presented. As they caught

The verdant bough, the coalescing leaves Spread forth, uniting into one, and form'd

For each, a veil compact and large, which screen'd

Their vision from the servid light pour'd forth

By the bright guards and watch of Paradise."

The same angel gives to Japhet two potent presents—a phial containing a liquor drawn from the tree of knowledge, with which he is enjoined every morning to rub his eyes, and "all that day to thee the gift of seeing spirits shall belong ;" and a "weapon in a wand" from the tree of life, able "to bend to fear and feebleness the strongest fiends that from perdition's dungeons e'er broke loose."

And thus equipped, he accompanies the angel, like Christopher North, with his Crutch in one hand and a bottle of Glenlivet in the other, ascending Ben Nevis.

At gloaming, the pilgrims come among the mountains, to the house of one Jotham, an extensive sheep-farmer, and worthy man, but an idolater ; and they are grieved to see the whole family kneel before an image of Baal, the patron god of the Cainites. Jotham's pretty daughter, Isamell, in the middle of worship suddenly screams out, and with frantic gestures seems to be frightened with some dread shadow, till she swoons away on the floor. On coming to herself again, she tells her father that a horrid spirit had been addressing her with seducing words, and attempting to force her to his loathsome arms, and beseeches him to abjure idolatry, and worship the only living and true God. Japhet, "touched with holy zeal," enforces his prayer, bids Jotham dismiss all fears of Shalmazar, who has no power to harm his soul ; and forthwith—

"With holy fervour Jotham's spirit glow'd ;

The images he cast into the flames,
And cleansed his house of all idolatry."

"The tuneful Irad, with poetic zeal," celebrates the heroic deed with lyre and song—fair Isamell joins in with "her melodious voice :—

"And, as he gazed upon her youthful charms,

Within his heart a pulse of fondness beat,

Which sent a sweet sensation through his frame,

Dearer than aught he e'er had felt before."

In a few days he proposes, and is accepted, affording another example of those instant unions, with which this poem abounds, of love and religion springing up together from the reciprocating fountains that well up in every innocent heart.

One serene evening, when straying through the dewy shades, Isamell is suddenly torn from Irad's arms by "some foul demon," who hurries her with frightful rapidity along the vale. To Irad's eyes the demon is invisible, and Isamell must have presented a singular spectacle, flung across unseen shoulders, and transported, without any apparent prop, through the air. But

Japhet, who was walking "in a neighbouring grove in holy meditation," darts forth at her screams, and having that morning used the phial, sees a giant fiend "drag by the waist the struggling fair along." Fortunately, too, he has our Crutch—his wand we mean, in his fist—and gives chase to the demon. Both are in prime condition—bang-up to the mark. Japhet, indeed, may be said to have been in regular running training for some months—his wind is sound as a roach—Fugy's touched by the foul air of his subterranean crib—and the odds at starting are three to one on Methuselah's great-grandson. They were, in truth, the Bank of England to a China orange ; for Isamell probably rode some nine-stone, and jockeyed the demon, so as to make it a sure thing that he should lose the race.

"The fiend beheld the dreaded wand, and wing'd

His flight o'er hills and dales with force,
fear-driven,

Firm-bearing in his grasp his beauteous prize,

But, aided by an impulse from above,
Japhet gain'd on him in the eager chase.

A few bounds more upon the sounding plain,

And the dread wand the demon would have fix'd

A powerless statue on the spot. Just then
He reach'd a horrid precipice, and plung'd

Into a gulf of awful depth, and dark

With pitchy vapours, rolling like a sea

Of clammy smoke, where sulphurous sparkles gleam'd

To show more horribly the dismal place."

This pit, we presume, was not always open—only on occasions of emergency, like the present ; but in perusing this poem the reader soon learns the folly of trepidation on account of any impending calamitous event, for an effectual prevention or remedy is sure to be provided for every evil, and Japhet, either from his own skill or angelic aid, always holds the game in his own hand. Accordingly,

"The prince a moment paused on the dread brink,

Call'd on his God for aid, and fearless leap'd

Into the asphaltic pit."

The Crutch—beg pardon again—the wand, that instant, spread out "living leaves immense, resembling eagles'

wings," and he alighted on his feet, "unshaken, on the Stygian bottom." The demon, casting a look over his left shoulder, did not, you may rest assured, let the grass grow under his feet; and Japhet, "with fresh zeal, renewed the chase." The fiend, by a terrific mandate, makes a huge gate fly open in a mountain's side, that for a moment, like a solid wall, had seemed to obstruct his flight, and just as he is about to bang it after him, Japhet gets within reach and tips it a touch of the Crutch. The effect is just what might have been expected—it stands immovable—and Christopher pursues the ravisher into a large cavern, "whose limits spread within the central space, extensive as an empire." There he holds his unobstructed way, "for many a league," through a realm "named Hades"—full of

"Poisonous weeds

And loathsome reptiles, venomous and foul—
Toads, scorpions, alligators, vampires, snakes,
Whose forked tongues sent forth incessant hiss,
That made even demons shudder in their dens."

Here Japhet is at fault, for the demon, who has stuck to his prize like wax, disappears "amidst a labyrinth of tangled streets in Tophet's fulsome city," and there is no running him by the foot in the general stink.

At length Japhet reaches the citadel—and enters the palace of Belial—who at sight of the Crutch is cowed, and sings small—saying, *sotto voce*, "Declare thy wish." In words

"Of peace I ask thee. If thy will be such
As, without ruin, we to thee may grant,
I promise strict compliance, so that thou
Withdraw from our domains, nor more disturb

The habits of our subterrene abode."

Japhet explains, and Belial commands a herald to blow the trump of proclamation.

"Obsequiously

Soon came the ravisher, by two strong fiends

Conducted like a culprit, and command
Received, immediately to yield the maid,
And never more to dare her peace molest,
On pain of bondage in eternal chains.
In sullen mood the demon growled assent."

Isamell is brought to her deliverer by a bevy "of lost dames, who dwelt with spirits in that dismal world."

"For oh! ye fair apostates! Japhet found
That ye were numerous in that loathsome vault,

In which, even while mortality ye wore,
And madly wantoned with your husband-fiends,

Ye felt a foretaste of the heavier doom
Which waits the wicked in profounder hell.
How different that sad vault, accursed and foul,

From the bright Eden for those fair ones made,

Who for their spouses chose celestial spirits,
And still maintained fidelity to heaven.

True; some were here, by demon force compelled,

Like virtuous Isamell; but God on these
With pity looked, and blest their mortal hour,

Which ever soon he sent for their release,
When angels bore their ransomed souls on high."

Japhet emerges with Isamell from the Tartarean gulph, and finds himself on the shore of a dreadful sea. But at a touch of the Crutch its rage subsides,

"And with a sudden ebb,

It leaves the shore, on which a path is formed,

Broad, firm and dry, with pearl and corals paved,

And silver sand and shells innumerable
Of many a glittering, gay, fantastic dye."

Before sunset they reach the farm. Isamell is "to the heart of her rejoicing sire pressed with parental rapture;" and the harp of Irad—who must have been for some time in a shocking state of suspense—

"Woke to strains of ecstasy,

Poured forth a lover's gratitude and joy
For the sweet mistress of his heart restored."

But the pilgrims must march eastwards on their mission—too long neglected; and Jotham, afraid to remain in the realms of Shalmazar, receives from Japhet a token that will gain him aid and protection through Armon's provinces, and prepares to remove with Isamell and all his household to Noah's royal seat.

Passing through innumerable villages and many cities, the minstrels at last reach Gal-Cainah, which seems to us to have resembled Edinburgh—but on a considerably larger scale—built of marble, instead of Craigleith freestone as beautiful as marble—

"At length they at Gal-Cainah's gates arrived,

The mighty capital of half the world,

Whose walls of granite, raised by giant hands,
 Reach'd the blue clouds in proud magnificence,
 Frowning defiance on the plains around,
 For the wide circuit of full twenty leagues,
 Enclosing in that vast circumference,
 A population which in numbers vied
 With many a kingdom of illustrious name.
 A thousand noble streets of marble built,
 From east to west stretch'd their extended lines;
 From north to south as many, graceful, held
 Their long array, at regular distances,
 And shaped the whole in sections uniform.
 But intervals were left as health required
 Or ornament, for gardens, promenades,
 Circles and squares, crescents and terraces,
 And sylvan alleys by the Kisna's side,
 Luxuriously supplied with seats and bowers,
 For indolence or pleasure to resort
 And loll in ease, or mix in wanton mirth."

Wandering through the capital, by-and-by they came to the mansions of the Anakims—

"Mountain-like abodes, whose doors appeared
 The mouths of mighty caves, and windows large
 As full-spread sails worn by a stately ship."

And of all the population these giants—fiend-begotten, like Shalmazar, but woman-born, "deepest were in gross debauchery sunk." They ruled the roast in the city—

"Using them as serfs,
 Have ever since been ruled by tyrant lords,
 To furnish them with means of luxury,
 And in return contempt and stripes receive!"

Japhet is for a time much puzzled how to proceed—but thinks it prudent to pay court to the Anakims, who are passionately fond of music, and "showed favour to the wandering minstrel pair." The son of Noah, we are sorry to say it, compromises his principles so far as to perform "at sacrifices." But their chief occupation is in fiddling or harping, at "balls and banquets." They are all the rage—the Spindler and Wieppert of Gal-Cainah—no evening assemblage in the fashionable world without Japhet and Irad. There is no mention of terms

—but they must have pocketed a good penny—and their meat and drink was the best—

"Until their fame reached the luxurious court,
 And by Shalmazar's order, they were brought

To minister their heart-enlivening strains
 For his enjoyment: he was pleased, and o'er
The choral band that soothed his Harem hours,

*Japhet as chief musician soon was placed,
 And next in station Irad was installed."*

Elevated to a rank so far beyond what he could ever have pictured, in the wildest dreams of youthful ambition, it is not to be wondered at that Prince Japhet, the son of Noah, should forget his mission as well as himself; but an accident soon occurred to recal both to his remembrance. Shalmazar had just returned from quelling a revolt in his empire's northern bounds, and chose to celebrate his victory by a splendid festival. He had failed in making any impression on the heart of Hadallah; but Asmodeus whispered to him to place her that day beside himself on the throne, and to proclaim her Queen. Insensible to love, she might be overcome by ambition.

'Tis done;—and Hadallah, as she is proclaimed "*Shalmazar's Queen*,"—hears instrumental music from on high, which sends "emotions through her frame she ne'er had known before;" and then a love-song, fraught with mysterious meaning, "that gives her virgin charms a sweeter, brighter glow." She looks up to the orchestra—and lo! Japhet—the leader—whom she recognises as the same beautiful being once seen in a dream. Japhet, too, recognises in her a loveliest virgin, whom, in a dream, he had freed from a net wound round her by a demon.

"Oh! how his bosom burned
 His mission to accomplish, and achieve
 The glorious work of her deliverance.

Hadallah leaves the festal hall, puzzled to know whether she is Queen or not, attended by a splendid train of nymphs, who sing her praises, and strew her path with flowers. Having been put to bed by Jazeda, her thoughts ran on the noble minstrel who had "taught her virgin bosom how to love;" and Asmodeus, perceiving "some new emotion in her breast, of earthly nature, whether

pride or love he could not tell," acts as if it were both, and infuses "infectious fondness through her yielding frame," till she is ensnared to listen to the impassioned pleadings of Shalmazar.

"His mein so mild, and speech and tone so kind,
Seemed to possess an influence strange to her
That grieved her; for she scarcely could repel
His hateful suit, which then less hateful seemed
Than she desired: and over her had come
A something which alarmed her scrupulous mind."

In short, she is half in love with Shalmazar, and, aware of her danger, prays for relief from Heaven. The music that warmed her soul in the hall "to pious ecstasy and virtuous love" is heard again; and, to the astonishment and rage of the demi-fiend, she cries—

"Cease to torment me with thy hated love,
Nor seek a union which not all thy power,
Though kindred demons aid thee, can enforce;
For Heaven, my soul's assured, will save me from
The doom abhorred of joining fates with thee."

We really cannot help thinking that, all things considered, Hadallah might have treated the demi-fiend more mildly; for her good sense must have told her that, for a son of Belial, his behaviour had not been so very much amiss! True, he began his courtship ill by doing what he could to burn her father. But Jathuran was in heaven; and it is remarkable that Hadallah never once mentions him—at least we do not remember her doing so—during the whole poem. What more could the demi-fiend do to show the sincerity of his passion, than to make her his queen? And his queen, she had suffered herself to be proclaimed in presence of the whole court. Farther, for a few minutes she had taken his protestations into consideration; nay, seemed to incline her ear favourably to his suit; and though she had done so under the evil influence of Asmodeus, still she was not without some reason for self-reproach. But far above all his other claims on her good nature, she ought suitably to have acknowledged his forbearance

from any act of violence. We question if, in all the annals of mankind, such abstemious conduct will be found recorded of any other demi-fiend. Cyrus and Scipio were not demi-fiends; and there was just so much the less virtue in their abstinence. We suspect, indeed, that there was not a syllable of truth in Jazeda's story of the rape and murder of Adda, and that Shalmazar himself countenanced it merely as a *ruse*. Hadallah owed to him many pleasant hours with Captain Ellam; and as she never could have divined the demi-fiend's object in confiding her to the charge of that accomplished person, she should have been obliged to him for the opportunity afforded her of converting the handsome guardsman to the true faith. Perhaps we may now safely venture to avow our regard for the demi-fiend. Cruel we cannot call him—for cruelty, like every thing else, is comparative—and he sinks into a humane character, too prone to the womanly weaknesses of commiseration and pity, when compared with Nero, Caligula, or Domitian. Hadallah might have done worse than marry him—and we believe in our conscience—we do, indeed—that he would have made a very good husband—for a king. It would have been too much to expect that she could ever have made a convert of him like the Captain—but it cannot be doubted that she might have insisted, as the pious condition on which she would surrender the fortress, on the insertion of a clause in the marriage-settlement, binding him to pull down, on the nuptial morn, that golden statue. What good might she not have wrought among that idolatrous people! Perhaps prevented the Flood!

We feel, somewhat sadly, that it is too late now to indulge longer in such speculations; and beg to turn attention to Japhet. He seems to have had the *entrée*; for, at midnight,

"Gently opening, moved her chamber-door
And in her presence stood the minstrel youth."

He beseeches "the fairest of created forms," not to be alarmed—for that Heaven has sent him, "from distant regions under Noah's rule," to deliver her from the tyrant's power.

"Our means of flight from this polluted land,

Fleet steeds, and two unwavering, faithful friends,

Within a neighbouring grove await concealed.

Come, then, my fair, repose thy trust in Heaven,

And haste to leave impending ills behind.

'I go,' she said, 'for firmly I believe,
Thy mission is from God, whose gracious hand

Thus aids me in the extremity of peril.'

Captain Ellam—who had planned the escape—kills the giant sentinel on his post at the outer harem-gate, and they soon arrive at a grove, where Irad is ready with "four noble steeds," for fleetness all unmatched, even by the fleetest in the royal stalls (probably stolen therefrom), "*each mounted one*," and Ellam, who "knew well the country," led the way.

"O'er many a hill, and dale, and flowery plain,

And mountain high, and roaring river wide,

All unimpeded, on they hold their way,
For thrice seven days with unrelaxing speed;

Till in the province nearest to the west,
Of the broad realms o'er which Shalmazar ruled,

They reached the rocky summit of a mount,
Which overlooked a region large and rich,
And gay with numerous populous villages.

But, to their startled and abhorrent sight,
Not far remote a multitude appear'd,
In midst of which a blazing pile efused
Its gray and crimson columns to the sky."

They save Jotham from the flames—but where is Isamell? A captive in a neighbouring tower, under orders to be sent without delay to the capital "with her surpassing beauty to adorn the harem of Shalmazar." Japhet remains to guard Hadallah among the rocks—and Irad and Ellam rush to the rescue. The guards are few, and off their guard, and are easily cut to pieces—Irad makes her get up behind—and in ten minutes they are in the mountain-refuge. "A short repast and short repose they take;" and pursue their journey westwards for three days ere they get clear of the Cainite empire.

Passing through a well-cultivated country, they reach the city of Sabbathah, the eastward bulwark of Armonia—and who should be reigning there but "Shem, Prince Japhet's brother!"

"This was the asylum of those faithful ones,

Who fled Shalmazar's realm for conscience sake.

Here in defiance of the tyrant's threats
Shem gave them welcome, and supplied
their wants

With hospitable care. The city hence
Was called Sabbathah, or their place of rest."

Japhet beholds again the Temples of the Living God, and longs once more in consecrated halls to worship his Creator, *as in youth he oft had done in manner of his vows.*" These lines seem to indicate that he had been among the Cainites for many years. But it could not well have been so—and hitherto the action of the poem seems to have included not many months. Be that as it may. Book seventh has a happy termination—and so has the July number of Blackwood's Magazine.

"Soon he receives his brother's glad embrace

And joyous welcome as from death restored;

While all Sabbathah's population join
In acclamations for his safe return,
And praises for his glorious triumph o'er
The power of demons and of wicked men.
And soon the pious prince a temple seeks,
Where he might pour the o'erflowings of
his heart,

In fervent thanks, before the people all,
Confessing that to God alone he owed
The prosperous issue of his pilgrimage.
His loved Hadallah he that day espoused
With solemn rite; and in the public ear
Proclaimed her steadfast faith and piety.
That she was beautiful they all beheld;
That she had suffered in the cause of
Heaven

And shrunk not in the trial, now they heard,

And every heart and tongue joined in her praise.

"Thou too, young Irad, then obtained thy bride,

The lovely Isamell, and shared the joy
And glory of that virtue-crowning day.
And, Ellam, thou didst also reap the meed
Of joy, for duty done and Heaven revered.
Joyful thou didst behold thy loved one blest,

Nor envied that another made her so;
And gladly thou didst join the general voice

In praise of HIM whose grace conducted thee

To light from darkness, and thy soul re-deemed

From bonds of guilt to joys of piety.

"Japhet resumes his journey; but not now,

As late he wandered in a foreign land,
In guise obscure; but as the royal heir
Of Armon's empire, to her capital,
Seat of his father's government, he goes
Attended as a victor and a prince.
At every city his approach is hailed:
For the swift tidings of his high exploits
Outrun his progress, and all people flock
To honour him. Triumphal arches rise,
And flowery wreaths are scattered in his way,
And songs resound his virtues and his fame.

"At length paternal Noah to his breast
Strains his long-absent son, and blesses him
And his fair bride won so triumphantly,
And for them craves the eternal care of Heaven."

We have got but little further than halfway through the poem, but our article comes, at this stage, to a pleasant pause, and the devil is at our

elbow. We are only sorry that Ham, too, was not in Sabbathah; for three is the best number in this life for the meeting of brothers. Japhet had been so long missing that he seemed "as from death restored," and he did well to go to church on his first day in Sabbathah—better still to make Hadallah his wife. We could not help feeling sorry rather for Ellam—but on consideration believe it better for himself that he should remain for a year a bachelor. We have only to hope that Japhet's head will not be turned by all these triumphal arches, flowery wreaths, and songs resounding his virtues and his fame—and would whisper in his ear that after all his exploits were no great matter, and that he had never gained Hadallah but for the Crutch. We shall keep an eye upon his future proceedings—and perhaps report progress in August.

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Vol. XLVI.

Contents.

	PAGE
OUR POCKET COMPANIONS,	145
HASTY HINTS UPON HORSES,	170
TO THE PROTESTANTS OF SCOTLAND,	177
A PROSING UPON POETRY,	194
LITERARY FABLES. FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE,	202
THE LUNGS OF LONDON,	212
PIETRO D'ABANO. FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK,	228
SONG WRITING. BURNS,	256
ALISON'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION,	272

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OUR POCKET COMPANIONS.

CALL them, rather; our Bosom Friends—for we have them one and all by heart; and, as we shut our eyes in solitude, be it in parlour twilight or mountain gloom—at a word, at a wish, it is gradually overflowing with spiritual music, divinely intermingled with its own mysterious echoes!

The word even now happened to be—**HOPE**. It slid into our soul like an angel's whisper; and forthwith,

"In long procession calm and beautiful,"
were deploying before our inward eye multitudes of harmonious images along

the mental heaven—within our inward ear a continuous succession of hymns, and odes, and elegies—the birth of genius, inspired by that immortal Passion—and eternized by song.

"Her faithful Knight fair Una brings
To House of Holiness;
Where he is taught Repentance, and
The way to heavenly bliss."

Silent as our shadow, with them we walk in reverence through those peaceful courts—and look upon the faces of the loveliest Two of all the Spirits that dwell on this side of Heaven.

"Thus as they 'gan of sondrie thinges devise,
Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise;
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They number'd even steps, and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beams threw from her christall face,
That could have dazed the rash beholder's sight,
And round about her head did shine like Heaven's light."

"She was arrayed all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horreur made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book, that was both sign'd and seal'd with blood;
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood."

"Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew that her beseeemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell

Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell;
 Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
 And ever up to Heaven, as she did pray,
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way."

It seems as if they and Una had been friends even from her very childhood—that she had often visited before that

"Ancient house not far away,
 Renowned through the world for sacred
 lore,
 And pure unspotted life;"

for, soon as they recognise one another,

"Many kind speeches they between them
 spend;
 And greatly joy, each other for to see!"

And then, "at Una's meek request," they turn themselves to the Knight—

"Who fair them quites as him beseemed
 best,
 And goodly 'gan discourse of many a noble
 gest."

Fidelia and Speranza heard him speak—but of "nobler gests" than of mortal prowess, he was about to hear in the house of Holiness.

"Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
 And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
 Fayre Una 'gan Fidelia fayre request,
 To have her knight into the schoolhouse plaste,
 That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
 And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
 She graunted; and that knight so much agraste,
 That she him taught celestiall discipline,
 And open'd his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

"And that, her sacred booke, with blood ywritt,
 That none could reade except she did them teach,
 She unto him disclosed every whitt;
 And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
 That weaker witt of man could never reach;
 Of God, of grace, of justice, of free-will,
 That wonder was to hear her goodly speach;
 For she was hable with her wordes to kill
 And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

"And, when she list poure out her larger spright,
 She would commaund the hasty sunne to stay,
 Or backward turne his course from Heven's hight:
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
 Dry-shod to passe she parts the floods in tway;
 And eke huge mountains from their native seat,
 She would commaund themselves to bear away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
 Almighty God her gave such powre and puissaunce great.

"The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
 By hearing her, and by her sister's lore,
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
 That wretched world he 'gan for to abhore,
 And mortall life 'gan loath as thing forlore;
 Greeved with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
 And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
 That he desired to ende his wretched dayes:
 So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes!

"But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
 Els had his sinnes so great and manifold
 Made him forget all that Fidelia told."

That is, in good truth, Sacred Poetry—call it Scripture—for it is Bible-born.

And now we hear the strain of another great Christian Poet—humbler perhaps at first—yet winning its way into the depths of the heart, “with amplest power to soften and subdue”—and finally uplifting us heavenward to an assured home. How simple—how strong—how beautiful those few lines of Cowper on Life!

“Transient indeed, as is the fleeting hour,
And yet the seed of an immortal flower;
Design’d, in honour of His endless love,
To fill with fragrance the abodes above.
No trifle, howsoever short it seem,
And, howsoever shadowy, no dream;
Its value, what no thought can ascertain,
Nor all an angel’s eloquence explain.”

And for its woes what remedy? One, he says,

“Not hid in deep profound,
Yet seldom sought where only to be found;
While passion turns aside from its due scope
The enquirer’s aim—that remedy is *HOPE*.”

He tells us—in words that lie somewhat confused but intelligible in our memory—that the Creator condescends to write in inextinguishable characters—

“His names of wisdom, goodness, power,
and love,
On all that blooms below, or shines above.”

In them may be read all his gracious attributes; and now again the Natural Theology of the bard distinctly re-arranges itself in our mind, and we rejoice to recite to ourselves—and, Christian brother or sister, to thee—the elevating words—

“If led from earthly things to things divine,
His creature thwart not the august design;
Then praise is heard instead of reasoning
pride,

And captious cavil and complaint subside.
Nature, employ’d in her allotted place,
Is handmaid to the purposes of grace;
By good vouchsafed, makes known superior
good,

And bliss not seen, by blessings understood:
That bliss, reveal’d in Scripture, with a
glow

Bright as the covenant-ensuring bow,
Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn
Of sensual evil, AND THUS HOPE IS BORN!”

These surely are noble lines—and the world-wearied heart rests beneath their shadow, as of a rock.

“AND THUS HOPE IS BORN!” Shall the Poet be inspired to speak of her power as gloriously as of her birth? Judge.

“Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all
That men have deem’d substantial since
the Fall,

Yet has the wond’rous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use;
And while she takes, as at a father’s
hand,

What health and sober appetite demand,
From fading good derives, with chemic
art,

That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.
Hope, with uplifted foot set free from
earth,

Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through th’ im-
mense abyss,

Plucks amaranthine flowers from bowers
of bliss;

And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner
here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits
wear.”

Lines and half lines of profound significance—and some of them in their beauty most pathetic—rise up and pass away, leaving a blessing behind them, and often to re-appear! Thus—Hope! let the wretch who has once been conscious of thy joy, declare that all which this earth contains

“Were light, when weigh’d against one
smile of thine.”

Or, when the Poet speaks of the joy that

“Invades, possesses, and o’erwhelms the
soul
Of him whom Hope has with a touch made
whole!”

Who of all our poets had the most delighted sense of the imaged beautiful?—Spenser—and then Collins. As Fear, Anger, and Despair, while Madness rules the hour, in succession sweep the springs of music’s shell—we see and hear each Passion. But who succeeds Despair, obliterating in a moment the memory of his very being from the earth?

“Thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper’d promised pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance—
hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on echo still, through all her
song :
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry
close ;
And Hope enchanted, smiled, and waved
her golden hair !”

Statuary—Painting—and Poetry !

Scotland ! thou, too, hast thy Bard
of Hope—and in imagination's hallow-
ed ground we hear his song ascend-
ing heavenwards like the sound of a
silver trumpet. Do not these lines
equalize Campbell with Collins ?

“ Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden
grow,
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every
woe ;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid
hour
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer
bower.
There, as the wild-bee murmurs on the
wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits
bring !
What viewless forms the Æolian organ
play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious
thought away !”

They who say that they do not un-
derstand these exquisite verses—and
there are such persons yet alive—
must not dare to say that they un-
derstand one single line of Collins.
Again :—

“ With thee, sweet Hope ! resides the
heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight ;
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd
way,
That calls each slumbering passion into
play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister
band,
On tip-toe watching, start at thy com-
mand ;
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them
steer,
To pleasure's path, or glory's bright ca-
reer.”

How different the imagery in these
two pictures—yet how congenial !
The one all astir, the other all asleep

—yet visionary both with dreams
like realities, and realities like dreams !
You have by heart the glorious open-
ing of the Poem. Gaze on it, along
with these two pictures—and know
with what wondrous facility genius can
brighten and shadow forth the lights
and glooms of life by those of nature
—a union in which the Beautiful is
felt to be the Sublime.

Fear not that we are about to in-
dite a critique on Campbell. You
know that we never in all our days
indited a critique on any great Poet.
No philosophical critic, thank Hea-
ven ! are we ; though we have read the
Stagyrite. But from the golden urn
of the Inspired we devoutly seek to
draw light ; and have no higher aim
than to let it fall at times on the pages
of *Maga*, in illustration of the Fair,
the Good, and the True.

Therefore, bear with us for a time,
while we animadvert, in a kindly spirit,
on a critique on the *Collected Works*
of Campbell, indited by a philosophical
critic in the highest of our Periodicals
—the *Quarterly Review*.

“ Mr Campbell,” he says, “ has
here comprised, within the modest
compass of a single volume, the whole
of his poetical works. When the
writings of a well-known author are
thus collected and republished, the
question naturally arises, not how
they will be received by a contempo-
raneous public—for this has already
been decided—but what respect they
are likely to obtain at the hand of
posterity—what place will be allotted
to them in the abiding literature of the
country ? In an honest attempt to
determine this question, the critic can-
not do otherwise than judge by the
highest standard of excellence. Call-
ing to mind whatever is of old and
acknowledged repute in the kind of
literature in which the new aspirant
for fame has laboured, he must submit
his writer, not to a comparison with
living rivals, but to a competition with
the picked champions—the laurelled
victors—of all preceding ages. He
must applaud as if within hearing of a
jealous antiquity. He must be per-
mitted to escape from the glare which
falls on present reputation. In criti-
cism, as in higher matters, it is only
by receding into the shadows of the
past, that the eye becomes suscepti-
ble to the faint outlines which futu-
rity extends.”

On this formidable announcement of the critic's intentions, we wish to offer a few remarks.

In the first place, there seems to be implied in the words "comprised, within the modest compass of a single volume, the whole of his poetical works," an insinuation that Mr Campbell's muse has not been very prolific. "Within the modest compass of a single volume," however, are comprised nearly three hundred well-filled pages of poetry—containing, we should suppose, more than double the number of lines written by Gray, Collins, and Thomas Warton. At the side of the multitudinous works of most of the other true poets of this age, Campbell's shrink into small size indeed; but they afford specimens, neither few nor short, of many kinds of poetical composition. It may be true that his taste is too fastidious—but it is not true that his genius is confined, any more than it is true that the authors of *The Elegy*, and the *Ode to the Passions*, had not souls formed in "the pomp and prodigality of heaven," though all their immortal compositions are comprised "within the modest compass" of a hundred pages. Compared with the best English poets of his own class—and a noble class it is—Campbell is a voluminous writer.

Secondly, it seems to us that there is something insidious in giving the go-by, so lightly, to the reception of Campbell's poetry "by a contemporaneous public." A little further on, the critic enters into a very ingenious and finely-written explanation of the "many causes which assist in giving celebrity to a living poet, whose name may, nevertheless, be destined to pass away with the generation that praised and delighted in him;" and though such causes cannot be intended to apply in their full force to Mr Campbell—for the critic does not deny him the gift of genius—and genius is deathless—yet either they are intended to apply to him so far, or they are impertinently introduced, with much formality, into an elaborate disquisition on his genius, in which "an honest attempt is made to determine what place will be allotted to them in the abiding literature of the country."

Thirdly, we think that the critic ought, after his array of "causes which assist in giving celebrity to a

living poet, whose name may, nevertheless, be destined to pass away with the generation that praised and delighted in him," to have said or shown how many of them have operated—and to what degree—more especially in favour of Campbell's fame. For it kindled at once into a blaze—and has continued to burn with a strong and steady light for forty years—not only uneclipsed, but unobscured, all through one of the most glorious eras of English poetry.

Fourthly, the critic, to prevent misconception on the one hand, and, on the other, to make his estimate more philosophical, ought to have entered far more fully than he has done into an examination of the nature of the power which Campbell's poetry confessedly possesses over "a contemporaneous public"—that it might have been seen whether it was likely to endure, or to pass away with the causes or circumstances of the times that may have contributed to its transient triumph.

But, fifthly, we respectfully submit to the critic's consideration, whether or no it be perfectly fair to select Campbell from the host of living poets—or but lately dead—and subject the claims of his genius to "respect at the hands of posterity," to a test which has not been applied in the same Journal to the reputation of any of his illustrious brethren. Why fix on him to undergo a trial to which neither Crabbe, nor Rogers, nor Southey, nor Wordsworth, nor Coleridge, nor Scott, nor Moore, nor any other "prevailing poet," has yet therein been brought? Nay, of almost all of them, the works have been written of—and well written of—in a style of criticism as different as may be from that on which we are now letting drop a few remarks, *currente calamo*; yet they have all "received respect from a contemporaneous public." The same causes—independently of, and over and above their own intrinsic merits—must have operated in their favour too, and helped to elevate them to a place in the esteem of this generation far higher than they may occupy in that of the next, or ever again in the hearts of men born ages after they have been laid in the dust. Compare the spirit of the many critiques on Coleridge, so prodigal of praise and lavish of eulogy—and we blame them

not—with this one critique on Campbell—so cold and chary—and it will be allowed by all, that either the one poet has had dealt to him more, or the other poet less than justice.

Finally, the critic has not done what he pledged himself to do with the poetry of Campbell. He has not examined his pretensions to immortality, “in competition with the picked champions—the laurelled victors—of all preceding ages.” He has not examined his pretensions at all—either in themselves positively, or relatively to those of the “great heirs of fame” who have succeeded to their inheritance. Be the genius of Campbell what it may, you will seek for its character in vain through the few disparaging pages of that critique; and certainly, of all “honest attempts to determine a question,” we never read one so indifferent to data.

Let us, therefore, strictly examine the judgment so authoritatively pronounced on the genius and achievements of this most delightful poet.

After speaking of him with high praise, and in felicitous language, as a writer who, “having adopted the same compact and lucid style of composition as Pope’s, has frequently attained the same species of excellence,” and “at least secured an immortality of quotation,” the critic goes on to say—“But if Mr Campbell has frequently rivalled his master in the flow of his verse, and the elegance and force of his illustrations, he cannot be said to share in that keen and vigorous sense, and that penetrating observation of mankind, which distinguish our great Poet of Society. Neither has he frequently risen into those higher regions of poetical enthusiasm from which Pope was confessedly remote.” This is most unfair; Pope is “our great Poet of Society”—taking society in the limited signification here assigned to it—Campbell is not; and yet his genius is here depreciated, because it does not exhibit qualities for which nobody would look in such poetry as his, and which could not have been exhibited there, without utter destruction of its vital spirit! That “Pope is confessedly remote from the higher regions of poetical enthusiasm,” is worse than a rash assertion. He has frequently risen into those higher regions—and so has Campbell in

many a glorious flight. And there, their genius, if you choose it, may be compared; but whether you agree with us or no in that assertion, it is not possible for you to disagree with us in this: that it is the height of injustice to seek to detract from the genius of the poet of the *Pleasures of Hope*, and *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and *Ye Mariners of England*, and *Lochiel’s Warning*, because they do not display “that keen and vigorous sense, and that penetrating observation of mankind which distinguish our great Poet of Society”—forsooth—in his *Satires* and his *Rape of the Lock*; for the *Essay on Man*—a philosophical poem of the highest order—does not seem to fall under the above description; but if it do, the injustice to Campbell is just as great as if it had been objected to him that his powers were not of the same kind as Milton’s.

The critic continues—“We know not whether it will be considered as an advantage or a disgrace, that in an age of philosophical poets, Campbell is without boast or appearance of philosophy. His verse bears no trace of anxious meditation; nor does his heart seem ever to have been implicated in that suspense and vicissitude of feeling that await on speculative enquiry. But as poetry is addressed to the generality of mankind, this absence of a profounder strain of meditation than they are disposed to follow, may be regarded as no fair objection, or viewed even as a circumstance fortunate to his fame.” Finely and truly said—in the general—nor have we any serious objection to make to the spirit of such a passage. But we may be allowed to observe, that Campbell wrote his *Pleasures of Hope* at a time when, so far as we know, there was not a philosophical poet within the Four Seas—and pray, where are they now? An age of philosophical poets! Why, except Wordsworth, not one of them all deserves the name. Age of pseudo-philosophical poetasters, would be nearer the mark. True that his “verse bears no trace of anxious meditation”—why should it? But sentiments such as his, “so tender and true”—emotions, deep and high, carrying us with them as they sink or soar—were all the birth of Thought—of Thought “not implicated in that suspense and vicissitude of feeling

that await on speculative enquiry"—an unhealthy state, not of strength but weakness—but clear and untroubled in its creative mood, and genial as the spring. Campbell has written much criticism—without any parade of philosophy; but what has Shakspeare himself said through the lips of Hamlet, Lear, Othello, or Macbeth, that Campbell does not show he understands—whether veiled in darkness or in light—as

“Airs from heaven or blasts from hell?”

“There is, however, another defect manifest in his compositions, which cannot be so readily excused. He has too frequently drawn his topics, not from the stores of his own consciousness, or from actual observations upon the realities of life, but from the learning of books; he has taken the impressions left by the writings of other men for the subject-matter of his own verse; he has been more occupied with words than things. The *Pleasures of Hope*—the earliest, but yet the most successful of his works—is more particularly marked, as might be expected, with this error of youthful poets.” Why, if it be “an error of youthful poets,” it might have been more gently urged against the originality of Campbell, who wrote the *Pleasures of Hope*—a wonderful achievement—when he was under twenty! He could not have had much booklearning at that age, nor much knowledge of the “realities of life,” nor large “stores of his own consciousness;” but he had genius—the *mens divini*or. Nature had made him a poet—and in the transport, the tumult, of his “delighted spirit,” he beautified all the visions that visited it, and gave vent to joy—and to the joy of grief in impassioned music, “strong as the soul of a mountain river”—like the sea fluctuating in purple light, which is oftentimes a darkness—and in its sweetest murmurs still heard to be rolling—a power at peace!

To support those charges, and they are serious ones—indeed such as, if true, would shear that noble poem of all its beams—the reviewer proceeds to quote two or three lines here and there, from the *Pleasures of Hope*—to criticise them—and to make a number of rash and untenable assertions of utter failure where success has been complete. The quotations should

have been ample, since the charges were sweeping; and the poem should have been spoken of throughout with enthusiasm—as a youthful production—whatever may be its faults or defects—full of force and fire—flowing from an exalted imagination and an awakened heart.

“At the commencement of the piece we are presented with a succession of situations from real life, in each of which the sentiment of hope is to be displayed in operation; and although, in the course of these descriptions, many lines occur of great beauty, yet nowhere is the sentiment itself, as springing from, and involved in, the particular circumstances of the case, vividly and naturally portrayed. Here he has failed simply from not having fixed his eye with sufficient steadiness on the thing itself he meant to describe.

“The sailor who, while stemming the monotonous and interminable ocean, thinks of his distant home, and finds his spirit upheld by the hope of returning to it again, is an admirable subject for the poet. The sentiment felt is one which readily commands our sympathy, and the external circumstances with which it is associated are highly picturesque and magnificent. With these last Mr Campbell may have succeeded, but he has not been equally fortunate in presenting to us the feelings of the man. He takes his mariner to the Atlantic—

‘Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl’d,

Looks from his throne of clouds o’er half the world.’—

He then carries him to Greenland, where

‘Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,

From wastes that slumber in eternal snow’—

And having set him fairly again on the broad ocean, he gives an enumeration of those images of home which are supposed to engage the mind, and feed the expectation of the sailor. In this catalogue there is not one circumstance which could be selected as a manifest violation of probability; and yet the reader feels throughout that it is a collection of topics gathered from remote sources, not the result of a strong realization in the poet’s mind of the feeling of the home-sick mariner.”

If these freezing remarks be false,
as we believe they are, the surest way
to thaw them is to quote the whole
passage, and well known as it is, it
delights us to do so, for a copy of
Campbell is not on all parlour tables,
though on many thousands.

" Angel of life ! thy glittering wings
explore

Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's
wildest shore.

Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields ;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,

Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half
the world.

" Now far he sweeps, where scarce a
summer smiles,

On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked
isles :

Cold on his midnight watch the breezes
blow,

From wastes that slumber in eternal
snow :

And waft across the wave's tumultuous
roar

The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's
shore.

" Poor child of danger, nursling of the
storm,

Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly
form !

Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd
bark delay ;

Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

" But Hark can here her moonlight vigils
keep,

And sing to charm the spirit of the deep ;
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry
pole,

Her visions warm the watchman's pensive
soul ;

His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other
times,

His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,

Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before
the wind,

Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave
behind ;

Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies as fast to Helen's long embrace ;

Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking
tear,

And clasps, with many a sigh, his children
dear !

While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,

His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they
roam)

His wistful face, and whines a welcome
home."

What better could our excellent
friend, if he will allow us to call him
so—had he his heart's content—possibly
desire ? We feel assured that he
is willing to eat his words—and to
pronounce—with us—the passage perfectly
beautiful. The poet has not
given us here " a collection of topics
gathered from remote sources"—you
must not say so—you must not indeed
—for were *that dog* to overhear you
finding fault with his master, he would
bite the calf of your leg—and though
not mad he—you might happen to die
of the phoby.

" And waft across the wave's tumultuous
roar

The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's
shore."

Had Coleridge written these two lines,
Heavens ! how the *Quarterly* would
have extolled them to the skies—and
Maga rejoiced to join her—for their
imitative harmony—that is howling—and
what not—while all the ears in the
neighbourhood would have been deafened
with perpetual mouthings of—
" OONALASKA'S SHORE." Bless " the
wolf's long howl" to the ghastly moon
—for the sailor—as he shuddered to
hear it—thought of his far-away faithful
dog " whining a welcome home"
—and his " heart was in heaven."

In a note, the reviewer says of the
three lines above about Andes, " This
passage, we believe, is a general favourite.
The last line deserves applause ; a mountain,
viewed from a distance, may be visible above
as well as below the clouds, and the expression

' Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half
the world,'

is as just as bold. But the passage is
disfigured, to our taste, by the introduction
of too many points of similitude with
human grandeur. ' The giant of the
Western Star, shall be allowed to pass in
all its vague magniloquence ; but the '*meteor-standard*
to the winds unfurl'd,' inevitably suggests
ideas of military pomp, if not of military
office, which accord but ill with the
mountain's solitary and severe

magnificence. Had the poet spoken of the Andes as a chain or assemblage of mountains, this image would have been more in keeping."

Let us see. We are glad that "the last line deserves *applause*," and we join in the general "ruff." That "a mountain, viewed at a distance, may be visible above as well as below the clouds," is a rare observation, that shows the critic is familiar with nature. We cannot say that we see any "vague magniloquence" in "Andes, giant of the western star,"—but, nevertheless, are pleased to think "that it shall be allowed to pass." "The western star,"—if we mistake not—is a poetical image, significant of the "whereabouts" of the giant—somewhat vague, no doubt—but meant to be so—for his latitude and longitude are both well known to navigators. The passage is said to "be disfigured by the introduction of too many points of similitude with human grandeur." Andes "is allowed" to be a giant—and to sit on a throne of clouds; but "with meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd" spoils all—and the pensive public thinks of O'Doherty. So did not we—though we have recited the passage to ourselves and others a thousand times—till assured by the reviewer that it "inevitably suggests ideas of military pomp, if not of military office"—and then indeed we beheld the head of the Standard-bearer. Yet may we be permitted to hint, that Andes is not represented by Mr Campbell as the Adjutant. If we mistake not, Milton somewhere speaks of Black Night and her standard—without meaning that she bore a commission in his infernal majesty's service. Andes, though a solitary giant, desired to see and to be seen—o'er and by "half the world." Therefore, he kept occasionally streaming a meteor round his head and shoulders—furnished him by the atmosphere of the Western Star—and the poet chooses to call this a meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd—without a thought at the time, we verily believe, of the Irish Ensign. A meteor-standard, we cannot, for the life of us think, "accords ill with the mountain's solitary and severe magnificence;" on the contrary, 'tis an image that shows him to us superbly arrayed in his regalia, with the elements, his flaming

ministers. In nature he may be "a chain or assemblage of mountains"—but if he be, we commend Mr Campbell for keeping his thumb on that circumstance; nor do we distinctly see, with the critic, how the "image would have been more in keeping with a chain"—or even with "an assemblage"—for if he will have it that the mountains were all drawn up like an army, then Andes, who carried the colours, had no right to sit upon a throne, but ought to have been with his own regiment.

The reviewer, reverting to his remarks on the passage about the homesick sailor, goes on to say,—

"The same may be said, with still greater justice, of the descriptions which immediately follow. The ardent expectations of a youth of genius were to be represented. Hope descends in the form of an angel, and after 'waving her golden wand,' proclaims the various glories that await on the successful prosecution of science, philosophy, or the muse. There is here much skilful verse, but is there one glow of honest enthusiasm? That *Hope* should have been personified, and made the speaker on the occasion, is an inauspicious commencement; but was Mr Campbell's imagination so inextricably involved in the mythology of Greece, that he could not put into her mouth an address to the young poetical aspirant somewhat nearer to our feeling than such as this?—

'Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-
lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine
are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the
Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal
light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's
daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp,
and shell;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian mur-
murs flow,
And Pythia's awful organ peals below."

Here again we shall answer the reviewer by a quotation of the entire passage:—

"Congenial Horæ! thy passion-kindling
power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's un-
troubled hour!

On yon proud height, with Genius hand
in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden
wand.

"Go, child of Heaven! (thy winged words
proclaim)

'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of
fame!

Lo! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every
star!

Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites ap-
ply,

And watch the shrine with wonder-beam-
ing eye!

Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art pro-
found,

The speed of light, the circling march of
sound;

With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery
wing,

Or yield the lyre of heaven another string.

"The Swedish sage admires, in yonder
bowers,

His winged insects, and his rosy flowers;
Calls from their woodland haunts the sa-
vage train

With sounding horn, and counts them on
the plain—

So once, at Heaven's command, the wan-
derers came

To Eden's shade, and heard their various
name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd
clime,

Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sub-
lime;

Calm as the fields of heaven, his sapient
eye

The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father
sage:

'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal
span

The fire of God, th' immortal soul of
man?'

"Turn," child of Heaven, thy rapture-
lighten'd eye

To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are
nigh:

Hark! from bright spires that gild the
Delphian height,

From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daugh-
ters swell

The mingling tones of horn, and harp,
and shell;

Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs
flow,

And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse
shall shed

Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.

I see thee roam her guardian pow'r be-
neath,

And talk with spirits on the midnight
heath;

Enquire of guilty wand'ers whence they
came,

And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly
name;

Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they
tell,

And read the trembling world the tales of
hell.

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy
hue,

Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon
employ,

Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,

And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles im-
part

A pang more dear than pleasure to the
heart—

Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian
strain,

And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in
vain.

"Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more
sacred deem,

And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow
stream;

To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her
smile;—

On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of
grief?

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph-words
be given,

And power on earth to plead the cause of
Heaven;

The proud, the cold untroubled heart of
stone,

That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's
hand.

The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings
accord

True as the circling spheres to Nature's
plan;

And man, the brother, lives the friend of
man.

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star :
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine."

Can you now admit, with the critic, "That in this catalogue there is not one circumstance which could be selected as a manifest violation of probability; and yet the reader feels throughout that it is a collection of topics gathered from remote sources, not the result of a strong realization in the poet's mind?" Can you now tolerate his insulting interrogatory—"There is here much skilful verse, *but is there one glow of honest enthusiasm?*" It is "instinct with spirit." Why should Campbell alone, of all our poets, be blamed for personifying Hope? It surprises and grieves us to hear a Quarterly Reviewer ask, "*Was Mr Campbell's imagination so inextricably involved in the mythology of Greece*, that he could not put into her mouth an address to the young poetical aspirant somewhat nearer to our feelings than such as this?" Are "Wisdom's walks," the "sacred Nine," the "Delphian height," "Harmonia's daughters," the "Loxian murmurs," "Pythia's awful organ," all remote from his feelings—and from those of all the young poetical aspirants now musing by the Isis and the Cam? Then, we need say nothing of the unfairness of selecting eight lines from eighty, to prove that Mr Campbell's imagination was "so inextricably involved in the mythology of Greece." They who, like the *Quarterly Reviewer*, care nothing about the mythology of Greece, may behold in that splendid passage, as it now moves before them in "long resounding march and energy divine," crowds of glorious images awakening thoughts and sentiments most ennobling to humanity—and most "auspiciously" flowing from the lips of Hope, as she stands "on yon proud height," hand in hand with Genius, "the child of Heaven!"

"The next theme is the Hope of a poor but reputable couple, who trust that their rising offspring will one day relieve their anxieties and administer to their wants. Who does not wish

that the hope may be realized? but who that had the wish would talk of 'Hybla sweets,' and 'bloomy vines,' and bid 'prophetic Hope' tell the solicitous parent,—

'Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath.'

So far the Reviewer; but the whole passage is short, so let us quote the whole.

"Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh! there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower."

What care you now for the critic's sneer? "A poor but reputable couple!" They were so—but "something more;" and as the Husband and Father was "a scholar and a gentleman," and a dear friend of Mr Campbell's, it was natural and proper, and graceful, and not a little affecting, for the Poet to represent Hope as

breathing encouragement into the sufferer's heart in language with which he had been familiar from boyhood, and which continued to be spoken to him by some of the best-beloved books in the little library which his wife would not suffer him to sell even though the quartern loaf was at eighteenpence, and the scrag of mutton in proportion.

Please to observe, that there is no troubled passion in the passage—that the young poet is contemplating not a miserable scene—of utter wretchedness—but the “sacred home of Hymenean joy,” clouded with care, but not deprived of sunshine. With such a mood, poetical imagery is not unaccordant—and fancy embellishes at her own pleasure the song of hope. “The wedded pair of love and virtue” are not located in any county—on this or that side of the Tweed. What if their dwelling be in a land of vines? “Hybla sweets” is a pardonable prettyism; and prettyisms are often found in the poetry of natural sentiment. As for “Arcadian beauty,” the word is a lovely one, and legitimate—and nothing forbids the application of it to any sweet spot on the surface of the earth, especially if it has been won from the barren wilderness by the happy labour of contentment.

“The subject most effectively treated in this portion of the poem, is the Hope of the poor maniac for the return of her shipwrecked lover—an expectation perpetually disappointed, and perpetually revived. As the feelings of such an individual come rarely under observation, and must remain with most of us a subject only for the imagination, the departure from truth—if any such there be—is not readily detected, and the topic affords scope for the harmonious numbers and tender generalities of the poet.”

Was ever praise so cautiously and sparingly doled out? “The departure from truth—if any such there be—is not readily detected.” Is there or is there not? Answer.

“Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale

That waits so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless
corse that bore,

Knew the pale form, and shrieking in
amaze,

Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her mad-
dening gaze:

Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she
wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain;—
But mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest
dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the mid-
night sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest
cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots
burn,
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to
weep
That constant love can linger on the
deep.”

“The second part of the *Pleasures of Hope* is chiefly occupied in celebrating the anticipation of an immortal life—a glowing theme, and treated with great power. But here the poet has sometimes, in his attention to the music of his line, and the vigour of his diction, neglected to secure a sound and accurate basis of thought.

‘Unfading Hope! when life's last embers
burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust
return’—

The return of dust to dust we understand, but that of ‘soul to soul,’ if it have any analogous meaning, implies the absorption of the spirit of man into that of his Maker, and therefore contradicts the hope of a personal immortality. Perhaps there is no passage more elaborate, or more frequently, and on many accounts more justly admired, than the concluding lines of the poem.

‘Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres
sublime

Peal'd their first notes to sound the
march of Time,

Thy joyous youth began—but not to
fade.—

When all the sister planets have de-
cay'd;

When wrapt in fire the realms of ether
glow,

And Heaven's last thunder shakes the
world below;

Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins
smile,

And light thy torch at Nature's funeral
pile!”

He who regards the destruction of the world as the era when his future and immortal existence shall commence,

may say with truth and beauty that his hope 'lights its torch at nature's funeral pile,' inasmuch as the prior conflagration of the earth is a necessary condition of his felicity. But the poet is not speaking here of the *grounds* of a present hope—he is celebrating the duration of the sentiment itself—and in doing this he has converted the hope of immortality into an immortal hope. The expectation of an eternal life cannot surely be said to survive when that eternal life has itself commenced. The *hope* of immortality passes away with that terrestrial scene which it cheered and illuminated; it *does* fade, for it is lost in fruition; and, instead of lighting 'her torch at nature's funeral pile,' Hope might with more accuracy have been represented as throwing her now useless torch upon that pile, to be consumed with the rest of the world to which it belonged."

There is something, but very little, in the remark on, "when soul to soul, and dust to dust return"—so let it pass—not without due commendation of the critic's acuteness; but we cannot allow to pass the elaborate attempt to demolish the glorious close of the poem. It is a complete failure, as a few words will show. The poet has *not* "converted the hope of immortality into an immortal hope." The critic has blindly fallen into several mistakes—and, in the first place, he has attached to the word "eternal" a meaning which, in this passage, it does not bear. Hope is rightly said by Campbell to be "eternal," because it began with the music of the spheres, and continued amid their ruins. All poetry is full of such passionate exaggerations—and we could cite a thousand instances where this very word "eternal" is applied to transitory objects at the very moment of their extinction. Let one suffice: Young, when describing the Last Day, says,

"There, undermined, down rush th' eternal hills!"

Further and emphatically—"The expectation of an eternal life cannot surely be said to survive when that eternal life has itself commenced." But it has *not* commenced—"Nature's funeral pile" is a-blaze, but it is not yet consumed; if it were, Hope could not light her torch in the dead ashes. Time still is—and the material uni-

verse; and "Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below." Hope, undismayed amid the "wrack of matter and the crash of worlds," smiles serenely as Faith. But she is not yet lost in fruition—

"For wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow;"

and Hope is Hope, though on the verge of heaven.

Expunged, therefore, be these words—"Hope might with more accuracy have been represented as throwing her now useless torch upon that pile, to be consumed with the rest of the world to which it belonged." The refutation of all that the critic has been saying, lies in these his own words—"to be consumed." While there is life there is Hope. Hope is Hope as long as she has a hand to hold a torch—or a torch to be held;—to fling it into the fire would have been the act of—Despair.

A word with John A. Heraud, Esq., author of "The Oration on Coleridge," &c. &c. In a "Lecture on Poetic Genius as a Moral Power," delivered at the "MILTON Institution," occurs this portentous paragraph:

"We have now to do with the poets who exercise *activity*. Being, we have said, must act—in the neuter and passive, we have detected its *eternal* operation. But it operates in Time also, and is diligent in reference to sensible ultimates. It is here that the third class of poets are active. POPE and CAMPBELL and ROGERS are anxious only for the sensuous form—the channel of expression in which their thoughts shall flow. They prefer Act in its lowest spheres to Being in any. Unconscious of the neuter, and despising the passive, they interpose a set form of speech, and, to do them justice, never dream of publishing themselves for men inspired. If they approach the purlieus of the Eternal and the Ideal, they are sure to blunder. Hence Campbell, at the conclusion of his poem, lights the torch of Hope at nature's funeral pyre—an error of which any theologian might have admonished him. False and injurious predicator of a state when Faith shall be lost in sight, and in which Hope can have no part; since Hope requires Time for its condition, and has no place in Eternity! Such poets as these, are the votaries

of the sensuous Present only—what they remember and what they anticipate, belong both to this *present* life—scarcely to the classical past, and little indeed to the theological future. The best of them is rather an essayist on criticism, than an essayer in poetry.”

As we may have something to say of this “Lecture,” and eke of the “Oration on Coleridge” another day, we shall now merely remark that the world will not think the worse of Pope, Campbell, and Rogers, because they “never dream of publishing themselves for men inspired.” Men inspired need not take that trouble; for sooner or later—and a few years are of no moment—they will be numbered with the greater or lesser prophets. Men not inspired, but puffed up, may publish themselves for Isaiahs, and yet find themselves in the Balaam Box.

It may be very sinful “to despise the passive;” but we cannot think it a serious misfortune to any man “to be unconscious of the neuter.” Be that as it may, “John A. Heraud, Esq.,” who has often “published himself for a man inspired,” is here guilty of a gross offence to Campbell. His whole Lecture is a series of plagiarisms—as we, at our leisure, shall show—and he must steal even his insults. But the Quarterly Reviewer always writes like a gentleman—here Mr Heraud does not; and, servilely adopting another man’s error, he pompously emits it as his own truth. He talks of the “purlieus of the Eternal,” and the Last Day, as confidently as of the purlieus of Ep-ping Forest, and the Day of the Hunt. We see the curl of contempt on Campbell’s poetic lips—and in his poetic eye the smile of disdain.

“*Gertrude of Wyoming*,” continues the Quarterly Reviewer, “is a more equal and better sustained effort, but contains fewer of those separable passages of mingled terseness and beauty, which form the charm of the *Pleasures of Hope*. The verse is extremely melodious, and a hue of tenderness is suffused over the whole. The scene it presents is one of almost pastoral simplicity; the feelings dealt with are few, and of no complicated nature; and the characters introduced are such as require no peculiar powers of discrimination. The theme is well adapted to a poet more accomplished in the mechanism of his art, than versed in the

passions of mankind. That quite imaginary personage,

‘The Stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,’

is, for the same reason that we gave when speaking of the love-lorn maniac, a fortunate subject for his powers. It is a blemish in the piece that the story, which is sufficiently simple, should have been told in so obscure and abrupt a manner, that the reader is perplexed, and his attention distracted, in putting together the few incidents of which it is composed.”

This is poor stuff—and ’tis not “an honest attempt to determine the question.” Having tried “to take the shine out of” the *Pleasures of Hope*, the appraiser turns the “separable passages of mingled terseness and beauty” in that Poem against *Gertrude of Wyoming*—which being a tale “of almost pastoral simplicity”—with “a hue of tenderness suffused over the whole,” did not, in the nature of things, admit of the presence of that of which the absence is noticed as a defect. The character of the poem, however, would have been, on the whole, not ill expressed in the above passage, but for the captious and carping qualifyings that make praise almost look like censure. Let the sweet and bitter waters—as they issue from different sources—keep their own channel: with such mixture there is no refreshment in the cup.

“The Stoic of the woods, the man without a tear—”

is not “quite an imaginary personage.” Outalissi is Logan Americo-Indianized by genius into the ideal—but not out of the sphere of our deepest human sympathies.

“‘*And I could weep;*’—the Oneyda chief His descendant wildly thus begun:
‘But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my Father’s son.’”

True to nature!—’tis a creation of the highest poetry—and ruthless indeed are the events that wring out such tears—

“He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi’s soul!”

It may be "that the characters introduced are such as require no peculiar powers of discrimination"—Gertrude is no witch—Albert no wizard. But her we love and him we reverence. These are the best—the holiest of emotions—whether felt in peace and joy, or in grief and pity.

"But Thee! my Flower, whose breath was given

By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep :—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy Father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most :
She was the rainbow to thy sight !
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight ! "

"It will not be expected that we should examine each of the smaller poems which complete the volume of Mr Campbell's works. The best of his lyrical effusions are so well known, and their merits so vividly appreciated, that nothing would remain to us but the not very grateful task of moderating the applause bestowed on them. We certainly do not acquiesce in the opinion that on these will rest the future fame of Campbell, or that the genius of this poet is peculiarly lyrical. A daring freedom and a boldness of manner sit but ill upon our careful and polished writer; there wants in all these productions—half-song, half-ode—that appearance of spontaneous effusion which hurries on the sympathy of the reader; the judgment is satisfied, or at least silenced, when the feeling remains cold; and we oftener think that we *ought* to kindle, than experience the glow itself."

No mention is made by name—no farther allusion to "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," or "Lochiel's Warning," &c.; but on "Theodoric"—certainly Mr Campbell's least successful poem—though "we would willingly have said nothing"—we do, nevertheless, pronounce judgment in a full page of contemptuous vituperation. It was hardly worth the critic's while; we remember something of the sort in *Maga* many years ago—Posterity will not care for Theodoric any more than the contemporaneous public. Campbell pitched his pipe on too feeble a

NO. CCLXXXVI. VOL. XLVI.

key—the tune he played, though it had its pleasant turns, was monotonous: his instrument is the lyre—or the "Spartan fife."

In what ode—from Pindar to Collins inclusive—is there "the appearance of spontaneous effusion?" Why should there be? Campbell did not start up from his chair and suddenly sing out, "Ye Mariners of England!"—nor did he desire to "hurry on the sympathy of the reader." His soul was in a state of exalted calm, contemplating the naval power of England—and the presiding spirit of his Ode is that of sedate grandeur. The Battle of the Baltic is a magnificent naval ballad—but there is no "hurry" there—(the more hurry the less speed)—any more than there was "hurry" in the Fleet approaching the batteries—

"As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

Jeffrey well said, many years ago, that there had been no such prophetic strain as "Lochiel's Warning" since the "days of Cassandra"—meaning, we presume, the days of *Æschylus* when he wrote the *Agamemnon*. Seer and chieftain speak in character—each a poetry of his own, inspired by the mountains.

"And like reapers descend to the harvest
of death,"

is one of the greatest lines ever written; and yet of such a colloquy it is averred "that the judgment is satisfied, or at least silenced, when the feeling remains cold; and we oftener think we *ought* to kindle, than experience the glow itself!"

The scrimp quotations given are from the "Last Man," and "On leaving a Scene in Bavaria." Both compositions are praised—and justly; but, though both are fine in their way, they are far from being among Campbell's best; and as the "Last Man,"—an inconceivable idea—lies open to attack on all sides, he gets a cut or two from the critic, though not on a vital part. So little conversant with Campbell's poetry is his critic, that of the "Lines on leaving a Scene in Bavaria," he says, "we never met with it before, except in a newspaper some eight or ten years ago!!"

Is the critic aware of the existence

L

of a poem called "O'Connor's Child?" What will posterity, thinks he, think of it? At the risk of being reckoned purblind and stone-deaf by posterity, we predict that posterity will love and admire and worship the genius enshrined there—till posterity ceases to have posterity—and

"Earth's cities have no sound or tread,
And ships are drifting with the dead
To shores where all are dumb!"

We must now part with Mr Campbell and his critic. Maga, at least, will survive for ever—and should it so happen that all editions of the works of the Bard of Hope—one after the other—at intervals of a century or so—drop into oblivion—remotest posterity may see *here* as beautiful stanzas of his as any that even then may have been written—and be grateful to CHRISTOPHER THE EMBALMER.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

"O thou by whose expressive art
Her perfect image Nature sees
In union with the Graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please!

"In whose creative hand the hues
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine;
I bless thee, Promethéan Muse!
And call thee brightest of the Nine!

"Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue;
Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,
From Love, the Sire of Nature, sprung;

"Does Hope her high possession meet?
Is joy triumphant—sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

"But, oh! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

"Then for a beam of joy to light
In Memory's sad and wakeful eye!
Or banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony.

"Shall Song its witching cadence roll?
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat!

"What visions rise! to charm, to melt!
The lost, the loved, the dead are near!

Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt!
And cease that solace too severe!

"But thou, serenely silent art!
By Heaven and Love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

"All is not lost! if, yet possess,
To me that sweet memorial shine!—
If close and closer to my breast
I hold that idol all divine.

"Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
Melt o'er the loved departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

"She looks! she lives! this tranced hour,
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or glory's wealthy diadem,

"Yes, Genius, yes! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
Where beauty's canonized shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

"No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
Thy softening, sweetening tints restore;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks they wore.

"Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her parish'd grace re-
deems!
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.

"From Love began thy high descent;
And lovers, charm'd by gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent,
And call thee brightest of the Nine!"

Have you Joanna Bailie's Dramatic Works in your library? No! Then get them—and begin with "THE BEACON." "The piece," says the gracious lady, "is very short, and can neither be called tragedy nor comedy. It may indeed appear, for a passion so allied to all our cheerful and exhilarating thoughts, to approach too nearly to the former; but HOPE, when its object is of great importance, must so often contend with despondency, that it rides like a vessel on the stormy ocean, rising on the billow's ridge but for a moment. Cheerfulness, the character of common Hope, is, in strong Hope, like glimpses of sunshine in a stormy sky." If such poetry be in the preface, what treasures untold may you not trust to find

in the drama itself! She “ventures to call it a musical drama,” and it is so indeed—the only musical drama deserving the name that we know of in our language. Joanna takes care to make no people sing in situations in which it is not natural for them to do so; the songs are all sung by those who have little or nothing to act, and introduced when nothing very interesting is going on; and they are supposed not to be spontaneous expressions of sentiment in the singer, but (as songs in ordinary life usually are) compositions of other people, which have been often sung before, and are only generally applicable to the present occasion. In these few words—which are almost all her own—this great poetess has laid down the principles on which alone can any musical drama be constructed agreeably to nature.

But why a Musical Drama? Because the passion of HOPE, if long dwelt on in a drama, was in danger, she felt, of turning tiresome and languid—not being so powerfully interesting as those that are more turbulent—and at the same time of being sunk into shade, or entirely overpowered, if relieved from it by variety of strongly marked characters in the inferior persons—*therefore* she introduced songs in several scenes—on the principle she has explained—and now you know why *The Beacon* is a Musical Drama. But why *THE BEACON*?

Because Aurora, a lady resident on a small island of the Mediterranean, about the middle of the fourteenth century, had promised, on the departure of her lover, Ermingard, to the Holy War, to kindle a Beacon on the cliff to guide his ship on his return from Palestine. Years pass—and no tidings of her hero—whom all but she have given up to the grave or the sea. There she nightly sits—deaf to all remonstrances—to all threats—and feeds the Beacon-fire, and the fire in her own faithful heart.

Behold, and hear her speak—but not now—for it is broad daylight beside the Beacon—but in a rustic arbour in a Flower-Garden, with her attendant ladies, Edda and Viola, and Terentia her *governante*—kind as a mother. She mistakes the hour—and Terentia says—

“*Ter.* You are deceived—
Three hours have past, but past by you un-
heeded;

Who have the while in silent stillness sat,
Like one forlorn, that has no need of time.

Aur. In truth I have but little here to do
With time or any thing besides. It passes;
Hour follows hour; day follows day; and
year,

If I so long shall last, will follow year:
Like drop that through the cover'd hermit's
roof

Some cold spring filters, glancing on his eye
At measured intervals, but moving not
His fix'd, unvaried notice.”

Edda, to cheer her mistress, asks leave to “sing the song she praised so much”—but Aurora was in another mood then—and she now merely replies—

“I thank thy kindness—sing it if thou wilt;”

and then sits down on a low seat, her head supported between both her hands, with her elbows resting on her knees.

SONG.

“Where distant billows meet the sky,
A pale, dull light the seamen spy,
As spent they stand and tempest tost,
Their vessel struck, their rudder lost;
While distant homes where kinsmen weep,
And graves full many a fathom deep,
By turns their fitful, gloomy thoughts por-
tray:

‘’Tis some delusion of the sight,
Some northern streamer's paly light.’

‘Fools!’ saith roused Hope, with gen’rous
scorn,

It is the blessed peep of morn,
And aid and safety come when comes the
day.’

And so it is—the gradual shine
Spreads o’er heaven’s verge its lengthen’d
line:

Cloud after cloud begins to glow
And tint the changeful deep below;
Now sombre red, now amber bright,
Till upward breaks the blazing light;
Like floating fire the gleamy billows burn:
Far distant on the ruddy tide,
A black’ning sail is seen to glide;
Loud bursts their eager, joyful cry,
Their hoisted signal waves on high,
And life, and strength, and happy thoughts
return.

Ter. Is not her voice improved in
power and sweetness?

Ed. It is a cheering song.

Aur. It cheers those who are cheer’d.
[After a pause.

Twelve years are past.

Their daughters matrons grown, their in-
fants youths,
And they themselves with aged furrows
mark’d;

But none of all their kin are yet return'd,
No, nor shall ever.

Ter. Still run thy thoughts upon those
hapless women
Of that small hamlet, whose advent'rous
peasants

To Palestine with noble Baldwin went,
And ne'er were heard of more?

Aur. They perish'd there; and of their
dismal fate

No trace remain'd—none of them all re-
turn'd.

Didst thou not say so?—Husbands, lovers,
friends—

Not one return'd again.

Ter. So I believe.

Aur. Thou but believest then?

Ter. As I was told.

Ed. Thou hast the story wrong.

Four years gone by, one did return again;
But marr'd, and maim'd, and changed—a
woful man.

Aur. And what though every limb were
hack'd and maim'd,
And roughen'd o'er with scars?—he did
return.

[*Rising lightly from her seat.*]

I would a pilgrimage to Iceland go,
To the Antipodes or burning zone,
To see that man who did return again,
And her who did receive him.—Did re-
ceive him!

Oh! what a moving thought lurks here!—
How was't?

Tell it me all:—and oh! another time
Give me your tale ungarbled."

Ulrick, the Lord of the Isle, loves
Aurora; and, impatient of her inex-
tinguishable Hope, has threatened to
Terentia that night to quench the
Beacon. On being told of that threat,
the spirit of Aurora leaps up—and she
indignantly cries—

—"He does! Then will we have
A noble fire. This night our lofty blaze
Shall through the darkness shoot full many
a league

Its streamy rays, like to a bearded star,
Preceding changeful—ay, and better times.
It may, in very truth. O, if his bark
(For many a bark within its widen'd
reach

The dark seas traverse) should its light
descri—

Should this be so—it may—perhaps it
will.

O, that it might!—We'll have a rousing
blaze.

Give me your hands."

Terentia, as well she might, mildly
rebukes such wild fancies—and warns
her against the aggravated sharpness
of disappointment.

"*Aur.* Talk not of disappointment: be
assured

Some late intelligence does Ulrick prompt
To these stern orders. On our seas there
sails,

Or soon will sail, some vessel which, right
gladly,

He would permit to founder on the coast,
Or miss its course. But no; it will not
be:

In spite of all his hatred, to the shore,
Through seas as dark as subterraneous
night,

It will arrive in safety."

All the dialogue is full of exquisite
touches—bold strokes of nature like
these. As, for example, what can be
more beautiful than these lines—yet we
do not remember to have seen them
quoted?

"*Aur.* Well, taunt me as thou wilt,
I'll worship still

The blessed morrow, storehouse of all
good

For wretched folks. They who lament to-
day

May then rejoice; they who in misery
bend

E'en to the earth, be then in honour robed.
O! who shall reckon what its brighten'd
hours

May of returning joy contain? To-mor-
row!

The blest to morrow! Cheering, kind
to morrow!

He were a heathen not to worship thee!"

Her soul is up, and she says to
Terentia—

"Ah! be not stern. Edda will sing the
song

That makes feet beat and heads nod to its
tune;

And even grave Terentia will be moved
To think of pleasant things."

[*EDDA sings.*]

SONG.

"Wish'd-for gales the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering;
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting;
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long lost
be found.

"In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing;
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing,
Open'd arms in haste advancing,
Joyful looks through blind tears glancing;

The gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
Say he in truth is here—our long, long lost
is found.

“Hymned thanks and bedesmen praying,
With sheathed sword the urchin playing;
Blazon'd hall with torches burning,
Cheerful morn in peace returning;
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows,
O who can tell each blessed sight and sound,
That says, he with us bides, our long, long
lost is found.”

Mean-while, the Holy Legate, on his
way to Rome, has been driven on the
Isle, and a noble stranger in his train
solicits an interview with Aurora—as
the friend of *Ermingard*. Their meet-
ing is such as Joanna alone could have
conceived—and after a while Aurora
says:—

“*Aur.* Bade thee! is he then at hand?

Gar. Ah, would he were!

’Twas in a hostile and a distant land,
He did commit to me these precious to-
kens,
Desiring me to give them to Aurora,
And with them too, his sad and last fare-
well.

Aur. And he is dead!

Gar. Nay, wring not thus your hands:
He was alive and well when he intrusted
me

With what I now return.

[*Offering her a small casket.*]

Aur. Alive and well, and sends me back
my tokens!

Gar. He sent them back to thee as *Ul-
rick’s* wife;

For such, forced by intelligence from
hence

Of strong authority, he did believe thee:
And in that fatal fight, which shortly
follow’d,

He fought for death as shrewdly as for
fame.

Fame he indeed hath earn’d.

Aur. But not the other?

Ah do not say he has! Amongst the slain
His body was not found.

Gar. As we have learnt, the Knights
of blest *St John*

Did from the field of dying and of wounded
Many convey, who in their house of cha-
rity

All care and solace had; but with the
names,

Recorded as within their walls received,
His is not found; therefore we must ac-
count him

With those, who, shrouded in an unknown
fate,

Are as the dead lamented, as the dead,
For ever from our worldly care dismiss’d.

Aur. Lamented he shall be; but from
my care

Dismiss’d as are the dead—that is impos-
sible.

Ter. Nay, listen to advice so wise and
needful!

It is the friend of *Ermingard* who says,
Let him within thy mind be as the dead.

Aur. My heart repels the thought: it
cannot be.

No; till his corse bereft of life is found;
Till this is sworn, and proved, and wit-
ness’d to me,

Within my breast he shall be living still.

Ter. Wilt thou yet vainly watch night
after night

To guide his bark who never will return?

Aur. Who never will return! And
thinkest thou

To bear me down with such presumptuous
words?

Heaven makes me strong against thee.

There is a Power above that calms the
storm;

Restrains the mighty; gives the dead to
life:—

I will in humble faith my watch still keep;
Force only shall restrain me.

Gar. Force never shall, thou noble,
ardent spirit!

Thy gen’rous confidence would almost
tempt me

To think it will be justified.

Aur. Ha! say’st thou so? A blessing
rest upon thee

For these most cheering words! Some
guardian power

Whispers within thee.—No; we’ll not
despair.”

Night descends, and the Beacon
blazes—and *Bastiani*, a friend of *Ul-
rick’s*, and of *Aurora’s* too, enters, say-
ing to the fishermen—

“A boat near to the shore,

In a most perilous state, calls for assist-
ance:

Who is like thee, good *Stephen*, bold and
skillful?

Haste to its aid if there be pity in thee,
Or any Christian grace. I will, mean-
time,

Thy Beacon watch, and, should the lady
come,

Excuse thy absence.

Here is, indeed, a splendid, noble fire,
Left me in ward. *It makes the darkness
round,*

*To its’ fierce light opposed, seem thick and
palpable,*

*And closed o’er head, like to the pitchy cope.
Of some vast cavern.*

Enter AURORA, TERENTIA, and VIOLA.

Viol. A rousing light! Good *Ste-
phen* hath full well

Obeys'd your earnest bidding.—Fays and
witches

Might round its blaze their midnight re-
velry

Right fitly keep.

Ter. Aye; thou lov'st
wilds and darkness,

And fire and storms, and things un-
sooth and strange :

This suits thee well. Methinks, in gaz-
ing on it,

Thy face a witch-like eagerness assumes.

Viol. I'll be a goblin then, and round
it dance.

Did not Aurora say we thus should hold
This nightly vigil. Yea, such were her
words.

Aur. They were light bubbles of some
mantling thought,

That now is flat and spiritless; and yet,
If thou art so inclined, ask not my
leave,

Dance if thou wilt.

Viol. Nay, not alone, sweet sooth!

Witches themselves, some fiend-like
partners find.

Ter. And so may'st thou. Look yon-
der; near the flame

A crested figure stands. That is not
Stephen.

Aur. (*eagerly.*) A crested figure!
Where?

O call to it!

[*BAST.* comes forward.

Ter. 'Tis Bastiani.

Aur. Aye, 'tis Bastiani:

'Tis he, or any one; 'tis ever thus;

So is my fancy mock'd.

Bast. If I offend you, madam, 'tis
unwillingly.

Stephen has for a while gone to the
beach

To help some fishermen, who, as I
guess,

Against the tide would force their boat
to land.

He'll soon return; meantime, I did en-
treat him

To let me watch his Beacon. Pardon me;
I had not else intruded; though full oft

I've clamber'd o'er these cliffs, even at
this hour,

To see the ocean from its sabled breast
The flickering gleam of these bright
flames return.

Aur. Make no excuse, I pray thee. I
am told

By good Terentia thou dost wish me
well,

Though Ulrick long has been thy friend.
I know

A wanderer on the seas in early youth
Thou wast, and still canst feel for all

storm-toss'd

On that rude element.

Bast. 'Tis true, fair Lady: I have
been, ere now,

Where such a warning light, sent from
the shore,

Had saved some precious lives; which
makes the task

I now fulfil more grateful.

Aur. How many leagues from shore
may such a light

By the benighted mariner be seen?

Bast. Some six or so: he will descry
it faintly,

Like a small star, or hermit's taper,
peering

From some caved rock that brows the
dreary waste;

Or like the lamp of some lone lazari-
house,

Which through the silent night the
traveller spies

Upon his doubtful way.

[*As they begin to occupy themselves
with the fire, the sound of distant
voices, singing in harmony, is heard
under the stage as if ascending the
cliff.*

Aur. What may it be?

Viol. The songs of paradise,

But that our savage rocks and gloomy
night

So ill agree with peaceful soothing
bliss.

Ter. No blessed spirits in these evil
days

Hymn, through the stilly darkness,
strains of grace.

Aur. Nay, list; it comes again.

[*Voices heard nearer.*

Ter. The mingled sound comes near-
er, and betrays

Voices of mortal men.

Viol. In such sweet harmony!
I never heard the like.

Aur. They must be good and holy
who can utter

Such heavenly sounds.

Bast. I've surely heard before
This solemn chorus chanted by the

knights,

The holy brothers of Jerusalem.

It is a carol sung by them full oft,

When saved from peril dire of flood or
field.

Aur. The Knights of blest St John
from Palestine!

Alas! why feel I thus? knowing too
well

They cannot bring the tidings I would
hear.

[*Chorus rises again very near.*

Viol. List, list! they've gain'd the
summit of the cliff:

They are at hand; their voices are dis-
tinct;

Yea, even the words they sing.

[*A solemn Song or Hymn, sung in harmony, heard without.*

Men preserved from storm and tide
And fire and battle raging wide;
What shall subdue our steady faith,
Or of our heads a hair shall skathe?
Men preserved, in gladness weeping,
Praise him, who hath alway our souls in
holy keeping.

And whereso'er, in earth or sea,
Our spot of rest at last shall be;
Our swords, in many a glorious field,
Surviving heroes still shall wield,
While we our faithful toils are reaping
With him, who hath alway our souls in
holy keeping.

[*Enter six Knights of St John of Jerusalem in procession, with their followers behind them, who don't advance upon the stage, but remain partly concealed behind the rocks.*

Aur. Speak to them, Bastiani; thou'rt
a soldier;
Thy mind is more composed.—I pray thee
do.

[*Motioning BAST. to accost them.*

Bast. This Lady, noble warriors, greets
you all,
And offers you such hospitality
As this late hour and scanty means afford.
Wilt please ye round this blazing fire to
rest?

After such perilous tossing on the waves,
You needs must be forspent.

1st Knight. Lady, take our thanks.
And may the vessel of that friend beloved,
For whom you watch, as we have now
been told,

Soon to your shore its welcome freight
convey.

Aur. Thanks for the wish; and may
its prayers be heard.

Renowned men ye are; holy and brave;
In every field of honour and of arms
Some of your noble brotherhood are
found:

Perhaps the valiant knights I now behold,
Did on that luckless day against the
Souldain

With brave De Villeneuve for the cross
contend.

If this be so, you can, perhaps, inform
me

Of one who in the battle fought, whose
fate is still unknown.

1st Knight. None of us all, fair Dame,
so honour'd were
As in that field to be, save this young
knight.

Sir Bertram, wherefore in thy mantle
lapt,
Stand'st thou so far behind? Speak to
him, Lady;

For in that battle he right nobly fought
And may, belike, wot of the friend you
mention'd.

Aur. (*going up eagerly to the young Knight.*) Did'st thou there fight?—
then surely thou didst know

The noble Ermingard, who from this
isle

With valiant Conrad went:—

What fate had he upon that dismal day?

Young Kt. Whate'er his fate in that
fell fight might be,

He now is as the dead.

Aur. Is as the dead! ha! then he is
not dead:

He's living still. O tell me—tell me
this!

Say he is still alive; and though he
breathe

In the foul pest-house; though a wretch-
ed wand'rer,

Wounded and maim'd; yea, though his
noble form

With chains and stripes and slav'ry be
disgraced,

Say he is living still, and I will bless thee.

Thou know'st—full well thou know'st,
but wilt not speak.

What means that heavy groan? For love
of God, speak to me!

[*Tears the mantle from his face, with which he had concealed it.*

My Ermingard! My blessed Ermingard!
Thy very living self restored again!

Why turn from me?

Er. Ah! call'st thou this restored?

Aur. Do I not grasp thy real living
hand?

Dear, dear!—so dear! most dear!—my
lost, my found!

Thou turn'st and weep'st; art thou not
so to me?

Er. Ah! would I were! alas, alas!
I'm lost:

Sever'd from thee for ever.

Aur. Howso? What means such words?

Erm. (*shaking his head, and pointing to the cross on his mantle.*)

Look on this emblem of a holy vow

Which binds and weds me to a heavenly
love:

We are, my sweet Aurora, far divided;
Our bliss is wreck'd for ever.

Aur. No; thou art still alive, and that
is bliss.

Few moments since, what would I not
have sacrificed,

To know that, in the lapse of many
years,

I should again behold thee?—I had
been—

How strongly art thou moved!—Thou
heed'st me not.

Ter. (*to AUR.*) Were it not better he
should leave this spot?

Let me conduct him to my quiet bower.
Rest and retirement may compose his
mind.

Aur. Aye, thou art right, Terentia.

Ermingard alive—Aurora is happy
as an angel in heaven; but Ermin-
gard is distracted—and a little page
who had overheard him—asks Gar-
cia—

“Do folks groan heaviest when they are
alone?”

Ermingard and Aurora meet again—
in the apartment of Terentia; and
only a woman—and that woman
Joanna Baillie—or might we say
Caroline Bowles Southey—could have
imagined in its perfect purity such a
scene as this—

“*Erm.* O cease! Thy words, thy voice,
thy hand on mine,
That touch so dearly felt, do but enhance
An agony too great.—Untoward fate!
Thou has to have lost thee!

Aur. Say not, thou hast
lost me.
Heaven will subdue our minds, and we
shall still,
With what is spared us from our wreck of
bliss,
Be happy.

Erm. Most unblest, untoward fate!
After that hapless battle, where in vain
I courted death, I kept my name conceal'd.
Even brave De Villeneuve, master of our
Order,
When he received my vows, did pledge his
faith
Not to declare it. Thus I kept myself
From all communication with these shores,
Perversely forwarding my rival's will.
O blind and credulous fool!

Aur. Nay, do not thus upbraid thyself:
Heaven will'd it.
Be not so keenly moved: there still is left
What to the soul is dear.—We'll still be
happy.

Erm. The chasten'd pilgrim o'er his
lady's grave
Sweet tears may shed, and may without
reproach
Thoughts of his past love blend with
thoughts of heaven.
He whom the treach'ry of some faithless
maid
Hath robb'd of bliss, may, in the sturdy
pride
Of a wrong'd man, the galling ill endure;
But sever'd thus from thee, so true, so
noble,
By vows that all the soul's devotion claim,
It makes me feel—may God forgive the
crime!
A very hatred of all saintly things.
Fool—rash and credulous fool! to lose
thee thus!

Aur. Nay, say not so: thou still art
mine. Short while

I would have given my whole of life besides
To've seen but once again thy passing
form—

Thy face—thine eyes turn'd on me for a
moment;

Or only to have heard through the still air
Thy voice distinctly call me, or the sound
Of thy known steps upon my lonely floor:
And shall I then, holding thy living hand
In love and honour, say, thou art not
mine?

Erm. (*shaking his head.*) This state—
this sacred badge!

Aur. O no! that holy cross upon thy
breast

Throws such a charm of valorous sanctity
O'er thy loved form: my thoughts do for-
ward glance

To deeds of such high fame by thee
achieved,

That even methinks the bliss of wedded love
Less dear, less noble is than such strong
bonds

As may, without reproach, unite us still.

Erm. O creature of a gen'rous con-
stancy!

Thou but the more distractest me!—Fool,
fool!

(*Starting from his seat, and pacing
to and fro distractedly.*)

Mean, misbelieving fool!—I thought her
false,

Cred'ulous alone of evil:—I have lost,
And have deserved to lose her.

Aur. Oh! be not thus! Have I no
power to sooth thee?

See, good Terentia weeps, and fain would
try

To speak thee comfort.

Ter. (*coming forward.*) Aye; bethink
thee well,

Most noble Ermingard, heaven grants thee
still

All that is truly precious of her love,—
Her true and dear regard.

Erm. Then heaven forgive my black
ingratitude,

For I am most unthankful.

Ter. Nay, consider,

Her heart is thine: you are in mind united,

Erm. United! In the farthest nook o'
th' earth

I may in lonely solitude reflect,

That in some spot—some happier land she
lives

And thinks of me. Is this to be united?

Aur. I cannot, in a page's surtout clad,
Thy steps attend, as other maids have done
To other knights.

Erm. No, by the holy rood!
Thou can'st not, and thou should'st not.

Rather would I,

Dear as thou art, weep o'er thee in thy
grave

Than see thee so degraded.

Aur.

Hear me out.

I cannot so attend thee—noon and eve
Thy near companion be ; but I have heard
That, near the sacred houses of your Order,
Convents of maids devout in Holy Land
Establish'd are—maids who in deeds of
charity

To pilgrims and to all in warfare maim'd,
In sacred warfare for the holy cross,
Are deem'd the humble partners of your
zeal.

Erm. Aye, such there are ; but what
availeth this ?

Aur. There will I dwell, a vow'd and
humble sister.

We shall not far be sever'd. The same
winds

That do o' nights through your still clois-
ters sigh,

Our quiet cells visiting with mournful
harmony,

Shall lull my pillow too. Our window'd
towers

Shall sometimes show me on the neigh-
bouring plains,

Amidst thy brave companions, thy mail'd
form

Crested with glory, on thy pawing steed
Returning from the wars. And when at
last

Thou art in sickness laid—who will forbid
The dear sad pleasure?—like a holy bride
I'll by thy death-bed stand, and look to
heaven,

Where all bless'd union is. O! at the
thought,

Methinks this span of life to nothing shrinks,
And we are bless'd already. Thou art
silent :

Dost thou despise my words ?

Erm. O no ! speak to me thus : say
what thou wilt :

I am subdued. And yet these bursting
tears !

My heart is rent in twain : I fear—I fear
I am rebellious still.

[*Kneeling, and taking both her hands
between his, and kissing them with
great devotion.*

School me or chide me now ; do what
thou wilt :

I am resign'd and humble."

Remember, if you can, that THE
BEACON is not a Tragedy ; therefore
it ends not in separation of loving
hearts in the cloister, or the grave.
The Legate—for Joanna, like her
master, Shakspeare, loves to show
Christianity in any creed sincerely
embraced—takes Aurora under his
own guardian care,

" Till we before the holy Father come ;"

orders Ulrick, whom he sees through,
to give account of his wardship to him
who holds the See ; and says to Sir
Ermingard—

" If the blessed Cross

Thou hast assumed, supposing other vows
That did before engage thee were an-
null'd,

By false reports deceived ; the holy
Urban,

Our wise enlighten'd father, will, I trust,
A dispensation grant, that shall empower
thee

To doff with honour this thy sacred
mantle,

And in its stead a bridegroom's robe
assume."

Ermingard and Aurora both embrace
the Legate's knees, who raises them
up gently—and says to Aurora—

" Blush not, sweet maid, nor check thy
ardent thoughts ;

THAT GENEROUS ARDENT SPIRIT IS A
POWER

WHICH IN THE VIRTUOUS MIND DOTH ALL
THINGS CONQUER ;

IT BEARS THE HERO ON TO ARDUOUS
DEEDS ;

IT LIFTS THE SAINT TO HEAVEN."

Spenser—Collins—Cowper—Camp-
bell—Joanna Baillie—for a while
farewell !

HASTY HINTS UPON HORSES.

WHEN we told you, some few months back, O gentle reader! that, (to borrow a phrase from Brother Jonathan, about the only thing, by the way, which our occidental relative possesses worth the lending,) beyond all the beasts of the earth, a dog "went a-head" in our affections, we intimated, at the same time, that our heart had many corners for many other animals. We said we loved an elephant; but we are not going to talk about one now. He is by far too large and weighty a subject to be taken up in a hot July morning, when the sun, as somebody says, "makes the whole world Troglodytic." We said we loved a mouse; and so we do, or rather so we would, if he would let us. He might gnaw and nibble at the oldest Stilton in our dairy with impunity; for we could not find in our hearts to hurt so much as the tip of his tail; but the "wee, sleekit, cowrin', timorous beastie," has no reciprocal sentiment of affection. He scampers to his hole at our approach, as though we were "a kitten and cried mew;" he obstinately refuses to be loved; and he deserves not that pen, ink, and paper should be thrown away upon his ingratitude. We said we loved a horse—of a horse, then, be it our "hint to speak."

Now, the devil of it is, that, to talk about horses, one wants a world of technical knowledge, in which the pen-flourishing generation is, we fear, for the most part, lamentably deficient. We ourselves, much as we like a horse, are any thing but a "sworn horse-courser;" and, had we to go to market for ourselves, might more than probably find the knowing ones a trifle too deep for us. We are not quite convinced that we entertain very definite ideas on the subject of hocks, frogs, fetlocks, and pasterns; and as to thrushes, splints, spavins, and ring-bones, we are, beyond all controversy, in a state of more than Cimmerian obscurity. Having ingenuously confessed thus much, you will scarcely feel surprised when we inform you, O gentle reader! that we have not at present the slightest intention of qualifying every man to act as his own veterinary surgeon—that we are not

going to expatiate upon the magnificent steed of the Honourable Five-bar Rasper, or his Grace the Duke of Double-ditch—that we have not the remotest idea of entering into a discussion of the much *vexata questio* of the paternity of Bloomsbury, or commencing a historical and philosophical investigation into the origin and legality of the authority of the Jockey Club. All this, we say, you will readily conceive; but should it, as we trust it will not, enter into your most inquisitive noddle, to ask us what we really *do* mean to talk about, why, we are "free to confess," as the Parliament men say, you will thereby put us to a pretty considerable nonplus. We can only recommend you to shut your mouth—we are not particular about this first article, only it is hot weather, and the flies are strong in the land—open your eyes, (our respected grandmother, who was accused, most unjustly as we think, of spoiling us with sugar-plums, used to reverse the precept,) sit down on a cane-bottomed chair, as the best possible antidote to somnolence which we can think of—prick up your "most attent ear," and—so, you are ready?—then here goes for a plunge.

There are few occupations (we like a sententious beginning) more agreeable to minds of a contemplative and philosophical cast, than to observe the numerous variations of national feeling, as exhibited under the numerous variations of climate and complexion—to note the different lights in which the same object is regarded in different latitudes. The poor Arab—we are no travellers, and cannot speak from our own experience, but we have too much gallantry to dream of impugning the veracity of the Honourable Mrs Norton—the poor Arab, before he mounts his steed, after gazing upon him with a five-minute glance of unalterable affection, breaks forth into some such impassioned apostrophe as

"My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck—
thy bright and speaking eye,"

et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, for about ten minutes more, and having thus

given vent to his feelings, puts his shoeless toes in the stirrup exactly as the quarter of an hour expires. The poor Englishman, a wondrous economist of time and poetry, dexterously switches his animal over the "raw," and starts at once upon his daily avocations, with no gentler salutation than a "kim aup, yez warmint! d'ye think I stole yer?"

Those noble fellows, the old Greeks, (what the deuce did Byron mean by saying that we already knew too much about them, as if we *could* ever, by any possibility, learn *enough*?) entertained notions like themselves on the subject of horses—witness their magnificent sculptures—witness their magnificent poetry. The trainers of those days, when kings broke their own nags, and blushed not to be caught at it, were somewhat different people, and held in somewhat different odour, from the estimable gentry who play at fast and loose with our modern patrons of the stable. The famous Irish "Whisperer," nay, our old friend Andrew Ducrow himself, could hardly stand a comparison with the "horse-tamer Hector." They talked of pedigrees too, even in those days, with all the accuracy of the stud-book; there was an aristocracy of horses before the time of Homer. The "Xanthus and Balus of Podarge's strain," must have looked down with immeasurable contempt upon the bloodless undescended rips, over whose stiffening carcasses they whirled the chariot of Achilles.

Even in "old Rome, the seven-hilly," (who, by the way, borrowed her fancy for horse-racing, as she did

most of her more civilized tastes, from Greece,) are still to be found tablets to the memory of the good steed who called forth so frequently the plaudits of the "hoarse circus," recording how often he won in a canter, how many times he "ran a good second," nor even omitting to mention when he was fain to be content with a respectable third. The names of two or three favourites have outlived those of many an "antique Roman," who, doubtless, had his dreams of immortality.

"Sed venale pecus Corythæ posteritas et
Hirpini, si rara jugo victoria sedit.
Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla
Umbrarum: dominos pretiis mutare jubentur
Exiguâ, tritoque trahunt epirhedra collo
Segnipedes."

The whole sad ditty of the "High-Mettled Racer," compressed into five lines of Juvenal! Alas, for the degeneracy of the turf of the nineteenth century! Newmarket and Doncaster boast no Pindar to immortalize their glories—the father of history and his nine muses would attract but a scanty audience in "the ring" at Epsom—nay, we doubt if even our old acquaintance Pegasus, were he to start forth once more in *propriâ personâ*, would make much of a figure in the betting.

Old Homer has made magnificent use of a horse, as, indeed, he has of every thing else, in that comparison which, for splendour of language, need not fear to be set beside any horse-passage we know, saving only that most wonderful description in the Book of Job, which stands alone in its sublimity:—

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀποσίνας ἐκὶ φάτῃ,
Διαμὲν ἀπορρήξας θίγῃ πιδίοιο κροαίνων,
Ἐωθῶς λούσθαι ἐν ῥέϊτου ποταμοῖο,
Κυδίων ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίται
Ὡμοῖς αἰττονταί· ὁ δ' ἀγλαΐῃ πεποιθὸς,
Ῥίμφα ἐ γούνα φέρεται μὲν τ' ἤθια καὶ νόμον ἵππων.

Glorious indeed! We positively see him! He flashes before our eyes in his lightning-like speed, as plainly as the hoof-tramp sounds in our ears in the

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum"

of Virgil. And now we have but one fault to find—ay, you may well stare and look incredulous—we, even we, are going to pick a crow with Homer!

The comparison is, to our thinking, far too good for Paris. We cannot, for the life of us, picture him as the ardent warrior which it would represent him to be. We are wont to think of him only as the "concinnus adulter," the regular "fancy-man," the pet of the petticoats, whose noblest accomplishment is

"To caper nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute;"

in short, a species of slightly mitigated Mantalini, in high life of the year B.C. 1193. To us the strongest point of resemblance between Paris and the "fed horse" appears to be (to use, we hope not profanely, the words of the Prophet), that he "neighed after his neighbour's wife." But we are waxing a little bit too classical.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step," as every body knows who knows any thing whatever; indeed the quotation is so stale, and the fact so universally admitted, that we should hardly have inflicted it again on the defenceless public, had we thought about the matter, and must trust for our excuse to a certain villanous John-Bullish kind of habit we have, of blurting out whatever comes first into our heads, without stopping to enquire whether it has any business there or not. We met, the other day, with a beautiful pendant to the old Greek's picture, in a passage descriptive of the Bengalee breed of horses, from the pen of a Captain Williamson:—"The said horses," says the facetious son of Mars, "have generally Roman noses, and sharp narrow foreheads; much white in their eyes, ill-shaped ears, square heads, thin necks, narrow chests, shallow girths, lank bellies, cat hams, goose rumps, and switch tails." The gallant Captain would, we fear, be somewhat puzzled to draw a portrait, merely from such a description as that with which he has favoured us.

We are told that the "new-discovered people of the Indies, when the Spaniards first landed amongst them, had so great an opinion, both of the men and the horses, that they looked upon them as gods, or as animals ennobled above their nature." Well, the poor doomed barbarians went but one step beyond nations who bore, in their time, the palm for civilisation. Horses have received funeral honours, and have had cities called after their names, without exciting any such smile as that with which you just now treated the simple Americans; and, though we do not recollect that they have ever been actually deified, they have, at any rate, enjoyed the highest honours of mortality. What an exquisite piece of satire was that of Caligula, when he nominated his horse to the office of consul! Sheer madness, said you? No, no. Like Hamlet, he "was but

mad north-north-west;—when the wind was southerly, he knew a hawk from a hand-saw." Tyrant as he was, he had sanity enough to observe and despise the abject grovelling of the bipeds of Rome, and boldness enough to hold it up to scorn by the appointment of his quadruped favourite. If it were madness, it had method in't. Only fancy the terrors of the patricians in waiting, lest the newly made functionary should take it into his head to stretch his consular hind-leg without giving warning! We once heard a pragmatical young prig of a Cantab (a Johnian, of course) observe, that he must have been a most incorruptible magistrate, for he answered all improper applications with a *nay*; and we thought of the dictum of Samuel Johnson, buttoned up our pockets, and made ourselves scarce forthwith.

Paul of Russia was mad, an' you will, when he ordered to be starved the honest horse which had offended only by a stumble: his own end was happier only because more speedy. And as to that king-making and king-deposing Lord of Warwick, who stabbed his war-horse in cold blood before the battle of Towton; for the sake of a nature otherwise noble, it were to be wished he had been so too. You may read how he met with his deserts on the obelisk at Barnet Common.

We have read somewhere of a young French renegade, who confessed to Chateaubriand that he never found himself galloping alone in the desert without a sensation amounting to rapture; and though we cannot speak from personal experience either of "antres vast or deserts idle," we think we can manage to enter into his feelings. Like Montaigne, "we do not willingly alight when we are once on horseback; for it is the place where, whether well or sick, we find ourselves most at ease." We know of nothing more glorious—nothing more inspiring—nothing which more effectually dispels from one's spirit the glooms, and the mists, and the fogs, which gather round it so thickly in this "working-day world," than a good stirring gallop across an open country; and, should it chance to be at the tail of a pack of foxhounds, why we think it not a whit the less inviting, and doubtless our horse would appreciate it far more fully. We really are unaffected

edly sorry for those who never, with
 "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky"
 as the song has it, experienced the
 delight

"To back the flying steed that challenges
 The wind for speed!—seems native more of
 air
 Than earth! whose burden only lends him
 fire!
 Whose soul in his task turns labour into
 sport,—
 Who makes your pastime his! I sit him
 now!
 He takes away my breath! he makes me
 reel!
 I touch not earth! I see not! hear not!
 All
 Is ecstasy of motion!"

Talk of Somerville, indeed, after Sheridan Knowles! Lombard Street to a China orange on the Irishman!—and "no takers," as they say at Tattersall's. Prattle not to us about cruelty to animals! We would give a trifle to tie one of your double-distilled humanity-mongers upon a thorough-bred hunter, and start him from the cover-side on a brisk January morning, with a full field and a burning scent, just to convince him that the biped is not the only animal that takes a pleasure in the burst. If he did not come home stiff, skinless, and, albeit against his will, converted, we would be content never to follow hound and horn again. And now we will stroll out to Verrey's, and swallow ice; for we have Philippicised ourselves into a perspiration.

Often as we have polished the pavé of Oxford Street, we have never yet learned to saunter along with that stoical, or rather cynical, indifference to every thing save pretty faces and slender ankles, which distinguishes the *exquisite* of the present day. We shall be taken for country cousins all our life long; we are continually losing ourselves in wondering contemplation of the passing scene; and we are continually losing, *par consequence*, our pocket-handkerchief. Here may you observe that wonderful animal Man in all his varieties, from the duke to the dustman—here may you admire that generous brute the horse in every—"Hoy, hoy! you there! Get out of the way, can't you?" Mercy upon us! we were within an ace of making a job for Mr Wakly, and his twelve good men and true—

that butcher's nag had wellnigh annihilated us! There he goes! gallop—gallop—gallop! We verily believe a butcher's horse doesn't even *know* how to *walk*. At any rate, we can safely swear we never saw one practising that pace. We certainly have heard of their being occasionally discovered, in the rural districts, standing still at the yard-gates of country gentlemen; but, when once in motion, it seems to matter nothing whether it be hill or dale, town or country, highway or byway, crowd or clear. There is ever the same unvarying, reckless speed—the same headlong, break-neck, old-woman-slaying gallop—the same—"Now, sir, a *leetle* on one side, if you please!" Ah! as we live, our old acquaintance Tollit, and the varmint Oxford "Age." There are not many prettier things, to our thinking, than a well-appointed coach, "tooling" along a level road at the rate of ten miles an hour, including stoppages. That identical team now has, "many a time and oft," transported us to the embraces of our revered Alma Mater, and we look upon it with an eye of more than common affection. We have ourselves not unfrequently handled those very ribbons, and wielded that very silver-mounted whip, dexterously disturbing many a meditative fly from his dream of happiness on the ear of the off-leader. See! they are off again! no shirking—no hanging back—one slight tug—one gentlest hint of the whipcord—and away they go, "light as a bird on wing." Eleven o'clock!—why, that sleepy old fellow of All Souls, in the inside corner, will be at his own college-gate just in happy hour to realize his heaven-sent vision of hall-dinner. We think it is no less an authority than Nimrod—not the mighty hunter of ancient, but the mighty scribbler of modern, days—who says, that the life of a coach-horse in a crack team, well-fed, well-housed, well-groomed, and lightly worked, is beyond all question the most desirable state of equine existence.

We defy the most "cruel-hearted cur" under heaven to stop and look for five seconds at a London hack cab-horse, waiting for a fare, without being moved to pity. Take, for instance, the third in yonder line—observe the hairless, fleshless, almost skinless, ribs—the weak and tottering fore-legs—the dull eye and the droop-

ing head—the “raw” but too plainly visible underneath the collar—the shrunk carcass, for which the shafts, narrow as they are, are yet “a world too wide.” Watch him, as he mumbles the contents of his scanty nose-bag—positively he has hardly spirit enough left to swallow his miserable pittance!—there he stands, the very picture of patient, uncomplaining misery. And yet, most probably, before we are a hundred yards off, that wretched anatomy will be tearing through the town with an almost railroad velocity, and endangering the lives of a thousand harmless subjects of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, at the corner of every thoroughfare in London. For the sake of your loving wife and affectionate family, venture not to cross his path! He is not the same horse that he was five minutes past;—a change has come over him,—a new spirit has possessed him. He seems to rush along the streets with a recklessness which nothing but the extreme of misery could inspire: there is despair in his face, graven as plainly as with an iron. Life has nothing worse in store for him, and the sooner he escapes from it the better! Alas! happy, even in his wretchedness, that he cannot look forward four or five days into the future, and behold that last, that crowning scene of equine misery, the yard of the knacker!

And now turn about, as you love a contrast, and look for a minute at that dray of Meux’s as it comes thundering along over Claridge’s Patent. Saw you ever such a Daniel Lambert of a horse as that fellow at the head of the team? He drags along that ponderous machine, laden as it is with “the good barley-wine which our forefathers did use to drink of,” with as much ease as we would the toy-cart of our youngest born, who is but just out of his long-clothes. Do but listen to the sound of his hoof upon the pavement, and fancy for a moment, if your nerves will allow you, your worst corn awaiting its next descent! Proud is he, bad taste of his though it be, of his plaited main and tail;—(we would rather see them swing about, as Tommy Moore says of Nora’s robe, “as nature pleases;”)—proud is he of his brass-bedizened head-gear—proud of his size, his strength, and his occupation;

nor altogether unconscious of the admiration he is exciting. His very shake of the head implies a scorn of the lanky, weedlike things that ever and anon flit by him, unworthy, in his opinion, of the name of horse;—the razor-faced, spare-necked, delicate-legged, bang-tailed exquisites of the race; the paragons of Rotten Row and the Outer Circle—the cynosure of ladies’ eyes—the admiration and envy of lawyers’ clerks, linen-draper’s apprentices, and Sunday swells of every possible species and description. See with what sublime complacency he regards that yelping cur that madly leapeth at his august nose, and trembleth not even to snap at his majestic heels! How would a less philosophical “tit” shy, and sidle, and prance, and toss his indignant head, and “yerk out his armed heel” against the audacious assailant;—but not so he—he, disdaining so inglorious a foe, looketh down with calm contempt upon the vain efforts of the scurvy tyke to arouse his wrath; and beareth with magnanimous pity the howl of the offender as he limps lamely away from the lash of the avenging drayman!

Whatever nonsense—we are going to fly off at a tangent—whatever nonsense Byron may have talked about the superfluous amount of knowledge respecting the old Greeks, he was himself any thing but a despiser of them. He inherited, to its fullest extent, their admiration of horses, or he could never have written *Mazeppa*.

Of that glorious poem, the horse, and not the man, is, to our thinking, the hero. The worthy Hetman is somewhat quaint and “rude in speech,” and garnishes the story of his audacious amour with one or two pithy practical maxims, which go far to deaden the interest which we might otherwise feel for him, and his mistress, in a double sense. Of course we pity him, but still not with that pity which is “akin to love.” But the horse! to *him* we can give ourselves up heart and soul—pity him as he struggles, “fiercely but in vain,” to burst from the unwonted shackle—dash away with him—away! away! like lightning to the desert, which, though it be death to man, is to him life, and happiness, and *home*!—start with him at the groan wrung from his helpless burden by the extremity of

suffering—speed away with him from the hungry wolves that howl faintly and more faintly upon his track, though *he* hears them not, thinks not of them—his speed, his thought, is for his *home*—plunge with him into the wild rush of waters—strain with him “up the repelling bank”—sink with him at last beneath the overpowering trial—summon every energy to greet once more the companions of his freedom—and weep, ay, weep, that it should be too late! We know not a finer picture in all the painting of poetry than this of “the dying or the dead,” with the startled denizens of the wilderness careering wildly around them, and finally scouring off to the forest from the majesty of man, unsubdued even by that agony.

There are few heroes, of whatever creed or clime, whose glory has come down to our own time, and whose names and deeds, however remote their day, are still “familiar in men’s mouths as household words,” whose favourite horses have not come in for a share of their well-earned fame. Alexander had his Bucephalus—that tameless steed who brooked no rider save the conqueror of the world—that faithful servant who, reeling with his death-wound, yet called up all his failing energies to bear his lord to safety, ere he sank and died? Oh Arrian! Arrian! much indeed hast thou to answer for, who darest tell us, in the teeth of so bright a legend, that he succumbed to thirty years and an Asiatic climate!

Who has not heard of the Arab Antar, and his horse Abjir, “whose hoofs were flat as beaten coin: when he neighed he seemed about to speak, and his ears were like quills: whose sire was Wasil, and whose dam Hemema?”

Who knows not of the pride of Spain and the glory of chivalry—of him “who was born in happy hour” to humble the pride of the lying in-

fel, the Cid Ruy Diaz Campeador, and his good horse Bavieca? From the days of Odin and his “coal-black steed” upwards, there is scarce a hero of “tradition, legend, tale, or song,” who has not his favourite; and black, by the way, seems to have been a colour in high estimation. There are one or two black ones of date more modern, and reality more unquestionable, than that of the monarch of Valhalla, which, albeit disdained or overlooked by historians, may take their station in the records of their race beside the most renowned of antiquity. The Scottish peasant, as he tells his offspring the tale of the too dearly won field of Killiecrankie, still couples the name of the gallant Claverhouse with that of his charmed war-horse, Midnight:—the fame of “the horse of the highwayman, Bonny Black Bess,” need fear no oblivion, so long as the “ignominious tree” spares one bold Clerk of St Nicholas to pour a midnight libation to the memory of Richard Turpin.*

Nor are there wanting others—foals of the fancy—steeds of the imagination—which yet stand before our eyes with all the vividness of reality, to whose existence our affections cling, in despite of our colder reason, with a regular John-Gilpin-like tenacity. Even as fabling gossips, who, by frequent repetition, bring themselves to an incorrigible belief in their own mendacious anilities, we have gradually so increased and cemented our acquaintance with them, as to render them as it were a part of our very selves; and the moment that convinced us of their positive nonentity, would, we verily believe, go far to plunge us into a state of universal scepticism. Never be thy memory uncherished, O chosen destrier of the valorous Manchegan, —most fitting bearer of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance!—thou who, though thou hadst “more corners than a real,” didst yet retain, even in thine advanced age, some smack of thy

* Talking of Dick Turpin reminds us of Mr Ainsworth’s novel or romance, or whatever he pleases to call it, *Rookwood*, and of Turpin’s ride to York therein; the admirable telling of which feat has alone, we suspect, saved the rest of the book, cleverish though it be, from the “deep damnation” of the critic’s “Bah!” Where may be matched the descriptions of three such rides, and for three such purposes, as those of Turpin, Mazeppa, and John Gilpin? The first for life—the second for death—and the third (which appeals more touchingly than either to the feelings of Englishmen) for a good dinner.

youth; ay, even when that simple squire deemed that thy "lovelesseye" might gaze unmoved "upon all the mares in the meadows of Cordova." Most patient of sufferers! Most stoical of steeds! Most immortal, incomparable, incontinent Rozinante!

Nor be thou forgotten, whose high privilege it was to bear into a hundred "hair-breadth 'scapes" the weight of that most "valiant bumpkin," hight Hudibras; thou who wert

"Sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;"

thou of the "strutting ribs" and "dragging tail;" thou who hast in all men's memories a "local habitation" though not a name; and who, nameless as thou art, art yet immortal!

But alas! we are all this while but touching a note to which there is no answering chord—we are telling the tales, and feeling with the feelings, of a bygone age! The spirit of a mighty change is abroad. The men of the time to come, will look back with contempt upon the horse-loving generations of the past—the "cura nitentes pascere equos" will be a thing unknown to our grandchildren—the "gratia currus" will be confined to the railroad train and the monster balloon: there cometh fast upon us an age of boiling water and hydrogen gas, before whose dawning beams the Sun of Newmarket, and the Stars of the Four-in-hand Club, must alike "begin to pale their ineffectual fires!" The signs of the times, as an execrable civil [?] engineer had the impertinence to tell us the other morning, appear daily more in-horse-picious, and the position of that animal in society is growing rapidly more un-stable. The last of the race will soon, we fear, be cooped up in a ten-foot square crib in the Zoological Gardens, and we shall be compelled, *malgré nous*, to travel in the first class.

But "grieving's a folly," as the song says, or at any rate very nearly related to one. A few words more, and we have done. We have kept one of our very particular favourites, as

a sort of *bonne-bouche*, to reward the exemplary patience with which you have suffered us to gabble on so long after our own fashion and liking: and, curiously enough, we have drunk it from the same source which furnished us with a similar peace-offering when we had that long Spring morning gossip about things in general, and puppy dogs in particular, and which you were then pleased, as we recollect, to receive so graciously. You cannot surely have forgotten the dog of Roderick! Of course you have not, and we beg your pardon for even hinting at the possibility. Well then, look here upon another picture from the same master pencil. The battle has been fought and won—the pride of "the lying Ishmaelite" has been signally crushed—the long-forgotten war-cry has been once more heard—the sword of the traitor has "found bloody work" in the grasp of the true man—the good horse has borne his ancient lord to "the last, the happiest of his fields." Spain has been delivered—but where is the deliverer? Has he parted and left no trace? Yes, one; but alas! an unavailing one—

"On the banks
Of Sella was Orelío found; his legs
And flanks incarnadined—his poitrel
smear'd
With froth, and foam, and gore—his silver
mane
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every
hair
Aspersed like dewdrops:—trembling there
he stood
From the toil of battle, and at times sent
forth
His tremulous voice, far echoing loud and
shrill,
A frequent, anxious cry, with which he
seem'd
To call the master whom he loved so well,
And who had thus again forsaken him."

Who shall doubt that he was tended' in accordance with his lord's affectionate injunction,

"As did beseem the steed which had so
oft
Carried a king to battle?"

TO THE PROTESTANTS OF SCOTLAND.

LETTER I.

"I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: How then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?"—*JER. ii. 21.*

IN name you are a numerous body, but when the duties are contemplated which that name imposes, those entitled to it will be found to be few. Deduct the false, the faint-hearted, and the erring, those blinded by interest, or by a presumptuous vanity founded on ignorance, and it will be obvious that your cause is generally deserted. The population of our country has increased, but the dissemination of your principles has not been proportionally enlarged. The influence you once possessed over the government and national counsels, has passed to others—formerly your concealed adversaries, but who now find it unnecessary to disguise their triumphant hostility. You have now Popery invading you in every quarter, and in every form. One-third of the European population of the British empire (Ireland), have for years been placed directly and avowedly under Popish patronage and domination. Not only are the superstitious ceremonial and monastic establishments of Popery paraded and rendered familiar to our eyes, but in all the colonies of the empire, Popery has of late been favoured, patronised, and elevated to dominion over the Protestant population. The serpent is gliding around, and entangling us in its folds, rearing aloft its head; and its progress has been rapid. It has, during some past years, held, directly or indirectly, the seat of power and official emolument around the British throne; and they who resist its poison, must prepare to renew the strife, whatever form it may assume, in which their fathers contended, and to renew the sacrifice of personal and private interest to which they submitted. A firm phalanx of Papists, patronising men destitute of sound principles, has given to those men an ascendancy in the state. For that patronage, payment has been made by a government acting in subserviency to the Popish priesthood—giving countenance to the merciless persecution of all Protestant clergy and people in Ireland—and fostering,

by liberal supplies of money, the rearing in the Popish College of Maynooth of men destined to extend the dominion of Popery, and favouring the progressive establishment, in all the dependencies of the empire, of that system of superstitious intolerance, ignorance, and servitude to priestly domination, which form the pillars of the Romish supremacy over men and nations.

The most singular circumstance attending the present state of the British empire is, that it is by *your aid*—by the aid of Scotland and of Scotsmen—that supreme power has been attained and held for years by a Popish faction—and that Popery is now advancing fast to permanent dominion over the land. Ay, this has occurred by the aid of the religious Presbyterians of Scotland—or at least of Scotsmen who style themselves, and for aught I know do, in some delusive sense, imagine that they are, Presbyterian and even Calvinistic Protestants. By them, combining with the Popish priesthood of Ireland, the powers of the British monarchy have been vested in men whose tenure of office and emolument has depended on their subserviency to Popery. Thus by your aid the poisoned cup is held to our lips, and the viper is fostered which was trodden down by our fathers, whom a severe experience had reared up into a race of wiser and better men, in an age of more discernment and more unyielding integrity. At political elections, questions have been put to the candidate about various matters. Would he give boundless admission to foreign corn—would he extend the political suffrage—would he vote for the ballot to protect you in your cowardice, as if a cowardly people could be a free people? But in our great cities and counties, which of you has enquired whether a candidate professed true Protestant principles, and had determined to support them against the hostility of Popery, whether open or insidious?

Under the last princes of the Stuart name, the danger was great, but still it was only the royal person that formed the stay and strength of the Romish priesthood; whereas now, the sanctuary of safety, the very citadel of freedom, the Commons' House of Parliament, has been won, and for years has been occupied, by the enemy. I doubt not that all the factions acting there have committed errors. I speak not generally of their merits; but one of them rallies round the Protestant banner, supports every measure calculated for its protection, and resists every effort made against it. Their opponents persist in propagating the miserable delusion, that Popery is merely a harmless system of speculative religious faith. Refusing to look into its dangerous character, they have held office by consenting to do the work of the Popish priesthood, who in return support them by the votes of their delegates, combined with the votes of Scotsmen elected by the popular voice. Yes, you—Church-going men of Scotland, and you, Dissenters of whatever name—Seceders, Anti-burghers, Burghers, Baptists, Synod of Relief, Independents, Voluntaries—all pretended Protestants, like the inhabitants of Jerusalem when doomed to destruction, ye contend against each other, while the common enemy is demolishing or undermining all your bulwarks. You sent, and have persisted in sending, to the national councils men ignorant of the practical value of the Protestant faith as a protection to the morals, prosperity, intelligence, and liberties of a nation. For place and profit they have sacrificed those interests for which our fathers banished the nearest branch of the hereditary line of their ancient princes. Could James II. (VII. of Scotland) now look up from his grave in a foreign land, he might well ask why he was expelled from the British throne. A prince was lent to us by the Protestant people of Holland, and thereafter a successor was called from Hanover because he was a Protestant. This character of Protestant formed his title, and forms that of his successor to the British throne. But it is a title which Papists must regard with abhorrence, and which cannot be safe, and is not safe, under Popish domination. And this state of things is the result of a combination of Scotsmen—of

Protestant Scotsmen with Papists—of elections made under the Reform Act of William IV. Assuredly this result was not foreseen in Scotland. On the contrary, one of the reasons assigned for the outcry in favour of the Reform Bill, was the apparent disregard with which our petitions were treated in 1828, when the King's Ministers gave way to the persevering urgency with which men calling themselves *Whigs* had for thirty years pleaded the cause of Popery. An opinion, thereupon, widely gained credit in Scotland, that the House of Commons neither had any sympathy with the opinions of the people, nor consisted of persons possessed of political or historical knowledge, or sound Protestant principles of religion and liberty; and that a more popular system of election would fill that house with wiser and better men. Countenanced by such an argument, the popular ambition became irresistibly inflamed, and held odious all by whom it was opposed. You became greedy of privilege, but which of you reflected deeply on the duties and the high responsibility that privilege imposes. If, when told that your votes would send adherents of Popery into Parliament—that you would act as enemies of religion and liberty, and so violate the most sacred rules of duty as Protestants—each of you would presumptuously have retorted, "*Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?*" Yet, like Hazael, you committed the act; and thus the first effect of the Reform Bill was, that it brought guilt into the bowels of the land. The public crime no longer lay with the nobles and the gentry. You, the mass of householders in great towns, and village proprietors in the country, became the known and effectual enemies of the Protestant faith, and of the liberties of your country. For what Popish nation has ever enjoyed liberty? Where has liberty endured, or even existed, beyond the limits of a Protestant country? We have seen an ardent people (the French) bravely contend for it—shed for it their blood like water—slay one monarch and banish another; but all in vain. They were Papists or they were infidels; and hence the same physical events that in Protestant Britain produced ages of prosperity, liberty, and glory, served only among Papists and Infidels to drown their

dear-bought liberties in torrents of blood, and compel them to take refuge once more under a master.

I am aware of your excuse. You gave your votes to the men who favoured the acquisition of privilege by you. But did they do so for your sake. With unutterable contempt for your silly vanity, they called you wise, liberal, enlightened, superior to every old prejudice, liable to no delusion—and what followed? Having risen on your necks to power, they set an example of greed of money never before witnessed among European statesmen. Relying on your want of discernment, they sold you to Popery to retain pay. In no one instance did they give preferment beyond the narrow circle of their own faction. With or without even a pretext of merit, their associate was promoted, and rarely had he other merit than that of adherence to the venal faction. Even the national government has, in such hands, sunk into contempt over the land, because neither graced by talents nor supported by virtue.

It may be that, on account of benefits thanklessly enjoyed, or prodigally wasted or neglected, the Lord of all is about to withdraw the singular patronage which has so long been bestowed on our favoured land. But the government of this world is administered on a principle of mercy, and before final ruin is inflicted opportunity for repentance is given. In deserting the cause for which our fathers contended, and the privileges which a beneficent Providence granted to their prayers, their efforts, and their sufferings, a great crime has been committed; but, on detecting the fallacies and the moral weaknesses by which we have been misled, a final and fatal lapse may yet, perhaps, be avoided. If ten righteous persons could have saved a guilty city, I cannot forget that in every city and in every county of Scotland, there have been many discerning persons of every station whom the blind subserviency to Popery never reached, and against whom the bitter things I have to write are not directed. I sincerely trust that the dangerous error into which the Protestants of Scotland have recently fallen, has been the result of not understanding clearly what Popery truly is, and its sure tendency to undermine and ultimately to destroy the worth, liberty, and prosperity of nations. In this hope, I

propose to state what I regard as the true nature of Popery—what our fathers did to protect us against it—and how the bulwarks which they reared have, by the criminal ignorance and dereliction of duty on the part of their posterity, been suffered to fall into decay, and the foe to enter by unrepaired and unguarded breaches in every quarter. Their example will point out our duty. It is very probable that what I write may have little success or effect. That will be your misfortune and not mine, ye nominal Protestants of Scotland. This world is not mine, and I claim no right to rule it, intellectually or otherwise. Enough for me to have attempted to perform my own duty, leaving the result to the Power to whom all belongs. Yet, I have some hope for my country. The tombs of the martyrs in Ayrshire have at length not testified in vain. The inhabitants of its fields, and towns, and villages, have recently done their duty, and I trust that, independent of my aid, the day is dawning over the land.

Still you must not expect that I am to address you in the style of those who have with flattery obtained the suffrages you have abused. I frankly say, that in my estimation never was there a people led away from truth and duty, by pretexts so utterly contemptible as those which have imposed for years on Scotsmen. I state, as a ready example, the names by which many of you have designated yourselves; viz., Whigs and Reformers: the result of whose triumph has been a sliding backward and downward into Popery! But what and who is a Whig?

The name Whig, borrowed from us by the English, was originally applied in derision to the persecuted adherents of the Covenant, by which the Scottish people bound themselves to support the Protestant faith. These men held not their lives dear to them in comparison of fidelity to their engagement. Gradually their indomitable spirit converted a contemptuous epithet into an honourable designation. When the royal Papists, Charles and James II. (or VII.,) attempted to train or lead them back to Popery, by imposing a system of forms and ceremonial like that of the English prelacy, who for a brief period had seemed accessible to Popery, the Scottish Whigs discerned the snare,

and encountered tortures and death rather than yield one step to their Popish enemy. They at length held the crown of Scotland to be forfeited by the arbitrary attempt, and tendered it to William and Mary, and ultimately assented to the succession of the house of Hanover, because they were Protestants, and on the unalterable condition of adherence to the Protestant faith. These Scottish Whigs were opposed by the *Jacobites*, who excited two rebellions against the Protestant house of Hanover. But the Whigs of Scotland remained true to their religion and liberties. The Whigs of Glasgow, then a small city, raised in 1745 two regiments to support the Protestant cause, and to resist the restoration of that ferocious Popish tyranny under which so many of their fathers had become martyrs.

New times arrived. The Papists of Ireland extorted from a weak administration, during the war with our colonies, the privilege of voting in the election of members of the Parliament of Ireland. Then came the union of the Parliaments of Britain and Ireland. The Popish priesthood of Ireland thereby obtained the power, by the votes of their superstitious followers, of electing at least forty, and perhaps a hundred members of the British House of Commons. Still Papists could not lawfully sit in that house; but the Romish priesthood sent delegates thither, elected to support their ambitious views, and they never ceased to urge their followers to insist for the repeal of that last safeguard of the royal title of the house of Hanover and of the Protestant faith. To that urgency they obtained fatal aid. From whom and from whence did that aid proceed? Attend to the fact, for it is of deep importance.

A band of ambitious men in England (of whom I will have more to say hereafter) attempted to climb to supreme power by allying themselves with the Irish Papists, whereby their numbers in the House of Commons were enlarged. They pleaded for Papists—the slaves of a domineering priesthood and of Rome—as if they were freemen deprived of liberty on account of their piety. Under this pretext, Fox and others, while contending that political power ought to be given to Papists, impudently ventured to call themselves Whigs. While con-

tending in favour of a sect that resists the liberty of the press, that dare not even trust their followers to read the Bible; and wherever they attain to power subdue all men by confiscation, tortures, and slaughter, into subserviency to their ambitious priesthood, these men—deriding the fidelity of George III. to his coronation oath—so far ventured to rely on the blindness and credulity of their countrymen, as to assume the name of Whigs. The thing at first must have seemed strange and foolish; but during forty years they continued in speeches, books, pamphlets, reviews, to plead the cause of Popery and to call themselves *Whigs*, thereby impeaching the title to his throne of our Protestant King (he not being the first in the hereditary line), and reproaching our fathers as criminal, because they refused to yield up their religion and liberties to the dominion of Rome. Strange as it will hereafter appear in history, the nation, with incredible gullibility, swallowed the delusion. The royal title to the throne was disregarded, and the sufferings which our fathers endured, and the noble strife in which they persisted, were forgotten by a new generation destitute of historical knowledge. Cold, indifferent, or infidel in religion—acquainted only with the literature of newspapers, reviews, and novel writers—many of the younger nobles and gentry learned, gradually, to take on trust the pretext that the Whigs of their day were the Whigs of 1688; and that the name of Whigs, assumed with such incredible effrontery by the supporters of Popery, was, in utter blindness, adopted as a symbol of brotherhood with these men by you, Protestants of Scotland! Absurdly saying you are Whigs—you in multitudes united with the supporters of Popery as your allies. You paraded under and around their banners, imagining them friends of freedom while they were only greedy to handle public money; and for that price were willing to enter into alliance with Popery, and all the slavery and brutal ignorance by which its domination in every country has been attended.

Now that this truth is broadly stated, ye supporters of Popery in Scotland, call yourselves Whigs if you will, but presume no longer, with gross hypocrisy, to say that you are Protestants. You have also called yourselves Re-

formers. Truly, a beautiful reformation you have produced! You have delivered over a whole people (Ireland) for years to the dominion of Popery, and have brought your country backward nearly three centuries towards that gulfofsuperstition, ignorance, and infidelity. You have succeeded in obliging the successors of the Whigs of 1688 to desert a name which you have so vilely polluted, and to style themselves *Conservatives* of the principles of that Revolution.

The old English Whigs called those men Tories whom they accused of leaning towards Popery and high prerogative. They refuted the first of these accusations by joining the Whigs, or rather, along with the English Prelacy, by taking the lead in effecting the Revolution of 1688; but, for a time, they continued to regret the violation thereby produced of the hereditary line of succession to the crown, and hence the secular Tories regarded with favour the Scottish Jacobites.

Such has of late been the strange absurdity of Scotsmen, that while so many of the Campbells, Kennedys, and Hamiltons, who persist in patronising Popery, are styled and supported by you as Whigs, you oppose, as Tories, the old Whig Presbyterian families, the steadfast supporters of the house of Hanover and the Revolution of 1688, such as Lockhart, Scott, Douglas, Hope, Ramsay, and thousands of others, who, at this day, adhere to the faith of those Argyles

who perished on the scaffold or fought at Sheriff-Muir, and of that Cassillis whose signature authenticated our first copy of the Westminster Confession.

Meanwhile, to Scotsmen who have assumed the name of Whigs, and at the same time have given their votes to the patrons of Popery and infidelity, I say, without hesitation, you have been miserably misled into gross inconsistency by the mere sound of a name, or you uttered your own condemnation—you thereby became hypocrites in religion—enemies of the house of Hanover, and enemies of the liberties and the improvement of mankind. I can only trust and hope that you have been acting under that temporary but most strange delusion which, in 1828, so extensively diffused blindness over the nation. England has recovered. Wellington, Peel, Graham, Stanley—all men of intelligence and upright principle—have every where recovered. Is Scotland to continue dishonoured, and its inhabitants regarded as fallen from the high name they once possessed, as an enlightened people of trustworthy Protestant character? From the sacred remains deposited in their Greyfriars' churchyard, a fearful voice of reproach ascends against the men of Edinburgh; and to you, more especially, men of Dundee, Perth, and Fife, of Stirling, and Glasgow, once the chosen seats of the Protestant Reformation, are addressed the words prefixed to this letter; look back to them, ponder them well!

LETTER II.

The author of Christianity sent forth to instruct mankind a few private persons to whom he had taught his doctrines, and whom he directed to submit themselves to the civil power and magistracy of their own and other countries. I have no intention to trace historically the progress by which, in the west of Europe, the successors of these first teachers became united into a compact and powerful body, under a prince or chief—acquired in many countries a large proportion of the landed property, and a title to a tenth of the produce of the remainder—how they gradually assumed a superiority over all kings, princes, nobles, and legislators—how

they became intolerably corrupt and tyrannical—and how their strength was shaken by a schism, whereby some nations, under the name of *Protestants*, were relieved from their dominion, while they retained their power over other nations, and are now striving, with much apparent success, to resume it over all. I propose merely to state what the system of Popery actually is, as it has practically existed and received the solemn sanction of the great General Assembly of the leaders of the body, styled the Council of Trent.

In considering what Popery is, mankind must be divided into two classes: *First*, the mass of the popu-

lation, whose intellectual character and external condition are affected by the opinions they have been taught, or the institutions under which they live and act; *secondly*, the class or body of directors and instructors. These, in a Popish country, assume the name of the priesthood or clergy. That class or institution constitutes *Popery*, just as a body of nobles and governing senate constitute an aristocracy.

Passing over for an instant the character of sanctity, or of priesthood, which it assumes, Popery, in a country that has a civil government, like France, Prussia, or Britain, may be described as the system according to which the affairs of a certain society, or company, or association, are carried on. The association consists of a body of individuals whose object is to rule mankind, and to acquire to their society the largest possible command of the power and riches of a people, without performing any part of the business, or submitting to any of the drudgery undertaken, or dangers encountered by the rest of the community. Yet, in those countries in which they are tolerated, they endeavour to attain, and generally do succeed in attaining, to the possession of high rank, riches, influence, and direct authority. The society, styled generally the Popish priesthood or clergy, consists of members received from all classes of the community. The association is perpetuated by the admission of new members, under the sanction of the dignitaries of the body. The great object of the society being to rule over the rest of the community, all their rules and proceedings are made subservient to that object.

On entering into the society, a man by solemn vows devotes himself to the pursuit of its interests exclusively, and to obedience to the superior members of the association. He renounces whatever may interfere with his exertions to promote the influence and aggrandizement of the body of which he is becoming a member. More especially, he takes a solemn vow against entering into marriage, lest domestic affections and the interests of a wife and children should obstruct the future business of his life, which is to extend the power of the society. We know what efforts men have made for their families, their kindred, and

their country. Even for the glory of his regiment many a gallant soldier has, without hesitation, sacrificed his life. To the Popish priest, the association into which he has entered holds the place of a wife and children, and kindred and country. The Pope, as head of the body, is his prince, and the association is the brotherhood which forms the object of all his attachments, and the ascendancy and glory of which absorbs every sentiment, either of public spirit, or of selfishness or ambition in his nature.

The society, for greater efficiency in its enterprises, divides itself into classes. It allocates some to special districts, under the name of priests and bishops; but has reserves of members in monasteries, both male and female, ready to go forth on the business of the association. These add to their other oaths a vow of poverty, which, however, is a mere equivocation. It only means that whatever a monk has belongs to his brethren of the monastery, who, along with himself, when not in the view of the multitude, endeavour to pass their lives in luxurious opulence. The most pestilent of the whole are the Jesuits, a corps created to oppose Luther's Reformation, and who form the master-spirits who devise every intrigue and share in every conspiracy in Europe.

The Popish association adopt as the groundwork of their operations the Christian religion, of which they pretend they are the only true priests; but they do not hold themselves bound by its laws and doctrines, as contained in the books written by the Hebrew prophets and historians, or by those instructed by the immediate followers of Jesus of Nazareth, the whole of which united we call the Bible. The Popish association pretend that, besides what is to be found in the Bible, they have many doctrines and precepts communicated expressly to their body by Almighty God. They regard with extreme horror any attempt to lay open the written scriptures to the perusal of the mass of mankind, lest they discover the palpable inconsistency between the written doctrine and the system of idolatry, usurpation, and gross superstition sanctioned by the association. The Jewish Rabbis were the original inventors of this kind of device. They pretended that, besides

the written law openly sanctioned from Mount Sinai, a multitude of precepts were given and handed down to them by the traditions of the elders. Hence Jesus said, "Ye have made the commandment of God of none effect by your traditions."—Matt. xv. 6.

On examination, it will be found that the drift and purpose of all the institutions, and even of the doctrines and practical operations of the Popish association, is to exalt the members of the priestly fraternity over the rest of the community, and, in reality, to bring the rest of the community under subjection to them. This might, perhaps, be thought tolerable by some persons, if the means adopted were not utterly flagitious. The fraternity pretend that their head or chief, the Pope, is on earth the vicar or deputy of God's eternal Son, by whom were created all things, visible and invisible. That, in virtue of this delegation, the association are, by inherent right, the superiors, and independent of all kings, and princes, and political human establishments. Indeed, if it be admitted that the Popish priesthood hold communications from heaven of authority equal to the written Christian scriptures, conferring infallibility on them or their chief the Pope, it is not easy to limit their pretensions, because, in the name and by the alleged authority of Almighty God, they can declare their own powers and prerogatives to be whatever they think fit, just as Mahomet could solve every difficulty by bringing down the angel Gabriel with a new chapter of the Koran.

The plans of the Popish association are most artfully devised and actively enforced.

1, As they do not hesitate to claim intimate communication with the Eternal God, so they do not scruple to make profit of the Day of Judgment. Men, conscious of imperfection and improper conduct, have a natural fear of standing in judgment before the terrible tribunal of omniscient justice and irresistible power. Availing themselves of this fear, the fraternity say, God has given us power to forgive all sins; but to entitle us to do so, you must confess to us your sins. These they divide into two classes, venial and mortal. Venial sins may be expiated by the fire of purgatory, or the priest may pardon them on submitting to penance, or for a *consideration*.

Mortal sins are liable to be punished by eternal torture in hell. This can only be avoided by the sinner confessing them to the priest, declaring that he repents, and obtaining absolution. If the priest absolve the sinner from these mortal sins, he never can be sent to hell on account of them. But he must be careful to confess them all; for, if he omit one of them, he will certainly be condemned to hell fire for ever for that one sin, whereby absolution from the other sins will be of no avail. On this pretext the whole community, from infancy to old age, are assured that, to secure their salvation, it is absolutely necessary to inform the priest of all they think or do, lest they should omit the confession of some mortal sin. After absolution from a mortal sin, although the man cannot be sent to hell on account of it, he may, nevertheless, be put into the purifying and sufficiently horrible fire of purgatory, or exposed to misfortunes in this life. But from these consequences also, absolution may be purchased with lands or money, or by some good deed required by the holy fraternity.

The result of the whole is, that the priest is, upon earth, truly a god, seeing he holds the divine power of forgiving sins. The only practical inferiority of the priest to the Most High God is, that the priest does not know the actions of men till they are told (confessed) to him. To secure their future salvation, the children of Papists are carefully trained to the practice of confession, and to pour into the ear of the priest, both spontaneously and in answer to his minute interrogatories, a detail of all their acts and imaginings.

Confession to the priest is represented as a holy sacrament. It must be made by the sinner (though a king or queen) kneeling before this terrestrial god, who has full power over the world to come. Thus the fraternity of priests become the lords and rulers of the credulous nation or people over whom they have acquired an ascendancy, or whom they have persuaded to believe in the fabulous privileges which they assume. To procure safety from hell and possession of immortal felicity in heaven, becomes a matter of bargain with the priest, who has the power of fixing the price of the inestimable boon

which he is to bestow, and which is to soothe the mind and allay the horrors of the dying sinner. By such bargains, the Popish association of priests, monks, and nuns, were at one time proprietors of nearly half the land of Scotland, and of a tenth (teind) of the annual produce of the remaining lands of our country.

2. The fraternity affirm that each individual priest has the extraordinary power of actually making or creating God himself. On the repetition, by the priest, of certain Latin words (*hoc est corpus meum*), a morsel of bread (generally a wafer) is transformed into the Eternal Second Person of the Holy Trinity, both God and man in one person. The priest offers him up as a sacrifice for the sins of any person who will pay for the operation. The table at which the operation is performed, is called the *altar*. After a wafer has thus been converted (without any apparent change) into the Lord Jesus Christ, soul, body, and divinity, it is raised aloft, and all persons are expected to kneel and worship it, as it is borne along the streets to the house of any sick person who has sent for it and is to pay for it.

Necessarily, the priest who has the power to create the Son of God, or to perform the Mass, must, in the estimation of Papists, be of extreme importance—sacred in his person and awfully privileged.

To all practical purposes, Christ has only died for the profit of the priest, who may grant or refuse at his pleasure all the benefits resulting from the sufferings and intercession of "the Son of the Blessed." God is converted into a sort of slumbering or inactive divinity, who has intrusted all his powers to his prime minister or vicar on earth, the Pope and his subordinates. God and Christ are thus practically dethroned, and so they are usually complimented merely with Latin prayers, while the real business of obtaining safety here and hereafter must be transacted with the ministry.

3. As the fraternity thrive by exciting towards themselves and their operations the sentiments of fear, wonder, and admiration, and by withdrawing the minds of men from rational pursuits and fixing them on ob-

jects of superstition, they adorn the persons of the higher priests with costly robes, they build magnificent temples, and support establishments of vocal and instrumental music. They fill their temples with paintings to represent God the Father, and Jesus, and his mother Mary, and especially with innumerable statues of Mary, and saints, and angels, before which the people are admonished to offer up prayers for their intercession with God and Christ. In every shape, the fraternity labour to establish a religion that is to fill the imagination with objects of superstition. They baptise bells to drive the devils from the air—they consecrate barrel-fulls of water wherewith to sprinkle devotees—exhibit bones of saints as objects of veneration—encourage pilgrimages to their celebrated temples. Above all, in utter despite of all the prohibitions in the Bible, they fill their temples with consecrated idols. Indeed, with the exception of the sacrifice of animals, there is scarcely a practice of paganism which they do not adopt.

In a recent account of China,* the superstitious practices of the priests of Budho are mentioned. A recital of them may supersede the necessity of a farther detail of the Romish superstitions.

"We cannot conclude our account of the Buddhistic religion," says the author, "without noticing the similarity of its ceremonies to those of the Church of Rome. The points of coincidence are many and striking. The celibacy, tonsure, professed poverty, secluded abodes, and peculiar dress of the priests—the use of the rosary, candles, incense, holy water, bells, and relics, in their worship—their belief in purgatory, with the possibility of praying souls out of its fires—the offering up of prayers in a strange language, with their incessant repetition—the pretension to miracles—the similarity of their altarpieces, and the very titles of their intercessors, such as 'Goddess of mercy,' 'Holy mother,' 'Queen of heaven,' with the image of a virgin having a child in her arms holding a cross—are all such striking coincidences, that the Catholic missionaries were greatly stumbled at the resemblance between the Chinese worship and their own when they came over to convert the natives to Christianity; and some of them thought that the author of evil had induced those Pagans to imitate the

* *China, its State and Prospects*, by W. H. Medhurst, p. 217.

manner of holy Mother Church, in order to expose her ceremonies to shame."

As the ambition of the ministers of superstition is every where the same, it has naturally happened that systems of superstition have borrowed ceremonials from each other. European monks have often reached China; and no doubt taught to their fellow priests the emblems of Western superstition. The inference is, that the Romish religion is truly a system of Pagan superstition, which has disguised itself under Christian names.

4. The Popish fraternity pretend that the Eternal God has at all times inspired them, or their chief the Pope, with a perfect knowledge of all religious truth. Not to believe what they announce, is styled *heresy*. It is an act of rebellion against the association; and, in proportion to their powers, is without mercy to be hunted down by persecution, assassination, confiscation, tortures, and death. It is, when persisted in, equivalent to a sin against the Holy Ghost, speaking through his Holiness the Pope and his fraternity. It is therefore a sin, and the only sin for which the priest can grant no absolution. A man may buy absolution for the crime of murdering his wife, or poisoning his father, but not for refusing to believe what his priest requires him to believe.

5. The greatest danger the fraternity ever encountered, arose from the invention of the art of printing; and they did at first receive from it a rude shock. A sagacious old priest said—"If we do not destroy printing, printing will destroy us." Printing did not destroy them; and it was in baffling the efforts of this formidable adversary, that the system of Popery has most eminently displayed its resources. All was at stake. It was obvious, that if the Bible should be freely perused by multitudes in their own language, and intelligence acquired by the free perusal of books of all sorts, the idolatry fostered by the priests—their infallibility—their wafer-god—their pretended miracles—their power over the world to come—their vestments, processions, holy water, holy bells, holy bones, and all their other mummary, would be swept away. The arch-enemy Printing, was encountered thus:—

The fraternity pretended to entertain a great favour for it. The dan-

ger was, that the people would employ teachers, whereby to enable themselves and their children to read the cheap books now produced. The priests stood eagerly forward, and offered to become teachers; and then they so managed matters as that nobody should learn. They taught the children to venerate the priests; to make endless repetitions of questions, creeds, and Latin prayers; and contrived so to disgust them with literature, that they carried little or none of it from the school. Thus, there remained little danger that they would read prohibited heretical books. On this subject, I cannot do better than quote the able and valuable letters of Mr Colquhoun of Killermont, M.P., to the Rev. James Carlisle, Commissioner of the Board of National Education, Dublin. In letter 8th, Mr Colquhoun says:—

"On this point, as on many others, we mistake the policy of the Roman Catholic Church. We think it shallow—in fact it is profound; but our view of it is superficial. Two very distinguished priests, Wiseman and Dean Macnamara, were examined by the Committee (of the House of Commons) of 1835-6 on Education. To those who have not watched the policy of the priesthood, that evidence will appear embarrassing; to those who are acquainted with it, consistent and clear. Dr Wiseman informs the Committee that his Church pays the utmost attention to popular education. He says, 'that in Italy the education of the poor is specially attended to: that in every commune in the Roman States there is a free school; in every quarter of Rome there is the same. It will delight you to learn, that in Rome there is a board of national education. There are, besides, religious orders, who devote themselves to the instruction of the poor; and there are colleges and seminaries, generally gratuitous and largely endowed, for the instruction of the young, from the earliest period to the most advanced. For females there are schools of industry, and schools of general instruction.' In fact, according to Dr Wiseman, there never was a country so favoured as the Papal States—so drilled through and through with popular education. Nor is it confined to these States.—'Popular education,' he tells us, 'equally prevails in Tuscany.' He might have added—it is to be found in Naples, in Spain, and in France. In France, the *Freres Ignorantins* devote themselves to the work of educating the people, and upwards of 50,000

children are gathered into their schools. If, then, we are to believe this concurrent testimony, our notion that the Roman Catholic priests are opposed to the education of the people, is an error. One thing, to be sure, is staggering, that it appears that these zealous exertions of the priests are never blessed with success. In the countries which I have mentioned, the people are marked, not as you would suppose, by knowledge, but by gross ignorance. In Italy, as every traveller knows, the peasantry are extremely illiterate. In Rome, not one man in a hundred can either read or write. In Naples, the case is worse; in Spain, worse still; and in France, till the present century, the peasantry were barbarously ignorant. And how do we explain these facts—these apparent contradictions? Quite easily. When the priests say—when Dr Wiseman and Dean Macnamara say—that they are zealous for popular education, let us observe what they mean by education. They do not mean what we do—the development of the faculties, the cultivation of the mind. They mean, gathering children into rooms, which they facetiously call schools, in which they are put under the charge of a priest or a monk; and the object of these saintly gentlemen is, to make them commit to memory catechisms and long prayers; to repeat the ‘Hail Mary’ and the doctrine; to impress on them an abject fear of the Church, and a heavy awe of the priest; and thus to develop in full force the passions of terror and superstition, &c. The Lancasterian mode of teaching was resisted by the priests as tending to excite a dangerous activity of intellect by mutual instruction.”

Mr Colquhoun adds,—

“That you may perceive more clearly, and observe that they mean the same thing all the world over, I will mention to you what was discovered at Manchester. There is a large Roman Catholic school in Manchester, out of which hundreds of children are paraded every Easter, to show how the Romish Church cares for her children. It was discovered, however, by the chaplain in the jail, that these children, so educated, were scarce ever able to read, and were brutally ignorant. How did this happen? From a very simple cause. It turned out that the Popish system of instruction in the heart of Manchester, was the same as in the heart of Rome. The children were drilled in catechism and dogmas, and made to bow and cringe and crawl before the priest—and this was all the education they received. The little reading they got was so imperfect, that in a year or two it fled

from their minds, &c. The first object of the priests in every country in which they have power, is to establish schools under their influence; and the reason why they establish schools at all, is a very sound one. If they left the children without some semblance of education, the people would originate schools for themselves, and they might thus acquire instruction. By taking the schools into their own hands, the priesthood secure that no knowledge shall reach the people. Accordingly, in all Roman Catholic countries—in Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Italy—you find the country covered with schools, and schools in the hands of the priests. And, so long as the state remains under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church the schools are such as I have described,—bigoted, formal, superstitious haunts; places in which the minds of the children are hammered as on a forge into a hardened bigotry.”

“If driven to the necessity of teaching something in their schools, the priests make a show of giving education by teaching arithmetic, with as little of reading as possible. A people quick in calculation may remain superstitious; but a people reading, thinking, questioning, would throw off the yoke of bigotry.” Above all, the free perusal of the sacred Scriptures, in a correct translation, is carefully prevented, and even denounced as a grievous crime; for this obvious reason, that the perusal of the New Testament would “lay the axe to the root of the tree,” by showing that the pretext that the Popish association are teachers of the religion of Jesus Christ, is palpably untrue; and that the idolatry which they sanction, is utterly offensive to the divinity they pretend to worship.

By the arts now described, the associated priesthood of Rome have been able in a great degree, and in many countries, to resist the effect of the invention of the art of printing: The danger from that invention was great and imminent; and it has cost them much toil and vigilance to defeat the effect of it. They have treated it as a most diabolical invention, and, in their malignity, they have represented John Faust, or Faustus, an early artist, if not the inventor of the art, as an associate of Satan; and have pretended to the vulgar of Germany and other countries, that he was finally carried off by the arch enemy of mankind.

From these remarks it cannot fail to be obvious, that there is a natural connexion between Popery and national degradation and general poverty. It will be intelligible how it happened that Spain, possessing the richest colonial empire and a fine European territory, sunk into comparative contempt among the nations of Europe; while Britain, after it got quit of the Popish domination, became as a queen among the nations in comparative power and riches. Compare, for an instant, the education of our own country of Scotland with that which the Popish system establishes, and it will be seen how it happened that a small northern territory has taken the lead, almost of the world, in the first of all arts, that of agriculture; and its population have diffused themselves over all lands, prospering and rising into wealth and distinction in every country and climate to which they have had access. But of this I have more to say.

It is evident that the employments in which the members of the Popish priesthood are engaged, must differ according to the situation, interests, and prospects of Popery. Being detached from all domestic and patriotic interests and affections, and exclusively devoted to the aggrandisement of their association, their occupations are much diversified. When sent into Protestant countries they are taught to act with the greatest humility and mildness, in order to guard against giving offence, and to say that they seek only in peace to attend to the spiritual welfare of their followers, without any view to worldly ambition. Thus a veil of the deepest hypocrisy covers them. But they never forget the task they have been commanded to fulfil. In a free country, under the pretence of fostering liberty, they incessantly stimulate their followers to labour to attain political privileges, which will to a certainty be employed in subserviency to the interests of the priesthood. These interests so totally absorb the minds of the members of that body, as to deprive them of every sentiment of humanity or regard for the rest of mankind, when the interest of the priesthood is at stake. Hence the horrid cruelties and diabolical tyranny of their courts of Inquisition—the massacres and bloody persecutions which they have devised, urged, and

accomplished against those styled heretics, meaning, thereby, persons who presumed to read the Bible and ventured to dispute the authority of the combined Roman priesthood, and to disregard the fables and superstition which they taught. These fables, and that superstition, with all its worship of wafers, statues, pictures, pilgrimages, confessions, holy waters, absolutions, and penances, the more intelligent members of the body regard with contempt; but consider them as necessary tools whereby to command the world, filled, as it comes to be under their domination, with a brutally ignorant, sensual, and contemptible race. So completely is the mind of the Popish priest or monk identified with his order, that the laws of morality uniformly bend to its views and aggrandisement. That is good which is profitable to the corps, and nothing is evil that has a tendency to promote its power. Hypocrisy, perjury, every vice, and all profligacy, may be tolerated, or even countenanced, if the measure appears expedient towards advancing the views of the Church. The end sanctifies the means. In a Popish country a man of sense regards with disgust the gross mummery and miserable idolatry represented as religion; but having learned no other religion, and being aware of the hazard of exciting the hostility of the associated priesthood, he holds his peace, and takes refuge in total infidelity. Thus it happens that, in countries under the influence of the system of Popery, the mass of the people are sunk in miserable ignorance and superstition, and persons possessed of some intelligence become utter infidels. With these last the priesthood have no quarrel, as they let them alone. What they hate and fear are heretics; that is to say, men who seek after religious truth, and are disposed to rescue mankind from the dominion of a fraternity combined to hold them under a most brutalizing servitude. To whatever country, as his birthplace, a member of that fraternity may belong—his king, chief, or government that obtains his fidelity, attachment, and allegiance, is the Pope or prince of Rome, as head of the association. They are loyal to no government that is not priestridden. In our days, they were loyal to the Bourbons merely because they were under servitude to

the priesthood. They are not loyal to Louis-Philippe, because he is not sufficiently submissive to their views. They caused the superstitious populace of Belgium, against the interest of the country, to revolt from Holland because its King is Protestant. They are not truly loyal to Leopold, because not sufficiently their creature. In Prussia, they occasionally give

trouble; but the government being Protestant, absolute, and military, and a succession of princes possessed of considerable vigour having held the crown, they have been with some difficulty kept tolerably quiet. What we are chiefly interested in, is the question how Popery ought to be treated in the British isles.

LETTER III.

Any man of common sense, who considers the subject with tolerable attention, must be satisfied that it must prove extremely difficult and embarrassing to manage with success the affairs of a people, if Protestants and Papists are to be joined together in forming the legislature. The objects which the parties have in view, are totally different. The object which the system of Popery has in view is, to render all mankind subject to the associated priesthood. For that purpose the members of the association are made to abjure every tie that might divert their minds and efforts from that sovereign purpose. They must not marry—they must obey the superior of the corps to which they belong, and hold themselves to be the subjects of its head, the prince-bishop of Rome—the sacred and infallible vicar of God upon earth, and superior of all kings and potentates. To all this, every member of the incorporation is sworn. Every priest, monk, and nun, therefore, is devoted to the task of subduing mankind to obedience to the Church. Hence, in a free country, they devote their highest efforts to influence the election of the members of the legislature, and to direct the people to the nomination of individuals devoted to the Church. For that purpose they spare no exertion. All the influence is called to his aid, by every priest, that can be derived from superstition, from the horror of heresy, the fear of hell and purgatory, and the influence derived from the power to create God in the mass—the power to grant or refuse absolution from eternal damnation. He regards only the interest of the Church, and disregards that of the members of his ignorant congregation. It is nothing to him that an individual, by voting as he directs, will quarrel with his landlord or best em-

ployer, and lose the bread of his family. Even were the man a king, endangering his crown by obeying the priest his confessor, that hazard would be disregarded by the priest. They urged Charles X. of France and James II. of England to patronise Popery, obviously at that risk. What then? The Popish priesthood cared not for the interest of these unhappy princes or their families. They said, let these kings reign for our benefit, or let them perish in a miserable exile.

Well, the Legislature is met, and Protestant members and the delegates of the Romish priesthood are mingled together. The Popish members must obey their constituents. If money is proposed to be expended in the education of the people, the Popish member readily concurs; but their priesthood must be the teachers, or have influence in the nomination of the teachers, so that little may be learned at the national schools but to repeat Popish prayers to saints and catechisms—to abhor all heretics, and to adore the priest. If judges or magistrates are to be appointed, or officers of any description to be employed, the King or Queen's ministers will be opposed in Parliament by every Popish voter, if the crown's patronage is not placed in the hands of their priesthood. If the preferment to be granted form a part of the Protestant church establishment, so that it cannot openly be given to a Papist, the influence of the body is exerted in favour of a man of unsound faith, or so unprincipled that he may safely be relied on as a man who will make no opposition to Popery, and will even support all indirect measures demanded by that body. In short, it is in every respect the interest of the Popish system to subdue or retain the people under the

most brutal ignorance, and slavery to the most contemptible and odious form of Paganism! The old Greeks and Romans, though under a blind superstition, could still enjoy a degree of liberty; but the subjects of Popery, through their superstition, are fastened down under a degrading servitude to an unfeeling combination of priests.

On the other hand, it is the interest and the duty of Protestants, and of the Protestant members of the Legislature, to endeavour, in every form, to excite to fair exertion, and thereby to improve the talents and moral character of the people; and, for that purpose, to afford them the means of obtaining an enlightened and virtuous education. It is only in that way that the nation can be enabled to put forth all its powers; that is to say, it is only by bestowing on the mass of the population such a degree of literature, and of moral and religious habits, as are necessary to enable those among them, whom nature has gifted with talents, to labour under the control of the exalted and beneficent views that religion inspires—in extending the limits of every science, and the powers of every valuable art. It is the nature of Protestantism, and is consistent with an enlightened self-interest on the part of every Protestant, to endeavour to accomplish that object. It is only thus that his country, and his kindred and descendants, can become great, wealthy, and enlightened. Accordingly, Protestantism has produced that object—look to Holland and to Britain from the time that Popery was banished from its government and counsels. Nay, even in France, after the Protestants had been removed from every branch of the public service; yet, by directing their attention to the improvement of arts and manufactures, they became the most industrious branch of the population, and the artists and enrichers of the nation. But the historical fact is well known; so utterly regardless is the Popish system of every interest but that of its own selfish ascendancy, that the superstition of Louis XIV. was influenced by it to drive into exile many hundred thousands of those Protestants, by far his most valuable subjects, who carried their arts, the source of riches, to England and the Protestant part of Germany, where they peopled whole

towns. Those who did not go into exile were subjected to a cruel persecution, till, in consequence of the ascendancy derived from Marlborough's victories, Britain demanded protection for them; and, in virtue of an article in the treaty of peace, the French nation had the mortification to see thousands of their countrymen liberated from French prisons in consequence of the glorious use of victory by a Protestant nation.

As it is the interest, and therefore the object pursued by Popery, to brutalize mankind, and that of Protestantism to enlighten and improve mankind, it is clear that a Legislature containing both Protestants and Papists must of necessity find itself involved in perplexity and embarrassment, at least if either the Papists be in any degree considerable in point of number, or if the Protestant factions in the state be at all divided. The Papists will necessarily pursue Popish objects, and, acting under instructions from a concentrated body of priests, the Popish members will act consistently, zealously, and with uniformity, in the pursuit of the policy and special objects dictated to them. The Protestant members being, on the other hand, left to follow their own views as individuals, and being often influenced by personal and family interests, the Protestant party will not act with that unity and consistency which, in political contests, and in a popular assembly, is so necessary to success. Hence the Popish party may do more than balance or overcome, in the eyes of the executive government—that is, in point of efficiency as a faction—double their number of Protestant members, and may easily carry with them all those of an infidel and unprincipled character. Thus the Popish party will and must ultimately destroy the Protestant church and clergy. Nor is it possible to prevent this result, if political privilege be given to Papists. To make it a condition of their admission to the Legislature, that they shall take an oath not to injure the Protestant Church already established, is of no avail. If a man swear to do what is wrong, the crime consists in swearing and not in violating the oath. When the Papist swears he will not injure a heretical church, he does an act which in his estimation is of the same nature as if

he were to swear that he will commit murder; or that, being a soldier, he will desert to the enemy, or run away instead of standing to his post or his colours. If he have any scruple about breaking such an oath, his priest will give him absolution upon small penance.

It would be more rational for the British Protestant people to receive into their House of Commons representatives of our Mahometan people of Bengal, than to receive the delegates of Popery. Our Mahometan Indians (not Gentoos) have no other prince than our own monarch, and are not the subjects of a sworn combination of priests; whereas the men who by their influence nominate the Popish members of Parliament, are subjects of a foreign power, the prince of Rome, and have combined under him to subdue mankind at whatever cost, under the domination of him and the body of which he is the head.

All this was well understood by our Scottish forefathers, and had been impressed upon them by severe experience. They had a hard struggle with Popery. By dint of preserving ignorance among the populace, the Popish priesthood had themselves become ignorant. When directed by their superiors to prevent the Bible from being read or heard read, the historian Hume tells us that many of the Popish clergy in Scotland seriously believed that the New Testament was a heretical book, written by Martin Luther. However strange that idea may now seem, it was not utterly absurd, because, if not heretical, why was the perusal of it prohibited? These simple men, not being in the secrets of the combined Roman continental priesthood, could not suspect that the inspired Record of the Christian faith could, under any circumstances, be treated as a bad book, that would lead men to perdition.

Having succeeded in putting down Popery, the Scottish Protestants adopted measures, devised with profound sagacity, to prevent its return. Their measures encountered great interruption. Our native princes, having inherited the English crown, became independent of Scotland. In the time of Charles I., who had married a Papist, the Church of England, under the superintendence of Archbishop Laud, was led to the verge of Po-

pery. In Scotland, as already stated, an attempt was made to lead the Scots back to Popery by the aid of the forms of Episcopacy; and during the reigns of Charles II. and his brother James II. (VII. of Scotland), the one a concealed and the other an avowed Papist, the Scottish Protestants, adhering generally to the Presbyterian ecclesiastical forms as remotest from Popery, were exposed to a grinding tyranny, and most sanguinary and inquisitorial persecution. They were hunted over the mountains and moors of their native land; and wherever found exercising, or suspected of having exercised, their ordinary form of worship with their ancient clergy, they were slaughtered without mercy by the royal troops. But during the intervals of weakness on the part of the government, the Protestant party in Scotland had taken those measures which rendered their extinction impracticable without an absolute depopulation of this ancient kingdom.

Being aware that the strength of the Popish system consists in fastening down a people under a cloud of superstition and ignorance, the Scottish Protestants, with great discernment, made war upon ignorance and superstition, as the fatal enemies of them and of mankind. For that purpose they made effectual provision for the education of the people;—and here, be it observed, that our forefathers never proposed to establish a board of education or a minister of instruction, with national schools supported by the general government. Their Scottish sagacity protected them from reliance on such projects. In the first place, that a people may enjoy freedom, it is necessary that they do much for themselves, and leave as little as possible to be done by government, so as to leave little pretext for the collection of a great revenue to support numerous government officers. Some things must be performed by a general government, such as the management of the Post-Office, the national defence, and the appointment of judges, with the fixing of rules or laws for their direction. But all interference by government that can be avoided, ought to be avoided by a people jealous of their liberties. By intrusting education to a minister of the Crown or a central board, it is exposed to all the effects of political intrigue and re-

volutions in the national administration. Above all, it is exposed to the influence of that system of Popery which is established in the centre of Europe, and by its ramifications, intrigues, and efforts, open, secret, or disguised, is incessantly engaged in an active warfare against Protestantism. By the aid of the confessional, it penetrates into all transactions, and operates equally by the ascendancy of the priest over the weakness of devout women, and the ferocity which he inspires into ignorant men against the heretic.

Education is of two kinds—intellectual and moral. To possess intellect, without moral virtue or benevolent affections, is satanic, or the character we ascribe to the spirit of evil. When a Frenchman said of the late Bonaparte, whether justly or not, that he had *un tête sans entrailles*—a head without a heart (bowels of compassion or affections), he represented the character of that eminent soldier as utterly diabolical. It is certain that the mere acquisition of knowledge by men, animated only by selfish passions in whatever form—ambition, avarice, sensuality—leaves the individual actually worthless, while it renders his existence a misfortune to human society. Such men, when aided by opportunity and possessed of ability, have in different ages come forth to afflict mankind, and have been well designated as more eminently the scourges of God than famine or pestilence. Our forefathers endeavoured to educate not a part merely, but the whole of the population of the kingdom; and held education to consist of the two branches already mentioned, intelligence and morality, understanding by moral education, instruction in the Christian Protestant religion.

For the first of these purposes, they established a school in every parish to teach the whole of the youth of both sexes to read and write the English language, and also the ordinary rules of arithmetic. In villages, the teachers were required to be capable of teaching the Latin language. The proprietors of lands in the parish were required to furnish a school and school-house, and a salary to the teacher, reserving to him to obtain a very moderate remuneration from the scholars.

Thus, cheap education for his children was brought to every man's door,

and thousands and tens of thousands of Scotsmen have found the education received at the parish school their best and no mean patrimony. The teacher of such schools is elected by the owners of property of a certain amount. In every school the translation of the Bible made in the time of James I. is the ordinary schoolbook. Adjacent to the parish school, the parish church and a house for the minister were established. The proprietors of land in the parish were required to furnish both, and a suitable salary to the clergyman. The whole population of the parish have free access to the church; and thus provision was made in Scotland for teaching the Protestant doctrine at the expense of the landed gentry exclusively. This institution continues to this day; although, from the increase of the population, and the establishment of taxation to support the clergy in Edinburgh, and one or two of the larger towns, the institution is less effective than at its original establishment.

That there might be no relapse, and to protect the community more effectually against falling back into that corruption of the administrations of religion which had led to the pernicious institutions of Popery, care was taken to treat according to its merits the impure device on which the chief practical unity and strength of the Popish combination rests—the celibacy of the clergy. The Scottish clergy were not only permitted but encouraged to marry. Further, in the Scottish ecclesiastical establishment, a body of lay elders was in all the parishes appointed to assist the ministers—voting equally with them in all affairs of religion in the Presbyteries and Synods, and with a large mixture of them in the General Assemblies of the Church. In the parish or kirk sessions, which form the radical court, the minister presides; but has only his casting vote added to such influence as may result from his personal character and superior learning. All this was meant to guard against the Popish device of erecting the clergy into a fraternity or corporation distinct from the rest of the community, and with different interests.

The effect of these institutions was, in the first place, to enable every Scotsman, according to the measure of his ability and opportunities, to at-

tain to all and every known branch of science. Next, there was taught to every individual of Scottish birth, in our remotest glens, much important truth and knowledge by the perusal of the Bible. That book teaches that this world was formed by a Being of boundless intelligence and power—that he adorned and enriched it with vegetation of almost boundless variety, and placed on it a multiplicity of animals of different kinds—that he bestowed the world, thus furnished, upon a single human family, a man and his wife, and their descendants in all generations—that thus we are all kindred of the same blood or race—that, unhappily, by eating a poisonous fruit contrary to a divine warning and prohibition, our first ancestors inflicted disease and death upon their descendants, and, what is worse, a selfish, sensual, and polluted corporeal constitution, unfit for the habitation of a pure mind—that, with boundless generosity, a high or the highest celestial intelligence interfered, assumed our nature, and, by suffering as a man all that man can suffer, acquired the privilege of defeating the effect of death by means of a resurrection—that in the mean-while he requires us to act towards each other with the same spirit of beneficence with which he acted, to cultivate the virtues that purify and elevate the human character, and he threatens due punishment to those that do otherwise—that he prohibits all idolatry or worship of saints or superstitious observances, and all reliance on any interest or influence but his own, and the instructions he has given, for the safety and exaltation of men in a future state of existence. The result has been, that when a Scotsman has met his countryman in a foreign land, he believed he had met an intelligent, religious, and trustworthy man, to whom he was bound, and in safety, to give countenance and aid. This, at least, was the principle on which Scotsmen long acted. An infidel Scotsman was accounted a monster in the moral world, no more to be looked for than a monstrous birth in animal nature. Other men said of Scottish Protestants as of the first Christians, “See, how they love one another!”—and, obtaining trust from their countrymen, they were trusted by others, and thereby, with the aid of industry and pru-

dence, they prospered; and thus the safeguards of Protestantism against Popery proved a source of prosperity to Scotland, and a profitable patrimony to Scotsmen. But our forefathers did not rely upon the precautions already mentioned exclusively. They added political sanctions to Protestantism, apparently of the weightiest description.

When the happy event occurred of the arrival of William, Prince of Orange, and afterwards in making a treaty of political union with England, care was taken utterly to exclude Popery and Papists from the possession of political power.

In the claim of right (Scots Acts of Parliament, 1689, c. 13), by which the Estates of the kingdom of Scotland declared the crown forfeited by King James, and made an offer of it to William and Mary, the nephew and eldest daughter of the deposed monarch, one of the chief, or rather the chief, ground on which the Estates proceeded, was the attempt to which James had been incited by the Popish priests to assume absolute power, in order to establish their ascendancy. The claim of right contains the memorable declaration, “That by the law of this kingdom, no Papist can be king or queen of this realm, or bear any office whatever therein.”

By this declaration, the Estates proceeded to claim, as matter of right, that certain acts complained of, including expressly the attempt to support Popery, committed by King James, shall be held illegal, and on these conditions the Estates offer the crown to William and Mary.

Thereafter, in 1707, when a treaty was made incorporating the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the second article of the treaty declared, “That all Papists, and persons marrying Papists, shall be excluded from, and for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the imperial crown of Great Britain, and the dominions thereunto belonging, or any part thereof; and in every such case, the crown and government shall from time to time descend to, and be enjoyed by such person, being a Protestant, as should have inherited and enjoyed the same, in case such Papists, or persons marrying Papists, were naturally dead.” By the same treaty, a Scottish statute intituled, “Act for securing of the Pro-

testant religion and Presbyterian Church Government," was in the treaty of union "expressly declared to be a fundamental and essential condition of the said treaty of union in all time coming."

The Scottish Act here referred to (1706, sec. 6), confirms a former Act, "Ratifying the Confession of Faith, and settling Presbyterian Church government, with the hail other Acts of Parliament relating thereto, in prosecution of the declaration of the Estates of the kingdom, containing the Claim of Rights." The same statute ordains, concerning teachers or office-bearers in any university, college, or school, "That, before or at their admission, they do and shall acknowledge and profess, and shall subscribe to the foresaid Confession of Faith as the confession of their faith."

In consequence of these stipulations, and of the concurrence of the English nation in the deeply-rooted conviction, that it is impossible to conduct with success the affairs of a Protestant people if political power is to be granted to adherents of Popery, not only were the doors of Parliament shut against Papists, but the royal line of succession to the crown was altered. It was settled, on failure of the issue of Queen Anne, on the family of Hanover, as being Protestants descended in the female line from James VI. (I. of England), to the exclusion of Popish descendants of the same prince, and the descendants of his son, Charles I., because the latter, although nearer heirs, were all Papists.

Man could do no more; and well may we talk with pride of the enlightened sagacity of our ancestors. Look back through the records of past ages, and every memorial of departed time—the ponderous magnificence of ancient Egypt—the beautiful statuary and splendid eloquence of Greece—the military toil of the Roman legions, by which they were enabled to grind down the nations and their own people into servitude,—all are mere monuments of superb and strenuous

selfishness and folly, compared with that wisdom from above, which looks over this earth as a nursery-ground employed in rearing immortals to their distant home in eternity, and regards all the business, the interests, the arts, and the toils or inventions and improvements in this life, as a mere training of themselves and their descendants to a high destiny hereafter. So our Protestant forefathers thought, and on such principles they acted. The result was, that Superintending Beneficence granted a visible reward in the face of the nations. The British nation, and certainly Scotland, in proportion to its extent, was enabled to rear what is most valuable in the universe—a multitude of virtuous and enlightened minds, men active, bold, and persevering, and humane. Above a hundred years of still augmenting prosperity, riches, aggrandisement, and terrestrial glory succeeded, and terminated in so exalting Protestant Britain, that although in territory and population not the fourth of the nations of Europe, yet it rose to such a height of ascendancy, that in the tremendous contest which ended in 1815, the other European monarchs generally submitted to receive the pay of Britain, and scarcely retained their thrones except by its support and patronage. The navy of Britain ruled every island and every shore of the ocean—one hundred millions of people were her subjects—her agriculture and every science and subordinate art were improved—her warriors were skilful and brave; and while other lands had been wasted by contending and hostile armies, no enemy had encamped within her European territory.

But while the tree flourished thus fair, and spread abroad its branches, a canker-worm had found access to its root—to that root, its Protestant character, to which it owed its health and beauty, of the transcendent value of which so many in our days have appeared unconscious.

Author of "*Political Fragments*, 1830."

A PROSING UPON POETRY.

If poetry has been justly described as an intellectual luxury, it ought to be added—following out the analogy implied in the expression—that it is a luxury very intimately connected with intellectual industry, and with moral as well as mental advancement. The excitement of mind which a great poet affords, is no bad introduction, and no bad accompaniment, to habits of reflection. That contemplation he induces in us of whatever is beautiful and magnificent, of whatever is tender, passionate, and elating, in this wide spectacle of nature and of man, intrinsically delightful as it is, cannot end in itself, but must needs conduct to lofty subjects, and stimulate to intense and gravest efforts of meditation. The better order of poetry not only requires a thoughtfulness in the reader, as a prior condition of its enjoyment, but incites him also, by the hue it casts on all things, to still further thinking: it ascends with him from height to height, teaching him at each point gained upon the landscape, to see with the heart also as well as with the eye—to see the prospect before him not only in that truth of form and outline which the dry light of reason reveals, but also in that charm and allurement of *colour* which it is the office of imagination and the passions to supply.

We purpose to discourse, for a brief space, not very learnedly or profoundly, but yet not altogether idly or unprofitably, on the nature and scope of poetic literature, and on the part which may be assigned to it in the great work of mental cultivation. And first, in what does poetry consist? That it is distinguished not only by the peculiarity of verse or metre, but also by a peculiarity in the cast of thought, in the very substance of the composition, is universally acknowledged. As we certainly cannot, in the utmost generosity of our criticism, allow that verse is always the vehicle of poetry, so, on the other hand, we must frequently confess that there is much of poetry in compositions where no traces are to be found of rhyme or metre. Some of our earlier writers, it is manifest, used the form of verse quite indiscri-

minately, and applied it to matter that we do not recognise as at all poetical; while in these later times we more frequently observe a style of thought highly poetic brought down into the prosaic form. What, then, beside the accession of verse distinguishes poetry from prose? We answer, that poetry has pleasure, excitement, passion, for a distinct, acknowledged, ultimate end; and that, from this peculiarity in its aim, arises whatever is characteristic in its thought or expression. In the poem objects are portrayed, reflections are put forth, for their very beauty and tenderness, for the elevation or even the shock and tumult of mind which they occasion; for we all know that our nature delights in being roused—delights in excitement—though the feeling kindled be not exactly of that class called pleasurable. Other writers, indeed, share this object with the poet, but with them it is subordinate, or is a means to some further end; with him it is an end in itself—it may be his sole end—it is always an avowed and admitted purpose. He who, for instance, narrates the incidents of a war to deliver a faithful account of it to posterity, is the historian; he who speculates on the causes and remote consequences of the war to frame his science of politics, is the philosopher; he who appeals to the success of that war to stimulate his fellow-citizens to similar enterprises, is the orator; if any one should depict the battle for the sake of the battle itself—for the wonder and the passion of the scene—he is the poet. The historian seeks pre-eminently for truth of statement; the philosopher generalizes on the operation of causes; the orator, practical in his object, aims at impelling men along a given line of action or of conduct; the poet deals with his materials for the very animation and delight which the contemplation of them affords. It is not impossible that one and the same person may, to a certain extent, combine the aims and qualities of all these writers, and be at once historian and philosopher, orator and poet; and indeed it rarely happens that any literary composition has, strictly speaking, but one end in view,

and illustrates but one mode of thought. The work and the intellectual workman, are to be classed according to what is predominant in the composition. Even the poet is not compelled to write *all poetry*, and to have no other end in view but what is distinctive of his art. He may seek to instruct as well as to please—he may record facts as well as invent fictions—he may urge precept with the moralist, or assist in the exposition of schemes of philosophy; but still, whatever his subject, whatever the class of readers he addresses, his first and prominent design—the end by which *he* is to fulfil all other ends—is to delight, to move, to animate, and occupy the heart. Unless successful here, it matters not by what name he calls his composition, or in what form he casts it, he is no poet; but this accomplished, the addition of didactic matter, or didactic purpose, will work no forfeiture of his title.

It will not be inferred, because the poet has this object of excitement in view, that therefore his verse, when completed, will answer no purpose but that of temporary excitement. The poet is often the highest of all teachers, and leaves behind the most enduring instruction. How can he deal with great topics—agitate strong passions—provoke to deep reflection—and not be a great teacher? But then, so far as he is a poet, his tuition lies in this, that he places before us events or topics of surpassing interest, of power to rouse the mind, to subdue it or enkindle. He teaches as the painter and the sculptor teach, when they present to us scenes and forms breathing a thousand reflections into the beholder. He teaches us as nature and the world teach. Milton, in his great epic, proposes “to justify the ways of God to man.” What graver design?—what purpose more profound? But this purpose is not peculiar to him; he shares it with every divine who either writes or preaches. He is a poet because he performs his lofty task by disclosing to us the very regions of Heaven and Paradise, Chaos and Tartarus—by peopling these regions with beings fitted to the climes in which they are seen to move—by making us thrilling spectators of the eventful history transacted in these regions, and by those beings, so wonderfully portrayed, imagined, created by his

genius. When he would teach in any other mode than this—when he would advance his great argument by direct appeals to reason—when a desire to convince the understanding becomes predominant in the composition—even Milton, greatest master of his art as he undoubtedly is, loses for a while the character of poet, and lies exposed to the censure of speaking in the manner of a “school divine.”

This, then, is the main distinction of poetry, that its own end is answered in its very beauty, or the vivid interest of some kind which it excites. This is the characteristic of every species—whether it be the *lyric*, which gives us the very rapture of the hour; or the *didactic*, wherein a subject not peculiarly exciting, and therefore not peculiarly fitted for the poet, is made to engage us by the apt examples, and felicitous expressions, and collateral topics, with which he illustrates and adorns it; or whether it be the *dramatic*, in which the artist conceals himself from view, and pushes before us, in complete lineaments, and vivid with speech and action, the various characters of mankind; or whether, finally, the *epic*, wherein, as from the very chair of poetry, the man endowed with all the learning of his age, and with heart expanded to his theme, rescues some great event with all its burning passions from the lapse of time, and tells it out to the world and to all posterity.

This peculiarity in the end of poetry will be found to lie at the basis of all which distinguishes it as a mode of writing. It is immediately connected with its form of composition; the pleasure-giving writer adds to his language the studied melody of verse—adds the measured cadence of metre, or the recurrence of rhyme. This leads him to the construction of that refined poetic diction, whose character it is, that it presents no debasing or disagreeable association of ideas; and in the selection of language, it induces him to avoid scientific, technical, or merely erudite expressions, and cling in preference to that vernacular dialect which carries with it more pathos, as it is more closely allied to the wants and passions of men. It is this, too, which accounts for his more abundant use, than any other writer, of a figurative style, of imagery, and allusion. All men employ metaphors and simi-

les, but the prose writer more frequently to illustrate a meaning, while the allusions of the poet are more frequently employed to deepen an impression. His object is to increase the sentiment, whatever it may be—love, or terror, or admiration—which is due to the subject of his verse, by mingling with it a sentiment of the like nature derived from some other source. Thus, to take the simplest of all examples, a rose and the young damsel who gathers it are two very different objects; the one cannot aid us in understanding the other; but both originate the feeling of beauty in an eminent degree, and therefore the poet, from time immemorial, has mingled them together in his strain. He contrives that they should reflect their beauty on each other. Even impressions that are but remotely analogous are made to assimilate, as when the stability of the inanimate rock is introduced to the mind in connexion with the moral constancy of some redoubtable hero. To this play of imagination there is no limit. Objects the most distant and various, animate and inanimate, spiritual and material, of nature, art, or history, are all brought together to serve the occasions of the poet. They are assembled by a word—they contribute to the desired effect—they are dispersed in an instant. They are presented in just one aspect, and that often only for a moment, the very propriety of their introduction frequently depending on this evanescent manner of their appearance. The poet's eye, in that glance of his from earth to heaven, catches at the remotest objects, seizing them in that one attitude in which they harmonize. We must follow it with something of the same quickness, for if we look long and slowly at the images presented to us, an incongruous or absurd effect may sometimes be produced; as we may have had occasion to observe, when some bungling or malicious critic has first spoiled the poet's allusion, by bringing it out in grosser characters than it would bear, and then held up to ridicule his own damaged and distorted copy.

This peculiarity in the end of poetry not only justifies the musical form of its composition, and thus, its imaginative style of writing, but accounts, also, for an especial license given to it in the very thought or sentiment

which it invests with music and imagery. We often hear it remarked of a certain strain of thought, that it is fit for poetry, but out of place elsewhere. Now, how is this? Do those who use this language intend to insult the poet with a privilege to be irrational? Hardly so. But the poet is an artist who, working in language as other artists work in stone or metal, has it for his professed object to embody in his verse the various forms of human thought. If, therefore, a sentiment is natural, pleasing, and commonly felt—if it takes a recognised place among the moods, or even the caprices of humanity—it is a fair topic for poetry, though its reasonableness may not admit of very severe examination. We oblige the poet, in the sentiments he utters, to adhere to reality rather than to reason. He is bound to describe us accurately; we do not make him responsible for the rationality of all our sentiments. What if, in the ardour of his imagination, he forgets, or seems to forget, some very sober and undoubted truth, the oblivion will be pardoned him if it be the natural result of his imaginative mood. In such cases it is the poet's knowledge not to know. Science, for example, teaches us to regard all the events of the material world as linked together in an unfailling series of cause and effect—the most vagrant and subtle of the elements are reduced, we know, beneath the control of a severe and immutable legislation—the very wind may no longer blow as it lists—and the clouds themselves, that used to be the very playthings of chance, are fashioned and freighted as the law directs, and are piloted to their destination along a destined course. All nature is bound down on her ceaseless and inevitable wheel. But what if the poet will take a quite different view of the moving but inanimate scene? What if he grows indignant at the bondage, at the perpetual toil and servitude, imposed upon all nature? What if he will loose her, and have her free, and will assign to the elements a spontaneous movement, like that of man? What if the summer-cloud pauses at her own leisure on the mountain-top, or the "river wanders at her own sweet will?"—the sentiment, though it would be quite astounding and ridiculous from the man of science, falls with grace from the

lips of the poet, to whom we commit our weakness as well as our wisdom. He is also freed, in a great measure, from that obligation of consistency with himself, which is imposed on all other writers. If the sentiments he expresses are contradictory—if one ode, or one elegy, be utterly at variance with its predecessor—yet, if in each instance he expounds what we ourselves have thought, or felt, or can be made to feel, he escapes without censure. In discoursing on human life, we should hold it discreditable in the graver moralist, if in one page of his writings he should depict our existence as a fruitless toil or weary idleness, as a scarce mitigated grievance, replete with pain and disappointment, and yet in some future page break forth in exclamations of delight at this admirable state of being, so happily devised, so full of activity, so gay with hope, so rich in affections! But the poet is allowed, after this very fashion, “to change his hand and check the measure.” Of such conflicting representations as these, neither can, of course, express what is generally and permanently true of human life, but both portray an actual and veritable condition of our changeful minds. Both, therefore, belong to the poet. The very truth he seeks is to be found in this versatility of thought; he is pledged to the follies, he must be faithful to the inconsistencies, of mankind.

We may here, perhaps, be asked why—if poetry is to be described as that species of literature which has intellectual pleasure and excitement for its very purpose—why the novel—which is certainly written for our amusement, and cannot often be accused of having any other object in view—should not be classed under the head of poetry? To us it seems that the novel is not only divested of the form of verse, and is not only less select in the objects presented by it to the imagination, but that it depends for its power over us on a species of interest incompatible with what is most peculiar and refined in the substance itself of poetry. The interest of a novel depends on a strong excitement of our curiosity. We are carried from event to event with breathless haste, and our agitation continually increases to know the results of those entangled and con-

flicting circumstances in which we ourselves seem, for the time, to be involved. If the work has not this predominant interest of a *story*, it may be a good book for many purposes, but it is no novel. Now, this excitement of a keen impetuous curiosity, cannot possibly be united either with that deep impassioned thought, or with that subtle play of fancy, which are the main boast and glory of the poet. If the novelist pause to reflect and refine—if he would throw the mind back upon itself, or task it with discursive efforts of the imagination—we grow impatient, and our impatience is just in proportion to the success with which he had engaged us in that busy, stirring, complicated scene, which, like another real life, he was creating around us. He cannot expect, after having thus disturbed the repose of his reader, to have him in that “still and quiet time,” when the mind is free to take those varied and delicate movements which, in such quick succession, the verse of a master spirit is capable of impressing on it. When the poet undertakes to conduct us along the course of some narrative, we have no such haste or trepidation. If we find ourselves borne with violence, it is on the wings of passion; we are not tormented by a craving curiosity in the plot, which is tempered and subdued, and made subordinate to other modes of excitement. When we travel with the minstrel we have abundant leisure on our hands; we have no place to reach, or are in no haste to reach it; we pause, we loiter, we wander, wherever and as long as he pleases. The very music of his verse delays and detains the spirit. We linger as we listen, and rather fear to go too fast than are impatient to proceed. The novel, therefore, appears to be marked out from the poem, not only by its prosaic form, and a coarser selection of topics, but by its dependence on a species of interest incompatible with that mood of reflection so necessary to the enjoyment of poetic thought. But here, as in all such distinctions, the two provinces are seen to be separate, but it is utterly impossible to draw the boundary line between them. In the poem, the interest of a narrative may so predominate that the work shall be little more than a tale in verse; while in the novel that interest may be so subdued, and the page so

fraught with feeling and imagination, that the composition, though it loses its merit as a tale, becomes a poem in all but the absence of metrical form.

Reflection is almost the perpetual attitude of the poet. He is full, indeed, of passion; but, instead of conducting to active effort, it lies involved in thought. There have, doubtless, been strains of poetry inspired by the vivid direct impulse of passion; but these must have been few and brief. The natural mood of the poet is that of intense reflection. Even when he pours forth his personal and bitter lamentations, he rather recalls his anguish than immediately suffers under it; his grief is a reminiscence while he writes; it is not the present tyranny of his bosom. Those thoughts

“ ——— that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers,”

are not the sudden and violent outpourings of passion. Melody may be described as the grace of speech, and, like the grace of action, requires self-control, and gains half its charms from the expression of that self-government. And how could the poet, unless his heart were free as it is full, take that wide survey of his knowledge which is necessary to the successful practice of his art? The same temper of mind which is brought to the production, should be brought also in some measure to the perusal of poetry. Nor is this heady and impatient curiosity of the novel, to which we have been alluding, the only interference to the due enjoyment of this intellectual luxury. If the mind, it is worth observing, be already possessed and overmastered by the very passion the poet would excite, it is no longer fit audience for his higher and more complicated strains. Of what avail to such a one are the delicate touches of his art? They are not felt, they are not appreciated; or rather, whatever he says on the too favoured theme, is felt without measure, and without distinction is applauded. The passion has outrun the poet; it makes superfluous all his moving tropes and fine and subtle associations, and gives equal effect to the coarsest material. It is thus we often find but little merit in national hymns, which yet are responded to by all classes of society, even the highest, and in those revolutionary songs which have had so fear-

ful a celebrity in their day. The enthusiasm of the times makes them poetry. Such strength of passion, like the supernatural force of Samson, disparages all noble arms; it needs not the polished steel of the artificer; the first trivial thing that comes to hand serves it as well.

And here, we apprehend, lies the explanation of whatever there is of truth in the often-quoted and often-disputed remark of Dr Johnson on the inferior nature of devotional poetry—a remark which is sometimes too rashly and too absolutely contradicted. There is no unfitness, we allow, in the theme itself, for the sentiment of Christian piety has inspired some of the most elevated strains of poetry; nor is the writer so peculiarly situated with regard to this sentiment, that he is unable to exercise his mind with freedom upon it, or to surround it with poetic associations. But there is this peculiarity in the case, that strains of a very humble character in respect to human genius, are, in this order of poetry, sustained in existence and reputation by the strength of feeling to which they are addressed, so that an air of mediocrity is given to the entire class. When verse is employed as an instrument to excite devotion, it meets with a feeling too strong for the poet—a feeling too imperative and obligatory, to rise and fall with the scale of literary merit. The humblest verse is raised to the level of the most sublime—nay, above that level. It is with the sacred hymn as it was in olden times with the sacred picture—its character as a work of art is entirely lost sight of in the piety of its subject.

Thus have we attempted, in a very humble manner, to describe the distinguishing characteristics of poetry, and have traced them to a peculiarity in the ostensible end which this species of writing has in view. We have not contrived to raise any thing mysterious about the nature of the poetic, nor have wrapped our meaning, as we easily might have done, in terms which would have given it an air of profundity, by reason of their sheer obscurity. The qualities which distinguish the poet, are such as all writers, and indeed all men, possess, but not in equal measure. Poetry and prose, when the terms are intended to relate to any thing more than the form of com-

position, mark a difference of degree, not of kind; and a difference of degree, moreover, which is broad and obvious. This we add, because an altogether fruitless perplexity may be raised, by asking whether this or that verse-maker is to be called a poet. It is a perplexity, in fact, out of which, in some instances, there may be no escape whatever, because the words prose and poetry are not fitted to designate minute differences in those qualities of authorship to which they refer, but apply only to broad distinctions, palpable and interesting to all men. In proportion to the capability of the poet's subject to sustain high passions and high thoughts—in proportion to his own power to think and feel, and to collect around him all auxiliary topics, and to use the resources of language and of melody, which last is never to be forgotten, and has an influence over us greater than we generally suspect—in such proportion will he be worthy of his high title. If less fortunate in his theme—if less gifted with imaginative powers—he may still share the honours of the laurel. But to decide in every case which may be suggested, whether the prosaic element has preponderated or not—to fix the exact minimum of poetry which shall pass muster in the ranks—to determine when that mediocrity, so detestable to gods and men, loses even the sad claim of mediocrity; this is impossible, and happily of no manner of interest. It is a problem of the same nature as that ancient piece of sophistry, wherein you are told to take grain after grain from a heap of sand, and are asked at each removal whether the quantity that remains is still to be called a heap. Of course, you must arrive by this process at a point where the name is no longer applicable; but as the term *heap* is not a measure for an exact number of grains, it is impossible to fix upon the exact moment in the process when the name is lost, and is no longer appropriate. Whether the problem be of grains of poetry or grains of sand, it has the same sort of difficulty, and about the same importance.

In setting down the muster-roll of poets, it should not be forgotten that we are judging for mankind, not merely for ourselves, and that we ought, therefore, to cultivate a catholicity of taste. For our own part, we

dislike all talk of schools of poetry, where the one is extolled to the ceaseless disparagement of the other. He who admires Wordsworth and Coleridge, admires not more wisely because he depreciates Pope and Dryden. We would have none of the laureate fraternity neglected—none who stands high in his own order. Not, indeed, that every writer who has happened to survive, by accident of chronological position or other caprice of fortune, will therefore invite or repay perusal. There is a certain class of authors whose works are to be found built in and incorporated, as it were, in those massive collections of poetry which keep their station on the earth by mere weight and bulk. Authors whose names, though never mentioned by the lips of living admirers, are still seen to take their turn on title pages, and the gold lettering of the long row of volumes—uncouth names and unmusical, such as Garth; and Sprat, and Blackmore—these no man thinks of disturbing. Scarcely can their memories be said to survive, but to suffer a slow and lingering oblivion. Their works are preserved, indeed, but much as mummies are preserved; they bear no aspect of life; they are but mementoes of the dead, and frauds upon the tomb. If the spirits of these departed poets, for poets they must be called for lack of any other name, still wander amongst us, it is only in shame and sorrow, because these sad remains—this dust they have left behind them—has not been honestly interred. Such unhappy authors, who have ceased to live but to whom the grave denies its repose, it is charity to pass unquestioned; let their ghosts glide by in silence and unspoken to, that they may the sooner rest in peace. But of names which by any large section of society are held in affectionate remembrance, it is always worth while to investigate the claim to celebrity. Wherever the popular voice continues to applaud, there is distinguished merit of some kind—merit which in its own order still remains unsurpassed, and which, therefore, ought to be duly acknowledged and honoured.

This brief description of the nature of poetry, discloses to us at once the part which is to be allotted to it in the great work of mental cultivation. Appealing as it does to passion, and regarding always the beauty of its

exposition rather than the justice or completeness of its reasoning, it never can be considered on any subject as a positive final instructor. Its office is to incite to reflection, and provide materials of thought; to accompany, not to direct, our progress. Variety of topic, variety of view, variety of sentiment and opinion, are indispensable for mental culture; and it is not easy to see how better the mind is to be provided with these, and roused from its natural sloth, than by a perusal of the poets, whose very task it is to give forth the various subjects of human thought in their most captivating and impressive form.

Of course, the perusal of poetry is not to be urged in the same dictatorial manner in which other studies may be advocated and enforced. No one can sit down to the work of the poet as he might to that of the mathematician, with great labour to understand, and with great labour to enjoy it. This is against the very nature of poetry; it cannot be made task-work of. If the pages of genius laid open before the attentive mind will not attract, will not rivet, will not delight, then for that mind, so constituted, there must be other literature, other incitement. But if it does delight, then let the charm work. Do not think, you who have the supervision of our youth, that your pupil is reflecting to no purpose, because he is reflecting with greatest ardency. He is not idle who sits apart with the slender volume in his hand, wrapt utterly and most deliciously from the world around him, the vision of the poet on his eye, the music of the poet in his ear. His mind is making more rapid growth in those hours of heartfelt passionate thinking, than in days, and weeks, and years of steadfast and very commendable labour, where the heart, however, is unengaged.

It is only by understanding and keeping in view the exact office of poetry, that any fair defence can be made for such writings as those of Byron. The beneficent influence of such a poet as Wordsworth, no one will dispute. He not only leads to reflection, but reflection of the purest kind. He has taken it for his province even to correct many associations, which, other poets finding in the minds of men, have taken advantage of, without calculating their tendency. It has

been his peculiar achievement to extend our sympathies towards the neglected and forgotten, towards the humble and the weak, who need them not the less because they have few qualities to attract them. Witness that little piece, "The Cumberland Beggar," which throws so singular a charm over a torpid slow old man, creeping along the highway with his head bent to the earth, not more by age and infirmity than with sluggish apprehension. The old man creeps along with scarce a thought—no fictitious sentiment is infused into his mind—no ideal grace is added to his figure—there is nothing in all the picture but the simplest reality—there is nothing new but the poet's heart, which, however, has circled its object with so singular an interest, that it is impossible for any one who has read the poem, ever again to look with perfect apathy upon one of these old children of the earth. Of such writings there will not be two opinions. But what are we to say of his contemporary, Byron? His teaching extends not our sympathies, but our contempt, over mankind, and justifies this arrogance towards others by an equal self-disparagement. He teaches his pupil to despise the homely expedient of regulating the passions of his own bosom, and to preserve the tumult, and with it the wild license of infinite complaint. In his own vivid phrase, we are "half dust, half deity." He does not raise what is in us of divine, but teaches us perpetually to contemplate with bitterness that part which is dust and clay. He teaches half the lesson, and there leaves his tortured and disquieted reader. If every book, especially of poetry, were looked on as a sole instructor, who would not feel compelled to denounce such writings? But many books, many thoughts, much contradictory and perplexing and turbulent matter, go to the making up of a cultivated mind. Every mode of thinking has its place; and the very best is not the best until it has been viewed in juxtaposition with others. He who has read, and felt, and risen above the poetry of Byron, will be for life a wiser man for having once been thoroughly acquainted with the morbid sentiments which there meet with so full and powerful an expression. And so variously are we constituted, that there

are some who find themselves best roused to vigorous and sound thinking by an author with whom they have to contend. There are who can better quiet their own perturbed minds by watching the extravagances of a stronger maniac than themselves, than by listening to placid strains, however eloquent. Some there are, who seem destined to find their entrance into philosophy, and into its calmest recesses, through the avenue of moody and discontented reflection.

As to that description of poetry which is dramatical, where the writer does not advocate any distinct class of opinions or sentiments, but sets forth the various deeds and passions of men with depth but impartiality of colouring—what need be said of this, but that it is the study of the world itself in a more manageable form? It is the study of mankind, facilitated and rendered most attractive. Of all literature, it may be said that it carries us out of ourselves, and brings us acquainted with the endless diversities of our fellow-men; but this is here the very function of the writer, who gains his title and his intellectual rank by performing it with pre-eminent effect. Humanity in all its forms is crowding round the student of dramatic literature; nor is any metropolis in the world half so full of strange shapes, goodly and marvellous, as the solitary chamber of that student after the incantation of the poet has been read.

We are not inclined to *prose* any longer, upon a theme so easy as the praises of poetry, and where our readers would perhaps prefer to prose each one for himself. We will add only, that there are many influences of poetry which reach even those who have no personal acquaintance with it. Those who are repugnant to verse, and avoid, as much as possible, all contact with rhyme as a thing purely vexatious, are not, perhaps, aware how much they are indebted, indirectly, to the labours of the poet. Many a feeling they would not willingly relinquish, has originated or been fostered by the ideas thrown into general circulation by a succession of poetic teachers. The sentiment of beauty in all its modifications—a sentiment which adds so much to the pleasure of life, so much to the refinement of character—is due, far more than without

some effort of reflection we are apt to perceive, to those associations of thought which imaginative writers have brought about.

We need not enter into any discussion on the *origin* of this sentiment; it is on all hands admitted that it is in most instances the result of an agreeable association of ideas. These associations the poet multiplies, and his combinations, extending through all literature, become the common property of mankind. A little child—how attractive an object, and yet how small a part of the interest it excites is owing originally to its mere form! As you meet one of these round corpulent urchins, scarce balancing itself, and as yet imperfect in every movement, muttering some sad mimicry of language meaning nothing, and looking out with such charming ignorance on all things—you slacken pace, you pause, you contemplate it with a feeling of delight, which you express in the term beautiful, or some other kindred epithet. The feeling seems instantaneous, and yet it was the result of many previous reflections connected with childhood, of comparisons drawn between it and maturity, and of that play of imagination which suggests a sort of ideal happiness for infancy. All this, or the greater part, was due to the poet, unless we choose to say we should have been sufficient poets for ourselves, and refuse our acknowledgment to the long line of men of peculiar genius who have made the world familiar with their thoughts.

The beauty of the fair sex may seem to require, and to admit, of no touches from any art whatever; and it must be confessed that, without aid from poetic or other literature, and without much meditation of any kind soever, men who see beauty nowhere else, are capable of desecrating it here. But that peculiar refinement attached to female charms, by which the sex acquires so mysterious, so respectful, and so tender a homage—this comes from the poet. He has been busy in all ages, in all countries, in all languages, investing, by a thousand delicate associations, the form of female beauty with every moral grace—surrounding it with every image pleasing to the fancy or dear to the affections. Nay, has he not carried that form first into the skies, to people his celestial regions with, and then brought it back again

to earth, endowed with all manner of goddess-like perfections?

To the beauty of inanimate nature, the poet has added even in a still more plain and indisputable manner. He has filled the landscape with beauties in fact invisible, save to the mind, but which have become inseparably blended with the visible object. The lake, the wood, the stream, are not only beautiful in form, and colour, and motion, they have been invested by the poet with whatever is gentle, or solemn, or attractive in human affections. Scarcely can we say it is an inanimate creation we gaze upon, so much has he infused of the life, of the soul of man—so much of peace and repose—so much of passion and dignity, and of boundless aspiration. Nature and the poet now halve the work between them. Nor is it only what is extolled as exquisite scenery which echoes back to us the sentiments of the human being—nor is any voyage necessary in search of the picturesque or the

gigantic, in order to experience this power which the material world has acquired from its imaginative inhabitants. This influence is felt in the simplest landscape—in the tree, the meadow, the stream—wherever, beneath an open sky, nature shoots her green or pours her rivers. The bland and elevating influence which rural scenes exert, is a common topic of remark. They do exert this influence, but it is after the poet has been there. The rustic who, if having open eyes and living in the open air were enough, communes perpetually with nature, knows nothing of an influence which, to the educated man, seems to flow so directly from the scene.

Let such considerations as these conciliate those who do not intend, whatever we or others may say, to open again their books of poetry: though resolute not to read, they may at least be not unwilling that such a species of literature should be written and read by others.

LITERARY FABLES.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

THE fables of Yriarte are held in high estimation by his own countrymen, and have been successfully translated into most of the languages of Europe. Their reputation is well merited; for they possess, in an eminent degree, the essential qualities that characterise this class of compositions, and are scarcely inferior even to those of La Fontaine himself in sprightliness of narrative, justness of moral, and natural grace and facility of expression. But they differ from every other collection of fables in the singularity of their application, which is wholly confined to literary matters; and their interest is greatly enhanced by the variety of their versification—a circumstance to which Yriarte refers with much complacency in his preface, where he mentions that the sixty-seven fables of which his volume consists, comprise “forty different kinds of metre.” In this respect I have, to a certain extent, followed his example;

for, without attempting to imitate the peculiar measures of Spanish poesy, I have studiously adopted various forms of verse, instead of restricting myself, after the common fashion of English fabulists, to the monotony of the octosyllabic.

The reader who may be acquainted with the Spanish text, will find that, with few exceptions, the following translations have been executed with perhaps as much fidelity as was compatible with the endeavour to render them poetically. In some half dozen instances, where the originals possessed little interest in their subject, and were only remarkable for elegance of style or harmony of numbers, I felt compelled to take a greater license. To translate them literally, was, literally, to *traduce* them. Their native delicacy seemed necessarily to evaporate in the process; and, like the pure wines of their own country, which will not bear to be exported until they

have been strongly brandied, they appeared to require that a translator should infuse a *spirit* of his own into them, in order to adapt them for the English palate. The critic, I fear, will decide that, in seeking to improve, I have only adulterated them.

Yriarte was a voluminous author, and attempted almost every kind of poetical composition; but his writings seldom rise above mediocrity, and are distinguished rather by judgment and good taste than by force and originality. Next to his *Literary Fables*, a didactic poem on Music, which, I believe, has been translated into English, enjoys the highest celebrity.

Liverpool, R. R.

I. THE ELEPHANT AND THE BEASTS.

An elephant, in ages far-gone,
When beasts could speak a sort of
jargon,

Observing with disapprobation
The vices of the brute creation,
Determined in his zeal to call
A meeting, and reform them all.
They met; when, having duly bow'd
His trunk to greet the gaping crowd,
He spouted forth, with mighty strength
Of lungs, a speech of mighty length,
A speech which, like a practised
orator,

He had composed and got *memoriter*,
For speakers of the greatest note
At times extemporize—by rote.
Each fault and folly, which of late
Had sapp'd the morals of the state,
Pert ignorance, destructive sloth,
Malignant envy, worse than both,
Hypocrisy and affectation,
And pride, that oversteps its station—
All these, and more than I have time
To recapitulate in rhyme,
He stigmatized with all the fire
And freedom of a preaching friar.

—The virtuous portion of the crew
(But these, alas, were very few!)
Received with open acclamation
The honest elephant's oration.
The gentle lambkin skipt with glee,
And blithely humm'd the busy bee;
The faithful dog, the patient steer,
The dove, the emmet, and the deer,
By different tokens of applause
Evinced their zeal in virtue's cause;
The meek ass, with a joyous bray,
Approved the speech, and, strange to
say,
The horse assented by a—*nay*.

—But others, though they felt within
A shrinking consciousness of sin,
Express'd their anger that the ele-
phant
Should utter charges so irrelevant.
The tiger gnash'd his teeth and
growl'd,

The wolf in savage concert howl'd;
The serpent shot his venom'd fang,
And hiss'd throughout the long ha-
rangue;

So *foul* a libel on a bird
The vulture vow'd was never heard;
The toad refused to stay—the snail
And locust followed in his trail;
And reynard fled, as if a pack
Of dogs were yelping at his back;
The monkey, mounting at a jump
Upon the dromedary's hump,
Amused the groundlings with grimace,
And mock'd the speaker to his face;
While gnat and hornet, wasp and
drone

Reviled him in an under-tone.

But high above the jarring host
The elephant maintain'd his post,
As unconcern'd as if the brutes
Had been a company of mutes;
And thus, with unabated force,
At length concluded his discourse:
“ My observations, I protest,
However pointedly express'd,
Were universally address'd—
Address'd alike to every one,
But personally aimed at none.
The few whose consciences are clear,
Have nothing to resent or fear;
While such as choose to take offence
By misinterpreting my sense,
Convict themselves, and merely show
How well they merited the blow.”

My fables, in their application
Refer to every age and nation;
For authors, just as dull and vain
As any who abound in Spain,
Have perpetrated prose and rhyme
In every land, in every time.
But, though I solemnly disclaim
All personality of aim,
If any scribbler, conscience-smitten,
Should wince at aught that I have
written—
Should find, in short, the cap to fit,
The fool is welcome unto it.

II. THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER.

One day, as a silkworm slowly spun
Its delicate threads in the noon-tide
sun,

A spider cried, from its darksome nook—

“Look at my web, sweet sister, look! I began it at dawn—’tis hardly noon, And yet my task will be ended soon; For while thou spinnest thy life away, I weave a web in a single day. Examine it well—each airy line Is as fine and fair as the best of thine.”—

“True,” said the silkworm, with a smile,

“But will they endure for half the while?”

III. THE BEAR, THE APE, AND THE FIG.

A bear, whose dancing help’d to gain His own and owner’s livelihood, And whose success had made him vain As any petit-maitre, stood Upon his hinder legs to try

The figure of a new quadrille, When, seeing that an ape was nigh, He stump’d about with all his skill; And “Tell me how you like,” he cried,

“My dancing, for I’m always glad

To hear the truth.” The ape replied,

“I really think it very bad.”

“’Tis plain enough,” rejoin’d the bear,

“That envy makes you censure so;

For have I not a graceful air,

A slender shape and limber toe?”

But here a tasteless pig began

To grunt applause, and said, “I vow

I never met, in brute or man,

With one who danced so well as thou.”

The bear, on hearing this, became

Sedate and pensive for a while;

And then, as if abash’d with shame,

He answer’d in submissive style;

“The agile ape’s rebuke might be,

Perhaps, imputed to his spleen,

But, since the pig commends, I see

How bad my dancing must have been.”

Let every author think on this,

And hold the maxim for a rule—

The worst that can befall him is,

The approbation of a fool.

IV. THE APE AND THE JUGGLER.

Good father Joltered, who lost his brains

By overstudying of natural history—

For authors often take the greatest pains

To turn the plainest matter to a mystery—

Who wrote a score of volumes to describe

Some score of beasts that Adam never saw,

Of phoenix, unicorn, or griffin tribe,

And gave their very likeness to a claw;

In short, who rummaged continent and cape

For creatures of the strangest size and shape:

This reverend writer tells, in pond’rous prose,

A certain story, which I’ll re-compose

In light and careless verse, about an ape.

According to his kind, this ape possess’d

The faculty of imitation strongly,

(A faculty that’s dangerous at the best,

For apes are very apt to use it wrongly,)

And being bound apprentice—by a chain—

Unto a juggler, had contrived to gain

A smattering of a trick or two, which made

The creature think himself beyond all doubt

A perfect master of the mystic trade;

So one day, when his master had gone out,

He seized the opportunity with glee

To get up a performance of his own,

And ask’d the neighbouring beasts to come and see

How great a conjurer he had really grown.

They came—and, first a chequer’d harlequin

He moved his magic wand; and then a clown

He poised a lengthy ladder on his chin,
 And whistled as he bore it up and down.
 A figuranté next, with nodding plume,
 Upon a rope that stretch'd across the room
 He danced, unto the music of a pair
 Of castanets, along its slender length,
 Then headlong cast himself with all his strength,
 And swung, suspended by his tail, in air :—
 A sight at which his friends were so much aw'd
 They hardly had the courage to applaud.
 In short, as juggler, mountebank, or mime,
 His style of acting was pronounced sublime ;
 And even when he made, by sleight of hand,
 The cards to come and vanish at command,
 You would have sworn, if you had seen the trick,
 That he had *dealt* directly with old Nick.

At length the ape, ambitious to complete
 His triumph, undertook the crowning feat—
 His master's masterpiece—which so surpass'd
 The others, that the juggler, as a treat,
 On all occasions kept it to the last.
 A sheet was hung between his friends and him,
 The lights extinguish'd and the room made dim ;
 When after a confused preamble, which
 Awoke attention to the highest pitch,
 He took a magic lantern from its place,
 And drawing through the groove each pictured glass,
 With an exceeding gravity of face
 Announced the different figures that should pass.
 " Here comes a king," he cried, " and there a queen ;"
 But not a glimpse of either could be seen.
 " Now stately towers," " now ships upon the main ;"
 But still the keenest optics stared in vain.
 No mystic ring expanded in the gloom,
 No form of glory flitted through the room,
 But all was darkness ; and the blundering ape
 Had wellnigh got into a serious scrape :
 For, disappointed by his incapacity,
 The friends of pug proceeded in their rage
 To show some striking symptoms of pugnacity,
 And pelt him with derision from the stage.
 But, in the very thickest of the din,
 The juggler, who had luckily come in,
 Rebuked the ape's stupidity, and cried,
 " No wonder that the audience are benighted,
 And all thy boasted visions undescried ;
 For, lo, the magic lantern is not lighted !"

Thus let me drop into each author's ear
 A piece of counsel—" Keep your meaning clear,
 Your statements lucid ; for of this be sure,
 That dulness only ever is obscure."

V. THE GOAT AND THE HORSE.

1.

A goat, with feet that danced and head that sway'd
 In modulated measure to the sound
 Of a sweet violin, which, deftly play'd,
 Awoke the blandest echoes all around,
 Had listen'd long, when, with an air of pride,
 He thus address'd a horse which stood beside :

2

"These chords that speak so well, my humble friend,
 Were borrow'd from the bowels of a goat;
 And even I, when life is at an end,
 May still survive, and be a thing of note;
 For then some artist of harmonic skill
 Shall twist my tripe into as sweet a trill."

3

The horse, as if in laughter, neigh'd aloud,
 And answer'd thus: "Poor wretch! of what avail
 Would be the simple chords which makes thee proud,
 Unless I had supplied them from my tail
 With many a hair to form the fiddle-bow,
 Whose movement makes the hidden music flow?"

4

"And though the loss may pain me, I'm content;
 For, after all, it gladdens me to see,
 While I am still alive, the instrument
 Indebted for its harmony to me.
 But say, what pleasure can its accents give
 To solace thee when thou hast ceased to live?"

5

Thus many a wretched writer, who has tried
 With unsuccessful efforts to engage
 Contemporary praise, appeals with pride
 Unto the judgment of a future age;
 As if posterity's approving breath
 Could gratify "the dull cold ear of death."

VI. THE PARROTS AND THE MONKEY.

Two parrots fresh from St Domingo,
 Where each had learn'd a different
 lingo—

For half that isle of sugar-cane
 Belongs to France, and half to Spain—
 A captain's gift to his Amanda,
 Were caged within the same veranda;
 And, though unable for a while
 To understand each other's style,
 They soon contrived (for what can
 balk

A parrot's or a woman's talk?)
 To find, despite their education,
 A medium of conversation.
 For blending, as they gabbled on,
 Their French and Spanish into one,
 They form'd a dialect betwixt
 The two, in which the two weremixt—
 A dialect that served to tell
 Their parrot-news in, just as well
 As if it had consisted wholly
 Of French or Spanish phrases solely.
 But when their mistress—one whose
 hue
 Of intellect inclined to blue;
 And ah! unto a true blue-stocking
 All licenses of speech are shocking—

O'erheard her brace of birds harangue
 In such an incoherent slang,
 A mess of words whose misalliance
 Sets sense and syntax at defiance,
 And might be (for they sounded oddly)
 Indecent, or at least ungodly,
 She parted them, in hopes that each,
 When caged beyond the other's reach,
 Would soon resume his own vernacular,
 And utter nonsense less oracular.

But though the Gallic bird at once
 Reform'd, and banish'd from his sconece
 The Spanish tongue as *incommode*,
 Because *elle n'était pas du mode*,
 An idiom too precise and prim
 For fashionable fowls like him;
 The Spanish bird would not retrench
 A single syllable of French,
 But still continued, though alone,
 To jabber it, as if its tone
 Enrich'd the old Castilian tongue,
 As gardens are enrich'd by dung.
 One day, instead of *olla*, he
 Called for *un gratin de bouillie*,
 When, with a face of much amazement,
 A monkey, from a neighbouring case-
 ment,

Politely asked him what the phrase meant ;

And, being told, discharged a volley
Of laughter at the pedant's folly.
Surprised and vex'd at this rebuff,
The parrot answer'd, in a huff :
" Thou art a *Purist*,* I suspect,
And I despise thy sober sect."
The monkey, bowing to the bird,
Replied, " I thank thee for the word :
Though parrots may despise the same,
It is an honourable name."

Too many authors intersperse,
Affectedly, their prose or verse
With Gallicisms, that defile
Their native purity of style,
And, like the parrot, labour thus
To be, at best, ridiculous.

VII.—THE CATHEDRAL BELL AND THE HERMITAGE BELL.

1.

Within an old cathedral hung
A mighty bell,
Which never, save at Easter, swung
One solemn knell ;
And then so sternly all around
Its echoes fell,
The peasants trembled at the sound
Of that big bell,

2.

Not far from the cathedral stood
A hermit's cell,
And in its belfry-tower of wood
A little bell ;
Whose daily tinklings through the year
So faintly fell,
The peasants hardly gave an ear
To that small bell.

3.

The hermit—he who own'd the same,
And loved it well,
Resolved that it should share the fame
Of the big bell ;
So tolling it but once a year,
With one brief knell,
He taught the peasants to revere
His little bell.

4.

And there are fools in vast repute,
Who, strange to tell,
Acquire their fame by being mute,
Like that small bell ;

These would-be sages rarely speak,
For they know well
That frequent utterance would break
The solemn spell.

VIII. THE MUSICAL ASS.

The fable which I now present,
Occurr'd to me by accident.

A stupid ass this morning went
Into a field by accident,
And cropp'd his food and was content,
Until he spied by accident
A flute, which some oblivious gent
Had left behind by accident ;
When, sniffing it with eager scent,
He breathed on it by accident,
And made the hollow instrument
Emit a sound by accident.
" Hurrah, hurrah," exclaim'd the
brute,
" How cleverly I play the flute !"

A fool, in spite of nature's bent,
May shine for once—by accident.

IX. THE SWAN AND THE LINNET.

1.

As once a linnet on a tree
Was piping like a lover's lute,
A swan exclaim'd, " All birds should
be,
When I am nigh, entranced and mute ;
For none can hope to vie with me,
A vocalist of such repute !

2.

" It heeds me not, but warbles still—
Was ever songster half so vain ?
The creature, with its tiresome trill,
May thank its stars that I disdain
To open my melodious bill,
And pour an overpowering strain.

3.

" For if, as poets truly tell,
My very death-notes are divine,
My voice, of course, when I am
well,
Is still more exquisitely fine,
And I could readily excel
That simple song by one of mine."

* A term employed by modern corrupters of our language, when they affect to ridicule those who speak it with purity.—YRIARTE.

4.

"I grant thy fame in former years,"
The linnet answer'd; but, as thou
Art never heard by modern ears,
Thy song is deem'd a fiction now,
And, like the music of the spheres,
A tale which moderns disallow.

5

"But give me, sweet one, I beseech,
A sample of that olden lay."
The swan, too flatter'd by the speech,
To answer with a churlish nay,
Began to sing—but gave a screech:
The linnet laugh'd, and flew away.

6

Thus many a coxcomb, with a name
For talents which he ne'er possess'd,
On turning author finds his fame
Unequal to the trying test,
And like the swan, exposed to shame,
Becomes a byword and a jest.

X. THE MOUSE AND THE CAT.

What modern fables can compare with
those
Of Esop, whose sublime invention
chose

The noblest incidents for each, and
then

Express'd them in inimitable prose!

Well, since I want a subject for my
pen,

And have his book at hand, I'll even
choose

A fable from him, and request the
muse

To hitch it into good Castilian
rhymes;

For I am sure that, merely for its
merit,

The tasteful reader will at once pre-
fer it

To any apologue of modern times.

A mouse one evening, as it stole
In quest of plunder from its hole,
Exclaim'd aloud (for mice could speak
Of yore, though now they only
squeak),

"What virtue is more lovely than
Fidelity in brute or man?
The dog, who guards his master's
store

And drives the robber from the door,
Deserves the praise of every mouse
That has an interest in the house!"

A cat replied, "Thy praise should
be

Bestow'd as readily on me;
For like the dog, and with a zeal
As watchful for my master's weal,
Throughout the night I keep aloof
A host of robbers from his roof,
And guard from thee and thine the
hoard

Of dainties that should crown his
board."

On this the mouse withdrew again
Into its hole, and answered then,
"Henceforth, since *thou* art faithful,
mice

Shall call fidelity a vice."

'Tis ever thus—for we commend
The smallest virtue in a friend;
While in a foe we should abhor it,
And even damn the fellow for it.

What think you, honest reader? Is
not this

A clever little fable? "Oh! di-
vine!

'Tis quite in Esop's style, and only
his;

You see his mighty mind in every
line."

Nay, courteous reader, check your
praise awhile;

The fable is, in fact, my own, and
written

Precisely in my customary style.

"The deuce it is! then I am fairly
bitten."

And, dear discerning reader, now
that I

Have own'd it and you know it to
be mine,

Your better judgment will, of course,
decry

The trifle you once deem'd so very
fine.

XI. THE TWO RABBITS.

1.

With a ravenous pack of dogs at his back,
A rabbit fled—or flew,
For his course was as fleet as if his four feet
Were wing'd, like Mercury's two.

2.

Away, away, in wild dismay
 He flew with all his might;
 And his joy was vast, when he reach'd at last
 A warren in his flight.

3.

But ere he stole into a hole,
 Secure from further fear,
 A comrade, who spied the trembler, cried,
 "What is amiss, my dear?"

4.

"What is amiss! why, simply this,"
 He replied with panting breath,
 "Those greyhounds, see, have been hunting me,
 Till I'm nearly run to death."

5.

"Where, where?—But hark! I hear the bark
 Of dogs upon your track;
 But, i'faith, you err, for there's not, good sir,
 A greyhound in the pack."

6.

"Not a greyhound?" "No! for really, though
 The difference is but small,
 I see them now, and the dogs, I vow,
 Are beagles, one and all."

7.

"What! beagles? Pshaw! the dogs that I saw
 Were greyhounds, I'll be bail;
 I am not blind, I know what kind
 Of dogs were at my tail."

8

"Why, but for the fright, no doubt you might
 Have known them with half an eye."
 "I tell you, zounds, that they're all greyhounds,
 As much as you or I."

9.

While words ran high, the dogs came nigh
 And nigher, in pursuit,
 Till unaware they fell on the pair,
 And settled the dispute.

10.

Some authors discuss a question thus,
 And, like this foolish pair,
 Expend their life in wordy strife
 On trifles light as air.

XII. THE CHEST OF TEA AND THE CHEST OF SAGE.

One morning, as they chanced to meet at sea,
 A chest of sage address'd a chest of tea,
 "Ho! brother, whence and whither art thou sailing?"
 And in a speech emitted or exprest—
 As speeches ever must be—from the *chest*,

The tea return'd an answer to the hailing—
 "I'm journeying from the east unto the west,
 From China unto Europe's distant land,
 Where I'm an article in high demand."

"And I," rejoin'd the sage, "unlike to thee,
 Am from the west, and sailing eastwardly
 To China, where, for wholesomeness and flavour,
 As food or physic, I'm in mighty favour;
 For though my countrymen, I blush to say,

My European countrymen, despise
 And fling me as a worthless weed away,

The Chinaman is, Heaven be praised! more wise.
 He has a sage tooth in his head, and knows
 The pleasure and relief my leaf bestows;
 In fact, I take precedence over thee,
 And hit his taste, friend Tea, unto a T.

"But fare-thee-well! and speed thee with the gale

To Europe, where the tables will be turn'd;
 Where young and old will hail thee, and inhale,

And thou wilt be adored as I was spurn'd;
 For every nation, howsoever loth
 To praise an article of native growth,
 Is prompt enough to purchase and applaud
 Whatever comes unto it from abroad."

And thus—although I grant that general good
 Results from commerce rightly understood,
 And that the intercourse of mind with mind,
 Like other commerce, should be unconfined—
 I blame the man whose scholarship is shown
 In every country's authors save his own;
 Who prizes, if from Paris or from Rome,
 The very talent that he scorns at home;
 And, while he overrates Racine or Tasso,
 Disdains to read one line of Garcilasso.*

XIII. THE OWL; AND

So often, that her rambling phrase
 Is printed on my mind—portrays
 This kind of critics well.

XIV. THE DOG AND THE RAGMAN.

1.

Some critics, of the coward sort,
 With mute servility succumb
 To living authors; for, in short,
 The risk, the fear of a retort
 Compels them to be dumb.

4.

An owl one morn—but, sooth to say,
 I am not telling it aright;
 For owls are birds that love to stay
 Within their secret homes by day,
 And only fly by night.—

2.

But, like the ghouls of eastern lore,
 These critics batten on the dead;
 And when each author is no more,
 To whom they meanly quail'd of yore,
 Attack him without dread.

5.

An owl one night profanely flew
 Into a church, and chanced to see
 A lamp or lantern—but the two
 Are much alike, and one will do,
 Whichever it might be.

3.

A story, which in other days
 I often heard my grandam tell—

6.

And yet, methinks, anent the pair,
 It was, if I remember well,

* Garcilasso de la Vega, one of the most celebrated poets of Spain. An elegant translation of his works into English verse, has appeared from the pen of Mr Wiffen.

A lamp ; but whether round or square,
Or made of glass or earthenware,
Is more than I can tell.

7.

But there it hung, in pious proof
Of Catholicity, before
The Virgin's shrine—a thing aloof,
Just ninety feet below the roof,
And nine above the floor.

8.

The owl, who felt at such a sight
His appetite for oil arise,
Swoop'd boldly towards it ; but the
light,
Alack ! was too intensely bright,
And scorch'd his lidless eyes.

9.

So reeling backwards in despair,
He mutter'd, as he left the shrine,
“ Oh ! but for this terrific glare,
How gloriously would I fare
Upon that oil of thine !

10.

“ But trust me, lamp, though now I flee,
If ever I should chance to find
Thy flame extinct—with fearless glee
I'll glut my thirsty beak in thee,
Nor leave a drop behind.”

11.

And such are critics. But if they
Should feel dissatisfied with this,
Perhaps another fable may
Present their likeness in a way,
That none can take amiss.

12.

One day a ragman with his stick
Was poking in the kennel, when
A dog that pass'd began to prick
His ears—for dogs delight to pick
A quarrel with such men.

13.

And rushing headlong to the fray,
With bark and bite attack'd the man ;

14.

The dog pursued him as he fled ;
And “ what a wretch is this,” he
cried,
“ Who holds a living dog in dread,
Yet, when he meets with one that's
dead,
Will strip it of its hide ! ”

XV. THE FROG AND THE FROGLING.

From their dwelling in a bog,
Cried a frogling to a frog :
“ Mother, see, on yonder banks
How the canes, in even ranks,
Lift their leafy heads on high
Till they seem to touch the sky.
Tell me, have you ever seen
Any trees so tall and green—
Any that in stalk or stem
Would deserve to vie with them ? ”
But the words had scarcely past,
When an unexpected blast
Rush'd, and with a mighty blow
Struck the grove and laid it low.
Then, retorting from the bog,
To the frogling cried the frog :
“ Look, my child—a child may gain
Wisdom even from a cane—
Look, and learn no more to prize
Objects for their gloss and size.
For each trunk that seem'd to thee
Massy as a forest tree,
Is as empty, frail, and thin,
As the vilest reed, within.”

—

Many bardlings in a strain
Just as fugitive and vain—
Never terse and never strong,
But inordinately long,
And, despite of much pretence,
Quite without the sap of sense—
Flourish for a day, and then
Vanish from the eyes of men.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON.

"Moreover he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves."—JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE preservation of public health in great cities is an object no less of paramount importance to the citizen, than of curious inquiry to the philosopher; and it is truly surprising to reflect, that in our own country we should have given to this subject so little serious consideration. Abroad, the means of conserving the public health, of disarming the malignity of epidemic diseases, and of preventing their too frequent recurrence, are investigated by the philosophic physician, are carried into practical operation by a code of sanatory law, and are sedulously watched over, as one of their most sacred and important public duties, by the government of the country. At home, the health, which is the life of the great mass of the population, is not considered worth a thought, except at times of impending danger, when thought is vain—when the pestilence rages in the midst of us, we run wildly about in search of relief—when, having completed its ravages, it finally disappears from our towns and our cities, we are too happy to dismiss it also from our thoughts, and to forget all enquiries as to the means of prevention for the future, in congratulation on our preservation for the present. Our Boards of Health, hastily and crudely organized in the hour of difficulty and danger, when the danger and difficulty, by the mercy of Divine Providence, have been got over, are immediately dispersed—the fast days and the thanksgiving days have had their day—the contests between the contagionists and the non-contagionists are contagious no longer—the advocates of tar water, and the advocates of hot water, lay down their arms—specifics and the people who recommended specifics are alike forgotten—cajuput oil is a drug in the market, and brandy is no longer consumed under false pretences!

The pestilence is over—but the danger is not; that which has been, may be again—and the best time to escape a danger is surely that, when

our judgment is unclouded by the prospect of imminent risk, and we as yet contemplate the danger at a distance.

But the danger never is at a distance. There exists, in great cities, an under-current of pestilence at all times and in all seasons—typhus, for example, is ever at work among us—it is true, at work obscurely, because its ravages are among the obscure—among those who live precariously from day to day, in low, unventilated, and densely populated neighbourhoods, where bad drainage, bad air, bad water, and bad smells, perpetuate the epidemics they originate, and whose miserable inhabitants form the never-failing and ever-dying population of our fever hospitals. We know no thing of this—we see nothing of this; the progress of the sick poor from their miserable "rookeries" to the hospital, and from the hospital to the grave, is silent and unobserved. Let a brace of dukes, however, or a few members of the House of Commons, or even an East India director be carried off, and we begin to hear of the *epidemic*—it then begins to be "dreadful," "shocking," and so forth. "To think of the Duke of Doodle—so excellent a man, only seventy-six—being so suddenly cut off!"—and Viscount Noodle, too, in the prime of life—a man equal to two bottles of port a-day—'tis dreadful to think of!" The epidemic, dreadful to think of as it is, runs its allotted course, and the popular alarm keeps pace with it—infants yet unborn, and aged people yet alive, are reported to have died of it—topers are said to be dead, and have a narrow escape of being buried alive, who are discovered, on more minute examination, to have been only dead-drunk—and every soul, without exception, carried off during the epidemic, has been carried off, if you believe your ears, *by* the epidemic—physicians are "looking up," chemists and druggists in full work—post-horses, moreover, are in demand,

and the great world gallops off *en masse* to save itself in the country—while the trading, mercantile, and middling classes, who are compelled to remain, bethink themselves of their unrepented sins, and liberally subscribe for whitewash!

It is impossible to calculate how much human life might be prolonged—not only prolonged, indeed; but, what is of still greater importance, how much the condition of humanity might be improved in great cities—by legislative interference. It is melancholy to reflect how little has in this respect been done. One of the first, one of the surest, one of the most practicable methods of ameliorating the condition of the poor, is the amelioration of the habitations of the poor. Take two men; put one into a comfortable cottage—not one of your gimerack, rose-encircled cottages, constructed to exhibit the taste of the landlord more than to administer to the comfort of the tenant, but a clean, snug, and commodious habitation. Locate the other in a pig-stye: the one will degenerate into a hog, the other will “learn to venerate himself as man.”

There is very little reasonable doubt, that if the design of Sir Christopher Wren for rebuilding the city of London, after the great fire, had been adopted, the value of human life in the metropolis would have improved; and it is equally certain that the plan for the regeneration of the city of Westminster, devised by the learned and talented Mr Bardwell, if carried into effect, would be a good measure of morality as well as of architecture. An avenue carried from the east end of Oxford Street through the “rookeries” of St Giles’s into Holborn, would be a more effectual, safe, and permanent preventive of vice and crime, than if Meux’s Brewery were converted into an enormous penitentiary, and a couple of juvenile thieves were to be suspended *in terrorem* over the principal entrance every morning before breakfast. The making easy, safe, and accessible roads, is the very first element of civilisation, and is no less applicable to the wilderness of London, than to the wilderness of the Mississippi. We venture to hope that the legislature may spare a little time from the squabbles of contending factions, and petty personal triumphs in debate, to devote to

carrying out the Report of the Metropolitan Improvements Committee, if it were only for the novelty of the thing. It would be worth a statesman’s while to give his best energies for once to objects practically philanthropical; than which nothing can be more so than an attempt to improve the habitations of the poorer classes of the inhabitants of the British Metropolis. We are far from having a desire to undervalue the benevolent exertions of those who labour to relieve the spiritual destitution of the London poor. Their task is a high and holy one, and their intentions must command the respect even of those who doubt the efficacy of their labours. The more we see, however, of human nature, whether in great cities or in the country, the more we are convinced that nothing can be done by the distribution of tracts for instance, by preaching in the open air, by visiting the poor at their wretched habitations, in comparison with the *moral* predisposition that may be induced by the less direct, but far more efficacious, system of improving *first* their temporal condition.

The prime essentials to human existence in crowded cities are pure water, pure air, thorough drainage, and thorough ventilation—which last are only applications of the water and the air—and last, though by no means least in importance, the facility of taking exercise within a convenient distance. Thus, every city has its public pulmonary organs—its instruments of popular respiration—as essential to the mass of the citizens as is to individuals the air they breathe. Paris boasts her Boulevards, her gardens of the Tuileries, her Champs Elysées, and her Bois du Boulogne, —Madrid, her far-famed Prado, where the monarch and the meanest of the people assemble to take the air, “their custom always of an afternoon,” —Rome, her spacious Corso,—Naples, her Mola and Strada di Toledo,—and last, Vienna enjoys her *Glacis*, no longer bristling with artillery, no longer enlivened with the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,” but crowded with a peaceful, gay, and happy population. Within our own islands, Dublin recreates her sons in the Phoenix Park, a spot unrivalled in its display of the softer features of rural scenery,—Edinburgh

rejoices in her King's Park, to which there is nothing equal for solitary grandeur and romantic seclusion within a like distance of a metropolitan city anywhere to be found,—and the mighty modern Babylon pours her pent-up population through the various avenues of her Parks. Well, indeed, and happily, have these been designated “THE LUNGS OF LONDON.”

There is not only much matter of historical importance connected with the several parks of London scattered about in the various statistical books of surveys, but a good deal of material for picturesque description. Why it is that the historical records have not, by some curious enquirer, been collected and arranged, or why the natural and artificial advantages of these charming retreats from the coil and hum of men have not been hitherto thought worthy of description, must, I suppose, be attributable to our habitual negligence of that which we see every day, and which, by being continually presented to our eyes, takes no hold upon the imagination or the memory, but is, as it were, of itself a continual picture, and of itself a perpetual record. We are not to be deterred from our proposed feeble attempt at description, by any dread of the suspicion of cockneyism. Nature is beautiful exceedingly, whether in the parish of St James's or the parish of St Kilda; and whatever contributes materially to the recreation and the health of numbers, is, by that circumstance alone, raised above the level of neglect, and has dignity sufficient to demand attention.

The Lungs of London, then, consist of several great divisions or lobes, embracing the west end of the town, and extending round to the northward, commencing, we may say, at the entrance to the Horse Guards, and extending through St James's Park, the Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens, forming a continued thoroughfare of several miles, in a direct line towards the north-west. To the north, the Regent's Park extends from the upper end of that noble avenue Portland Place, as far as the base of Primrose Hill, with a transverse diameter almost equal to its length, and containing within its circumference between five and six hundred acres of valuable land. This

is the northern lobe of the Lungs of London. The eastern side of the city is lamentably destitute of breathing-places for the pent-up citizens, as is also the borough of Southwark. Lambeth is somewhat more open; its Bishop's Walk affording a pleasing view of the river, and an agreeable promenade of a too limited extent.

The several divisions of the great respiratory organs we have noticed are worth a distinct consideration; and, as we will understand them better by ocular demonstration, the curious reader will take his hat and stick. I will be his humble cicerone, and tell him all I know of the history of the Parks of our metropolis, as we go along.

Follow me, if you please, sir, through this little gate—take care of the steps—there are exactly six—now, give me your arm—this is the Birdcage Walk—that classic structure to our left the military chapel—to the right you see Storey's Gate—immediately in the rear are “our chambers,” and exactly in front, half hidden by its own umbrageous foliage, is the charming enclosure—step this way—the charming enclosure of

ST JAMES'S PARK.

When I enter this park, my notions of government, let me tell you, become highly monarchical. I touch my hat to the memory of our kings who devised and confirmed to us these places of harmless recreation, and am more and more established in my contempt for your close-fisted, shabby, commercial republicans, who, if they got their greasy paws upon this place once again, would cut down the timber (as they did before), steal the ducks, and sell the grounds by auction. Brother Jonathan, when he takes a stroll this way, forgets, for at least five minutes, to boast his “free and independent” citizenship, and begins to think that kings and queens, after all, are not quite so black as they are painted! For this park and the pleasure it affords us we are indebted to our monarchs—let us enjoy their munificent gift and be thankful. Let us remember that the citizens have never planted a shrub for our recreation—that they have never set apart an acre of their corporation lands to give us, our wives, and our children, a mouthful of fresh air; let

us never forget that they have shut up the noble Thames,

“ Deep and yet clear,—though gentle yet not dull ;

Strong without rage—without o’erflowing full ; ”

for the mere lucre of gain, although the sight of it, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen know in their hearts, is light to a Londoner’s eyes, and music to his ears. Let us never forget that the legislature treated Mr Buckingham’s bill for the establishment of public walks near great towns, with almost silent contempt ; and although they pass I know not how many enclosure bills every session, it was not without much unseemly debate that they were prevailed upon to grant for the recreation of the commoners, thus dispossessed without compensation of their immemorial inheritance, as much of the land to be enclosed as you could whip a cat in. Then, again, as to private individuals, as little or less, if less were possible, is to be expected from them ;—an attempt is fresh within our recollection of the lord of the manor of Hampstead to enclose the heath, which, owing to the vigilance of an honest independent member of Parliament, was crushed in the bud. Primrose Hill, too, was marked out for enclosure by some of the joint-stock “ sack-em-up ” companies, for the purpose of being converted into a second-hand coffin manufactory, or something of that sort ;—this scheme went to the right-about, and a man may still forget his cares and troubles, as well as bring home a week’s stock of unbought health, from a morning or an evening stroll, to dear delightful rural Primrose Hill. No thanks, however, to lord mayors, aldermen, or citizens, for this—no thanks to either House of Parliament—no thanks to lords of manors, who would enclose the sun of heaven himself, if they could let out his rays at so much a-year ; such is the selfish love of lucre—natural, I had almost said to man, in an artificial state of society like ours, at least a second nature, which makes his interest the grand ambition, his breeches pocket the temple of his worship, and the money within it his god !

If there were no more solid reason than that monarchs might be enabled to be munificent for maintaining the monarchy in splendour, with me, that reason only would be reason enough.

St James’s Park, sir—let us step aside into this shady walk, if you please—was formerly part and parcel of the Abbey lands of St Peter’s, Westminster, and was resumed with others in the reign of King Henry VIII.

“ His Majesty (Henry VIII.) also enclosed the park, which was subservient to the amusement of this (St James’s Palace) and the neighbouring palace of Whitehall. Charles II. was particularly fond of it, planted the avenues, made the canal and the aviary, adjacent to the Bird cage Walk, which took its name from the cages which were hung in the trees. ‘ Charles,’ says Colley Cibber, in the apology for his life, ‘ was often seen here amidst crowds of spectators, feeding his ducks, playing with his dogs, and passing his idle moments in affability, even to the meanest of his subjects, which made him to be admired by the common people, so fascinating in the great are the habits of condescension.’ ”

In another account of the metropolis, ostensibly written originally in Arabic, by Ali Mahomet Hadji, physician to his Excellency Cossim Hocab, late envoy from the government of Tripoli to this Court, but in reality supposed to be the production of Grub Street, we are entertained with the following :—

“ At the west end of this city, near to one of the royal houses (St James’s Palace), is a park—being a large extent of ground, with walks set with trees around it, and a canal in the middle also edged with trees, where, in the hot seasons, his Excellency’s servants frequently diverted themselves with seeing the ducks swim. Its great beauty consists in its being, as it were, the country in the city ; for a late nobleman, who had a seat near it, and being a man of a poetical genius, had this elegant couplet or distich composed on a stone, and placed over his portal, viz.—

“ ‘Tis my delight to be

In the town—and the countrie ! ”

"This is the place where people go to get rid of the dust, confusion, and noise of the city, and where the ladies, in fine weather, display their ornaments and charms, as well as their signals for intriguing. There are seats placed at convenient distances for refreshing the wearied joints of reduced officers, disappointed courtiers, and broken tradesmen; and those, whose *fortunes* as well as their *linen* are generally reversed, sit promiscuously together, debating on the fate of princes and nations, as pertinently as though they were the immediate ministers and agents of all the powers in Europe, although, unhappy wretches, not one in nineteen of them knows where to procure a meal's meat. Yet, by their constant attendance on these seats, they are called Benchers of the Park, sitting with as much state and solemnity as those of the Inns of Court do at their halls in Commons!"

The anonymous author of *A Trip through the Town; or, a Humorous View of Men and Things*, gives the following amusing account of the Park of St James's as it was:—

"For the benefit of this part of the metropolis, which includes the *beau monde*, the King has given liberty to all idle people to walk in St James's Park. Here is the Mall, famous for being the rendezvous of the gay and gallant, who assemble here to see and be seen, to censure and be censured—the ladies to show their fine clothes, and the productions of the toilet—the men to show their *toupees*, observe all the beauties, and fix upon some favourite to toast that evening at the tavern. Every one here is curious in examining those who pass them, and are very nice and very malicious. In this place of general concourse, people often join into the company of those whom they either deride or hate; for company is not sought here for the sake of conversation, but persons couple together to get a little confidence, and embolden themselves against the general reflections of the place. They talk continually, no matter of what, for they talk only to be taken notice of by those who pass by them; for which reason they raise their voices for them who know them, not to pass without a bow *en passant*. At this place ladies walk four or five miles in a morning, with all the alacrity imaginable, who at home think it an insupportable fatigue to journey from one end of their chamber to another.

"I have seen a beau stand reconnoitring the Mall, divided within himself in as many minds as a lady in a lace chamber,

to think which set of company he shall annex himself to; and, to avoid the fatal consequences of making a false step, use as much caution as a prudent parent would do in the matrimonial disposition of a daughter. An escaping eye has often passed over a gentleman usher, when a groom of the bedchamber has been diligently pursued from one end of the Park to the other. A plain Irish lord shall be able to lead half a dozen laced coats up and down, like so many beagles in a string; and I have ere now seen him as much neglected as an honest poor family in distress, upon the sight of a ribbon, though 'tis surprising to think what an attractive quality every ribbon, according to its colour, hath in this place.

"I once happened to fall into a file of very fine fellows in this place, and remember that, when we began our march, we reckoned one French suit, though something sullied, three pair of clock stockings, one suit of Paduasoy, two embroidered waistcoats, the one a little tarnished, and two pair of velvet breeches. We made a most formidable show, carrying the whole breadth of the Mall, and sweeping all before us. We thought ourselves at least capable of acting on the defensive; but, by that we had got opposite to Godolphin House, we were convinced of our error, for here a puppy, in a French suit, pulling out a most extravagantly rich snuff-box, no less than three deserted at once, and went over to the enemy. As one misfortune seldom comes alone, a modern gold-headed cane, in the hands of a gamester, deprived us of two more of our company; so that, all on a sudden, our corps was dwindled away, like the South Sea project, and began to look as thin as a House of Parliament on a thirtieth of January sermon, or as an independent company of foot!

"In this plight the remains of us stood, staring upon each other as stupidly as the country people do when they go to view the royal apartments at Hampton Court, not knowing whether it was best to advance or retreat; fortunately for us, in this dilemma we enlisted one of the most beautiful sword-knots that ever came into the kingdom; we could perceive recruits coming to us from every quarter, and, in less than seven minutes, got ourselves into *statu quo*. Several revolutions of this kind happened to us in the space of about two hours, till at last I was left only with a little strutting fellow, who called himself secretary to a foreign mission, and him I got rid of by his fixing his eye upon a perrwig that appeared to be made about a month later than mine was."

There exists now-a-days no parallel to this lively picture of the *beau monde* of a hundred years ago taking the air in St James's Park—the fashionable world has receded westward; and, instead of promenading the Mall of St James's Park, now exhibits itself in carriages and on horseback within the magic circle of the ride, and adown the long prospective of the once-celebrated Rotten Row.

St James's of late years has become bourgeois—it is now emphatically the park of the people.

To King William and Queen Mary the public is indebted for the privilege of entering this Park by Spring Garden gate, as well as to several considerable improvements in the enclosure itself. But we will for the present suspend our historical enquiries, and, as we are here, take a look at St James's Park as it is.

This seat, on the southern bank of the canal, nearly midway between the eastern and western extremities of the Park, affords one of the best points of view, embracing the whole extent of the enclosure, from the parade at one end to the esplanade at the other. How boldly and well the Horse-Guards fills up the view to our right! There it stands—a plain, honest, erect, downright military structure, on parade, as straight and as stiff as one of its own sentinels on duty. It is not, certainly, a handsome building, but it has the look of being adapted to the business transacted within it; and if it does not please the eye, assuredly does not disgust it, like its gingerbread friend on the opposite side. Behind the Horse-Guards we can just see the towering dome of St Paul's—northward, the light and elegant spire of St Martin's is visible over the Admiralty—and near it arises, in high contrast, the mustard-pot of the National Gallery—the pepper-boxes not being in this point of view visible. More to the westward, we have Carlton House Terrace, with the column erected to the memory of the late Duke of York—the dense foliage of the trees in the Mall shuts out the Palace of St James's, the residence of the Queen-Dowager, and the magnificent mansion of the Duke of Sutherland, from our view.

The vista to our left is terminated by Buckingham Palace, which was truly stigmatized by a Committee of

the House of Commons as “contemptible in every point of view, and a standing disgrace to English architecture.” It is lucky for the fame of the architect that this *thing* is beneath criticism—people shake their heads when they look at it, and turn away with silent contempt; the thing is so disgustingly brutal, that to waste words in abusing it, would be to abuse the very faculty of speech. And to think that the fellow who perpetrated this standing disgrace to English architecture died with his shoes off—who would be a petty larceny rogue, when a fellow like Nash escapes with impunity? In the first place, the *thing* is erected upon a *declining* site; it appears to be ashamed of itself, and seems to sneak down the off-side of the inclination on which it stands, as it would drown itself in the pond at the end of the Queen's garden. In the second place, the *thing*, although covering a great deal of ground, is contemptibly diminutive in all its parts; and in the third place, all these diminutive parts and parcels of the great contemptible whole are frittered into still more insignificant littleness, by the profusion of ill-judged and unmeaning ornament plastered over it every where like gold leaf on gingerbread! A French architect in London, writing to his friend at Paris, gives an account of this concern, which would be sufficiently ludicrous if it were not unfortunately much too true. The letter opens as follows:—

“My dear sair,—I shall now give you an account of de Royal Palace, called here de Buck-and-ham Palace, which is building for de English King in de spirit of Jean Bull plum-pudding and roast-beef taste, for which de English are so famous. It is great curiosity. In de first place, de pillars of de palace are made to represent English vegetable, as de sparrow-grass, de leek and de onion; den de entablatures or freizes are vary mosh enriched with leg of mutton and de pork, with vat dey call de garnish, all vary beautiful carved; den, on de impediment of de front, stand colossal figure of man-cook, with de large English toasting-fork in his hand, ready to put into de pot a vary large plum-pudding behind him, which is vary fine pudding, not de colour of black Christmas pudding, because de

architect say it would not look vell in summair time—it is vary plain pudding. Then de small windows of de kitchen on each side of de impediment at top story of de palace, have before them trophy of de kitchen, such as pot and de pan, and othare tings, which look well at de distance, only de poker and de tong are too big. On de wing of de palace, called de gizzard wing (de othare wing was cut off), stand the domestique servant, in neat dress, holding in de trays biscuit and tart and othare ting. The name of de architect is Mistaire Hash, de King's architect, who, I was informed, was roasted vary much. De English people seem vary much to like dis palace for de King, and do laugh vary much. Dere is to be in de front of de palace vary large kitchen range, made of white marble, vich I was told would contain von hundred of goose at von time. De palace, ven complete, will be called after von famous English dish, de Toad in de Hole!"

When will our English architects learn that the use of ornament is to break the uniformity of broad effects, and to relieve the cold dignity of grand conception? How many millions more must be sunk irrevocably in gingerbread palaces, before they will be taught, that although grandeur of architectural effect can subsist without ornament, ornament can never be admissible where there is not grandeur of architectural effect; that things diminutive in outline must be plainly filled up in the details; and that the five orders of architecture, carved on a cherry-stone, are seen to small advantage?

Let us, however, leave this disagreeable topic, and pursue our ramble through the Park.

The canal, you will observe, although somewhat diversified in outline, still retains, in shape, the memory of what it was, and is little more at present than a canal ornamented in some degree. From the esplanade facing the palace, looking down the whole length of the canal, is one of the best points of view in this Park, embracing the Horse Guards, the State Paper Office, Lady Dover's house. Behind these, the Banqueting-House is partly visible; from hence, also, we have a favourable view of the grounds, which are not unpleasingly laid out, considering that the artist

was the afore-mentioned royal architect, Mistaire Hash, or Nash, of gingerbread celebrity. The gardens are not badly designed, although the late capability, Brown, could have done them vastly better—this Park being precisely the field for his wondrous creative faculty. Passing in front of the so-called Triumphal Arch, which seems intended to exhibit the dingy, dark, discoloured palace in the rear to the greatest disadvantage, we have a view down the long, umbrageous vista of the Mall: and here let us repose ourselves upon one of these seats—the resting-places of the destitute in London. Upon these seats the unemployed artisan, the dismissed clerk, and the footman out of place, may be seen sleeping away the idle hours in forgetfulness of their misfortunes. Here the "swell cove out of luck," whose seedy habiliments exclude him from the penetralia of the enclosure, lounges languidly, cocking his worn-out gosamer on one side his head with a jaunty air, and affectedly tapping his vamped-up boot with a pinchbeck-headed cane; here, supernumerary penny-a-liners take the air, until Providence sends, of his goodness, some more substantial beverage; here, disappointed magazine-writers retire to read again their rejected article, and to curse the stupid editor who would not see its merit; here, Steele contrived to extract the matter of many a future *Tatler*, from the contemplation of his fellows in misfortune; and here, too, poor amiable Goldsmith, when without a dinner or the means of procuring one, used to take a turn, and "mend his appetite by a walk in the Park."

That poor young fellow in the fusian shooting-jacket and leggings, asleep on the farther extremity of our bench, is a countryman who came to London for work and cannot get it. His money is done, and it is more than probable he has not tasted food to-day: to-morrow he will go over into Westminster and enlist for a soldier. You see a poor girl on the opposite bench—one of that class as truly as pathetically called unfortunate—she is, you observe, in tatters, and the paint has been washed off her cheeks with tears. She is an unfortunate among unfortunates. Where is her professional swagger now?—where her inviting leer and flippant toss of the

head?—where the tawdry finery purchased with the wages of her shame? The roseate hue of health has long faded from her cheek, and the expression of that once happy face is now the expression of rooted and inextricable sorrow. Perhaps her thoughts have turned to her country friends and her rural home—to that home, her desertion of which, it may be, has brought the grey hairs of her parents with sorrow to the grave—she is hungry, too; for I am long enough acquainted with this place to distinguish the physiognomy of hunger. What does she say?—half a penny roll has been her food since this time yesterday!

Gracious eternal God! could the seducers of female innocence come hither, and behold their triumph in a spectacle like this! would they not hide their guilty and guilt-creating heads from the lightning, and hear, in every thunder-peal, the judgment of an avenging God?

Humane and gentle reader, when you come this way, let the poor unfortunate have a shilling. The air will do you good, the exercise will do you good, and the *charity* will do you good. You will not, believe me, dine less heartily for having contributed a mite to the poor victim of profligacy, who, without your timely assistance, had not dined at all.

We are now on the parade: but there is nothing here save a parcel of lounging life-guardsmen, and a dozen or so of recruiting sergeants. The hour of guard-mounting (ten o'clock in the morning) is long past, and “all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,” has marched back peacefully to its barracks on the other side of the Park. In the absence of any thing better to occupy our attention, we will turn our backs upon the parade, the great gun, and the greater mortar, together with the lounging life-guardsmen and recruiting sergeants, and indulge ourselves with a look at the ducks.

Who would have supposed that DUCK ISLAND, over the way there, where you see that desolate-looking heron perched upon one leg, was once a royal government, like the island of Barataria, whereof his Excellency Don Sancho Panza was whilome governor and commander-in-chief? Nay, now, don't laugh, for the thing is a fact, and very well attested. We

are informed by the accurate Mr Pen-nant, in his *Survey of London*, that “Duck Island was erected, in the time of King Charles II., into a government, and had a salary annexed to the office in favour of M. ST EVREMOND, who was the first, and perhaps the last governor.”

Only think of a memorial on behalf of the widgeon addressed to his Excellency M. ST EVREMOND, Lord-lieutenant General and General Governor of DUCK ISLAND and its dependencies: or a paragraph in the *London Mercury*, to the effect that “his gracious Majesty Charles II., attended by the Right Honourable the Earl of Rochester, and Mr Killigrew the joker, was graciously pleased to visit DUCK ISLAND, where his Majesty was received by his Excellency the Governor with the customary honours, the swans being drawn up in review order for the inspection of his Majesty, and the ducks, teal, and widgeon firing a royal salute!”

We delight in ducks. There is one little fellow in particular—black and all black, with an orange eye, and a crest like that of the peewit growing out of his occiput—who is perfectly irresistible. And that poor, ragged, attenuated old lady, with her large small family of thirteen downy ducklings—why, that poor family would eat a quartern loaf to their own cheek, and never be a whit the fuller. Pray, Mrs Duck, do you happen to be aware that there is now exhibiting in Pall Mall a steam young-duck manufactory, where all you have to do, when you want poultry, is to drop an egg into the engine, and after a few turns of the fly-wheel, out comes a delicious duckling ready for the spit, and to save trouble, stuffed beforehand with sage and onions!

We delight in ducks—young ducks especially, if associated, as young ducks should ever be, with the tenderest marrow peas, and stuffed scientifically;—but even while alive, your duck is a comical-looking rascal. There is an expression in his half-closed, wicked little eye, particularly when he winks, that stamps him a rum fellow; if he be not a humorist, then is there no tittle of truth in physiognomy.

Fond as we are of ducks, however, we are sorry to see them *here*, where their presence operates to the exclusion of human beings from the Park. We

are in no very good humour when we observe the verdant-coated verderers of the Office of Woods and Forests, cutting away with ratans at poor little nursery girls and their helpless charges, who crowd round the gate of the inclosure; and all, forsooth, lest harm should arrive to the rum Duck Society's outlandish poultry! We tell the rum Duck Society, in plain terms, that the exclusion of one individual from a breath of the fresh air, or from an hour's repose on the green turf, is a greater public loss than if the necks were twisted off their whole exotic rookery! What business have a parcel of noblemen and gentlemen to convert a public place of recreation like this into an aquatic zoological garden, if, by so doing, the laws respecting admission become more stringent, and the public, or part and parcel thereof, are excluded? Why do not they, with their ducks and ducklings, geese and goslings, betake themselves to the society of their brother *naturals* in the Regent's Park?

We are sorry to observe, too, that there is much insolence displayed by the green men who keep the gates, towards decent poor people, who may be desirous of taking a mouthful of fresh air within the inclosure.

Do these fellows recollect that themselves and their masters, the grounds they are appointed to protect, and the green coats they wear, are bought, fed, maintained, and paid for by the taxation, direct and indirect, contributed from the sweat of the brow of that very poor fellow, among others, this moment repulsed from the gate—for no reason on earth that I can discover, save that, like myself, circumstances incline him to a preference of a four-and-ninepenny hat, or because, like myself, he may be disinclined to wear goat-skin on his fingers.

We venture to hint to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, what it is altogether unlikely persons of their class would ever discover by their own natural capacity, that although a man may walk under a four-and-ninepenny hat, he is not therefore necessarily a highwayman; or that, although he may not have goat-skin on his fingers, does it follow that he intends to insinuate his digits into the pockets of every body he may happen to meet? We should be sorry to see St James's

Park appropriated to the exclusive use of the gentility-mongers.

The gentility-mongers are already in possession of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park; surely these are sufficient for the pedestrian and equitative wants of

“The twice two thousand for whom earth was made.”

And surely St James's Park may be opened to every body, however humble, whose dress and deportment do not outrage public decency. We hope the Commissioners of Woods and Forests will have pity upon decent poor people, and that there may be no official prejudice against them because they are industrious, and the producers of our national wealth and tax-created splendour. It does our heart good, on the first Sunday in spring, to see the decent artisan, his respectable industrious wife, and two or three homely toddling little children, issue from the dusky alley in which they have toiled the tedious winter through, to inhale a mouthful of the Almighty's untaxed air, and to refresh their brick-con-founded eyes with a bit of nature's unadulterated green. A Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be sure, would rather see the whole family in a gin-shop, for the sake of the revenue, and because the budget would be all the better for it; but, the Lord be praised, we are not a Chancellor of the Exchequer!

Another turn up the Mall, and at the angle formed by the southern and western sides of the enclosure of the Duke of Sutherland—a piece of ground large enough to spread her apron on, as Sarah, Dutchess of Marlborough, said of it—we find an entrance into the enclosure of

THE GREEN PARK,

Which we propose to circumambulate, strolling leisurely up the eastern acclivity, to the reservoir—thence descending the shady, and, but for the racket of the neighbouring Piccadilly, retired walk down to where Rosamond's Pond was formerly situated, and where a number of umbrageous elms still encircle the spot; thence, ascending once again by the ranger's house, with its tastefully laid out enclosure, we emerge on the far-famed Constitution Hill, and pause awhile to look about

us. This little park has its own peculiar beauties—lies well open to the south, and possesses, in a very limited space, an agreeable undulation of surface; from hence, we see the “Toad-in-the-Hole” to least disadvantage, and have a fine view of the low-lying St James’s Park; behind which rise, in lofty majesty, the twin-towers of Westminster Abbey, giving dignity and elevation to the view. Over the Queen’s Garden, of which we are permitted barely a glimpse, the Surrey hills are dimly visible above the conglomerated accumulation of habitations that make up the bulk of Pimlico.

“On the north-west side of the Queen’s palace,” says Lambert, “is the Green Park, which extends from St James’s Palace to Piccadilly; from the latter of which it is separated in some places by a wall, and by an iron railing in others. The ranger’s lodge, at the top of the hill, fronting towards Piccadilly, with its grounds and private gardens, forms a very picturesque object, and is seen to advantage from the ride on the south side of the Park towards Constitution Hill. This Park contributes greatly towards the pleasantness of the surrounding houses that are situated so as to command a view of it.”

On a sunny summer’s afternoon, the view from this spot is one of great animation—the royal standard floats lazily over the marble arch of Buckingham Palace, in front of which hundreds upon hundreds of well-dressed persons of both sexes are congregated, in patient expectation of her Majesty’s return from her usual ride. Myriads are every where reclining on the green sward, while the privileged classes, having the *entré* of St James’s Park, are careering in their carriages and on horseback towards the grand point of social attraction—the magic circle of fashion in Hyde Park.

The magnificent approach to London by Hyde Park Corner, is seen from this place to the greatest advantage—the triumphal arch on this side—the noble entrance to Hyde Park on that, with the colossal statue of Achilles seen through one of the arches—the long line of noble mansions in Piccadilly, terminated towards the Park by Apsley House. Crossing the road as soon as the almost unin-

terrupted succession of carriages entering the Park will permit us, we make our appearance on a Sunday afternoon in July—the height of the fashionable season—in

HYDE PARK.

“Hyde Park,” says Lambert, “is a royal demesne, at the west extremity of the metropolis, extending between the great western road on the south side, and the road to Oxford on the north to Kensington. It is part of the ancient manor of Hida, which belonged to the monastery of St Peter at Westminster, till, in the reign of King Henry VIII., it became the property of the crown. It was originally much larger than it is at present, having been reduced since the survey in 1662, when it contained 620 acres, by enclosing Kensington Gardens, and by grants of land between Hyde Park Corner and Park Lane, for building on. According to a survey taken in 1790, the present extent is three hundred and ninety-four acres, two roods, and thirty-eight perches.

“The scenery of this Park is very pleasing, and its natural beauties will be greatly heightened when the plantations made in it lately have reached maturity. The Serpentine River at the west end is a fine sheet of water, formed by Queen Caroline in the year 1730, by enclosing the head of the stream, which, taking its rise to the north-west of Bayswater, on the Uxbridge Road, passes through Kensington Gardens and this Park, and falls into the Thames near Ranelagh.

“On the north side of the Serpentine River, is a cluster of houses for the keepers and deputy-rangers of the Park, which, by being built on the edge of a grove of tall oaks, forms a pleasing and picturesque object in the landscape. The one nearest the river is built of timber and plaster, and is of considerable antiquity. It was known by the name of the Cake House in the beginning of the last century, and probably much earlier. In the garden belonging to this house is the building erected by the Home Secretary, as a receiving-house for such as are unfortunately drowned in the neighbouring river.

“At the north-west corner of this park is a very beautiful enclosed eminence, called Buckden Hill, which,

being only separated from Kensington Gardens by a ha-ha—seems to be only a part of it. On the declivity of this hill is a grove, in which are two chalybeate springs. There is a footpath across this road to Kensington Gardens.

“On the south side of the Park are very handsome barracks for the Royal Horse Guards. And on this side are two carriage roads to Kensington, one of which is better known by the name of Rotten Row.

“These have become the resort of the fashionable world instead of the ring, and are much resorted to on Sundays.

“The open part of the Park was much resorted to till lately for the field-days and reviews of the horse and foot guards, as also for those of the volunteers, by which the sward of it was so much injured that it had become a dry sandy plain, with scarcely a vestige of verdure. At present, however, these exercises are forbidden, and the surface of the Park is sown with grass seeds, and covered with the mud taken from the bed of the Serpentine river, which will restore it to its pristine beauty.”

This is truly a noble place—more extensive than the Green Park and the park of St James's put together. It unites the gentle and varied diversity of surface of the one, with the umbrageous shade of the other. The trees, too, have dignity in their decay, and the *tout ensemble* is that of a park of some noble house in the olden time—a thing not to be manufactured in a hurry. What a mob of people in carriages and on horseback; and what an admiring congregation of envious pedestrians, who console themselves for the want of an equipage in finding fault with the equipages of others, and flattering themselves when they *do* have a turn-out, they will do the trick in a superior style! Dreadful thing that gentlemen and ladies with so much taste should be so much in want of money, and find their chief consolation in observing how very badly monied people lay their money out!

That fine-looking man on the black horse—him, I mean, in the coat of indescribable green—I say indescribable, for it is neither bottle-green, pea-green, apple-green, olive-green, grass-green, nor invisible-green—who sits his horse sympathetically, as if he

were part and parcel of the animal—is Count D'Orsay. Close at his heels you may observe a youth in a Chesterfield hat, with a gold chain wound twice round his neck, dipping into his waistcoat pocket, and coming out again. He joggles on his animal, and has an anxious expression of countenance, as if he were about to undergo some dreadful surgical operation, but which doubtless is derived from an apprehension that the waistband of his Sunday breeches is going to crack—that is Fitz-Wiggins, son to old Wiggins the retired cow-keeper of Canonbury Row, Islington. I know the fellow well. He is a gentility-monger; spends all his time and all his money in smelling after fashionable people; but, with all his exertions, the highest approach he ever made to genteel society was getting into the Garrick Club. He has a good horse, you see, and seems as much at home upon it as if he were mounted on one of his paternal cows. Alas, poor Wiggins!

There goes Count D'Orsay again. The more I look at him, the more I am surprised at the despotie authority that accomplished gentleman has long exercised in matters of dress. He is faultless, to be sure; I cannot say he is overdressed, and it is equally clear that he is not under-dressed. Still there is something about him that does not fulfil my preconceived idea of the rig-out of a perfect gentleman. His coat-collar is too much detached, which gives to the upper part of his figure an air of singularity—of a pretension to unapproachable perfection—which, of all things, your English gentleman studies to avoid. The *pantaloons*, too, embracing the hoby round the sole, and hardly exhibiting the toe, however well calculated to throw out the symmetrical leg in bold relief, gives to the foot something of a slippered air. But it is in the accompaniments of his habit that the Count D'Orsay mainly excels. No man living has such exquisite taste in the details. What expression in that hat! What tone, harmony, and keeping in that vest! What grace and elegance in the drapery of that stock! The Count is acknowledged to be, I had almost said, superhuman in stocks! Pray observe, if you please, sir, the style of the Count's spur. That spur, let me tell you, was designed by the Count himself. It was the admiration of every

body, and the maker calculated on gaining a fortune by it. But would you believe it, as soon as one pair had been cast for the heels of the Count himself, he ordered the moulds, patterns, and drawings to be brought home to him; had them broken up before his face, and with his own hands committed the fragments to the flames!

You observe that unimpeachable pony-phæton, drawn by two cream-coloured ponies—what simplicity—what taste—such inexpensive elegance, you might say! Notwithstanding which, that phæton has not been turned out of Long Acre under two hundred and fifty guineas, and the ponies one hundred and fifty the pair—not a speck you may perceive of silver or brass on the harness—not an atom of gold-lace on the subdued and sober livery of the tiger—the equipage is not, you see, perched on wheels or hung on a perch—it reclines, as it were taking its ease, and floats lightly and easily in perfect equilibrium. The turn-out is, without doubt, the most elegant in the ring—it attracts admiration by a studious endeavour to decline it, and belongs, I think, to the Earl of Harrington. To contrast with it, pray note that continental cab, driven by the man in a huge moustache—an attaché to the French embassy—did you ever—Long Acre would blush for such a concern: you see the body of the machine is painted an odious chocolate colour, picked out with broad stripes of white, that give it the appearance of being bound round the edges with penny tape, a blazing armorial bearing on every side, such as you see on shabby hackney coaches—it is evidently ashamed of itself, too, for you observe it is making a desperate effort to dive down head foremost between the shafts, to counteract which centripetal tendency is, without doubt, the proprietor's reason for mounting a tiger behind, who, in loutishness and size, looks more like an unfledged elephant—regard the harness, too, all brass and no leather. Who is that fellow in military uniform, joggling behind the cab on a waggoner's black horse, with a *couteau de chasse*, and a cock's feather in his cocked hat—a field-marshal, doubtless, of the grand army—no such thing, my dear sir, simply a footman in disguise. Mercy on us, assuredly our heads will be all

cut off! Ridiculous as that turn-out appears in our country, and in our eyes, I can assure you that, on the Prado of Madrid, the Corso of Rome, or at the Parisian fête of Long Champs, this attaché and his descending cab would be considered machines of the very first fashion.

You see that slashing yellow chariot, with the pair of dark bays—close in the rear of it you may observe a coach of a deep claret-colour—a fine pair of bright bays under it, and the coachman and footmen in pepper and salt, with plain cockades—that is one of the royal carriages, and exactly the thing that a royal carriage ought to be—no cock's feathers, no lubberly footmen, no blazing armorial bearings—no gold, in short, upon our gingerbread. Close at the heels of the royal equipage may be seen three in a gig—such a gig, and such a three!—Fitz-Wiggins and the Frenchman are both thrown into the shade. Hilloa! who would have thought of seeing young Capillaire, the fashionable wig-trimmer's son of Bond Street—there he goes, however, at railway pace, on his half-guinea hack, making the best use he can of his ten-and-sixpence worth of equestrian exertion. Now they are all at a dead lock—the triple line of wealth, fashion, and pretension has come to a regular stand-still—we will have time enough to walk half round the circle before they are able to get on again.

The stroll along the beach of that Cockney ocean the Serpentine, is delightful—the carriage-way is carefully watered, and the heat of the summer's day tempered by a refreshing breeze from the river. There is, on the one side and the other, as George Robins would say, a never-ending panorama of moving scenery. Now are we opposite the receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society, and pause a moment to admire the aptitude of the device carved in marble over the door—a cherub endeavouring to relight, with his breath, an extinguished lamp, with the touching and beautiful motto,

“Forsitan scintillula latet.”

Let us turn up this little path, and make our way to the Chalybeate Springs,—I should rather say to the site of the Chalybeate Springs—for they are long since dried up, and, like benefits conferred, are forgotten. Here they were in this

little glen, once the most beautiful and retired spot within the circumference of the Park, and would be so still, if some military Goths—the Board of Ordnance, I suspect—had not desecrated it by the erection of a very ugly barrack—all barracks are ugly, but this particular barrack, being located in a sweet pretty place, is superlatively ugly—we wonder the Board of Ordnance has not a little more taste! A little further on, and we come to a couple of leafless old trees—nature's own ruins—ivy-mantled, and carefully defended from the rude assaults of idle men and boys by an iron paling—two venerable old cripples are they—what names they are known by I am sure I know not—but this I know, that I never look upon them without humming the old Scottish, old-world, old folks' tune of "John Anderson my jo."

Now, the classic bridge over the Serpentine—a very neat fresh-water bridge as you would wish to see in a summer-day—attracts our architectural optics, and beneath its arches we catch on our picturesque retina small patches of the verdant green of Kensington Gardens, whither we are tending. We are assuredly in the country now?—no such thing; for just at our nose is a powder magazine, of an exploded order of architecture, that transports us back again to the piazza of Covent Garden. Heaven sends fields and groves, hills and dales, wood and water, and ever in the midst of these, the devil sends one of his chosen architects; or, what is ten times worse, the Board of Ordnance sends one of theirs, to dissolve the charm, and to load the lovely earth with uglinesses not her own!

We are on the bridge of the Serpentine—over the keystone of the centre arch; and without affectation—that is, without Cockney affectation—there are few points of view in the immediate vicinity of great cities more attractive than this. To the east lies the whole length of the Serpentine, and to the west extends the sweep of the same river as it bends towards Bayswater, where it enters the Park, with the gently swelling banks rising on either side. The view from the high grounds near Cumberland gate is also very fine, and the Queen's ride affords many pleasing prospects to the right and left. From the termination of this

noble avenue we enter, by a foot gate,

KENSINGTON GARDENS,

Which consisted originally, as we are told by Pennant, of only twenty-six acres. Queen Anne added thirty acres, which were laid out by her gardener, Mr Wise; but the principal additions were made by the late Queen, who took in near three hundred acres out of Hyde Park, which were laid out by Bridgeman. They are now three and a half miles in circumference. The broad walk, which extends from the palace along the south side of the gardens, is in the spring a very fashionable promenade, especially on Sunday mornings. Kensington Gardens have been the subject of several poems, one especially by Tickell, of which we would here insert some extracts did space permit. The present extent of these gardens is somewhere about three hundred and thirty-six acres, with eight acres of water, occupying a circular pond to the west of the palace—an ugly edifice, as all our metropolitan palatial edifices are—but unpretending enough; nor, unlike its precious colleague in St James's Park, does it superadd impudence to vulgarity. At this season of the year Kensington Gardens look remarkably well; they have an air more park-like, more secluded, than any of the other public walks of the metropolis, and afford a more unbroken shelter from the noonday heat. Here is solitude, a seclusion, as complete as can be wished for in the immediate vicinity of a great city; the noise, confusion, and racket of the mighty Babylon close by, is lost in the distance, save when the booming bell of St Paul's is heard to thunder forth the fleeting hour. The trees here are more numerous, more lofty, and cast a greater breadth of shade than in the Parks; but then, regarded individually, they are comparatively insignificant. The grounds are skilfully laid out, partly in the Dutch, partly in the English taste, which combination of the artificial formal, with the more natural irregular style, when cleverly executed, forms the perfection of landscape-gardening. This union of grandeur and breadth of effect with a certain degree of natural arrangement has been very well hit off in these gardens—the long, unbroken, regular avenues of green sward, with the dense columnar

masses of foliage between, have something majestic in their appearance ; while the absence of statues, hermitages, marble temples, bronze sarcophagi, and spouting monsters, relieve the scene from that constrained and artificial appearance that attends the vast majority of parks laid out in this style.

Our continental brethren carry this adornment of their public walks to a ridiculous excess. One would imagine that such places were intended as retreats from the bustle of cities ; but a stranger entering the gardens of the Tuileries, for example, so far from being solaced with the agreeable delusion of retirement, finds himself introduced into the society of marble gentlemen and ladies, dying gladiators, gold and silver fish, orange-trees stuck in green gallipots, and tritons spewing water in his face at every angle ; so that he begins to feel himself altogether out of his element, and half inclined to resign the privilege of the promenade to the courtly creations of the magic pencil of Watteau, with their laced pocket-holes, clouded canes, velvet embroidery, and ruffles of *Point d'Espagne*. In Kensington Gardens, on the contrary, the lounge is not obliged to be so much upon his good behaviour ; he can enjoy a stroll sufficiently retired for all reasonable purposes ; and, if he does not object to good company, the broad walk affords good company in abundance,—literary ladies with the last new novel—cooing turtles, squeezing the last drops of ambrosia out of the expiring honeymoon—and faded old gentlemen, in sky-blue coats, virgin waistcoats, Isabella-coloured “smalls,” and black gaiters, who emerge from their neat suburban villas of Kensington, Gore, and Bayswater, to take the air, and sigh for the brocaded petticoats, high-heeled shoes, hoops, and powdered toupees of half-a-century ago.

The view from the centre of this broad walk, exactly in front of the Palace, is one of the finest afforded any where in the vicinity of the metropolis. The trees, drawn up in close column like a rifle brigade of his Majesty the Emperor of Brobdignag—the vistas between, extending far away into the shady distance—the verdure of the sward, which is here more luxuriant and unbroken than in the Parks—the air of quiet and seclusion

that is breathed over the scene, make it altogether superior to any thing the vicinity of towns can afford to the eye wearied with an universe of brick and mortar.

In the fashionable season, when the military bands assemble here for practice, which they usually do on every Tuesday and Friday, from four to six in the afternoon, near the bridge of the Serpentine, the concourse of fashionable people is immense—and the scene altogether of great animation. But it is time to proceed to the only remaining lobe of the Lungs of London : therefore, leaving Kensington Gardens by the Bayswater Gate, we make our way through a neighbourhood that has sprung up, like a mushroom, in one night—by the way, where or when, does any body think, will London stop?—we skirt the Great Western Railway station, enter Paddington, so to St John's Wood, and find ourselves passing through Hanover Gate to the outer circle of

THE REGENT'S PARK.

This estate of the Crown was formerly the outer park attached to the royal mansion of Henry VIII. at Marylebone, which was taken down in the year 1790. It consists of 543 acres, and was granted by three Crown leases, the family of Hinds being possessed of 9-24 parts of the property for a term of years, which expired January 24th, 1806, the other 15-24ths being possessed by the Duke of Portland for a term of years, expiring January 24th, 1811.

Soon after this, the then Commissioners of Woods and Forests contemplated improvements of a more extensive kind than had originally been thought of—the long-cherished design of the Crown being to convert the Marylebone estate into a military farm, of which we find the following notice in an early number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* :—

“The intended Military Park at Wel-ling's farm, Marylebone, is nearly laid out. Two grand barracks are to be erected, one on each wing, spacious enough for the reception of 3000 men; the whole is to be inclosed with a belt of forest-trees, a considerable part of which is already planted, and on the outside of which will be a circular drive, open to the public, to an extent of four miles.”

This barbarous notion of covering a lovely tract of land with barracks, and converting it into a grand parade ground, was long after altogether abandoned; and in 1811, when the Duke of Portland's lease had expired, several eminent architects were invited by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to survey the Crown lands of Marylebone Park, and, after considering the several documents communicated to them, to report upon the most advantageous and eligible method of letting the property, "always having in view the beauty of the metropolis, and the health and convenience of the public."

In pursuance of these instructions, surveys were made, and plans submitted by Mr White, Messrs Leverton and Chawner, and of that architectural nuisance, Mr John Nash, whose plans had the sole merit of being the plans of the surveyor to the Office of Woods and Forests, and for that sole reason were, of course, preferred, and the plan carried into execution, with slight alterations as it now appears. Space will not permit us to give a detailed description of the beauties of the Regent's Park; we must, therefore, be content with a slight sketch, or general survey, leaving the tasteful perambulator to detect the minuter excellences for himself. Although the newest of the Parks, this, even in its present immature state, is the most beautiful of any, and will become more and more so every succeeding year. It might with propriety be called the Park of Reunion, combining, as it does, all the excellences of all the public walks of the Metropolis,—extent—variety of prospect and of scenery—noble walks, of imposing breadth and longitudinal extent—a surface gently and pleasingly undulated—ornamental water—villas, encircled each by its little paradise of pleasure-ground—and, for its years, a very considerable quantity of shade.

The most beautiful portion of the Park is, as might be expected, that portion to the north, which is hardly interfered with by the hand of art, and where the natural disposition of the ground has scope to show itself; whereas, wherever the hand of Mr John Nash is manifest, beauty is at once exchanged for artificial littleness, as in his greater and his lesser cir-

cuses, his ornamental bridges over puddles four feet wide, his Swiss cottages, and his terraces crowned with cupolas, that convey to the mind of the spectator the idea of a grotesque giant in his dressing-gown and nightcap. By far the most extensive and varied view within the limits of this delightful retreat, is that from the rising ground immediately above the master's lodge of St Catharine's Hospital, embracing to the northward the gentle rise of Primrose Hill, behind it, the thickly wooded Hampstead, and its sister hill—close to your feet, the Babel of inarticulate sounds that greets your ears, indicates that modern Ark of Noah—the Zoological Gardens.

We have thus enumerated a very few of the leading features, to borrow a phrase of the prince of auctioneers, of the Lungs of London—the great vehicles of exercise, fresh air, health, and life to the myriads that congregate in the great metropolis. We have been sufficiently minute, we hope, without departing from our original plan of non-interference with the province of the guide-books, and yet not sufficiently discursive to disgust the reader with a subject in a moral, economical, national, and salutary point of view, so deeply interesting. We are surprised, we repeat, that this subject has not been taken up by abler pens—by Mr Jesse, for example, one of the most natural, easy, and graceful writers who ever put pen to paper on the subject of our parks and royal palaces—a worthy brother of the angle, too—one of Father Isaak's quiet decent men, who fear God, honour their king, love their neighbour, and peacefully go their ways a-fishing. We cannot help thinking the metropolitan parks would furnish a theme not unworthy the pen of this gentleman,

"The apt historian of our royal plains."

But we must not conclude without adverting once again to the moral, if we may so call it, of our description—to the great object, towards the realization whereof we were incited to put pen to paper on this subject. The total destitution of the people of the east end of the metropolis in the means of taking exercise, or gulping a mouthful of "caller" air, must have painfully obtruded itself on every body who is familiar with that *terra incog-*

nita eastward of Leadenhall; the very class of the population, too, which is the most helpless in its own behalf, and which most of all requires the extension of those blessings which for themselves they have neither the address, skill, or energy to obtain. It would be found, we do not in the least doubt, that the mortality of the metropolis is exactly in the inverse ratio of proximity and access to public parks and open spaces; and this, for all we know to the contrary, may have already been demonstrated by Mr Farr, or some other, equally high authority in vital statistics.

Whether or not, however, the necessity of public walks—when we say public, we *mean* public, not gentility-mongering places, but spaces thrown open freely and altogether to the lowest class of our labouring and manufacturing population; who need all the rational recreation we can afford them—is but too apparent. Genteel people are abundantly provided for already: they can afford to go down the Thames and up the Thames—to the suburbs, the parks, the country. Money, and their legs, will carry them whither they will; but with the poor artisan or labouring man it is not so. He cannot afford time or means to set out with his wife and children on a Sunday voyage of discovery—and to find the shades of night, perhaps, falling around him just as he has succeeded in

refreshing his eyes with a bit of any thing green.

Does any body suppose that the love of nature is not an instinct with the imprisoned poor of our great cities, and of our great city of cities in particular? Go through a crowded neighbourhood, crammed from the cellar to the attic with the children of toil, and look up at their windows; see the attempt the poor people make to cherish the belief in a world of verdure and freshness—of trees, and hills, and vales, and flowers, and birds—the little green box of cherished mignonette, the broken tea-pot with a bunch of primrose or of cowslip in it, the geranium in an old cracked jug; and the poor artisan himself, debarred as he is

—“The common air, and common use
Of his own limbs,”

nurturing, with almost paternal affection, his two or three little shrubs or flowers—who will have the impudence to deny the capacity of this man for enjoying that of which his condition in life almost precludes the possibility of enjoyment?

Let us hope that the Commissioners of Metropolitan Improvements will bestir themselves, and that in the east end of London—in Southwark and in Lambeth—something may be done in behalf of the creditable, industrious, and well-conducted manufacturing and labouring population of the vast metropolis of this vast empire.

PIETRO D'ABANO.

A TALE OF ENCHANTMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

CHAP. I.

THE FUNERAL.

THE red rays of the setting sun were streaming upon the towers and houses of Padua, when a young foreigner, who had just entered that city, found his attention attracted, and himself hurried forward, by a bustling concourse of people who were pushing eagerly along. He asked a young maiden, who was rapidly passing by him, what it was that had stirred up such an unwonted commotion. "Are you not aware," answered she, "that the funeral of the fair Crescentia, the young daughter of the house of Podesta, takes place this evening? Every one is anxious to look for the last time upon the face of her who was accounted the loveliest damsel in all Padua. Her parents are inconsolable."

The maiden could say no more, for by this time the pressure of the crowd had carried her to a considerable distance.

The foreigner, having turned the corner of a gloomy palace, and entered the main street, now heard the funeral dirge, and encountered the glare of the pale red torches; and, approaching nearer, he beheld a scaffold covered with black cloth. On this lofty black chairs had been placed, and on these were seated the disconsolate parents and relations of the dead maiden, all in profound sorrow, and some of them bearing in their countenances the expression of despair. Dark figures were now observed to issue from the doorway of the palace; and the priests, with their black attendants, bore forwards an open coffin, from which green wreaths of flowers were hanging. Pale, amid these blooming garlands, lay a female form in the raiment of the grave, her gentle hands, which held a crucifix, placidly folded on her bosom, her eyes closed, and her dark tresses, which fell in heavy masses around her head, entwined with a chaplet of roses, cypresses, and myrtles. The priests, having placed the coffin with its fair dead on the scaffold, prostrated themselves in prayer—the la-

mentations of the parents flowed forth afresh—the dirge of death broke out into more uncontrollable strains—and all seemed to share the burden of an almost insupportable sorrow. The foreigner thought he had never beheld any thing so beautiful as the corpse before him, which so wofully reminded him of the transitoriness of human life, with all its charms.

By this time the funeral bells were pealing, and the bearers were about to lift the coffin, in order to convey it to its vaulted tomb in the great church, when suddenly the mourners were disturbed and shocked by a loud noise of riotous rejoicing, and shouts of the most obstreperous mirth. All looked around them with indignation, to discover the cause of this ill-timed merriment, when there came thronging forth, out of another street, a procession of young people, singing and huzzaing almost without intermission. They turned out to be the students of the University, who were carrying on their shoulders an elderly man, who sate on his chair like a king on his throne, clothed in a purple mantle, his head covered with a doctor's cap, from under which his silver locks streamed forth, in unison with a long snowy beard which flowed majestically down his black doublet: and it was in honour of him, their renowned and venerable teacher, that all this shouting took place. A fool with bells, and in a party-coloured vest, went skipping along with the procession, and, by his pokings and jokings, was in the act of forcing a way through the funeral crowd; when, upon a sign from the venerable old man, the students lowered their burden, their teacher stepped down from his seat, and, with a sad and sympathetic aspect, approached the weeping parents. "Forgive us," said he earnestly, and with tears in his eyes; "forgive us for having disturbed this sad solemnity by our wild uproar. I am profoundly distressed and shocked. I have just returned

from my travels: my scholars insisted on celebrating my arrival by an outburst of rejoicing. I yielded to their entreaties and preparations; and now, amid our festivity, I find—alas, what do I find?—your *Crescentia dead*—that pattern of all grace and virtue dead, and lying before you here in her coffin. Around me I behold but the ghastly paraphernalia of the grave, and you mourning forms who are about to accompany her with tears and breaking hearts to her place of rest." Here he made a sign to his attendants, and addressed a few words to them. They had already all become silent, but now most of them withdrew, in order to allow the funeral to proceed without any interruption. Then came forward the bereaved and trembling mother, and sank down at the feet of the old man, and embraced his knees in a paroxysm of grief. "Alas! wherefore were you not present when my daughter died," cried she, in despair; "your art—your skill—would have saved her. Oh, Pietro! Pietro! you the friend of our family! How can you permit your darling—the apple of your eye, as you used to call her—to be torn from us for ever? Awaken her yet out of her sleep of death. Administer to her some of those miraculous essences which you know how to prepare. Oh, make her but once more to move among us, and to speak to us, and take, as thanks, every thing that we possess!"

"Do not thus give way to despair," answered Pietro d'Abano; "the Lord gave her, and the Lord hath taken her away: let us not be desirous of thwarting his wise determinations. What are we that we should murmur against him? Shall the son of dust, who flutters in the wind, lift up his weak voice

to challenge the eternal decrees? No! my friends, bear your affliction as pious parents ought to bear it. Sorrow ought to be the domesticated guest of our souls, as much as joy and pleasure: it also is sent down upon us from above: and He who counts all tears, who tries our hearts and our reins, He knows well what we weak mortals are fitted to endure." More to the same effect was uttered by the wise man of Abano, and he concluded thus:—"Carry her," my friends; "carry her whom you have lost to her place of rest, and follow her thither in resigned and God-given humility, so that no impious repinings on your part may disturb her spirit in its mansion of eternal peace."

All present were moved by these words. The father stretched forth his hand to the speaker, with a mute expression that he had given comfort to his soul. The funeral now proceeded on its way; and guided by the masks and other attendants, whose business it was to accompany the corpse, the procession had almost reached the church, when it was suddenly met by a young horseman, who came galloping forwards on a steed covered with foam. "What is the matter?" cried the young man. He threw a glance upon the coffin; and then, with a cry of despair, wheeling round his horse, darted off from the crowd; while his cap, falling from his head in the hurry of the movement, left his long locks floating behind him in the evening breeze. This was the bridegroom who had come to wed the fair *Crescentia*.

The shades of night now settled down on the mourners, and ended the ceremony: and the maiden's corpse was left to repose in the vault of her ancestors.

CHAP. II.

THE MONK.

As soon as the crowd had dispersed, Alphonso (for that was the name of the young foreigner who had followed the procession and taken part in the mourning) turned to an old priest who tarried alone in prayer over the grave. He longed to know who that majestic old man was, who appeared to him as if endowed with godlike power and supernatural wisdom. Accordingly, he respectfully interrogated the priest concerning him; upon which the latter, standing still, keenly scrutinized

his countenance by the light of a lamp which shone upon them from a window hard by. The old priest was a little emaciated figure, whose small pale visage enhanced the fire that burned in his penetrating eyes. His tight-drawn lips trembled as he replied, in a tone of displeasure,—

"What! know you not our world-renowned Pietro d'Abano, a name which is in the mouths of all Paris, London, the Germanic empire, and the whole of Italy? Know you not the

great philosopher and physician, astronomer and astrologer, to receive whose instructions the unbridled youth even of distant Poland come flocking hither in shoals?"

On hearing this name, the young Spaniard receded a step in delighted astonishment; for it was the fame of this great man which had attracted him also to Padua, across the sea from Barcelona.

"It was indeed himself, then!" cried he, in a tone of enthusiasm. Hence it was that my heart was so deeply moved;—*my* soul instinctively recognised *his*. And you, my reverend friend, how much I love you because you also appear to revere this great man as much as any saint or martyr in the calendar."

"Is it your intention to study under this man?" asked the priest, in a harsh angry tone.

"Certainly it is," replied Alphonso, "if he will deign to receive me as his pupil."

The old man stood still, and, laying his hand on the youth's shoulder, addressed him in gentler accents.

"My dear young friend, the season of safety is not yet past; pray, give ear to my fatherly warning before it be too late. Do not deceive yourself, as multitudes have already done, but be on your guard, and preserve your precious soul from the snares of the tempter."

"I understand you not, father," replied Alphonso. "Did not you yourself see and hear how piously, how Christian-like, and with what overpowering majesty that glorious being spake, when by his heavenly consolations he turned back into the right path those who had been led astray by the affliction their too fond love was groaning under?"

"Ay! what is there he dare not, he cannot do, juggler and sorcerer that he is?" cried the old priest, much excited.

"Sorcerer!" exclaimed Alphonso. "It appears, then, that you also share in the foolish fancy of the rabble, who, being incapable of appreciating the science of lofty minds, will believe every thing that is absurd, rather than strengthen their own understandings by gazing on the sublime career of a mortal like themselves."

"If you have already gone so far in your admiration of him," returned the priest, "you have but little occa-

sion to enter yourself as a pupil in his famous school; it is manifest that he has already caught you in his magic snares. Thus it is that he entraps every heart that beats in his neighbourhood. Yes, heathen as he is, he has this day spoken like a Christian minister, and coloured his lying schemes with the hues of holiness. Thus it was that he gained an ascendancy in the house of Podesta. The poor Crescentia, on her deathbed, could scarcely find her way back into the bosom of the Holy Church, so much had she been led astray by the false doctrines which this wicked hypocrite wove, in poisonous meshes, around her young soul. Thank Heaven, however, she has escaped him! The Lord has called her to himself, and, visiting her with a mortal sickness, has saved her soul at the expense of her body."

The speakers had now reached the open square. The youth was in a state of excitement, and gave vent to his feelings thus:—

"Pray, Mr Priest, whence comes this spirit of furious envy on your part? Is not the secret of it this, that the more you see the world day after day falling away from its obedience to you, the more are you determined to beat down beneath your exterminating curse the new spirit—the spirit of eternal truth—which is now beginning to quicken every region of the globe. In vain, however, would you endeavour to smother this spirit, and restore your musty legends to the place they once held in the estimation of the people."

"Be it so, then," cried the old man, in high indignation. "Let us have Averroes instead of Christ, Aristotle instead of Almighty God, and your Pietro here—that Iscariot—instead of the Holy Ghost! But wait a while: watch the end of this man, and see whether the seven spirits over whom he exercises a sorcerer's power, together with that *Famulus* of his—that imp of hell—will be able, when his hour comes, to rescue him from a most miserable doom."

"Was his *Famulus* present to-day?" asked Alphonso.

"Did you not observe the spectre that was dizzened out in fool's attire—the humpbacked abortion, with distorted hands and arms, bowed shins, leering eyes, and monstrous nose projecting from a hideous visage? That was his *Famulus*, or familiar attendant."

"I thought that figure had had a mask on."

"Not a bit of him," said the priest; there is no occasion for *him* to mask himself. Take him as nature has made him, and he is already a mask and a monster. If ever there was a spirit of hell upon earth, this Berecynth, as they call him, is that spirit. But it is drawing late; will you put up with the

accommodations of our cloister until you have provided yourself with a lodging elsewhere?"

The young foreigner declined this invitation, chiefly on account of the very different opinions which each of them entertained respecting the subject of their late discussion; and they parted mutually dissatisfied.

CHAP. III.

THE ROBBER'S DEN.

The young Florentine, who had met in a miserable hour the funeral of her who was to have been his bride, rushed like a madman through the city gates, and took his course in reckless haste through wood and wold. When he found himself in the open country, many were the bitter curses he poured forth against the world and his own fate; and, tearing his hair, he again dashed onwards, unconscious whether he was going. He spurred against the wind, which blew upon him with the freshness of night, as if to cool the burning fever of his cheeks. At length his horse, stumbling and overdriven, fairly sank under him, and he was compelled to continue his career on foot. He knew not where he was, or what he would be at: only, encompassed by the black infinitude, he prayed despairingly for death. "Oh, death, take me to thyself, and still the beatings of this stormy heart! Would that I might this moment expire in mortal pangs, so that my place might know me no more in the light of to-morrow's sun, and that no beam of his might ever again awaken me to the consciousness of my woe. Am I not the most miserable of all living creatures?—and all the more so, because a few hours ago I was the happiest of men. Alas for youthful love, which ends by bringing such bitter disappointment to all the rapturous feelings of the heart!"

The rain, which for some time had been drizzling through the cold air, now began to descend in heavier drops. The youth was already deep in the forest, and no shelter, as far as he knew, was at hand. He began to collect his scattered senses; his anguish grew milder, and tears at length forced themselves from his eyes. His hatred of life became less and less intense, and he felt as if comfort were poured into his troubled soul by the soft voice of the dark sobbing night.

While he stood in suspense, considering whether he should search for his lost horse, or shelter himself from the storm in any hole or cranny he could find, his eye was suddenly caught by a distant light, which, dancing behind bush and dale, appeared to greet him with a friendly glance through the thick darkness. He hastened after the flickle fire, which now vanished and now re-appeared. All his faculties and feelings were bound up as if in slumber—his whole being felt as if wrapt in a dream.

The storm was now raging with fearful violence; and after struggling on for some time, almost blinded by the lightning and deafened by the thunder, he found himself close to the light by which he had been attracted. He knocked at the window of a small cottage which stood behind some trees, and begged for admittance and shelter from the inclemency of the elements. A loud hoarse voice answered from within, but the youth could not distinguish the words, for the tempest and the rain and the tossing trees raved so frightfully around him, that no other sound could be distinctly heard.

The door of the cottage entered from the garden, through which, having passed, he was conducted by a female hand along a dark passage into a small chamber, in which there was a lighted lamp and a fire burning on the hearth. In a corner beside the lamp sate a hideous old woman spinning. The young maid who had introduced him busied herself about the fireplace, and kept so moving about that he was unable to obtain a near or correct view of her countenance; while the deafening peals of thunder for a long time rendered any thing like conversation impossible.

"This is a dreadful storm!" said the old woman in a croaking voice,

during a lull in the tempest. "From whence come you, young man?"

"From Padua this evening."

"That is a long way," cried the old woman; "twenty good miles from hence. What business have you here, in a place to which no high-road leads?"

"I know not," replied the youth. "The miserable are incapable of forming plans, or of taking thought for the future. Well would it be if there were no futurity at all in reserve for me."

"Badly said, badly said, young man; you must not speak so. What!" exclaimed she, rising up and scrutinizing him by the light of the lamp—"A Florentine! by all that's wonderful. It is long since I have cast eyes on the garb of fair Florence. This visit must betoken me some good-luck. Truly this storm has sent me a welcome guest; for know, my young sir, that I myself come from that blessed country—from Florence. Ah! what would I give to tread thy soil once more, and to behold thy beloved mountains and gardens! But your name, my dear young master?"

"Antonio Cavalcanti," answered the youth, who felt his heart somewhat warmed towards the old hag, because she was his countrywoman.

"Oh, glorious name!" exclaimed she, enthusiastically, "Cavalcanti! years ago I knew a man of that name, Guido Cavalcanti."

"He was my father," said Antonio.

"And he is dead?"

"He is dead," said the young man; "and my mother, too, has long since been taken from me."

"I know it, my beautiful youth," cried the old woman. "It is now fifteen years since she died. Alas! she yielded up her spirit in an unhappy time. And your dear good father, I have to thank him that I was not condemned some years afterwards to the fagot. The judges had taken it into their heads that I was a witch, and would not be convinced to the contrary. But, by his threats and entreaties, my Lord Guido bore me through, and they at length consented merely to banish me from my native land. And now the storm has driven the son of my benefactor into my poor little hut! Give me your hand, my young master."

Antonio gave her his hand, and, al-

though inwardly repelled by her forbidding appearance, he constrained himself to appear gay, and listened attentively to the tattling of the old dame, who, on account of her former acquaintance with his family, seemed inclined to exert a sort of authority over him. But what was his astonishment and consternation when she suddenly cried out—"Crescentia?"

"For God's sake!" cried the youth, trembling all over, "do you know her?—do you behold her? Do you know any thing at all about her?"

"What ails you?" shrieked the old woman. "I think I ought to know something about her, seeing that she is my own daughter. Look yourself, how the lazy wench sits yonder fast asleep, allowing the fire to go out, and our supper to grow cold."

She took the lamp, and approached the hearth. And now the youth's bewilderment may be conceived, when he beheld Crescentia before him, just as he had seen her that very evening lying in her coffin, in Padua. The pale countenance, the closed eyes, the heavy tresses, and all the features, were those of his bride-elect; her small hands, also, were folded, and between them lay an image of our Saviour on the cross. Her white robe heightened the illusion.

"She is dead!" cried he, gazing upon her, and rooted to the spot.

"She is lazy, the idle huzzy!" croaked the hag, shaking the fair sleeper. "The useless baggage can do nothing but pray and sleep."

Crescentia aroused herself, and her confusion heightened her charms. Antonio was wellnigh distracted when he saw before him her whom he thought he had lost for ever.

"Old sorceress!" cried he with vehemence—"Where am I? And what image is that which you have placed before my wandering senses? Speak!—who is that blessed being? Crescentia, is it really thou? Dost thou still know thine own Antonio? Tell me how comest thou to be here?"

"Hollo! my young gallant," cried the old woman, "really you rave, as if you had lost your judgment. Is the storm still raging in your brain?—has the lightning blasted your reason? This girl is my daughter, and has ever been so as far as I know."

"I know you not," said Crescentia, blushing deeply and addressing Antonio. "I have never been in Padua."

"Come," said the old woman, interrupting them, "let us go to supper."

The meal was set, and consisted of vegetables and a flask of rich Florentine wine, which the old dame produced out of a small cupboard. Antonio could eat but little. He kept his eyes riveted on Crescentia, and his disturbed fancy was ever whispering him that she was his dead bride. Then, again, he believed that he lay bound up in a heavy dream—the victim of a delirium which changed all the objects around him—that, perhaps, at that moment he was in the city, in his own home, suffering under the pressure of his own wild imaginations, and incapable of perceiving or recognising any of his friends, who yet might be weeping around him, and striving to comfort his afflicted spirit.

The storm was now past, and the stars were shining in the dark quiet sky. The old woman ate well, and drank better of the sweet wine. "Come, Master Antonio," said she, after a pause, "tell us what it was that took you to Padua, and brought you hither."

Antonio started from his reverie.

"You are certainly entitled," replied he, "to interrogate your guest; besides, you appear to have known my father, and, perhaps, my mother also."

"Well, indeed, did I know her," said the old woman. "No one knew her better. Ay, ay, she died just six months before your father made out his second marriage with the Marchioness of Manfredi."

"So you are acquainted with that circumstance, too, are you?"

"Yes, truly," continued she; "it appears as if I had that fair puppet for ever before mine eyes. Tell me, is your beautiful stepmother still alive? When she came up from the country to be married, she was just in the heyday of her charms."

"I cannot tell you," said Antonio, with a sigh, "all that I endured at the hands of this stepmother. She had thrown the spells of enchantment, as it were, around my father, who would rather have acted with the greatest injustice towards his oldest friends, and his own son, than have subjected her to the smallest inconvenience. But matters between him and her were at length very much changed. Yet, I believe, my heart now suffered more from witnessing their mutual hatred, than it had for-

merly done under its own multiplied vexations."

"It appears, then, that matters went on bitter bad in your household?" enquired the old woman with a discordant chuckle.

Antonio darted a keen glance at the hag as he replied, in a tone of confusion, "I know not how I have been led to speak, in this place, of my own misery and that of my parents."

The old woman drained the red wine which stood mantling in her glass like blood, and with loud laughter replied—"I know no such glorious sport—no such perfect heaven upon earth—as is to be witnessed when we see a husband and wife, once a most loving couple, now living together like cat and dog—tearing, scolding, and banning one another like two tigers, and both ready to devote themselves to Satan, provided by doing so each can annoy the other, or break the band that unites them. That, my boy, is the divinest spectacle that human life affords, and greatly is the sport enhanced if we know that the pair, in the early delirium of their passion, broke through every law of God and man in order to come together, and to tie the bands which they now abominate so heartily. That, believe me, is a high festival for Satan and all his powers, and is celebrated as a jubilee throughout hell with tinkling cymbals. And now, touching these family affairs of yours— But I must hold my tongue—perhaps I might say too much."

Crescentia looked sorrowfully towards the astonished Antonio. "Never mind her," whispered she. "She is drunk, miserable woman."

But the old woman's words had powerfully recalled to the mind of Antonio the past, with all its dismal scenes. The gloomy day came back upon his soul in which he had seen his stepmother on her deathbed, and his father, in despair, cursing the hour of his birth, and entreating forgiveness of the spirit of his first wife.

"Have you nothing more to tell us?" asked the old woman, arousing him with these words out of his deep reverie.

"What more can I have?" said Antonio, bitterly. "You appear to know all about me, or to have learnt it by means of some sort of second sight. Need I tell you that it was our old servant Roberto who poisoned my stepmother, stirred up to revenge by

her dislike of him, and that he afterwards endeavoured, most accursedly, to fasten the crime on my father? He escaped from prison, scaled the wall of the garden, and, in the grotto there, plunged his dagger into my father's heart."

"Roberto! the old Roberto!" cried the hag as if in high glee; "ay, ay, what is there that one does not live to learn! This Roberto was in his early years a right good hypocrite—to all appearance a most holy dog; but he is now become, as I hear, a lad of the most determined metal. He stabbed him in the grotto, too?—well, it is wonderful how all things hang together. In that same grotto your father often sat with his first bride in the early years of their love, and there did he first swear to her eternal constancy. But drink, my son, drink, and go on with your story."

"I swore to avenge my father's death," said Antonio.

"Quite right," answered the old woman; "revenge, revenge is a sweet and precious word!"

"But Roberto," added Antonio, "had escaped, and was nowhere to be found."

"What a pity!" cried she. "And now the thirst for revenge drives you through the world in pursuit of him?"

"It does. I have traversed Italy and searched every city, but as yet have discovered no trace of the murderer. The fame of Pietro d'Abano at length made me a sojourner in Padua. I wished to learn wisdom from his lips; but when I was introduced to the family of Podesta"—

"Now, speak out, child!"

"I know not what to say. I know not whether I am mad or dreaming. There I beheld the daughter of that house, the charming, the lovely Crescentia: and here also I behold her very self. Surely that funeral ceremony was a bad unseasonable jest, and surely this disguise, this flight into the wilderness, is just as ill-timed a deception. Discover yourself, discover yourself to me, my dear delightful Crescentia; do you not know that my heart lives only in your bosom? Wherefore subject me to this cruel trial? Perhaps your parents are in the next room, and hear all that we are saying. Oh! if so, let them be called in. I have now suffered enough from this terrible test, which has been like to drive me mad."

The pale Crescentia gazed upon

him with such an unutterable woefulness of expression, that tears forced themselves from his eyes. "The man is surely drunk!" said the old woman. "Come, tell me, is the daughter of Podesta dead? And when did she die?"

"This very evening," answered the weeping Antonio, "I met her funeral."

"Is it possible?" cried the old woman, delighted, and filling herself another glass. "That will be good news for the family of Marconi in Venice."

"Why so?" asked Antonio.

"Because they are now the sole heirs of the wealthy Podesta. This is what that crafty family wished, but scarcely could have hoped ever to be."

"Woman!" cried Antonio, with renewed astonishment, "you know every thing!"

"Not quite every thing," returned she, "but some things; and witchcraft, let me tell you, has something to do with it. Do not be too much shocked: but it was not for nothing that these Florentine gentry wished to bring me to the stake. Look me in the face, youngster, and brush aside the locks from your forehead. There now, give me your left hand—now your right. Well, that is strange and wonderful!—a terrible danger impends over you, but if you survive it, you shall again behold your beloved one."

"T'other side the grave!" sighed Antonio.

"*T'other side the grave!*" shouted the old woman, reeling with intoxication—"T'other side—what means that? I say on *this* side of it. T'other side, indeed! The grave has no t'other side. What words fools make use of!"

Antonio was about to give her an angry answer, when Crescentia threw upon him such a beseeching glance, as much as to say, "Spare my mother!" that his indignation was completely disarmed. The old woman now began to yawn and rub her eyes, and at length, overpowered by her repeated draughts of strong wine, she sank down fast asleep. The fire was extinguished on the hearth, and the lamp was burning low. Antonio stood meditating on his strange situation, and Crescentia was sitting at the window on a low footstool. At length the wearied youth put the question—"Where am I to sleep?"

"There is a chamber above us,"

said Crescentia, with a sigh—and now for the first time he remarked that she had been weeping bitterly. She trimmed the lamp, and preceded him in silence. He followed her up the narrow steps, and when they had entered the small dark chamber, the maid placed the lamp on a table, and was in the act of retiring. However, when she got to the door, she turned round and surveyed the young man with a deathlike glance; she stood for a moment trembling before him, and then, uttering a loud shriek, fell in convulsions at his feet. "What ails you, my dear child?" said he, lifting her up. "Be composed, and tell me your affliction."

"No," cried the weeping damsel, "let me lie where I am. Would to God that I could die this moment at your feet! This is too dreadful. And I can do nothing. I cannot prevent it. Dumb and powerless, I must be a spectator of the infernal deed. Alas! you are a doomed man."

"Collect yourself," said Antonio, comforting her, "and tell me plainly what is the meaning of all this."

"I resemble," said she, in a voice broken by violent sobs—"I resemble, you say, your dead love, and yet I am she whose hand must lead you to a murder-grave. It is easy for my mother to foretell that some terrible danger is near you, knowing as she does the company that harbour nightly in this den. No man ever went forth alive out of this hell. Every moment brings nearer and nearer the steps of the dreadful Ildefons and the accursed Andrea, with their helpmates and followers. And yet I can do nothing but be the herald of your death. I can afford you no help, and no means of escape."

Antonio became alarmed. In considerable agitation, he groped for his sword, and examined the point of his dagger: and then he felt his courage and determination revive. Ardently as he had wished for death, he now felt that there was something too dreadful in meeting it in a robber's den. "But you, my girl," said he—"you, with such a countenance, and such a form—how can you consent to be the companion and helpmate of these murderous ruffians?"

"I cannot escape," answered she, "otherwise how gladly would I fly this house. And, alas! it has been determined that to-morrow I shall be carried away across the sea—the wife

of Andrea or Ildefons. Would to God that I might perish now!"

"Come," cried Antonio, "the door is open. Fly with me—the night—the wood will protect us."

"Behold!" said the maiden, how strongly the windows are secured by thick iron stanchels. The door of the house is fastened with a great lock, the key of which my mother never parts with. Did you not observe how she turned the bolt immediately after you had entered the house?"

"We might dispatch the old hag," said Antonio, "and then obtain possession of her key."

"Murder my mother!" cried the maiden, turning pale, and clinging to Antonio, so that he could not stir hand or foot.

The young man quieted her apprehensions. He then proposed, that as the old woman was intoxicated and fast asleep, they should softly abstract the key from her side, then open the door and escape. Crescentia appeared to have some hopes of the success of this plan. They therefore descended gently into the lower chamber, in which they found the old woman still sleeping soundly. Crescentia, with trembling hands, sought and found the key, and after some time, succeeded in loosening it from her girdle. She made a sign to the youth: they softly approached the door, and cautiously inserted the key into the lock: Antonio was in the act of forcing back the bolt with a firm noiseless hand, when he found that another person was, at the same moment, turning the lock from the outside. The door opened, and there stood before him, face to face, a huge savage-looking man. "Ildefonso!" shrieked the maiden; and the youth recognised at the first glance the murderer of his father—Roberto.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the robber, in a hoarse voice. "How came you by the key?"

"Roberto!" exclaimed Antonio, seizing the ruffian furiously by the throat. They struggled violently together; but the strength and activity of the youth at length prevailed: he hurled the miscreant to the earth, and planting his knee upon his breast, plunged his dagger into his heart. Mean-while, the old dame awoke with loud cries: she sprang up, and tore away her daughter from the scene of strife, with shrieks and

curses: she dragged her into the upper chamber, and bolted the door from within. Antonio was about to go up stairs to burst open the door, when several dark figures entered the cottage, and were not a little astonished to find their leader dead upon the floor. "I now am your captain!" cried a stout figure, all over ornaments, savagely drawing his sword as he said it. "Yes, provided Crescentia be given up to me"—replied a younger robber fiercely. In a moment their swords were crossed, and they fell murderously to work. The lamp was upset, and they fought in the darkness from corner to corner, amid yells and curses. "Are ye mad?" cried another voice, striking in during the fray—"Ye will allow the stranger to escape. Cut him down first, and settle your own disputes afterwards." But the combatants, blind with rage, heard not what was said. The first streaks of dawn were now beginning to dapple the horizon. At this moment, Antonio felt a hand aiming at his throat: he struck the murderer from him: "I am slain," cried the latter, falling to the earth—"Fools, why don't ye guard the door, and prevent his escape?" Mean-while, Antonio had got to the open door—he bolted through the garden, and over the hedge, with the robbers at his heels. He was only a few paces ahead of them, and they did their best to overtake him. Followed by their yells and

threats, he reached a spot in the wood from which several pathways diverged, and was uncertain which to take. He looked behind him, and seeing that his pursuers were separated, he attacked the nearest of them, and disabled him from following further. But, at the same instant, he heard renewed shouts, and looking into the wood, he saw new assailants coming upon him from a side-path, and likely to cut off his retreat. In this perplexity, he luckily fell in with his horse, grazing in a small open space, and seemingly quite refreshed. He lost not a moment in springing upon its back; and no sooner had he seized the bridle, than the animal, as if aware of his master's danger, carried him along a beaten track, with the speed of the wind, out of the wood. By degrees, the cries of his pursuers became fainter and fainter: he reached the open country; and by the time he had recovered from his frightful adventure, the city spires appeared shining before him in the light of the morning sun.

The strange appearance he presented, without his hat, and with his dress otherwise disordered, excited great curiosity among the crowds of country people whom he fell in with on their way to the market, and the citizens looked upon him with astonishment as he dismounted before the great palace of Podesta.

CHAP. IV.

THE INCANTATION.

That same night there were strange doings at Padua, which, as yet, men little wot of. No sooner had darkness enveloped the city in its heavy folds, than Pietro d'Abano set about arranging all the utensils and instruments of his art, for the performance of a mysterious and wonderful operation. He was clothed in a long robe inwrought with hieroglyphics; already had he described the magic circle on the floor of his apartment, and made all the other preparations requisite for ensuring the mighty result which he desired. He had diligently scrutinized the position of the stars, and now was waiting patiently for the propitious moment which was to crown all his expectations.

His attendant, the hateful Berecynth, was likewise clothed in magi-

cal attire, and moved about fetching and arranging all things according to his master's commands. Painted coverlets were spread upon the walls, and along the floor of the chamber: the great magic mirror was set upright; and now the moment drew on which the enchanter deemed most favourable for his schemes.

"Have you placed the crystals within the circle?" cried Pietro. "I have," answered the caricature of humanity, bustling about unweariedly among the phials, glasses, human skeletons, and other extraordinary furniture which littered that strange apartment. The incense-vessel was now produced—a flame was kindled on the altar—and the magician drew forth cautiously, and with almost trembling hand, from an innermost

recess, the mighty book of his science. "Is it time?" cried Berecynth. "Peace!" said the old man solemnly, "and disturb not the holy charm with any useless mischievous babbling." He read, at first softly, and then in a louder and more vehement voice, as he moved up and down, with measured steps, within the circle. After a time, he stopped and cried out, "Go, and see what sort of appearance the heavens present."

"Thick darkness," answered his servant, returning, "is over the face of the sky; the clouds are gathering, and rain is beginning to fall." "The heavens are propitious!" cried the old man—"we must succeed." He now knelt down, and, muttering imprecations, frequently touched the floor with his forehead. His countenance was flushed, and his eyes sparkled. He muttered the holy names which man is forbid to speak; and after a while he again sent his servant out to examine the firmament. Mean-while, the gathering storm began to rage with all its force; lightning and thunder were slipt from their leashes, and the house trembled to its foundations. "Hearken to the storm!" cried Berecynth, coming back in haste,—"Hell has broken loose from below, and is abroad with all his fires; and what with the crashing thunderbolts that are bursting upon us from above, the globe herself is almost shaken from her sphere. Cease your incantations, lest the very bands break which hold the solid universe together!"

"Fool! madman!" cried the magician—"Peace with that drivelling chatter! Haste and throw wide open all the doors—the door of the house also."

The dwarf departed to execute his master's commands. The magician, in the mean time, lighted the consecrated tapers. With shuddering steps he approached the great torch which stood upon a lofty stand, and when it, too, had taken fire, then he prostrated himself to the ground, and offered up louder and louder adjurations. His eyes streamed with fire; his limbs trembled as if convulsively; and the cold sweat of anxiety burst forth from every pore. With frantic gestures, and in dreadful terror, the dwarf came bounding back from his errand, and took refuge within the circle. "The world is bursting into pieces!" cried he, with pale features and chattering teeth. "All the elements of horror

and fury are abroad; but every living creature has retreated into the innermost recess of its dwelling, in order to escape the anguish of this terrible time."

The old man raised his countenance from the ground, death-pale, and with an expression of unfathomable horror, cried aloud in a strange accent—"Silence! miserable slave! and disturb not the work. Take heed that you lose not your senses. The most appalling is yet to come."

With a loud voice, as if he would burst his chest, he again commenced reading and praying. His breath often failed; and the violent exertions he made, appeared as if they would kill him. Then suddenly was heard a confused noise of voices wrangling with one another. They whispered—they raved—they laughed—they blended together in song; and with the whole was mixed up an intricate chiming of strange instruments. All the utensils now became living, and danced up and down the apartment. From every wall in the house, strange creatures of all kinds came pouring forth—beasts and monsters, abortions and living caricatures of the most abominable description—and writhed and twisted themselves about in figures of the most complicated variety.

"Master!" cried Berecynth, "the house will soon be too small to hold them. What is to be done with this interminable host of spectres? Surely they must eat up one another. Alas! woe's me! each one of them is ever developing itself into ghastlier and more frantic numbers. I shall lose my senses amid their swarms, their yellings, and sifings—their bursts of laughter, and shrieks of passionate dreariment. Look! master, look! the walls are dilating—the chambers are stretching themselves away into vistas of infinity. We stand amid immeasurable halls. The ceilings are lifting themselves up into vaults of unfathomable height. And still the phantoms are shooting forth on all sides, and ever keep multiplying themselves with the growing space. What is to be done? Have you no succour for us amid the trials of this dreadful hour?"

Here Pietro raised himself up, dreadfully exhausted. "Look out once more," said he in a low voice; direct thine eyes to the Cathedral, and tell me what thou see'st."

"If I stir a step," said Berecynth in perplexity, "I shall trample on the heads of these good people here. They are writhing on all sides of me like snakes, and laughing scornfully in my face. Are they spirits—real substantial goblins, or mere empty phantoms? I say, you devils, unless you get out of my way, I shall certainly tread on the green or blue snouts of some of you. Let every one look out for himself!" So saying, he dashed into the midst of them.

All was now still, and Pietro stood up. He made a sign, and the whole spectre host vanished from the place. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, and drew his breath more freely. Here his servant returned, and said, "Master, every thing is now quiet and gracious. At first, light phantoms went flying past me, and vanished in the dark sky; and then, when I had fixed my eyes on the Cathedral, a mighty peal arose, as if all the chords of a giant's harp had at once been made shiver, while, at the stroke, every street and house trembled. Then the great door of the cathedral flew open; sweet flutings arose upon the air, and a soft serene light flooded the interior of the church. A female form came forth into the beams, pale, but radiant as an angel, and crowned with a coronet of flowers. She stepped out of the church door, and an escort of gentle lights guided her steps along the streets through which she had to pass. With erect head and folded hands she glided on towards our dwelling. Is this she whom you expect?"

"Take this golden key," answered Pietro, "and open with it the innermost and most sumptuous apartment in my house. The purple couch is spread, and the perfumes are burning. Then betake yourself to rest. Make no further enquiries about what you have witnessed to-night. Be silent and obedient, as you value your life."

"I know my own place, I believe,"

said the dwarf, taking himself off with the key, and darting a malicious glance behind him as he went.

Mean-while gentle strains were heard coming nearer and nearer. Pietro went down into his entrance-hall, and at the same moment there glided into it the pale corpse of Crescentia, dressed in her winding-sheet, and still holding the crucifix in her folded hands. The magician placed himself before her; she opened her eyes wide, and, trembling from head to foot, started back from him in horror, so that the crown of flowers was shaken from her head. In silence he parted her folded hands; but in the left she still held fast the cross. Taking her by the right, he led her through the range of his apartments; and she went with him—arigid and unconscious form that regarded him not.

At length they reached a remote chamber, in which they halted. It was most sumptuously adorned with purple and gold, silk and satin, and the light even of broad day fell with faint and deadened rays through the heavy curtains. The sorcerer motioned his victim towards the couch, and the unconscious being, filled so strangely with life, lifted and let fall her fair head, like a lily stirred by the wind, as she sank down on the purple coverlet, breathing as if in agony. The old man poured a precious essence from a golden flask into a small crystal saucer, and held it to her lips. The maiden swallowed the miraculous draught, opened her eyes once more, and gazed upon him whom in life she had regarded as her friend; she then turned from him with an expression of abhorrence, and sank into a deep slumber.

The magician now retired, locking the apartment. The whole house was buried in profound repose. He betook himself to his own chamber, there, amid his books and magical instruments, to await the sunrise and the business of the day.

CHAP. V.

THE SEARCH.

When the unhappy youth Antonio was sufficiently rested, Podesta and a large troop of armed followers rode out with him on the following day, to search for the hut, and to capture the hateful hag and her banditti. The account given by Antonio, had made

the disconsolate father very anxious to behold the maiden who so closely resembled his dead daughter.

"Is it possible," said the old man, as he rode along, "that a dream I have often had should turn out to be really true?"

The father was too eager to reach the spot to carry on much conversation with Antonio. They at length entered the wood, and the youth expected to be able to recover the traces of his late journey. But so terribly had the events of that dreadful night perplexed and shaken his soul, that he was unable, with all his pains, to fix upon the path along which, during the storm, he had been carried with the madness of despair. They crossed the country in all directions; and wherever a thicket or trees were to be seen, Antonio spurred up to them, in hopes of detecting the robbers' den, or (if its inhabitants had taken themselves off, as he thought extremely probable) of at least discovering some traces that they had been there. At length, after they had spent the greater part of the day in a fruitless quest, Podesta came to the conclusion that the whole had been a mere vision, fabricated by the youth's brain, fevered by the bewilderment of grief. "The discovery," exclaimed he, "would be too great good-luck for me, for I was born to be the most unfortunate of men!"

It was now necessary that they should bait their horses at a village hard by. Its inhabitants had never heard of their suspected neighbours, and the corpse of the slain robber had not been found any where in the country round about. After a time they again took the road, although Podesta now followed Antonio with very little hopes of success. They questioned every peasant they met, but could get

no satisfactory answer to their queries. Towards evening they came upon a spot which had the appearance of having been much disturbed; ashes and rubbish lay scattered around—here and there charred beams were visible among the ruins, and the neighbouring trees also bore the traces of fire. The youth thought he recognised the place. Here, thought he, surely stood the dwelling of the murderers; here it was that that strange apparition of *Crescentia* appeared to me. The company halted. Far and wide there was not a house in sight—not a human being to be seen. They dispatched a servant to the nearest farm, and, after a time, he brought back with him an old man on horseback. The old man said that, about a year ago, a cottage on this spot had been set on fire by some soldiers; that the proprietor of the ground had been living for the last ten years at Rome, in expectation of some priestly office; and that his steward had gone to Ravenna to collect some outstanding debts.

Dispirited and weary, the travellers returned to the city. Podesta determined to give up all his offices, to retire from business, and even to leave Padua, where every thing reminded him of his misfortune. Antonio resolved to become a pupil of the renowned Abano, and to try to forget his miseries in the studies of that famous school. He obtained lodgings in the house of that great man, who now for some time past had been his friend.

CHAP. VI.

BERECYNTH.

A short time after these events, the old priest met the melancholy Antonio, and thus accosted him—"You also, then, have joined that unhappy school and its pernicious teacher, who will lead your soul to perdition?"

"What makes you so bitter against him, my pious friend?" replied Antonio. "Why should not religion and science go hand in hand, as they certainly do in the case of my worthy teacher? He is a man whom the whole world honours, whom princes love and cherish, and whom our holy father himself is about to elevate to high ecclesiastical dignity. Why should you chafe against him whom every one else loves? You do so be-

cause you know not the man. Get acquainted with him, cultivate his society, and you will soon venerate him, and recant all your prejudices."

"Never!" cried the priest, with vehemence. "Young man," continued he, "let me warn you to be on your guard against him, and that hellish retainer of his; for, whatever doubts there may be about his master, there is no mistaking who *he* is."

"The little Berecynth," answered Antonio, "is certainly an absurd and unprepossessing figure, and I often wonder that the noble Pietro can endure to have him so much about him as he has. But why should a humpback, and other grievous deformities, prejudice us against a poor fellow."

creature, to whom nature has been so illiberal?"

"Mighty fine words!—a very delicate mode of expressing it!" cried the priest scornfully. "Let me tell you, young man, that such sentiments are marrow to the bones of these sorcerers and liars. But look, here comes the scarecrow—I cannot bear even to look upon him, much less could I endure to converse with him. Well and wisely has it been said, *Cave quos Deus ipse notavit.*"

Berecynth, who had caught up these last words, came skipping forwards. "Is *your* beauty, then, my good sir," said he, "so transcendent as to entitle you to pronounce such severe judgments upon others? My master, who is a handsome, majestic man, entertains no such harsh, illiberal notions. What! you little, stunted, rickety, red-nosed, snivelling abortion—you wry-mouthed, wrinkled old wretch, it is truly a good one to hear you preaching about my ugliness! Why, you miserable dwarf, your head is hardly on a level with the pulpit cushion when you are holding forth there; and you dare not cross the street when the wind blows, such spindles are your shanks. The congregation cannot even see you when you are gesticulating before the altar, and require all their Christian faith to believe that you are really present; and yet this mannikin, this nonentity, is talking big here, as if he were a perfect Goliath. Believe me, I could cut as good a priest as you are, any day, out of my own nose, to say nothing of the hump I carry both in front and rear."

The enraged priest had withdrawn before the conclusion of this attack, and Antonio was about to chide Berecynth for his petulant behaviour, when the latter cried out, "A truce with your moralizing—I can stand that at the hands of no man except my own master, and he beats the world at morality, philosophy, and all that sort of thing. But this weather-cock monk here, who goes creaking round on the pivot of envy and malignity, because he perceives that his authority and prosperity are declining before the influence of my glorious

master—he, let me tell you, shall never be permitted to open his toothless gums in my presence, without my bringing all my jaw to bear upon him; and let me add, that from a young student like yourself I can abide no contradiction; for I had begun to shave long before your father was out of his baby-clothes, and I was a boy at school before your illustrious grand-sire was breeched, therefore show respect where respect is due, and remember whose presence you are in."

"Do not be angry, my little man," said Antonio—"I mean you well."

"Mean what you please!" said Berecynth. "My master is now prelate—do you know that?—and rector of the university; and a new gold chain of office has just been sent to him from Paris. You must come and see him, for he is about to set out upon a journey, and wishes to converse with you before he starts. A word in your ear—you must be shyer of priests' company if you would be a philosopher."

So saying, the dwarf hirpled off, and Antonio turning to his friend, the young Spaniard Alphonso, who had that moment joined him, said, "I never know, when conversing with that abortion, whether he is in jest or earnest, he appears to make such scornful sport of himself and all other creatures."

"That," answered Alphonso, "is by way of comforting and compensating himself for his own ungainliness. In his scornful imagination he conceives all other people to be like himself. But have you heard of the new honours which have been bestowed upon our great teacher?"

"The world," returned Antonio, "recognises his lofty worth; and since our holy father the Pope has now made him a prelate, that surely ought to tie the tongues of all those envious priests and monks who have never ceased traducing this excellent and pious man."

The friends parted, and Antonio hastened to take farewell of his teacher for some days. The dwarf received him at the door with a grinning attempt to appear cordial.

CHAP. VII.

THE PURPLE CHAMBER.

Twilight had now set in, and Antonio, after Berecynth had left him,

went in quest of his teacher. Finding him neither in the hall nor the library,

he traversed many rooms, and at length came to an apartment in the very interior of the house, which he had never before been in. Here, beside a glimmering lamp, sat Pietro, who was not a little surprised to behold the young Florentine enter; while the latter, in his turn, paused in astonishment over the skeletons and strange implements by which the old man was surrounded. Pietro came forward in some confusion: "It was not here that I expected you," said he, "I intended to have met you out of doors, or to have visited you in your own apartment. I am about to set out to meet the Pope's ambassador, in order to receive at his hands, in all humility and thankfulness, the new honours our holy father has been pleased to lavish upon me." Then—perceiving that Antonio still continued to gaze with astonishment upon the strange apparatus before him—he continued, "You are surprised to behold all these strange instruments: they are necessary for the prosecution of my studies; and, after you have regularly attended my lectures on natural philosophy, their use shall probably be explained to you."

At this moment an occurrence took place which completely drew off Antonio's attention from all these objects. A door, which appeared closed, but which was in reality ajar, opened itself wide, and the youth saw into a chamber filled with purple light. In the rosy glow stood a pale spectral form, which nodded and smiled. Swift as lightning the old man wheeled round, banged to the door, and locked it with a golden key. Trembling, and pale as death, he then threw himself into a chair, while great drops of sweat ran down his forehead. When he had somewhat recovered himself, he made a sign to Antonio to approach, and said with a quivering voice, "This mystery, too, my young friend, shall one day be cleared up to you. Do not think ill of me, my beloved son. Thee, before all others, have I chosen to initiate into my profound knowledge. Thou shalt be my true scholar and my heir. But leave me now: retire to thine own chamber, and pray to heaven and the holy powers to befriend thee."

Antonio could make no reply, so greatly was he surprised and shocked by the apparition he had seen, and so much was he bewildered by the man-

ner of his revered teacher; for it appeared to him as if Pietro were struggling to keep down a storm of wrath, and as if suppressed fury were burning in his ferocious eyes.

On retreating into the antechamber, he there found Berecynth engaged in catching flies, and throwing them to an ape. The two appeared to vie with each other which could make the most hideous faces. At this moment the master summoned his familiar with a voice of thunder, and the abortion hobbled into his chamber. Antonio heard high words ensue, and Pietro rating him in a towering passion. The dwarf then rushed forth, weeping and howling, with a stream of blood running down his nose. "Cannot he close his own doors, and be damned to him!" bellowed he out, "all-powerful miscreant that he is. The master is stupid, and the servant must bear the blame." Turning to Antonio, "And you, sir—his most devoted—take yourself off to your garret, and leave me alone with my good friend, my dear Pavian, here. He, at least, has a human heart, and is the very brother of my soul. Come, tramp!—my Pylades must finish his feast of flies, and his Orestes must set about catching them."

Antonio withdrew in great bewilderment. He retired to his own apartment—an attic in a remote quarter of the house which he had selected, because there he could pursue his studies in greater privacy. He looked out over flood and field, and his thoughts turned upon her whom he had lately lost. Her picture was in his hand, and some playthings, which had been hers in childhood, were lying on the floor: but especially dear to him was a nightingale, which was pouring forth its notes of sorrow, as if its own heart had been overburdened with woe. This bird had been Crescentia's favourite, and now the enthusiastic youth cherished it as a holy possession—the last memorial of his earthly happiness.

He had given up the society of all his friends except the Spaniard Alphonso, who was attached to him by the admiration they shared in common for the great Pietro. Podesta had left Padua and gone to Rome, with the full intention of disinheriting his relations—the Marconi family in Venice. The old man despaired of recovering the twin-daughter of Cres-

centia, who had been stolen from him in her infancy ; and he now felt her loss all the more bitterly, on account of the hopes that had been awakened within him by the night-adventure of Antonio.

Next morning Pietro set out on his journey, accompanied by the faithful Berecynth ; and Antonio was left alone in the great house, every room of which was locked. When night came, sleep was a stranger to his eyes : that bewildering figure he had caught a glimpse of, stood for ever before him : its presence had shaken his very soul—yet he now contemplated it with feelings of delight. He felt that he had lost all power over his thoughts, and that images he could not grasp were incessantly flitting before his fancy.

The nightingale was singing on the outside of the window ; he looked out, and saw that it was raining hard : accordingly, he took the bird in, and placed it on the top of an old cupboard. While he was in the act of stretching forth to put down the cage more securely, the chain broke by which the miniature of Crescentia was suspended round his neck, and the picture, rolling towards the wall, got behind the cupboard. The youth stooped down to search for the beloved token ; but with all his groping, he could not recover it from beneath the huge lumbering press. Fate seemed determined to persecute him in the small as well as in the great occurrences of his life. He endeavoured to drag the cupboard from its place, but found that it was fastened to the wall. His impetuosity now knew no bounds. He seized an old iron bar which he found in the ante-chamber, and laboured with all his might to force the press from its position ; it at length gave way, and was torn from its fastenings with a loud crash. By degrees, he so far removed it as to be able to insert himself between it and the wall ; and, on looking down, he beheld his beloved picture. It lay on the broad handle of a door which opened into the wall. He placed the miniature in his bosom, and turned the handle ; the door opened, and, after he had pushed the old press somewhat further out of his way, he perceived that it stood at the top of a flight of steps leading down into deep darkness. He commenced the descent, which appeared as if it would

away into some of the lower apartments. At length he came to the bottom of the stairs ; and, after groping about for some time in the dark, his hand came in contact with an iron ring, which he pulled, and immediately the wall opened, while a flood of purple light flowed in upon him. Before entering, he examined the door, and found that it opened by a spring, which was touched whenever the ring was pulled. He closed the door behind him, and stepped forwards softly into the chamber. A rich crimson carpet covered the floor ; heavy hangings of purple silk curtained the windows, and scarlet cloth decorated with gold hung around a bed which stood in the apartment. Profound repose reigned around ; no noise from the street could reach that quiet chamber, the windows of which looked out upon a small garden. With suspended breath the youth stood in the middle of the chamber and listened—at length he thought he heard the respiration as if of a person sleeping. With beating heart he approached the bed, to see whether any one was in it ; and, drawing aside the curtains, what was his consternation, when he beheld before him, pale as a corpse, but sleeping sweetly, the image of his own beloved Crescentia ! Her bosom rose and fell visibly, and a tender bloom began to suffuse her pale lips, which were stirred by an almost imperceptible smile. Her hair was dishevelled, and fell in heavy tresses down her shoulders. For a long time Antonio stood entranced ; but at length, driven by a supernatural impulse, he seized her white hand, and endeavoured to awaken the fair sleeper. She uttered a piercing cry ; in terror he let go her arm, which sunk, as if wearied, on the cushion. After a time, however, the bands of her charmed sleep gave way, and like clouds, that, stirred by the light morning wind, rise and sink in wavering wreaths among the mountain valleys, she began to move—again she relapsed into her trance, and again she strove to draw herself forth out of the captivity of slumber. She raised her arms to her head, and, the sleeves of her dress falling back, disclosed their fair proportions ; she folded her hands, and again let them drop on the coverlet ; she lifted up her head, and her neck shone fair in the rosy light, but still her eyes were closed, and her hair fell

in black ringlets over her face; she braided it back with her long delicate fingers; at last she raised herself upright, and, heaving a profound sigh, opened her eyes wide.

She gazed upon Antonio as if she saw him not; she shook her head, and, grasping the golden tassels that hung down from the top of the bed, she raised herself upon her feet, and stood, a tall slender form, surrounded by purple shadows; she then advanced a few steps towards the youth, who gave way as she approached, and, with a childlike expression of surprise, laying her hand upon his shoulder, she smiled graciously, and said, in a gentle voice, "Antonio!"

The youth, overpowered by a crowd of mixed emotions—fear, astonishment, and delight blending with the profoundest pity—knew not what to do—whether he should rush to embrace her, fall at her feet, or yield up his soul in a passion of tears. That was the very same tone which he so often before heard, and which his heart was never able to resist. "Thou livest!" he exclaimed, in a voice choked by the swelling feelings of his heart.

The sweet smile which was spreading from her pale lips over her cheeks and eyes, suddenly disappeared, and was succeeded by a fixed expression of the deepest and most unutterable anguish. Antonio could not sustain her look; he covered his face with his hand, and cried out, "Art thou a spirit?"

The apparition came nearer him, and, removing his arm from before his face, said, in a soft quivering voice, "Nay, look upon me—I am not dead, but neither am I alive. Reach me the saucer yonder."

A fragrant liquid stood in the crystal dish; he handed it to her with trembling hand; she put it to her lips, and swallowed it in slow draughts. "Alas! my poor Antonio," said she, "I borrow earthly strength from this cup merely that I may reveal to you a most hellish deed, and entreat you to assist in restoring me to that repose from which I have been so unnaturally torn, and which I long to return to with all the longings of my soul."

She had sunk down in an arm-chair, and Antonio placed himself at her feet. "The arts of hell," continued she, "have apparently aroused me

from the sleep of death. The man whom I, in my inexperience, worshipped as an apostle, is, let me tell you, one of the lowest of the spirits of perdition. To him I am indebted for this dread semblance of life. He loves me, he says—Oh! how I shrank from him in horror as soon as my eyes, opened from their death-sleep, recognised him! I sleep, I breathe, I live, and the monster promises that my life shall continue, provided I will give myself up to him with my whole heart, and become his bride within the secrecy of these mysterious walls. But oh! Antonio, how heavy each hated word of his falls upon my soul. All my passionate longings for death are counteracted by his infernal art. Was it not dreadful for my soul, already in its place of rest, and beginning to develope new intuitions, to be torn back so cruelly from its mansions of repose? My body had become strange to me, and I looked upon it as a hateful thing. Like a slave who had been freed, I came back to fetters and a dungeon. Assist me, my faithful one, assist me to break through these accursed spells."

"How?" cried Antonio; "God in heaven! what must I endure? Have I again found thee? and canst thou not tarry with us in the land of the living? Wilt thou not come and live with thy parents and me?"

"'Tis impossible," cried Crescentia, her paleness waxing of a yet more ashen hue. "Ah, life!—who would ever wish for life who had once parted from it? Thou, my poor Antonio, canst not conceive the longing, the love, the rapture with which I desire death, and pray for it to come. In God's bosom I am restored to my parents, and there I love thee and them with a freer and more enduring love. But alas! when the thought of our love and of our youthful years comes over my present soul—when, in my solitude here, I hear the well-known singing of my nightingale—what sweet anguish and what dismal joy flit across the twilight of my existence. Oh, help to rescue me from such a life as this!"

"What can I do for thee?" asked Antonio.

The powers of the apparition were by this time exhausted. She reposed for a while with closed eyes, and then answered in a faint voice, "Ah! if I could but enter a church, and be pre-

sent when the host is elevated before all the congregation, methinks in that blessed moment I could die with joy."

"What is there to prevent me," said Antonio, "from delivering up this monster Pietro to the Inquisition?"

"No, you must not think of that," sighed Crescentia in dismay. "You know him not; he is too powerful; he would escape, and again spirit me away by means of his accursed spells. You must go quietly to work, if you would succeed."

The youth collected his scattered senses, and conversed for a considerable time with his formerly affianced bride. At length her speech grew indistinct and her eyes waxed heavy; she drank again of the enchanted cup, and then went to lie down upon her

couch. "Farewell," cried she, as if in a dream; "forget me not!" She ascended the bed, and laid herself peacefully down; her hands clasped the crucifix, and she kissed it with closed eyes; she then motioned her lover away, and sunk back in slumber. Antonio gazed upon her as he withdrew; he touched the spring in the wall, and the invisible door opened; he ascended the narrow winding stairs, and, entering his own room, replaced the cupboard in its former position, and then, when the nightingale welcomed him back with her swelling notes of woe, he burst into a flood of tears. He, too, like his own affianced one, now longed ardently for death; but mean-while his whole mind was bent upon delivering her from her present dreadful condition.

CHAP. VIII.

THE DISENCHANTMENT.

All the bells in the city were pealing merrily in celebration of the festival of Easter. The people were thronging towards the Cathedral in order to keep that holy fast, as well as to behold the renowned Abano invested with his new dignities. The students were escorting their illustrious teacher, who moved humbly along amid the respectful greetings of all classes of people—the pride of the city, and the model which all the youth strove to imitate. At the door of the Cathedral the crowd drew back in profound reverence to make way for the consecrated Pietro, who, in his prelate's robes and golden chain, and with his long beard and silver locks, resembled an aged emperor or ancient father of the church.

A lofty seat had been prepared for him near the altar, in order that the congregation might get a good view of him; and the church being now filled, the celebration of high mass began. The little priest read the lessons of the day—and old and young, rich and poor, united with one heart to celebrate the resurrection of our Lord, and to console themselves under all the trials and troubles of this world with the hope of a life of eternal happiness hereafter.

The first part of the service was just over, when the astonished congregation beheld Antonio leading into the church a figure shrouded in a thick veil. He led the figure close up to

the altar, placed it right over against Pietro, and then prostrated himself in prayer. The veiled figure stood as if frozen, and those who were near saw its dark eyes burning within the shadow of the veil. Pietro raised himself from his seat, and again sank back pale and trembling. The sacred music was pealing forth its full symphonies when the figure began slowly to unveil itself—its countenance was disclosed—and the people recognised with horror the features of the dead Crescentia. A shudder ran through the whole church; even those who were farthest off felt their flesh creep when they beheld that death-pale form praying fervently, and turning its large flashing eyes upon the priests at the altar. The mighty Pietro appeared as if he had been struck dead; his ghastly features might have been taken for those of a corpse, but for the violent convulsions which, from time to time, agitated his frame. The priests now elevated the consecrated host, and the trumpets announced the actual presence of our Lord. At that moment the pale apparition, with a cry of joy and an expression of rapture on her face, stretching forth her arms, shouted, "Hosannah!" so that the whole church rang—and then fell down dead, and lay rigid and motionless at the feet of the magician. The music ceased—the people rushed to the spot, with consternation and horror depicted on every countenance;

the noblemen and students were endeavouring to comfort and support the venerable old man whom the scene had so dreadfully agitated, when Antonio shouted aloud, "Death and destruction!—he was the man that did it!" He then recounted to them the terrible tale—he laid bare the hellish art and magical practices of the trembling Pietro—he told them of his own fearful interview with the dead-alive Crescentia. No sooner had he finished than a storm of wrath, curses, and abhorrence broke forth on all sides against the agonized sinner; and in the blindness of their fury the people had wellnigh torn him in pieces on the spot. "Away with him," they cried, "to the gallows or the rack!" At this moment the inquisitors approached: Pietro raised himself up, and his person appearing to dilate, he struck out furiously around him with a giant's strength. He trode up to the corpse of Crescentia, which lay smiling before him like an image of holiness—he gazed upon it for a moment, and then, with eyes flashing fire, forced his way through the middle of the crowd. The people gave way before the terror of his presence, and he escaped into the streets. Here, however, the crowd rallied, and pursued him with yells and curses. Not being able to overtake him, they pelted him with stones; but at length the magician, bleeding and dropping with sweat, while his teeth chattered with agony, reached the threshold of his own door.

He secreted himself in the innermost chamber in his house, while Berecynth, curious to know what the disturbance was all about, went out into the street and encountered the full fury of the mob. "Seize the

devil's-mask!" cried they; "tear his famulus in pieces! The wretch does not know what the inside of a church is like." Berecynth was seized—his cries and entreaties were in vain. Nothing was heard on all sides but imprecations and menaces of death. "Carry me before a judge," cried the dwarf, "and my innocence will be made apparent." The police upon this laid hold of him, and conveyed him to prison. The mob thronged after him. "Come along!" cried the jailer, "I have plenty of chains and fagots in readiness for you, my little man." Berecynth endeavoured to escape, but the constables kept fast hold of him. One held him by the throat, another by the arms, another by the legs, and a fourth by the head, in order to make sure of their victim. While all this tumult was going on, and while the people were thus cursing and laughing, his bearers were driven suddenly asunder—a cravat remained in the hands of one of them, a jacket in the hands of another—the third held a cap, and the fourth a shoe—but the dwarf himself was nowhere to be seen. He could not be said to have escaped—he had vanished—the people knew not how.

The mob now broke open the mansion of Abano, and found the magician lying dead and drenched in blood upon his couch. They plundered the house, and set on fire all the magical instruments, books, and other strange furniture which it contained; and now the city resounded with nothing but execrations on the man whom yesterday all had honoured as the very ambassador of God. Their abhorrence of his unheard-of wickedness was the greater on that very account.

CHAP. IX.

THE HERMIT'S CELL.

A few days afterwards, when the popular agitation had somewhat subsided, the corpse of Pietro was buried at midnight, out of consecrated ground. The body of the fair Crescentia was also again solemnly interred. Then Antonio, and his friend Alphonso, determined to leave Padua—Antonio to go to Florence, and after having settled his affairs there, to retire into a cloister for life; and Alphonso to proceed to Rome, where a great festival was about to be celebrated by command of the Pope, and to which

all the neighbouring nations had been invited—and so the friends parted.

Antonio, desirous of avoiding all public notice, pursued his journey by the most unfrequented paths. One evening, about sunset, he found himself in a valley among the Apennines, where no habitation of any sort was to be seen. After wandering about for some time in the gathering darkness, he heard the sound of a hermit's bell in the distance. He walked forwards in the direction from whence the sound came, and at length reached

a small hut, situated in a thicket, which he entered by a wooden bridge that had been thrown across a torrent. Here he found an infirm old man, kneeling, in profound devotion; before a crucifix. The old man welcomed the youth kindly, prepared for him a bed of moss in an inner cave, which was separated by a door from his own cell, and placed before him a repast of fruits, water, and wine. When Antonio had refreshed himself, he sat up, enjoying the conversation of the monk, who, having been a soldier in his younger days, had seen a good deal of the world, and served in a number of campaigns. Thus it was near midnight before the youth thought of retiring to rest; and, just as he was doing so, another frail old monk entered the cell to join the hermit in his nightly devotions.

Antonio had not rested above an hour, when he wakened suddenly from his sleep. He thought he heard a noise of voices and wrangling. He raised himself up, and listened, until he was certain that his senses did not misinform him. The tones also appeared to be familiar to him; so that he could not help again asking himself whether he was not still dreaming. He rose and approached the door, and put his eye to a chink, through which he could see into the next room. And, what was his astonishment, when he beheld Pietro d' Abano—the man whom he considered dead—speaking in loud wrath—his face flushed, and his eyes darting fire. Opposite him stood the figure of the hateful Berecynth.

"Your persecutor," cried the latter, in a cracked voice—"the man who is the cause of all your misery—the pious loving fool, is under the same roof with us. He has come to your very hand to be slaughtered like a tame rabbit, and yet you delay to strike!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Pietro; "I have consulted my familiars, and find that I cannot prevail against him, for as yet he has fallen into no sin."

"Then have at him, without minding your familiars!" cried the abortion. "Strike him dead with your own gracious hand, and see how much his youth or his innocence will avail him! And I must be a miserable second if I do not heartily back you in so honourable a deed."

"Let us fall to work, then," ex-

claimed Pietro; "do you take the hammer—I will carry the hatchet. He is at this moment fast asleep."

They approached the door; upon which Antonio flung it wide open, and courageously came forward to confront his assailants. He had his drawn sword in his hand, but was struck motionless as a statue when he beheld, at some distance before him, nothing but two infirm old hermits on their knees at the cross, fervently breathing forth their prayers.

"Do you want any thing?" asked his entertainer, slowly rising from the ground.

Antonio could not reply for astonishment.

"Wherefore have you your drawn sword in your hand?" asked the frail old man; "why is your aspect so threatening?"

Antonio excused himself on the ground that he had been troubled by a dreadful dream, and retired.

He did not, however, attempt to go to sleep, so terribly was he agitated by what had happened. After a time he again heard Berecynth's cracked voice, and Pietro speaking to him in distinct tones.

"You see it is vain attempting it," said the latter; "he is armed, and on his guard, and is not likely to go to sleep again to-night."

"We must overpower him, however," returned the fiend; "he has recognised us, and, if we do not settle him, our fate is sealed. He will hand us over to the Inquisition to-morrow morning, and it won't be tardy in consigning us to the stake."

Antonio again looked through the chink, and again he perceived the two sorcerers. Sword in hand, he dashed into the room, but, as before, he found nothing but two frail old men prostrate on the ground in prayer. Driven frantic by the illusion, he seized them in his arms, and wrestled with them violently. They turned upon him in despair; at one moment the countenance seemed to be that of Pietro—at another, that of the hermit—then it seemed to be the spectre Berecynth's, and again that of an infirm old man. Amid shrieks and yells, he at last succeeded in hurling them out of the cell, which he bolted fast. Then was heard from without a sobbing of many voices, dying wailings, and dreary shrieks; while a storm passing over at the time, filled up the pauses of the concert. At

length Antonio, in spite of his agitation, fell asleep, resting on his sword, before the crucifix; and, when he awakened in the cold morning wind, he found himself lying on the top of a small rock, surrounded by thick woods, while he thought he heard a sound as if of scornful laughter dying away in

the distance. Not knowing what road to take, he wandered about at random during the greater part of that day; but, towards evening, reached the door of a collier's cottage, and on the following morning proceeded on his journey towards Florence.

CHAP. X.

THE MEETING IN ROME.

Antonio's object in going to Florence was to visit his family and relations. He was undecided what course of life to pursue, so much did he appear to be the sport of fortune, while the reality of existence, he thought, was no better than a miserable dream. He set his affairs in order; and, in his ancestral palace, gave himself up to grief, representing to himself in lively colours, in these well-known halls, his own misery and that of his parents. He often thought of that hateful witch, and of her who bore so close a resemblance to his affianced bride—that other Crescentia whom he had so strangely found and lost. This indolent prostration of mind, however, at length gave way to the desire of visiting Rome and its curiosities. He wished again to enjoy the society of his friend Alphonso and the father of Crescentia, who were living there; and accordingly he left Florence, and proceeded towards that city.

The tumult of Rome, so different from anything he had been accustomed to in Florence or Padua, greatly surprised him as he entered that city. He thought he should never be able to find any of his friends amid the mighty throng. His satisfaction was therefore the greater, when, on going up to the capitol, he met Podesta coming down from the same. The old man took him home with him, where he had the gratification of paying his respects to the mother of his Crescentia. The news of the singular death of Pietro, of Crescentia's strange restoration to life and subsequent disenchantment, had reached Rome upon every wind that blew. But of course many perverted and false versions of the story were abroad, and therefore the parents were both glad and grieved to hear the true account of it from Antonio's lips. The abhorrence expressed for the magician, by Crescentia's mother especially, was unbounded. In the bitterness of her soul, she

believed that he had been bribed by the Marconi family to poison her daughter; and that he had an additional motive thereto in the feeling, that he could again restore her to life for the gratification of his own diabolical purposes.

"Let us leave every thing to Providence," said the old man. "The circumstances as they stand are dreadful enough without our seeking to exaggerate them, by involving others in crimes of such unheard-of magnitude. However, be they guilty or innocent, I am resolved to disinherit the Marconi family, and shall leave all my possessions to the monasteries and other religious establishments here, in one of which I myself shall probably spend the remainder of my days."

"But," said the mother, with tears in her eyes, "what if it were possible to recover that other Crescentia—our lost daughter's twin-sister—whom Antonio has told us about? During your absence she was stolen away from me in her infancy; and the expressions made use of before Antonio by that old witch, who was in the pay of the Marconi family, appear to me so remarkable, that I think we ought not even yet to despair of getting back our lost child."

"My good Eudoxia," replied the father, "lay aside your dreams and vain imaginations. We have nothing to hope for on this earth but death; and that it may be soft and holy, is the only boon we ought now to pray for at the hands of Heaven."

"And if afterwards, when too late, we were to find that our poor lost child might have been recovered, what would be our remorse for not having relied with greater confidence on the merciful dispensations of the Most High!"

Podesta threw a gloomy look on Antonio, as he rejoined—"Nothing was wanting to complete our misery

but those idle imaginations of yours, which, by inspiring the mother of Crescentia with hopes that are never to be realized, have deprived her for ever of repose."

"May I ask you to explain yourself?" said Antonio.

"Young man," said the father, "since that night on which you pretended to have met"—

"Pretended!" cried Antonio, laying his hand on his sword.

"Nay!" continued the old man, "let that pass. Far be it from me to accuse you of falsehood. I know well the truth and nobleness of your nature. But do you think I can have failed to observe that your senses have been to a certain extent disordered ever since that unhappy night on which you met the funeral of my daughter—of her who, on the following day, was to have been your bride? Then, during the night of agony you passed in the forest, is it wonderful that, in the excess of your passionate grief, you should have imagined that you again beheld the image of Crescentia—and that you should have mixed up the vision with the remembrance of your own unhappy parents? Consider, were we able to discover

the smallest trace of the hut you said you had spent the night in, or of the robber you had slain? Not a vestige—and not a soul in the neighbourhood had ever heard either of the one or the other. No, my dear young friend, your meeting with my real dead daughter had turned your brain and overthrown your reason; and the same disordered fantasy will account for your vision of the hermit's cell, in which the image of the dead Pietro presented itself to your imagination. Believe me, all these phantoms were brought before your senses merely by the jugglery of pain and sorrow."

Antonio was perplexed, and knew not what to reply. Dreadfully as his faculties had been shaken by the loss of his beloved Crescentia, he yet felt convinced that the events of that awful night in the forest, were not the mere offspring of his imagination. At the same time, he became doubly desirous of restoring that second Crescentia to her disconsolate parents—if it were only for the purpose of convincing the sceptical Podesta of the truth of his story. With these feelings he bade them farewell, and went forth into the crowded streets of the city.

CHAP. XI.

A NEW FRIEND.

As he was proceeding along the thronged thoroughfares, he caught an indistinct glimpse of what appeared to him to be the figure of the hideous old woman of the forest. In the utmost anxiety he pressed forward to overtake her, and had almost done so, when a long procession of pilgrims, streaming forth out of a side street, cut him off from the object of his pursuit, and, when the pageant had passed, the old woman was nowhere to be seen. In great perplexity, he ascended the steps of the Temple of St John, in order to obtain a more extensive view, and, while standing there, he felt a friendly tap upon the shoulder, and heard his name pronounced by a well-known voice. On turning round, he recognised his Spanish friend Alphonso.

"Here you are," said the latter in a tone of cordiality, "on the very spot where I expected to find you."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Antonio.

"Let us leave these crowded streets,"

said Alphonso, "where we can hardly hear ourselves speaking for the worse than Babylonian confusion of tongues that prevails."

Accordingly, they walked into the country, and here Alphonso informed his friend, that since he came to Rome he had addicted himself to the study of astrology, fortune-telling, and other similar pursuits—pursuits which he had formerly condemned, in the belief that they could be successfully practised only through the instrumentality of evil spirits. "But," continued he, "since I became acquainted with the incomparable Castalio, I have viewed these matters in a totally different light."

"Is it possible," cried Antonio, "that, after our terrible experience in Padua, you can again put your soul in peril by cultivating such studies? Are you, then, of opinion that the sciences which stand within the limits of nature and reason are not worth the pains bestowed upon them; and that all our labours ought to be de-

voted to those which are based in deception, and in which, at any rate, no success is to be obtained except through fellowship with the powers of darkness?"

"Warmth, my good friend," rejoined the Spaniard, "is not argument. We are much too young to understand ourselves thoroughly, or to have fathomed all the mysteries of the universe. And if you but saw the man to whom I owe so much, I am sure all your scruples would vanish. So pious is he, so simple; and so pure is the faith that may be read in the depth of his serene eyes."

"And what say you to Pietro?" replied Antonio. "Were not our feelings towards him precisely of this description?"

"No," answered his friend. "Pietro was a man who laid claim to more than mortal endowments. He came among us like an ambassador from heaven, and strove to dazzle the eyes of ordinary men by the brightness of supernatural accomplishments. He gloried in ceremony and pomp; and even in his condescension he made you feel the prodigious distance that separated him from you. But my new friend, Castalio, is quite a different sort of person. He does not deal in the magnificent or the sublime; rather believing that there must be something spurious or defective in the nature of those who indulge in over lofty aspirations; and that even the greatest of men, in the genuine consciousness of his soul, must bear witness to the truth that he, no less than the most ignorant beggar in the streets, is but a child of clay."

"You excite my curiosity," said Antonio. "Can he read the past and the future, and foretell the destinies of men? Can he, think you, unriddle for me the mysteries of my own particular fate?"

"It is precisely in that sort of research that his wonderful capacity displays itself," answered Alphonso. "And he goes to work in an extremely simple and innocent manner. There are none of the customary adjurations, formulas, shrieks, and death-agonies, to be found in his practice. He has no magical apparatus, no crystals or imprisoned spirits—no mirror, or skeletons, or smoking incense vessels. He is in himself all-sufficient. I spoke to him of you, and he informed me that to-day, at this very hour, I should

find you standing on the steps of the Lateran church; and you see that it has so come to pass."

Antonio now became extremely anxious to be introduced to the gifted seer, and to learn from him his destiny. They dined in a garden in the country, and towards evening returned to town.

It was twilight when they entered a small street which ran behind the monument to Augustus. Here they crossed a little grass plot, and, knocking at the entrance of a small house, the door was opened, and, arm in arm—(Antonio filled with the most intense expectations)—the two friends walked into the hall.

A young man, about thirty years of age, and with nothing remarkable in his appearance, came forward to meet them. He greeted them with great simplicity of manner. "You are welcome," said he to Antonio, "your Spanish friend has spoken so highly in your favour, that I have long been desirous of making your acquaintance. Only you must not imagine that you have come to an adept to whom all mysteries are known, or to a man before whom the foundations of hell tremble. No, my friend, a mere mortal man stands before you—one like yourself, or at least one whom you or any man may resemble, if you fear not to renounce the vain pursuits and tumults of the world, and to devote yourself to a life of severe and earnest study.

"Look around you," continued he, "this is my unostentatious dwelling-place—and in yonder chamber stands my bed. There is no room here for the mighty instruments and treacherous preparations of magic. You see here no circles, or glasses, or globes, or signs of the zodiac—and, in truth, there is no occasion for them. The man who, in humility and profound earnestness of purpose, descends into the depths of his own soul, in order to know himself, has all those secrets laid bare before him, which he would in vain, by any other process, conjure heaven and hell to render up. 'Become ye like little children!' These are the words which throw wide the gates of the whole world of mystery—Unsophisticate your nature; and then, though but for an hour or a moment, ye shall be lightened of the load laid upon you by the rash impiety of our first parents—then shall ye wander back into the bosom of para-

dise, and, with unscaled eyes, shall behold nature and all her powers as she appeared on the first day of creation in her bride-like attire."

While the meek student was thus speaking, Alphonso cast a triumphant glance upon his friend, and Antonio could not help confessing that he was more prepossessed by the discourse and humble demeanour of their new friend, than he had ever been by the ostentatious parade and grandiloquence of the mighty Abano. He now began to think that the wisdom usually deemed supernatural and unlawful, was perfectly compatible with true piety and lowliness of heart.

"Can you tell me what my destiny is to be?" asked Antonio.

"If I knew the year, the day, and the hour of your birth," replied Castalio, "I should then draw your horoscope, and, after comparing it with the lineaments of your countenance and the lines of your hand, I think I could reveal to you something of your future fate."

Antonio handed a pocket-book to the seer, in which his father had put down the precise hour of his birth. Castalio made the young men sit down, and placed wine before them, of which he himself also partook while he was making his calculations. He likewise, from time to time, joined gaily in the conversation; and, in short, went through his work in such an easy off-hand manner, as plainly showed that it by no means required his undivided attention. When about an hour had passed over in this way, Castalio rose, and beckoned Antonio to a window. "I have called you aside," said he, "because I do not know how far your friend is in your confidence." He then, after attentively examining his countenance and the lines upon his hands, related to him, step by step, the history of his parents' misery—his mother's violent

death—the guilty passion, and the murder of his father. He then passed on to the events of Antonio's own life—how, while pursuing his father's murderer, he had been detained in Padua by an attachment to the lovely Crescentia. "And it is with the utmost astonishment," he concluded, "that I discover you to be the man who brought to light the hellish practices of the accursed Abano, and delivered that miscreant over to the punishment he so richly deserved. Alas, my young friend, how deeply do I sympathize with your affliction, for twice over had you to sustain the terrible loss of your beloved one!"

Antonio opened his whole soul to his new friend, with as much confidence as if he had been merely speaking to himself. He related to him the adventures of that dreadful night in which he seemed to have discovered a second Crescentia in the cottage of the old witch, whom, he was convinced, he had seen that very day in the streets. "Can you inform me," asked he with eagerness, "whether what I then beheld was real, and whether there be another Crescentia alive, whom I shall yet have the happiness of restoring to her parents?"

Castalio became more thoughtful than before—"Provided the person you saw to-day," said he, "be not the fiend Bercynth disguised as a woman, I have little doubt but that we shall detect the old hag. However, wait patiently till the morning, and in the mean time let us part. Rest assured of this, that the events of that night were no mere fancies bred in your distempered brain; but were actual realities—you and your friends may be perfectly satisfied of that."

The young men bade adieu to Castalio; and Antonio thanked the Spaniard very heartily for having procured him such an agreeable acquaintance.

CHAP. XII.

A CHAPTER ON BEAUTY, AND OTHER MATTERS.

Antonio had not been mistaken. The old woman he had caught a glimpse of in the crowded streets, was really she in whose cottage in the forest he had passed the night. She dwelt in a small hovel, behind some ruined houses near the Lateran church. Persecuted, and in want—hated, feared, and forsaken—her house seemed

the very abode of despair. She seldom ventured abroad, but on this occasion had gone out into the town to look for her Crescentia, who was absent without leave. After her return, when sitting up at night, she was greatly surprised to hear a violent knocking at the door, and a confused noise of cries and lamentations. She

took up her lamp and went to the door, where she found a mob collected, and busily engaged in persecuting a little hump-backed figure, who wore a red velvet cloak, fantastically decorated with gold.

"Does not the good woman Pan-cratia dwell here?" cried the little man, as soon as he saw the door opened.

"She does," said the old woman, admitting him, and slamming back the door in the faces of the mob, who were left to expend their taunts and threats on the empty air. "Who may you be, my noble sir?" continued she—"and what brings you to the hovel of a poor forlorn old woman?"

"Sit down," said the dwarf—"and let us have a little more light, that we may see what we are doing. And since you say that you are poor, take this piece of gold, and let us consolidate our acquaintance over a glass of good wine."

The hag looked pleased, lighted a couple of tapers, and replied—"You shall have a flask of Florentine wine, which is no poor drink, I promise you." She opened a small cupboard, and set a long-necked bottle on the table, pushing it across to her guest.

"Why did you call me noble?" asked the dwarf.

"Does not that gold piece speak volumes in favour of your nobility?" returned the old woman. "Besides, don't I see the fineness of your cloak, the feather in your hat, and so forth. Are you not a prince, or a duke at the least?"

"Neither the one nor the other," rejoined the little man. "What! my old aunt—donner and blitzen! don't you know me? Don't you know your own nephew, the little Berecynth of Milan? It is said we are very like one another."

"Gemini!" cried the old woman, quite delighted, "are you Berecynth of Milan, of whom I have heard so much? It does my old eyes good to see you here before me, face to face."

"Ay," replied Berecynth, "say, rather, nose to nose; for that, I fancy, is the only feature either of us have worth mentioning. For the sake of curiosity, dear aunt, let us try if we cannot accomplish a kiss between us. No—it won't do—we have already locked noses. If we would make it out, we must forcibly hold them to

one side with both hands. There—that will do. Now, good aunt, take care you don't yet yours fly back suddenly. If you do, it will fetch me such a box on the ear that not a remaining tooth will be left in my head!"

The old woman laughed, and said, "I know not when I have been so happy. You are in a merry mood to-night, nephew. But what were the people tormenting you about in the streets?"

"What about?" answered he. "About my appearance to be sure: it affords them rare amusement. Now, is not man, my good nurse, an incomprehensibly stupid animal? Here are upwards of a hundred thousand souls collected together in Rome, within the last few months, for the purpose of doing honour to their Saviour, and of atoning for their own sins. Well, the moment I happen to put my head out of my window—(I only arrived here yesterday)—be it with only my night-cap on; or to show my whole person in the market-place, in my best attire, you would take your oath that all this myriad of people had come together from every quarter of Europe on my sole and particular account:—such peeping, and ogling, and shouting, and roaring, and laughing, does the appearance of your humble servant excite. I could make a fortune, I am certain, if I were to show myself for payment. They pull out their purses to see an ape, an Indian, or a sea-cat; and yet the ungrateful blockheads, who can see *me for nothing*, raise a tumult, and overwhelm me with abuse whenever I appear."

"It is the same with me," sighed the old woman, "my case is just as bad. Why, the very brute beasts are not so irrational. Each of them may have any sort of nose or eyes he pleases, and is yet allowed to pass peaceably on his way."

"Ay," continued Berecynth, "look at fishes, for example; what philosophic toleration is to be witnessed among them? And yet some of them are all nose together. Look down into the waters and you behold countenances cold and serious, and yet perfectly aware of their own and each other's originality. One, perhaps, has a mouth in his belly, and another eyes upon his back, and yet none of their fellow-fishes ever think of making sport of them on that account. Un-

molesting and unmolested, the strange-visaged monsters move about on all sides. Man alone is foolish enough and base enough to make a mockery of his fellow-creatures."

"And yet," said the old woman, "wherein does all the mighty difference between one man and another consist? I never yet saw a nose an ell long. It is but an inch, or at the most two, which makes the whole difference between beauty and deformity in this feature. And as for a hump-back, if it were not so confoundedly inconvenient in bed, I know not that I should not prefer it to a straight one, in which none of the beautiful bends and flourishes of nature are to be seen."

"You're right there," replied the drunken dwarf, nodding to his drunken companion; "I know not what nature means by throwing off so many straight people from her potter's wheel. Surely it is a great waste of labour, for they are not in general worth their clay. But, mother, we who have been more highly favoured, must not be too vain of our superior charms. We must remember that we did not make ourselves."

"Well, then," answered the old woman, "let us change the subject. Come, tell me what trade you are now driving, and where you live."

"To tell the truth," replied Berecynth, "I have been leading a sort of vagabond life—at one time here—at another there. But now I am determined to settle down; for, hearing that I had a near relation alive, I resolved to search her out; you are she, and with you I shall henceforth live. In my early youth I was an apothecary's apprentice in Calabria; but my master drove me from his shop, because it was alleged that I compounded love-potions. Ah, happy days! I still look back upon them with delight. I then became a tailor, but was found to cabbage too much cloth; and next a pastry-cook, but had soon to give that up—the outcry against me being, that my mutton-pies were made of the flesh of dogs and cats. I then became a monk, but no monastery would admit me. Having passed doctor, I narrowly escaped being burned for witchcraft. I devoted myself to study—wrote poetry and so forth—but my effusions fell into discredit, the people having taken it into their heads that

they glanced sarcastically at Christianity. After many years I fell in with the illustrious Pietro d'Abano, and became his *famulus*. I afterwards was a hermit, and many other things besides; but the best of it is, that, in whatsoever situation I was thrown, there I was sure to accumulate money, so that I am under no fear of spending my old age in poverty and need. And now, my good aunt, tell us your history."

"My history," answered she, "is not unlike your own. Innocence is every where alike persecuted. I have stood in the pillory—I have been banished my native land—I have been within an ace of being burned alive. It was alleged that I practised sorcery, stole children, bewitched the people, and brewed poison."

"And was there not a spice of truth in all these allegations?" asked Berecynth with a chuckle. "I can answer for myself at least—and I believe it runs in the family—that I do not stand quite clear of such practices. Believe me, my fair friend, he or she who has once dabbled in witchcraft, retains a liquorish liking for the same as long as life lasts. Sorcery in this resembles dram-drinking; once fairly wet your tooth with either, and tongue, throat, palate, liver, lights, and the whole alimentary canal, are filled, day and night, with clamorous cravings for the stimulating enjoyment."

"You know mankind well," said the hag, laughing. "No doubt, innocent people like us are permitted to practise a little murder, witchcraft, stealing, and poisoning. There is no great harm in all that; but what are we to think of the ingratitude of our own children? There is my daughter, or at least she whom I have brought up as such—have I not pinched myself in all manner of ways to put decent clothes on her back, and to get her handsomely married? Did I not throw her in the way of Ildefonso and Andrea, and other men, any one of whom would have made her a husband ten times better than she deserved? but the ungrateful monkey would have nothing to say to them, on the ground, forsooth, that they were robbers and murderers; and now she has fled from her own home to a nunnery, and I cannot get her back. That is the way in which parents are treated now-a-days."

"Let her go," said Berecynth, "we shall get on very well without her, so admirably do our dispositions harmonize."

"But wherefore should she have run away from me, ungrateful baggage that she is? If we were to part, why could we not part friends? Confound her, though! I might have made a good market of her, and would have done so, had she not obstinately held out in the strength of her love for that silly young gallant who came to our cottage in the forest."

"Hold there!" cried Berecynth, hiccuping, and reeling, and half asleep. "If you begin to talk of love, I have done with you—ha, ha, ha! Love!

—it was that stupid word that demolished my great master Pietro. He might have been a professor to this hour, and fed his young goslings with philosophy, but he tumbled over love, and broke his neck; and so, farewell to him—and farewell to you also, dear aunt. To-morrow night I shall return to you about the same hour; and then we meet never to part more."

"Farewell!" responded Pancratia. "Since you entered I have felt myself quite a different being. What a joyous time we shall have of it!"

"That we shall," stammered Berecynth, who, staggering forth into the street, went in the direction of his own dwelling.

CHAP. XIII.

THE END OF PIETRO.

Mean-while Antonio apprised Podesta and his wife of his absolute conviction that he had seen the old woman, and should yet succeed in restoring their lost daughter to their arms. The mother placed implicit confidence in what he said, but the father still continued sceptical. Before sunset, he went, in company with his friend Alphonso, to visit the wise Castalio.

Castalio received them with much cordiality, and said to Antonio—"Here, my friend, take this paper; you will find marked upon it the particular street and house in which that wicked old woman is to be found. When you have discovered her, I think you will no longer doubt the accuracy of my science."

"I am already convinced of its certainty," replied Antonio. "You are certainly the wisest of mortals; and, through your means, I expect to be made the happiest. I shall straightway proceed to the old woman's house, and, if Crescentia be not dead or carried off, I shall at once restore her to her parents."

Full of these expectations, he laid his hand on the handle of the door, and was about to leave the house, when a knocking was heard from without, accompanied by a violent coughing and a scraping of feet. "Who is there?" cried Castalio—Antonio opened the door, and in walked Berecynth.

"Your most obedient," said he, making a variety of grimaces as he paid his respects to Castalio.

"Who are you?" cried the latter, turning pale and recoiling a few paces before the presence of the dwarf.

"He is a miscreant of the worst description," answered Antonio—"a sorcerer, whom we must deliver up to the Inquisition. This is the accursed Berecynth himself, whose story you are already acquainted with."

"So you think, youngster!" said the dwarf, with an expression of the profoundest contempt. "But my business is not with you, child. Do you not know me?" roared he aloud to Castalio, "or have you no need of my services at present?"

"How should I," said Castalio, with faltering voice, "when I never saw you in my life before? Begone, I must decline your services; my poor house is too small to accommodate any more than myself."

Berecynth paced up and down the floor. "You do not know me, then?" said he. "It may be so—people change, and a man is not always in his prime. Yet, I think, that any one who has once seen *me*, would not easily forget me. And you, my young gentlemen, (turning to the youths,) do you not know who this precious wisdom-hunter is?"

"To be sure we do," answered Antonio, "he is our friend, the excellent Castalio."

The little man shouted with laughter till walls and roof rang; "Castalio! Castalio!" cried he, like one possessed, "and why not Aganippe or Hippocrene? Where are your eyes, my

good sirs? What can have bewitched these pumpkins of heads of yours? Take another look at him, and tell me whether the man before you be not the renowned Pietro d'Abano, the great artist of Padua?"

Castalio had sunk down into a chair, trembling violently, while the muscles of his countenance worked so frightfully, that not a feature could be rightly distinguished; but, after the young men had viewed him attentively for some time, they traced with horror, in the distorted lineaments of his face, the expression of the old sorcerer of Abano.

The magician started from his seat, and, rising into giant stature, exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "Yes, I am that Pietro! and you, caitiff, you have crossed me in the schemes by which I intended to have crushed these youths into the dust—tremble, worm, before the vengeance of your master!"

Berecynth again laughed a loud laugh of mockery: "The vengeance of my master!" echoed he—"Fool without an equal, to apply such language unto me! Knowest thou not, thou wretched juggler, that one glance of my eyes—one grasp of my hand, can blast you for ever?—Thou earth-born tamperer with the things of hell—were not all thy power and success derived from me?"

A phantom of horror filled the hall

in which they stood. Its eyes streamed with fire, and its arms were stretched forth like eagles' wings. Pietro prostrated himself, shrieking for mercy at its feet. "It was my might," said the demon, "which upheld thy hellish machinations; it was I that gave success to the jugglery with which thou didst dazzle the eyes of men. But all the while thou madest me thy scoff, and didst trample me under foot. Now my time has come, and thou must be my servant. Thou must go down with me into my kingdom, to be my slave throughout eternity. Begone, ye strangers!" continued he, addressing the young men. "He and I have accounts to settle, and ye may not be present at the reckoning." A violent peal of thunder shook the house to its foundation, as Antonio and Alphonso rushed out of it in terror. They got into the streets they knew not how, and fled to a neighbouring church, while the storm broke over their heads with ever increasing fury. They looked back to the house from which they had fled, and saw that it was enveloped in flames. Two dark shadows were seen wavering and wrestling among the blazing rafters; and howlings of despair, blended with the loud laughter of scorn, drifted towards them between the pauses of the loud-raging tempest.

CHAP. XIV.

THE CONCLUSION.

It was a considerable time before Antonio was strong enough to go in quest of the old woman whose house had been pointed out to him. When he did so, he found the old lady gaily attired, and she welcomed him with smiles.

"Ah! my young Florentine," said she, "have you again come to pay a visit to your old friend of the forest?"

"Where is your daughter?" asked Antonio, trembling with anxiety.

"If you are determined to have her," said the old woman, "I won't keep her back from you. But either you or the Podesta family must pay for her right handsomely, for she is their child, having been kidnapped by me in her infancy, under the temptation of a large bribe which I received from the family of Marconi."

"How can you prove that she is their child?" asked Antonio.

"In a hundred ways," answered the old woman. "I have still by me the dress she wore when I carried her off. She has a mole upon her right shoulder, which her mother cannot fail to remember; and besides, I still have in my possession the letters themselves of the Marconi family, urging me to the deed. All these shall be laid before you; but I must have gold in a good round sum—mind you that."

Antonio told down all the money he had with him, and added a diamond ring and golden chain to the heap. The old woman greedily scraped the gold towards her, and laughed as she said, "Do not be surprised that I am so easily satisfied; the truth is, the girl has fled from me, because she did

not like the lovers I wished to provide her with. She has taken refuge in a cloister near Trajan's pillar, and the abbess refuses to deliver her up to me. But just mention your name at the door, and the gipsy will leap into your arms; for she can dream and think of nothing but you, so much has her silly heart been bewitched since that night on which you met her in my cottage in the forest. Indeed, I am glad to be quit of her. I have got a better sort of person to keep me company in my declining years. Farewell, young man; go to your Crescentia, and may you be happy with her."

Antonio carried with him all the letters, the child's clothes, and the other proofs of her identity. As he was leaving the house he met Berecynth at the door. A storm passing over at the time, showed who it was that was abroad; but the young man

never perceived it, so light of heart was he as he winged his way to the parents of Crescentia.

The happy parents were soon convinced that the twin-sister of Crescentia was still alive; and on the following morning her father took her from the cloister. The maiden's joy was unspeakable in being restored to her parents, and in again finding the youth to whom she had given up her whole heart from the moment she first saw him in the forest.

Shortly after this she and Antonio were married, and went to reside with Podesta and his wife in the neighbourhood of Naples. In the happiness and repose of love, Antonio forgot the afflictions of his youth; and in their children and grandchildren the parents were recompensed for the loss of their beautiful and deeply-beloved Crescentia.*

* Pietro d'Abano, so called from his birthplace, a small village near Padua, was a real personage, and flourished during the 13th century. Like most others at that period, whose knowledge surpassed that of the vulgar, he got the credit of being a sorcerer;—but in reality he was no inconsiderable philosopher, and is known in the history of philosophy under the title of the *CONCILIATOR*.

SONG-WRITING.

BURNS.

No composition, not even a sonnet, seems to us to concentrate within so small a bound so much delight and so much difficulty as a good song. We cannot say of it what was said, by a sweet poet, of the ribbon that encircled his mistress's waist—

“A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.”

Minor poetry, however pleasing or perfect, must never be exalted to the same level with the sublimer efforts of the muse—with those massive monuments of poetic genius, in which wisdom and beauty are united with majesty and power—in which the susceptibilities and destinies of the human soul are better developed than even in the loftiest attainments of pure science, and in which ordinary minds find a source at once of docile veneration and of pious pride. Yet as the epos, or the drama, abstractly, are superior to the sonnet or the song, in the same, or rather in a still greater proportion, does a good poem of the slenderest style transcend a bad epic or tragedy. There is far less difference between the *Iliad* and the *Flowers of the Forest*, than between the *Flowers of the Forest* and the *Antediluvians*. The popular lyric, however, is not a slender, though it is not a long-sustained, exertion of poetry. Within its limited extent it affords scope for very high talent, and exercises in its perfection a very powerful sway. The best feelings of our nature may and must be here addressed; the fairest, the vividest images must be evoked; the ideas must be developed in the most rapid and direct manner; the language must be eminently precise, polished, and appropriate. Every thought must go straight to the hearer's heart—every word must speak magically to the ear and the fancy. The choice of a subject for a song, is as difficult as the task of doing justice to that subject. Its essence and object imply that the theme shall be popular but not commonplace; simple and single in its conception, but stirring and striking in its progress, and in its close complete and satisfying, and producing, for the most part, a sober

and subdued surprise. Any thing flat or feeble—any thing subtle or strained—is out of the question. Homer may sometimes nod, and may almost in his slumbers approach within a measurable distance of M'Henry's snore; but Sappho and Alcæus must always be wide awake. The epic, the didactic, the Pindaric poet, may be sometimes turbid as the torrent, or dark as the sea; but the song-writer must be clear and transparent as the living fountain or the pebbled stream. His work must have the purity, the ease, the modesty, of nature; and it must have another of nature's attributes, which perfect art can alone approach, that of wearing the freshness of novelty on the hundredth repetition.

“Enough,” perhaps our reader may say, after the prince in *Rasselas*; “you have convinced me that no man can write a song.” But such a conclusion would be rash and erroneous. Innumerable lyric jewels are to be found in the treasures of poetic genius. In all times, and in all tongues, songs have been written and sung, realizing enough of their proper attributes to delight the hearts and live in the memories of the multitude, while they were capable of pleasing the most fastidious and baffling the most critical. How many a palace, how many a cottage, how many solitary glens and crowded alleys have resounded, and at this hour resound, with vocal verse, in which the spirit of poetry is breathed around with more or less of power and loveliness, exhilarating the happy, cheering the sad, softening the sullen, and reclaiming the depraved! The themes which befit the lyric muse are not many, but they are exhaustless; they may be disfigured in their form, or perverted from their purpose, but they are in their nature noble and good. Love is the essence of them all—love in all its forms and phases; whether the love of lovers, or of friends, or of kindred, or of patriots, for the dear objects which engage their hearts—love, whether exulting in the happiness of hope, and presence, and enjoyment, or enduring the trials of absence, disappoint-

ment, and despair. Years and ages roll over the world, yet the oldest forms of lyrical beauty are ever new—yet the same field is ever yielding new fruits, with all the unabating fertility which marked its golden prime.

The best songs are often produced by those who are not professed, or professional poets; by those who do not write at all except when the heart prompts them; by those whose compositions can never be successful except when their power of pleasing is their only recommendation. When art or ambition have any share in the production, nature, which is the essence of song-writing, is liable to be forgotten or displaced. The apparent slightness of the effort required for a song, creates a temptation more than in any other kind of poetry, to supply, by mechanical facility, what can only be produced by sincere enthusiasm. If a right standard of lyric poetry be adopted, it is manifest that it cannot be hurriedly or superficially composed. Moments of inspiration, we presume, are of rare occurrence among the best poets; and these must, in every department, be solicited and improved by reflection and labour. The comparative narrowness of the path, indeed, in this peculiar region of poetry, increases the necessity of care and consideration to avoid running into old ruts, and to discover any original tract of thought and feeling. We should expect, therefore, that no one man could possibly produce more than a very few of such compositions, and many of our most popular songs seem to be the unique productions of their authors. The orator of a single speech has been considered a prodigy; but experience would not lead us to say the same thing of a poet whose reputation rested on a single song.

In modern times, however, a variety of causes have combined to make fertility, at least, as remarkable a characteristic of lyric talent as perfection of execution. Not to mention inferior names, Burns and Moore, in our own time and that of our fathers, have each produced more songs than in other ages would have distinguished any twenty writers of genius. Burns is the reputed author or emendator of about 250 lyrics, while the songs of Moore are as the sands of the sea-shore. We strongly suspect, that to the works

of the best poets who write with such fertility in a limited department, the maxim of Martial must necessarily apply: *Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, SUNT MALA PLURA.* We lament and we condemn this consequence. We consider that any system is bad under which poetry of this description is hurriedly huddled up, and cast into the world with all its imperfections on its head, to the injury alike of the writer's reputation and the depression of the standard of poetical excellence. There will always be abundance of clippers and coiners to pass off counterfeit money on the unwary. But poets, like princes, should be niggardly of their name and countenance, and chary of depreciating the legal currency, of which they exercise the control, by issuing from their mint what has not been tried and tested as fine gold.

In the two examples to which we have referred, the inducements which led to this fault were not altogether the same. The Bard of Erin, we believe, has, in his day, received for his lyrical effusions no inconsiderable amount of currency of a more substantial kind: and, however much it may have come to, we sincerely wish it had been more. With regard to the case of our Scottish minstrel, we must say, that, after an attentive and repeated perusal of the Thomson Correspondence, we have arrived deliberately at the conviction, that pecuniary recompense was not the incentive, as it was certainly not the result, of his lyric labours. The sum of five pounds, forced upon him by the most solemn adjurations at the commencement of his task, and five pounds more given on his deathbed, but which, we believe, was not needed, and never used, amount to a much less remuneration *per song* than Mr Willison Glass was in the habit of receiving from every mason-lodge or private patron with whose name he might fill up the dedication of his poetical circulars. This calculation fully exonerates Burns from any suspicion that he wrote for money; but the result was nearly the same as if his motive had been less disinterested. He was encouraged and urged by others to write songs beyond the powers of any poet's productiveness; and the humility or blind devotion of those to whom they were furnished,

prevented them from exercising that strictness of control which was necessary to correct error and suppress mediocrity. The idea sometimes comes across our minds, that the fortunes of our great Scottish poet might indeed have been very different, if his fate had connected him with a spirit so frank, so independent, so liberal, and so enterprising, as that which animated a dear and lamented friend of our own, of whose name it can never be necessary to make express mention in the pages of *Maga*. We should probably, in such a case, have reaped still richer fruits than we possess from the genius of Burns; and we might not have had the pain of seeing his more mature productions dishonoured, by an association with many rude and shapeless efforts that ought never to have seen the light.

It is our purpose, in one or two articles, to apply the flail and the fan-ners to the lyrical works of these two national poets, labouring, to the best of our capacity, to separate the wheat from the chaff, the solid and salubrious material of the staff of life from the husks and refuse with which it is too intimately commingled. We shall treat of these two eminent writers in connexion, not that we think them altogether equal or similar to each other; but because each has justly earned for himself the name of a national poet, as well as a wide possession of general popularity, and each has much in his writings to praise, and not a little to reprehend.

We begin with Burns; and we shall first of all notice some of those songs which we think faulty or indifferent, and which, therefore, we could have wished might have remained in the author's repositories, as conveyancers say, undelivered at the time of his death. Let it be observed, that we have not the horror that some people entertain about posthumous publication. It may sometimes be an evil when intrusted to indiscreet hands, but, if judiciously conducted, it is psychologically curious, and critically very valuable. It is of infinite importance to literary students to see the crude conceptions of a man of genius in the very bud, or only half blown, and thence to learn the degrees by which excellence may be attained. From such revelations the timid may acquire confidence, and the rash

caution. The comparison between the compositions thus found to have been delayed or suppressed, and those finished works of genius which have finally received their author's approval, must prevent any injury to public taste, and must even tend to its improvement. It is a very different thing when an author, in his own lifetime, is tempted to put out of his hands productions which have not yet received the last polish of the file, or which may, perhaps, be incapable of taking it; and we greatly deplore any system of things that tends to such a result. It is itself a flagrant violation, and its example involves a wide-spread disregard of that rule of "being perfect," which, in different though not discordant ways, ought equally to be the aim of the poet and the Christian.

Let it not be supposed that, in the review of Burns's songs which we are now to attempt, the proposal to point out his faults implies any indifference to his excellences, or any want of admiration for his high and manly genius. Much that we are here to write, will show how reverently we think of him; and a criticism upon that part of his compositions, which, on the whole, we think the most vulnerable, can never imply that we are blind to the innumerable beauties which are scattered throughout his works. The pathos, the humour, the strong judgment, the lively fancy, the terse diction, which characterise all Burns's masterpieces, and which are to be found alike in his best songs as in other parts of his poetry, make it impossible that criticism, fairly and impartially conducted, can have any other result than that of raising the estimate of his powers while placing it upon a firmer foundation. It is because he was a man of high genius, and because he exerts over all men, and more especially over his countrymen, the dominion that genius is heir to, that we desire to point out, along with his merits, those errors from which we could have wished him to be free. Assuredly, we would willingly accept of another such man, (though, when shall we look upon his like again?) even with all the faults which we are about to condemn. But if another such should ever arise, we would desire to make him more perfect than his predecessor in care, and diligence, and taste: and we still more would labour to recommend these qualities

to the poets whom we are more likely to see, and in whom the same blemishes, with an inferior portion of genius, would be far less tolerable.

We consider no poet to be exempt from criticism, in the liberal sense of the word; and, whenever criticism speaks, she must speak honestly and frankly, not fearing to touch the best, and still less to touch the next best, where she sees any infringement of the immutable principles of beauty or truth.

We must further observe, by way of preface, that, in criticising the writings of a man like Burns, it is not to be supposed that we should ever have to find fault with a total emptiness of thought or absence of elegance. It was probably as impossible for him to have written a silly or absolutely dull song, as it would have been for Burke, in any mood of negligence, to have conversed in downright drivel. The defects we shall have to detect are of a different kind, consisting either in individual blots disfiguring a form otherwise fair, or in an inferior degree of that beauty and finish which are essential to lyric poetry. Let it be remembered, also, that Burns became latterly anxious to revise the songs which he had written—a consideration which does not dispense with the duty of observing their defects, but which exculpates him from the suspicion of over-estimating their merits.

We now commence our task by selecting some of the most conspicuous examples of songs which, in our opinion, the poet should have been advised to withhold as unworthy of his genius, at least in the state in which they appear. Our selection shall chiefly be made from Mr Thomson's Collection or Correspondence, which, from its authoritative and prominent character, as well as from the great beauty of many of the songs contained in it, ought to have excluded every thing that was not excellent.

What has the following to recommend it, except one or two smooth lines here and there?—

“True-hearted was he, the sad swain o’ the
Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o’
the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o’ the Nith’s wind-
ing river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as
fair :

To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all
over ;

To equal young Jessie you seek it in
vain ;

Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her
lover,

And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

“O fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy
morning,

And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
But in the fair presence o’ lovely young
Jessie,

Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
Enthroned in her een he delivers his
law ;

And still to her charms she alone is a
stranger,

Her modest demeanour ’s the jewel of
a’.”

The versification of this song seems to us to be deadened by the absence of rhyme in the first and third lines of the quatrain, while the ideas generally are tame and the expressions prosaic.

Elegance is an attribute of heroines that should not be mentioned in song, however it may be admired in reality. “Sweet is the lily at *evening* close,” will not scan without a mispronunciation. The images of love sitting in her smile “a wizard ensnaring,” and delivering his law “enthroned in *her een*,” have not much happiness, and are inconsistent with simplicity. “Still to her charms she alone is a stranger,” has as little of poetry in it for a concluding thought, as can well be imagined.

The following song is declared by Mr Thomson to be “quite enchanting.” Read it carefully, and say if you are of the same opinion.

“Blythe ha’e I been on yon hill,

As the lambs before me ;

Careless ilka thought and free,

As the breeze flew o’er me :

Now nae langer sport and play,

Mirth or sang can please me ;

Lesley is sae fair and coy,

Care and anguish seize me.

“Heavy, heavy, is the task,

Hopeless love declaring :

Trembling, I dow nocht but glower,

Sighing, dumb, despairing !

If she winna ease the thrava

In my bosom swelling,

Underneath the grass-green sod

Soon maun be my dwelling.”

We own we do not feel the power

of any mighty magic in these lines. We have read them several times, and still feel much "in our ordinary," as the phrase is. They appear to us to be poorly imagined, and extremely ill written. What is meant by "as the lambs *before me*?" Is it in the same sense as "my father the deacon afore me?" the lambs that preceded me? or the lambs in my presence? What, again, is the meaning of the fourth line—"as the breeze flew o'er me?" Is it a comparison or a circumstance? Does it mean "*while* the breeze flew o'er me?" or, "as the breeze *that* flew o'er me?" In the one way it is idle; in the other ungrammatical. "Sport and play," prefixed to "mirth or sang," are weak and mean. "Care and anguish seize me," is veritable Vauxhall. The second stanza is to us still less enchanting than the first. "*Trembling, I drow nocht but glowr*, sighing, *dumb*, despairing," is melancholy, but certainly not gentlemanlike! It strongly represents the stupor of a village imbecile. "If she winna *ease* the *throws* in my bosom *swelling*," is so poorly and almost ludicrously expressed, that it reconciles us to consigning the supposed lover to his long home in the next couplet without a single pang. Let any man attempt to sing this song in a mixed company, to its tune of the Quaker's wife, in the most pathetic possible style, and we venture to predict that, from the word "*glowr*," to the conclusion, the whole table, and more particularly the young ladies, who have by far the surest sense of the beautiful or ridiculous, will be convulsed with laughter, beginning with a titter or grin and increasing gradually to a guffaw.

We are not sure whether the next sample is inserted in Mr Thomson's Collection, though it is to be found in the Correspondence. We are sure it should not have appeared in either. It is needless to point out the faults and feeblenesses, which almost overlay the germs of fancy and feeling which it contains.

"While larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare;
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

"In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share;
While yon wild-flowers among,
Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

"Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were;
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair."

To the song next in our list, our objections are of a different, and, some of our readers may think, of a more doubtful nature.

"Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours
To wander wi' my Davie.

"Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

"The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

"When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair
To meet my faithful Davie.

"When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

"Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bonny Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie."

There is here a great deal of sweetness, cheerfulness, and beauty; but their effect is not, to our taste, what it ought to have been. The opening of the song reminds us, though by a feeble reflection, of other delightful lines, the offspring of a greater than Burns, and with the whole of which the slenderest excuse will justify us in adorning our pages.

" Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail ! bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire :

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long."

In their own sphere, the verses with which Burns begins the song under consideration, seem to promise a not unworthy echo of the May-day melody which the high-priest of the Muses had already sounded. But, alas ! the delusion is soon dissipated. When we find that the great theme of gladness and source of inspiration, in the poem, is to be the prospect of wandering " wi' Davie," we feel half ashamed of our rising enthusiasm ; and when it further appears that the individual in question rejoices in the epithet of " Dainty "—" Dainty Davie"—the affair is involved in still greater embarrassment. We are of a totally different opinion from Juliet in the matter of names ; and are indeed on that subject of nearly the same mind with Mr Shandy. It may be of very little moment to a young lady in love, whether her hero is a Montague or a Capulet ; but if the alternative lay between one of those patronymics and that of Tomkins, or Tims, we are inclined to think that even Juliet would have been staggered. The farce of Mr H., though deservedly damned as a whole, was at least successful as a demonstration of the doctrine for which we are now contending. Christian names are certainly not less important than surnames, and in songs are rather more so, as we do not think it is usual to give the surname in a lyric. To David generally, even to Sir David, we have a strong objection except in his proper place, and would almost here have preferred Solomon or Samuel. " Davie," the diminutive, does not much mend the matter ; and, on the whole, we think that the gentleman whose image is so intimately blended with the flowers of May, would, by some other name, have smelt more odoriferously, and would probably have been most effective in an anonymous form. The functions attributed to the reverend hero of the original ditty, were congenial with the name of Dainty Davie, under

which he was designated. But the lady who, in Burns's song, exhibits so just an appreciation of vernal scenery, should have been matched with a lover bearing a less vulgar appellation, or should have kept the vulgarity as much as possible in the background.

Laying out of view the unfortunate burden with which we consider it to be weighed down, the imagery in the song, generally, is pastoral and pleasing. These lines,—

" The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,"

are redolent of youth and joy, and are almost every thing that they should be. The epithet of " crystal " to falling waters, however, is of doubtful propriety, as crystal falling in any shape is rather a nervous idea. We feel a stronger, and we think a more substantial objection, to the picture in the last verse, of day " expiring, and drawing the curtain of Nature's rest." We are not so fastidious as to repudiate all similitudes that may be borrowed from artificial or mechanical objects. We can, without aversion, think of the moon as the " refulgent lamp of night ;" and would even occasionally, as here, allow the upholsterer to bear his part, To despise the " curtain-drawing " of Burns, in a simple song, would be unjust in any who are willing to admire in a sacred hymn a metaphor of Milton, which gives us still more of the details and drapery of the bed-chamber :—

" So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave."

What we object to in the stanza now before us, is not that the curtain should be drawn, but that this should be done by " Day " when represented as " expiring ;" an expression which, in an imaginative passage of this kind, must be taken in a literal, and not in a reflected sense. Drawing the curtain

would be appropriate enough in a person going to sleep; but, in one "expiring," it is never needed, and not often attempted. The figure of Death thus presented to us, in a scene of peace and joy, is incongruous and painful.

We would further observe, with reference to this song, that Mr Thomson's usual censorial powers seem to have been lulled into a slumber when he allowed it to pass without question. Mr Thomson is as vigilant as a kirk-session to discover any impropriety of conduct, or even to entertain a *fama* in the case of the heroes and heroines of the older songs; and it is surprising that he should not have perceived the suspicious position of "Dainty Davie" and his female admirer. They certainly do not appear to be residing together as married persons, otherwise there would be no occasion for their frequent assignations on the "warlock knowe;" and, therefore, the lady's flying to her Davie's arms, when "Day draws the curtain of Nature's rest," is a feature in the case that "rigour," or "advice with scrupulous heed," would have pronounced to be at least as dangerous as most things of the kind in the old school.

These are not scruples that would occur to ourselves, who are always disposed to put the best construction on the behaviour of young people; but they are unanswerable objections, as against Mr Thomson, who carried his views so far as to pronounce the delightful old song of "Saw ye my father" to be both indelicate and silly. Burns was of a different opinion there on both points, and so are we. The strain we now refer to is old, indeed, and in one sense simple; but we see not the silliness. What is there silly in the "lassie's" bargain with the bird that was her only time-teller, that, if he was faithful to his office,

"His breast it shall be of the bonny beaten
gowd,
And his wings of the silver grey?"

Is the catastrophe silly, or is it sweetly poetical?

"The cock proved fause, and untrue he
was,

For he crew an hour o'er soon:

The lassie thought it day when she sent
her love away,

And it was but a glimpse of the moon."

A lament for the loss of one pre-

cious hour of sweet and secret love, seems to us to indicate both "sense and sensibility," and the premature anticipation of dawn, from a fitful effulgence of the wading moon, is both graphically and poetically pleasing. Have we not, in the highest poetry, the same subject handled in a somewhat similar, though it may be in a superior style, as superior as the genius of Shakspeare over that of all other men? And shall we not admire the reflection, in our own homely and nameless minstrel, of the same burning spirit that gave birth to the doubts and delusions of Juliet and her lover, when fearfully watching the approach of dawn, and avaricious of every moment that the night would grant them? The mistake in the one case is in the cock, in giving warning too soon; in the other, it is in the fond lover refusing to believe a warning that was almost too late. But a parallel between the situations is, to our minds, easily drawn; and in each of the representations, after its own kind and measure, we can admire the feeling of tenderness and beauty which prompted the poetry.

"*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet
near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine
ear:

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate
tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the
morn,

No nightingale; look, love, what envious
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder
east:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund
Day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain
tops:

I must begone and live; or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know
it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet, thou need'st not to
be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put
to death;

I am content so thou wilt have it so:

I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow:

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads ;

I have more care to stay, than will to go ;
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so."

With regard to the question of delicacy, the old song of "Saw ye my father," appears to us to have at least as little of that blemish as the modern one of "Dainty Davie," which we have above considered. But why should we suspect delicacy where it is not necessarily to be inferred? Manners are one thing and morals another : nor are all things alike blamable in different circumstances. What might be very hazardous and very horrible in Mr Thomson or Miss Tomkins, may, in the case of Johnnie and Jeannie, be safe and innocent. In the humble ranks of life, through all parts of the world, interviews between lovers, strong in love and in honesty, have taken place at midnight as blamelessly as at noon. But, besides, if we are driven to it, why not suppose a private marriage, as in the case of Romeo and Juliet? Marriages are easily contracted in Scotland ; and the admirable judgment and speech of Sir William Scott in the Dalrymple case has put such proceedings on a footing perfectly secure and satisfactory, at least for all the purposes of poetry, if not of practice. Evil to him who evil thinks. For our part, we are willing to go to the stake in defence of our firm belief, that the conduct of Johnny and his mistress in the old song, however it is to be explained, would be found perfectly unexceptionable if we knew the whole particulars.

"Saw ye my father," however, was not admissible into the Thomson collection ; and therefore, contrary to Burns's own conscience and conviction, the task was imposed on him of supplying its place by one more pure or more prudish. Let us now see how that task was fulfilled :—

"Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song ?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among ?

"No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair :

No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,

But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

"Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near ?

No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

"Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,

Yet long, long too well have I known,
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,

Is Jenny, fair Jenny, alone.

"Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,

Nor hope dare a comfort bestow ;
Come, then, enamour'd, and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe."

In its kind, the opening of this song is good. We are not, however, pleased with the strained fancy of joys "*dancing*" in the morning to the lark's song. The lines—

"Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among,"

are natural and touching. The second and third verses are fair, though with here and there a clumsy expression. The two last verses, we take leave to say, are about as bad as ever were written. When personally introduced to the heroine of this sentimental strain, we involuntarily, and with more justice, exclaim with Mrs Quickly, "Vengeance of Jenny's case ! fie on her, never name her !"
"My griefs are immortal,"—"Enamoured, and *fond* of my anguish,"—"Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe,"—are frigid exaggerations, or absolute fustian.

We might dwell, alas ! much longer on this part of our task ; but we have greater pleasure in proceeding to notice the best among those songs of Burns, which we consider to be worthy of his high genius, and of the lyrical reputation which they have obtained for him. We shall point out in these the beauties which appear to us to be most solid and conspicuous ; but shall not spare to animadvert also on the blemishes or inequalities by which their value is alloyed. We

shall divide the subjects of our consideration into three classes, though each sometimes merges into the other—Songs of Spirit, Songs of Tenderness, and Songs of Merriment.

No song, perhaps, has been oftener sung or quoted, or is more completely identified with Burns's name, than the "Address of Bruce to his Army at Bannockburn." Though it probably dwells in the memories of all, let us lay it before our readers, and offer a few observations upon its merits.

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

"Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front of battle low'r,
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Chains and slavery!

"Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?—
Let him turn and flee!

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?—
Let him on wi' me!

"By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

"Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!"

We have so often sung or murmured to ourselves this impressive song—we have so often heard it said and sung by others—it has so long been established in our imaginations as the actual address which preceded and helped to gain the battle that secured our country's independence, that it is with difficulty we can escape from the engrained prepossessions thus produced, and place ourselves in the free and indifferent position of liberal critics. We shall try, however, to do so; and shall task ourselves to determine what is the precise degree and amount of praise to which this poem is intrinsically entitled. When we hear it commended as splendid or sublime, and enquire in what particulars it exhibits those qua-

lities, we are unable to find a satisfactory answer. We discover no profound reflections—no soaring imaginations; we meet with nothing that is not a common topic in such a situation—nothing that is unexpectedly striking, or touching, or terrible, in the images presented to us. In so far as the thoughts are concerned, we question if there is any thing which a schoolboy might not have introduced into a theme on such a subject; and probably, if he had read Galgacus's speech in the life of Agricola, a clever schoolboy might have introduced sentiments which were more pointed, if not more pithy. But, on the other hand, when we look at it, not as a composition of lofty genius or of creative poetry, but as a plain and powerful exhortation to a patriotic struggle, and introduced as a popular versification of ideas suitable to so great an occasion, and yet level to the capacities and sympathies of all men; when we observe the vigorous, manly, and resolute tone in which those ideas are expressed, and the absence of any thing feeble or foreign to the matter at issue, we willingly pronounce it to be an admirable example of the martial lyric, and a successful achievement of a difficult and honourable task. If the imaginative reader finds nothing in it which surpasses the common notions of all mankind on so exciting a subject, the universal applause with which ordinary minds have received it, is at least a proof that it does not in any thing fall short of that standard. If the same ideas have often been thought, the result of the experiment proves that they have never, or not often, been so well expressed.

We like as well, if not better, what Mr Thomson pleasantly calls a *vive-la-bagatelle* song, but which, to us, appears a rather more serious affair.

"Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that,

"What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that,

For a' that and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The honest man, though e'er so poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

" Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that ;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

" A king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he maunna fa that !
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that ;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

" Then let us pray, that come it may—
 And come it will for a' that—
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
 May bear the gree and a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that."

This is plainly written *con amore*, and is almost perfect in its way, though it has little pretension to poetry, and is as much a satire as a song. However dangerous or destructive its sentiments may be in their excess or misapplication, they are entitled to reverence and sympathy, as truths

which, under proper control, are important elements in private independence and public liberality.

There is a wildness and energy in what we are next to quote that attains to the sublime, and appears to place it very high in the scale of song-writing.—

" As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air,
 Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care.

" The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky ;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 And the distant echoing glens reply.

" The stream adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
 Hastening to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

" The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din ;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

" By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
 And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attired as minstrels wont to be.

" Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin' look had daunted me ;
 And on his bonnet graved was plain,
 The sacred posy—Libertie !"

Our next is a very favourable example of Burns's powers :—

" Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom :
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen ;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild-flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

" Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they ?—the haunt o' the tyrant and slave !
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views with disdain ;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean."

This, on the whole, is excellent : it is bold and beautiful, and has thrilled many thousand Scottish hearts, and filled many thousand Scottish eyes

with tears, whether at home or in distant lands. Nothing can be sweeter in themselves, or by contrast with what precedes them, than the lines—

"Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green
breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow
broom."

But the song has faults, and those, too, considerable ones. We doubt whether the reason assigned for loving "yon humble broom bowers," is not too exclusively confined to their connexion with the poet's mistress. Surely we prefer the glens of our native land, with their broom and their breckan, before the rich regions of the myrtle and orange, not merely because they are the haunt of a beloved woman, but also because they are the home of our fathers and kindred, the seat of knowledge and piety, the domicile of liberty and peace. If it be said that "Jean," in her character and virtues, is to be regarded as the type of all these excellences, we think the idea is somewhat strained and obscure.

We are certain, however, that if this illusion was admissible in the first verse, it is poorly introduced, and mawkishly expressed in the conclusion of the second. The conceit of the free Caledonian wandering about his mountains with only "love's willing fetters, the *chains* o' his Jean," is equally cold and commonplace, and wholly unsuitable to the simple and manly character which the song should sustain.

We are naturally led from this last song to notice some of those which are more exclusively devoted to the tender or gentle affections. We shall give the precedence to "Highland Mary."

"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,

Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,

Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

"How sweetly bloom'd the gay green
birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath the fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

"Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace

Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging oft to meet again
We tore ourselves asunder:
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

"O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,

I oft hae kiss'd sae fondly;
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary."

We feel this to be, indeed, admirable, and fresh from the heart; and if one or two blemishes occur to us in style or versification, the sacredness of a love and sorrow so beautiful and so sincere, deter us from whispering a word of aught but sympathy and reverence.

What we have next to notice is every way more open to criticism.

"There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

"She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening among the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

"But oh! she's an heiress, and Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I maun hide that will soon be my dead.

"The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;

I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

"O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!"

We much admire the two first verses, which are well suited in style and sentiment to a very beautiful and pathetic air; but we think that the rest of the song might, on the whole, have been dispensed with, or ought, at least, to have been remodeled.

"A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I maun hide that will soon be my dead;"

is clumsy and incongruous. "I sigh as my heart it would burst in my breast," does not please us, and seems to enfeeble a stanza that might have been very good. Somehow or other, a "sigh" is not at all a poetical thing, according to our Scotch customs or pronunciation. The last verse is positively bad. The question in proportion, or the rule of three, stated in the concluding lines,

"O how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!"

is much too formal and calculating, and is destitute of any felicity of thought or language.

Of the same mixed character is the following:—

"O poortith cauld and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye!
Yet poortith a' I could forgi'e,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should Fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love—
Depend on fortune's shining?"

"This world's wealth, when I think on
It's pride and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie, on silly coward man
That he should be the slave o't!
O why, &c.

"Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
That she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks o' rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

"O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O what can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

"How blest the humble cottar's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why," &c.

We like the first verse of this song; and, although the personification of Fate, taking "pleasure" in untwining life's dearest bands, is not in a style either of Doric simplicity or of Attic elegance, the chorus is redeemed by the touching, though perhaps not very coherent question: Why sae sweet a flower as Love should depend on Fortune's shining? The rest of the song we think is, on the whole, very inferior. Nothing can well be worse than the verse—

"Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
That she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks o' rank and fashion."

The next verse, "O wha can prudence think upon?" is vigorous and characteristic, though scarcely poetical.

The song of "Gala Water" is simple and successful. The last verse has much in it of earnestness and beauty.

"There's braw braw lads on Yarrow
braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala water.

"But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala water.
"Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae muckle tocher,
Yet rich in kindness, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

"It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure!"

The living influences of those localities, that dwell in love's remembrance as the scenes of past happiness, or the lodestars of present solicitude, are fertile themes of lyrical poetry, and Burns well understood and familiarly availed himself of their power. Among the very sweetest of all his compositions is the following example of this topic, which opens in the most natural and touching strain; and, though not altogether equal, has much of simple beauty throughout:—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.

"There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:

"There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

"O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Among the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees:

And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean:
Ae look o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean."

Perhaps a still more exquisite and impassioned expression of the same feeling, is shown in a couple of verses to be found in *Johnson's Museum*—

"Out over the Forth, I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands
to me?

The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, nor the wide rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers
may be;

For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me."

Never, surely, was the religion of devoted love more truly, more warmly expressed than in these few but magical lines. We may observe, by the way, that, although furnished less formally and less responsibly, the contributions of Burns to the *Museum* were often more racy and more spirited than those which were written for Mr Thomson's Collection. In the *Museum*, for instance, appeared the noble song which we are about to quote, and of which one half stanza would of itself have preserved the name of Burns throughout all time; and would more than compensate, not only for the inequalities of the other lines, though they had been infinitely greater, but for all the commonplaces which Mr Thomson was fain to accept as true poetry:—

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

"I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
*Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.*

"Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee."

In the *Museum*, also, we have "The Posie," which was adopted by Thomson; and which, for its union of the two best and purest affections of the heart—the love of woman and of rural nature—deserves all the praise that it has ever received—

"O love will venture in where it dourna weel be soon,
O love will venture in where wisdom once has been;

But I will down yon river rove, among the fields sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

"The primrose I will pu,' the firstling of the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear—
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

"I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou' ;
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

"The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there ;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

"The hawthorn I will pu,' wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day ;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak' away :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

"The woodbine I will pu' when the evening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear ;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

"I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken bands o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove :
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May."

The last, it would appear, of Burns's communications to the *Museum*, was the song of "Mally's meek, Mally's sweet," which, in some respects homely enough, has yet much to recommend it. The idea in the last stanza might have been better brought out, but it has the fire of genius—

"Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck ;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck."

Is not this a vivid expression of the power of beauty over the darkness and the storms of life? Do we not here see at a glance, as in a dream not difficult to be interpreted, a tempestuous sea, and a labouring vessel with despairing mariners; and then, amidst the severing clouds, a vision of those "lucida sidera," those Ledaean twins,

———"Quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit
Defluit saxis agitatus humor
Considunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,
Et minax (quod sic voluere) ponto
Unda recumbit."

It would extend this article beyond the length of a midsummer's day, if we were to review all the

songs of Burns which are entitled to admiration. Why should we set down the imperishable verses of "Auld Langsyne," which every reader worth addressing can repeat, as if they were printed before his eyes? or why add a "perfume to the violet," by bestowing on them a vague and unmeaning praise, or attempting to point out beauties that are obvious to all? Why should we notice many other songs to which the observations we have already made may with suitable changes be easily transferred?—some of them being almost unexceptionably beautiful, but the most part chequered with a mixture of error and defect amidst their pervading excellences.

We have always greatly admired the comic songs of Burns, but it is not our intention to enter here on a detailed examination of them. Such compositions do not equally challenge or call for criticism as more serious attempts, and it would not be so easy to find room for observation upon them. Burns's genius was as well adapted for the ludicrous as for the pathetic, and his command of appropriate vernacular language for ludicrous subjects was peculiarly great. Instead of offering the commonplace

observations that could alone occur to us here, we shall conclude this article by laying before our readers some of our poet's comic effusions in a foreign dress, which may at once amuse by its novelty, and help us to judge of their intrinsic merits, and to form a conjecture as to the ideas regarding them which may be acquired by those who are total strangers to the language in which they are written. Our extracts are taken from a small and rather scarce volume, published at Paris in 1826, and bearing the following title: "Morceaux Choisis de Burns, Poète Ecos-sais; Traduits par MM. James Aytoun et J. B. Mesnard." The Monsieur James Aytoun who has a share in these translations is no other, we believe, than the very amiable

person with whom our townsmen are well acquainted as a member of the Scottish Bar, and as having on at least one occasion come forward as a candidate for the representation of Edinburgh. The work contains translations, all of them in prose, of several of Burns's best pieces, both serious and comic, including "The Cot-tar's Saturday Night," and "Tam o' Shanter." But we confine our quotations to one or two of the comic songs, as most in accordance with our own plan, and most likely to interest and amuse our readers. We refrain from making any comment whatever on the translations, except here and there to print in italics some of the passages which appear the most striking. We place the original and the translation opposite to each other:—

DUNCAN GRAY.

" Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
On blithe Yule night when we were fu',
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

" Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' loupin' o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

" Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Shall I like a fool, quo' he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to France for me,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

" How it comes, let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Meg grew sick as he grew hail,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O! her een they spake sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray vint ici pour faire sa cour, pendant une nuit joyeuse de Noël, que nous étions tous gris. Maggie,* à son aspect, leva la tête bien haut; la tourna d'un autre côté avec mépris, ce qui força le pauvre Duncan à se tenir à une distance respectueuse.

Duncan pria et supplia : . . . Maggie resta sourde comme les roches d'Ailsa.† Duncan sortait et rentrait en poussant toujours de gros soupirs, en pleurant jusqu'à n'y plus voir, et parla d'aller se noyer. . . .

" Les temps et les événements ne sont qu'un flux et reflux : On supporte difficilement un amour dédaigné. Il s'écria donc : Quoi ! je mourrai comme un fou pour une fillette hautaine ! qu'elle aille courir la France pour moi ?‡

" Que les docteurs nous disent comment cela s'est fait ; mais Maggie est devenue malade en proportion que Duncan a guéri ; un trouble s'est glissé dans son âme. . . . Pour se soulager elle pousse des soupirs, et ses yeux ont parlé de quelque chose. . . .

* "Marguerite."

† "Ce rocher immense s'élève dans la mer qui borde le comté où Burns est né."

‡ "Ce que signifie cette locution, n'est pas exprimé chez nous d'une manière aussi décente."

" Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't :
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Rising pity smoor'd his wrath :
 Now they're crouse and cantie baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't."

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN
 AULD MAN?

" What can a young lassie, what shall a
 young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld
 man!
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my
 minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!

" He's always compleenin' frae morning
 to e'ening,
 He hoasts and he hirples the weary day
 lang ;
 He's doylt and he's dozen, his blude it is
 frozen,
 O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man.

" He hums and he hankers, he frets and
 he cankers,
 I never can please him do a' that I can ;
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young
 fellows,
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld
 man !

" My auld auntie Katie upon me takes
 pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;
 I'll cross him and wrack him, until I heart-
 break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a
 new pan."

We have seen some other translations in the same style, which we wish we had at hand : One of them running thus — " Guillaume Wastle demeurait sur Tweed, à un lieu qu'on appelait Linkumoddie ;" another, " Eh ! sifflez, et je viendrai à vous, mon garçon ! Quoique mon père et ma mère deviendraient fous, Eh ! sifflez,"

" Duncan était un garçon généreux ;
 l'état de Maggie inspirait la pitié ! ! . . .
 Duncan ne pouvait la laisser mourir ! . . .
 Sa pitié se développait donc au point de l'em-
 porter sur sa colère. . . . Maintenant ils
 sont tous les deux gais et contents."

LA JEUNE EPOUSE ET LE VIEUX MARI ?

" Que peut faire une jeune épouse avec
 un vieux mari ! . . . Maudite soit l'ava-
 rice qui tenta ma mère de vendre sa pauvre
 Jenny pour de la terre et de l'argent.

" Du matin jusqu'au soir il ne cesse
 de se plaindre ! . . . il tousse et piétine
 tout le long de l'ennuyeuse journée ; il est
 stupide et engourdi, son sang est glacé...
 . . . Ah ! qu'elles sont donc tristes les
 nuits passées avec un vieillard infirme !

" Toujours il gronde et grommèle, et
 bourdonne, et se fâche ! Quoique je fasse
 je ne puis jamais le rendre content ; il est
 lourru, et jaloux de tous les jeunes gar-
 çons ! . . . Maudit soit le jour où je ren-
 contrai un vieil homme !

" Ma vieille tante Katie prend pitié de
 moi. . . . Je ferai mon possible pour
 suivre ses conseils : Je le contrarierai, je
 le tourmenterai, jusqu'à ce que j'ai brisé
 son cœur ; et alors de son vieux cuivre je
 m'achèterai une casserole neuve."

&c. But the rest lives not perfectly in our recollection, and we have not enough of confidence in our French to fill up the deficiencies of memory.

The contrast of the quotations above made, present, we think, a proof of the very different powers of condensation either in the two writers or in the two languages.

* " Il est inutile d'expliquer le sens de cette phrase proverbiale."

ALISON'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

WE have at length come to the volume of Mr Alison's History which belongs especially to the exploits of England. India and the Peninsula are noble themes, and we congratulate our country on its having found a historian equal to so large, and so spirit-stirring an achievement. The previous volumes led the reader through scenes of extraordinary boldness, and catastrophes which have not yet ceased to vibrate through the universal frame of Europe. It is due to this writer to acknowledge, that he has performed his strange and difficult task with remarkable effect. The world has teemed with narratives of the French Revolution; yet none have given so ample yet so clear, so impressive yet so authentic, a memoir of that terrible period. And we honour the vigorous perseverance and the practised skill, which, gathering their facts from all available sources, have compacted them, like the fragments of the mammoth, into a vast and consistent frame, that will give our posterity a conception of the time when the earth was overrun by a gigantic race of violence, and the thoughts of men's hearts were evil continually.

It is remarkable that, wherever in European annals, for the last three hundred years, the influence of England has begun to be felt, a great amelioration has uniformly followed. It is not less remarkable, that this powerful and beneficent result has been restricted to the last three hundred years, the period of British Protestantism. Before that age, the character of our European influence was wholly cast in another mould. England was the great disturber of Europe. Always either torturing herself by civil wars, or the Continent by fierce invasions, her gallantry, discipline, and public spirit, resembled the qualities of a great school of gladiators, mutinous at home, and merciless when let loose on society. But, from the period of the Reformation, a new heart and a new office seem to have been committed to her. The great im-

press of all her policy has been peace to nations—the great principle peace; and the great duty which, with more or less strenuousness, she has constantly fulfilled, has been that of setting the example of freedom without license, and subordination without slavery, and showing the exhaustless benefits of a limited monarchy and a pure religion.

In the French Revolutionary war, we find discomfiture falling heavier on Europe, in exact proportion as England is excluded from the contest; light returns as her orb emerges from the horizon, and it is only in her full ascendancy that the sickliness and the shadows vanish together, and Europe is once more awakened to a sense of activity and ardour, to a view of the noble capabilities which lie before her, and, perhaps, to the loftier contemplation of those supreme sources of national hope and power, which man can neither create nor control.

It is scarcely less remarkable that, while the Revolution ravaged Europe, the force of England was preparing at the extremities of the earth the strength that was to restore it; and that, while almost every continental diadem was either stripped of its dominions, or condemned to hold them on conditions degrading to the name of sovereignty, England was adding kingdom to kingdom; and that, while the national spirit and the martial name of the Continent were perpetually trampled down, a succession of victories were throwing new lustre round the British standard, and more expressly preparing for triumph the soldier who was to fight the conquering battle for England and mankind.

Mr Alison's preliminary view of the scene in which those exploits were performed, gives an elegant and most overwhelming conception of what may be done at once by the force of ability and the fortune of circumstances.

"The British empire in India, extending now with few interruptions, and those only of tributary or allied states, from Cape Comorin to the

Himalaya mountains, comprehending by far the richest and most important part of Southern Asia, is nearly *four times* the area of France, and *six times* that of Great Britain and Ireland, contains above a hundred millions of inhabitants, and yields a revenue of nearly twenty millions sterling." If such are the geographical and financial features, the other details are equally astonishing. The war of 1826, when the Burmese and the Bhurtpore Rajah were fought at the same time, raised the Indian force to two hundred and sixty thousand native troops, of which thirty-five thousand were cavalry, with 1000 guns, and thirty-five thousand English: and the peculiar and most admirable characteristic of this force is, that it is wholly raised by voluntary enlistment. And we have a proud right to insist on this as a national honour. To raise armies without violating personal liberty, is a discovery which never was made by any nation before; it has never been adopted, nor even been possible in any modern nation. Even the wildest enthusiasm of liberty in France, was never able to accomplish it. The Republican armies were at first recruited by terror, under a Republican tyranny; they were next recruited by the conscription, under a despotism; the guillotine was the recruiting-officer in the first instance—the dungeon in the second. England alone has ever been able to produce a wholly voluntary army, and this single fact would amount to an evidence of her sustaining and understanding the love of liberty beyond all other nations that ever existed. The only spot that seems to rest upon this fairest of all fame is, the impressment of seamen; and, unquestionably, it is the wish of the nation that this forced service shall be obviated by voluntary enlistment as soon as possible. To effect this will be costly, but it must be wise; for there can be no purchase too costly for the services of brave fleets and armies; and there can be no policy in suffering the most skilful, hardy, and daring sailors in the world, to be seduced hourly into the service of our rivals and enemies. But impressment, in its worst shape, is a wholly different evil from the conscription. The sailor, when he adopts his profession, is fully aware that he may be impressed; and he

thus adopts the pursuit with a knowledge of the contingency. In fact, this is equivalent to a voluntary service; for he volunteers the profession, of which the liability to serve in the fleet, whenever he shall be called upon, is the declared consequence. He is not, like the conscript, dragged from pursuits of a totally different order—forced suddenly, and against all the habits of his life and mind, into a career new and distasteful. He is not made liable to be sent to war and its perils, by the mere fact of his being born, which nobody can help; he is made liable by the selection of the sea for his livelihood—a matter which was fairly a question of his own choice, and which, like every other matter of our own choosing, must be taken with all its encumbrances. Still we wish that impressment were abolished by a system of judicious arrangements and public liberality, not as an encroachment on liberty, which in principle it cannot be; but as a source of painful feelings, which it would be humane, and of course wise, to dry up altogether.

The geographical features of this vast country, give room for striking contemplations. "From the snowy summits of the Himalaya to the green slopes of Cape Comorin, from the steep ghauts of Malabar to the sandy shores of Coromandel, it exhibits a succession of the most noble or beautiful features. Stupendous mountain ranges, their sides clothed with lofty forests, their peaks reposing in icy stillness; vast plains rivalling the Delta of Egypt in richness, and, like it, submerged yearly by the fertilizing waters of the Ganges; here lofty ghauts running parallel at a short distance from the shore of the ocean to the edge of its waters, and marking the line of demarcation between the plains on the seaside and the elevated table-land, several thousand feet in height, in the interior—those rugged hills or thick forests teeming with the riches of a southern sun.

"The boundaries of this mighty land are of corresponding magnitude. The Himalaya and the mountains of Cabul and Candahar on the north; the splendid and rapid stream of the Indus, seventeen hundred miles in length, of which seven hundred and sixty are navigable on the north-west; the deep and stagnant Tyrawuddy, fourteen

hundred miles in length, winding its way to the Bay of Bengal through the rank luxuriance of tropical vegetation on the north-east; and the ocean, on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, on the south. Nature every where appears, in this highly favoured region, in her most magnificent array; the Himalaya mountains surmounting even Chimborazo in elevation—the Indus rivalling the river of the Amazons in magnitude—the plain of Bengal outstripping even Mesopotamia itself in fertility—form some of the features of a country which, from the earliest times, has been the seat of civilisation, and the abode of opulence and magnificence.”

A striking characteristic of our Indian dominion is its developement of the original powers of the British mind. The condition of society in England affords room for little more than one talent, political ability, as it has scarcely more than one field for eminent distinction, Parliament. The faculties of the soldier, the philosopher, and even the scholar, if they are not often completely hidden, are, with a few exceptions, singularly restricted. It is probable that the men who have left names in our Indian history, might have passed through life unknown in England. In England Clive might have died at a desk, instead of being the founder of an empire; Warren Hastings solicited an Oxford professorship of Persian, which would have extinguished the noblest proconsul that England ever produced. If both Wellesley and the Marquis of Hastings must have been remarkable in any land, it was in India alone that they could have found the materials for the ample superstructure of their fame. What Wellington might have been as colonel of the 33d, and advancing through the slow gradations of our limited force, we fortunately have not now to enquire and regret. But India gave him the true expanse for a genius made for vastness of operation—the true place of exercise for a great controlling mind—the unrivalled field for administrative faculties which might have been buried in the details of a regiment—and the lofty experience which, famished in the routine of a

court or a garrison, was prepared by the concerns of kingdoms raised and kingdoms overthrown—was refreshed and invigorated for the restoration of a continent, and the fall of the mighty despotism which held it in chains.

And a most cheering and ennobling national result is, that all those benefits to England have been achieved with still higher benefits to India.

“Of all the marvels attending the British sway in the East, the most wonderful is the extraordinary blessings which it has conferred on the inhabitants. Statistics, more irresistible than eloquence, place this beyond the possibility of a doubt. While under its native princes, the state of capital in India was so insecure, that twelve per cent was the common, and thirty-six per cent no unusual, rate of interest; under the British rule the interest of the public debt has, *for the first time in Asiatic history*, been lowered to five per cent; and at that reduced rate the capitalists of Arabia and Armenia daily transmit their surplus funds to be purchased into the Company's stock, as the most secure investment in the East.” Another admirable evidence follows. So complete has been the security enjoyed by the inhabitants of the British provinces, compared with what obtains under their native rajahs, that the people, from every part of India, flock to the three presidencies; and the extension of the Company's empire, in whatever direction, is immediately followed by a vast concourse of population and increase of industry, by settlers from the adjoining native dominions. Another highly gratifying circumstance is the decrease of crime. From the returns of many provinces, widely separate in India, during the last thirty years, it appears that crime has generally diminished one-half, in many sunk to a sixth, by the strong and steady discipline, and the acknowledged justice of England.

On this we have all kinds of testimony. “Nothing can be more gratifying to an Englishman than to travel through the central and western provinces, so long the theatre of merciless war, and to witness the wonderful change which has every where been wrought. Every village in this

part of the country was closely surrounded by fortifications, and no man ventured to go to the labours of the plough without being armed with his sword and shield. Now the forts are useless, and are crumbling into ruin; substantial houses begin for the first time to be built in the *open plain*; cultivation is extended over the distant and undefended fields; the useless encumbrance of defensive armour is laid aside, and the peasant may fearlessly enjoy the wealth and comforts which his labour enables him to acquire."

And this is, beyond all question, due wholly to the protection given by the British arms to the provinces from invasion, which used to be almost as regularly looked for as the monsoon; the suppression of the various tribes and gangs of hereditary robbers by the British police; and, most of all, the general increase of the knowledge of justice and the sense of right produced by the honest, regular, and faithful action of British justice and British character among the people.

"Englishmen, who have so long been blessed with internal tranquillity, and to whom the idea of an invasion presents only an indistinct view of bloodshed and rapine, can hardly conceive the delight which animates the Indian peasant, who has had, from time immemorial, a wretched experience of the frightful reality, or the gratitude which he feels to those who enable him to reap his harvest in security, defend his home from profanation, and protect his property from the never-ending extortion of the powerful."

The results of this most fortunate protection are now beginning to display themselves with great rapidity.

Within the last twenty years, the period when the cessation of wars allowed the true influence of England fairly to be felt, roads, irrigation, and villages, to an extraordinary extent, are exhibiting the protecting activity of Government; the jungles are giving way before the axe and the plough, and men are taking the place of the lion and tiger; population is swelling; and, what is the most unexpected, novel, and important feature of the entire change, a *middle class*, a thing wholly unheard of in the East, is forming; the old distinction which knew nothing between the peasant and

the man of wealth, or almost between the beggar and the noble, is giving way to a rank of society which, in Europe, constitutes the strength of states, and in fact, as it is weak or powerful, vicious or vigorous, constitutes the source and the measure of all virtue to the community, teems with the promise of incalculable good to India, and perhaps to every portion of that mighty theatre of providence circumscribed by the boundaries of Asia. There is but one gift more to be given out of the great overflowing treasury which the supreme Giver of Good has given into the hands of England. No morality can be pure without a pure religion, and no religion can be at once pure and permanent without a church. India, left to the horrid idolatries and desperate pollutions of her native worship, must always be exposed, not merely to individual vice but to national convulsion. The late efforts made to plant the Church of England in the Indian peninsula, must have the most important effect; and those efforts must be persevered in. They have already done valuable service, and the influx of learned, indefatigable, and loyally-minded men, whom India will receive from the Church, will be the essential means of implanting English principles in those mighty territories. It must not be presumed that we can have any desire of forcing religion upon the people, or of doing violence even to their prejudices. Conversion by compulsion is contrary to the whole spirit of Christianity. But it is only our duty to give the Indian the choice between truth and falsehood—between the religion of civilisation and the religion of barbarism; between even the habits of that civilized religion as they see them set forth, too often humiliated, by the conduct of Europeans calling themselves Christians, and the habits of true teachers, expressly appointed to exhibit the true conduct of which Christianity inculcates the precept, and demands the example. We say farther, that this especial extension of religious knowledge is actually necessary even to the peace of India within our own borders. The closer connexion which every day produces, between England and the East, the extinction of all the obstacles to settling, and even the growth of a public mind, will make India a most

precarious possession, unless we shall ally her to England by principle. Religion is the only source of principle; and a community of faith is the safest strength of an empire. For this work the dominion has been given: and as we fulfil our duty in this work, we shall prosper or we shall fall.

"To complete the almost fabulous wonders of our Oriental dominion," adds Mr Alison with equal truth and eloquence, "it is only to be remembered that it has been achieved by a mercantile company in an island of the Atlantic, possessing no territorial force at home, who merely took into their temporary pay, while in India, such portions of the English troops as could be spared from the contests of European ambition; who never had, at any period, 30,000 British soldiers in their service, while their civil and military servants did not amount to 6000; the number of persons who annually proceed to India under their auspices is never 600; and the total number of white inhabitants who reside among the two hundred millions of the sable population, hardly 80,000. So enormous, indeed, is the disproportion between the British and their native subjects, that it is literally true, as the Hindoos say, that if every one of the followers of Brahma were to throw a handful of earth on the Europeans, they would be buried alive in the midst of their conquests."

But, fully coinciding in the author's general views on this subject, we must admit with rather more reserve the remark which he adopts from the French annalist, and the higher authority of Gibbon, that, "in a light of precaution, all conquest must be ineffectual unless it could be universal, since the increasing circle must be involved in a larger sphere of hostility." Mr Alison thinks "that there can be no doubt that this remark is well founded, and that it sufficiently explains the experienced impossibility which the British, like all other conquering nations, have felt, of stopping short in their career when once commenced." The misfortune of this maxim is, that it would sanction the principle of perpetual war for perpetual aggrandizement—would entitle the bloody ambition of a Timour or a Napoleon to the name of a providential impulse—and would convert a furious caprice into a sacred necessity. If a nation

is to go on making war, while any other power exists which may become, in the contingencies of time, a formidable enemy, not kingdoms but continents must be subdued, and devastation must go round the globe. We doubt whether it has been ever claimed by either Roman or Frenchman as the pretext for their sweeping havoc. The conquests of Rome were in general founded on a plain and unhesitating determination to be masters of the world. The conquests of Napoleon, palpably originating in his mad passion to be the first man in history and on earth, never adopted the maxim in any other shape, than as a state necessity imposed on his government of employing so restless a people as the French in war, to prevent sedition. "The democratic spirit must be crushed by power, or dazzled by glory," was the nominal ground of a policy which Louis-Philippe, delicate as his task has been, has proved by so long a period of unbroken peace, to be wholly unnecessary. It is perfectly true that the British conquests in India have been progressive, and that they have been inevitable. But their principle was not precaution, nor ambition, but absolute self-defence. There is not a fragment of evidence that they ever commenced an Indian war; that they ever made war against a peaceful neighbour, with a view to the future curtailment of its power; or that they ever retained even the conquered dominion, when it was possible to restore it to some one of its old possessors, without direct and notorious hazard to the conquerors. The maxim, in fact, would be but a more specious form of "doing evil that good may come,"—of taking the direction of this world out of the hands of Providence—and extinguishing the clear and comprehensive rules of national justice, in the obscure, selfish, and desperate covetousness of conquerors.

However the charge may stain the Roman mantle, the Republican costume of Napoleon, or the ermine of Nicholas, we must exonerate England from the principle. We are the more strengthened in this conviction, from the force with which the able author himself sustains it:—"The slightest acquaintance," says he, "with the annals of the Company, is sufficient to show that they stood, in every in-

stance, really, if not formally, *on the defensive*; and that it was in the overthrow of the coalitions formed for their destruction, or the necessary defence of the allies whom previous victory had brought to their side, that the real cause of all their Indian acquisitions is to be found."

It is demonstrative of this total absence of the spirit of aggression, that the Company continued not masters of a foot of Indian territory, beyond the walls of a few trifling factories, for 150 years, from their incorporation by Elizabeth down to the victory of Plassey; and that, in the year 1756, when their chief factory, Calcutta, was seized by Surajee Dowlah, the whole garrison, including clerks and servants, amounted to but 146 people, whom the tyrant flung into one dungeon to die. It is equally remarkable, that from this single act of barbarity followed the ruin of the tyrant and his dynasty; that the horror inspired by the compendious murder first turned the British eye on the East; and that, in the "Black-hole of Calcutta," may be said to have been moulded the massive diadem of our Indian empire.

But in the succession of those conquests the perseverance of the conquerors was as much to be tried as their ability or their courage. Within a few years the British possessions had begun to taste of opulence, and to excite the habitual propensities of the native powers to plunder. The character of gentleness has been unaccountably ascribed to the Indian; for of all the countries, even of the barbarian world, India has been the most embittered by faction, torn by civil war, and trampled by mutual invasion. The native chieftains, knowing no use of wealth but to waste it, of property but to plunder it, or of power but to turn it into an instrument of havoc, lived in constant war, or the preparation for war. Despising the British as merchants, and less fearing than detesting them in their capacity of warriors; and adding to all this the abhorrence created by the brute ferocity of Mahometanism, and the subtle bigotry of the Hindoo, war seemed to be the new, but natural element, in which the inhabitants and the strangers were to live. When the old dynasties were subverted by the sword of a general or the dagger of a slave, the new

possessor of the throne immediately attempted to sustain at once his reputation and his power by war, and chiefly war against the British. Within twenty-four years from the attack on Calcutta, Hyder Ali invaded the presidency, beat the two armies of Baillie and Monro, who had been thrown in his way with singularly inadequate forces, and burned the country up to the gates of Madras. After a long succession of desperate actions, Hyder, at the moment when he had secured the aid of a French fleet, was fortunately swept away by an enemy which neither kings nor armies can resist. He died; yet this desperate warrior, whose life was one scene of stratagem, march, and battle, had survived till the age of eighty-two.

A more fortunate circumstance still was the character of his successor. Hyder Ali himself declared of his son Tippoo, that he would lose all the dominions which his own life of labour had gained. Tippoo had all the courage of his father without his understanding, and all his treachery without his knowledge of mankind. His ferocity plunged him into immediate conflict with the British, and his rashness ensured his ruin.

Mr Alison conceives that the chief part of this ruin was due to his having deserted the military tactics of his father. "He was not equally impressed as his great predecessor with the expediency of combating the invaders with the national arms of the East, and wearing out the disciplined battalions of Europe by those innumerable horsemen, in whom, from the earliest times, the real strength of Asia has consisted. Almost all Hyder's successes were gained by his cavalry. It was when severed from his infantry and heavy artillery, and attended only by a few flying guns, that his forces were most formidable; and it augments our admiration of the firmness and discipline with which the Sepoy regiments under Coote withstood his assaults, when we recollect that they had to resist, for days and weeks together, under the rays of a tropical sun, the incessant charges of a cavalry rivalling that of the Parthians in swiftness, equalling that of the Mamelukes in daring, and approaching that of the Tartars in numbers."

We shall not venture to lecture the clever author on tactics, nor do we

mean to dispute the power of vast tempests and whirlwinds of cavalry, in a country fitted for their operation; but the remark is old and true, that cavalry is, in its nature, a *fugitive force*, that it can never attack with effect where infantry are on their guard, and that all that can be accomplished, by the most powerful cavalry, is to follow when they march, cut off stragglers when they stray, come to a stand when they face about, and look on while they take fortresses, enter capitals, and make themselves masters of the country. It is not to be forgotten that, though Tartar against Tartar may be a fit match, the horseman has never been able to prevail against the disciplined man on foot; that the Greek infantry uniformly beat the masses of the Persian horse, who were probably superior to any that India has ever seen. The Saracen cavalry could make but slight impression even on the Greek infantry of the Lower Empire. The Tartars, who were in the habit of scouring the Russian provinces every half dozen years, have never succeeded, since Russia established a regular infantry; and, as a case perfectly decisive, the Turks, whose force was especially cavalry down to the fifteenth century, while they had scarcely any antagonists but the levies of the expiring Greek empire to combat, found themselves compelled to abandon their cavalry as the main branch of their army from the time when they had to face infantry. The Janizaries were raised from their European subjects, or were purchased slaves from the North, expressly for the purpose of forming troops capable of meeting the soldiery of Europe. It is perfectly true that Crassus was destroyed on the plains bordering on the Tigris by the Parthian cavalry; but it was because he left himself without provisions, and, being surrounded by cavalry, was unable to procure them, or move his army till it was exhausted by heat and hunger, and thus compelled to give way. It is equally true that the heavy-armed cavalry of the Crusaders were unfit to follow the light-armed Arab over the sands of the Houran, but their infantry marched through the desert and stormed Jerusalem. We are also to consider whether we may not draw our conclusion too hastily, in supposing that the universal habit of abandoning cavalry for infantry

among all nations who have had opportunities of seeing the services compared in actual warfare, is likely to have arisen wholly from the passion for novelty. The example which the historian himself gives, of the total defiance of the immense host of Hyder's cavalry by a few companies of well-disciplined infantry, and to make the evidence more distinct, those companies chiefly natives, had a right to have produced a strong conviction of the superiority of defence on foot. The evident result is, that cavalry is of great value to assist the advance, the retreat, or the maintenance of infantry; but that it is the infantry that must fight the battle, storm the towns, and establish the empire. In the East, cavalry has often done great things; but this was chiefly by the rapidity with which it can pass over great spaces in a short time. Cavalry has marched seventy miles a day in the East—a march wholly beyond the power of foot soldiers—and the ease with which it carries its own sustenance, and brings a powerful force to an extremely distant and unprepared point, renders it capable of the most striking enterprises. But Tippoo, who knew from long experience all that cavalry could do, is scarcely to be suspected of having voluntarily risked his throne and life, through the folly of misconceiving the true uses of that arm by which Hyder had won an empire. If the Turks have changed their discipline in our day, it is not the first instance of the attempt; Mahmoud is not the only innovator. Ever since Russia and Austria have become formidable to Turkey, the Sultans have attempted to throw their strength into infantry. The jealousies of the Janizaries, who had sunk from soldiers into slipper-makers, citizens, and aldermen of Constantinople, prohibited this change until Mahmoud cut off their heads—the only logic, the exclusive mode of argument, which seems to convince a Turk; and raised infantry on the European model. His much greater want of sagacity seems to have been discoverable in his stripping the Turk (the lover of all the pomps and vanities of the eye) of that costume which made him the most splendid of barbarians. The pomp of the Turk's habiliments inspired ideas of pomp, his splendours inculcated the idea of supremacy; and if Mahmoud were now

critical about any thing but the strength of his brandy or the flavour of his claret, he ought to turn his thoughts to the restoration of the shawl, the turban, the diamond-hilted dagger, and the yellow morocco boots, which once made the Turk look like a king, and think himself one—the horn lord of the race who wore hats, short coats, and the general mendicant measurement of our European degeneracy.

But these are passing speculations, which we offer as open to every man; and trivial differences of idea, fully consistent with high respect for the manliness and intelligence of the volume. The close of the sketch of Indian affairs gives an admirable solution of an old difficulty in our theories of Oriental triumph. "It has seemed almost inexplicable, to what cause the marvellous progress of the British Indian empire has been owing. It was not to the magnitude of the forces sent out by the mother country, for they were few, and furnished in the most parsimonious spirit. It was not to the weakness of the conquered states, for they were vast and opulent empires; nor to their want of courage and discipline, for they often had all the resources of European art, and often fought with a courage which rivalled the prowess of British soldiers."

He then proceeds to explain the problem, and does it with equal insight into fact and theory. He shows that her means of combating, with resources thus slender, were found in the moral courage and far-seeing sagacity of our Eastern administration, and unconquerable valour of our officers, who brought a degenerate race into the field, and taught them, by their spirit and their example, to emulate the heroic deeds of their European brethren in arms.

The history of the world can hardly exhibit a parallel to the vigour and intrepidity of that political administration, or the courage and daring of those military exploits. Some portion of this is allowed to be due to the virtue and talent of a few of the leading men. But the true cause is to be sought and found deeper.

"Much as the strenuous virtue of individuals may have contributed to the greatness of the British empire in Asia, as it did of the Roman dominion in Europe, it

will not, of itself, explain the phenomenon. This strenuous virtue itself is the wonder which requires solution. How did it happen that Great Britain, during the space of eighty years, should have been able to furnish a race of statesmen adequate to the conception of such mighty projects, of warriors equal to the execution of such glorious deeds? Still more, how was this constellation of talent exhibited when the state was involved in arduous and bloody conflicts in the Western hemisphere? It was the boast of the Romans that their republican constitution; by training all the citizens to civil or military duties, provided an inexhaustible fund of ability for the service of the state; and that the loss even of the largest army or the most skillful commander could, without difficulty, be supplied by the multitudes in every rank, whom the avocations of freedom had prepared for every pacific or warlike duty. In British India, equally as in ancient Rome, the influence of the same undying energy and universal capacity may be described. The natives say that the Company has always conquered, because it was *always young*. And such, in truth, was ever its character."

The secret of both the British and the Roman, has been the constant combination of aristocratic decision with republican energy; the resolution and tenacity of purpose which distinguishes patrician council, and the vigour and inexhaustible resources which are produced in plebeian governments. And it is to the failure of either of those supports, that we shall have to look for the fall of the Indian empire, if it is to fall. The prospect at this moment is gloomy. The enterprises of Russia, a treacherous and grasping power, and which will yet pay, in many a trial of blood and misery, her insane passion for conquests which she can never keep, and triumphs won only over weakness and barbarism, are turning towards Hindostan. But the worse symptom is at home, in the wretched impolicy which stoops Government to the rabble, and makes penury the policy of the state; which cultivates popularity as the purchase of office, and starves the national establishments, to bribe the beggarliness of partisanship; which gives a bastard influence to the Joseph Humes of this world, and thinks the barter of a Radical vote well worth the hazard of an empire.

We must now return to Europe. From the year 1805 until the year

1808, France had gone on from conquest to conquest; Austria had been all but destroyed, Prussia had been extinguished as a kingdom, and the general face of the Continent, which had been swept by the French invasion like a forest by a whirlwind, exhibited only, in its vast tracts of desolation, the course which had been taken by the storm. This was the dark age of the great conquest; but though the power of Europe seemed to have been broken, and the time had undoubtedly come when a tempered despotism in France might have destroyed every hope of liberty among nations; yet, fortunately for mankind, French despotism grew more violent from hour to hour, and the question was pressed constantly upon the minds of all men, whether it was not better to die in the field, than perish of broken hearts even at the fireside. In this sense, we see something like the operation of retributive justice, the weight of the chain itself tormenting the slave into resistance, and the reckless depression of humankind to the earth, giving a new spring and restorative power to the nations. It is a remarkable characteristic of France, that what she has gained by the sword she has almost universally lost by the sceptre; that, overwhelming all by the boldness of her attack, she has, like a tide, seemed to ebb by the course of nature; that great victories have only taught her to lose kingdoms; and that the boldest ambition in the world has twice, within her own day, brought all the nations of Europe to her capital, and twice made her the public victim of the justice of mankind.

The insults and oppressions heaped by Napoleon upon Austria, at length compelled that power to try the chances of fortune once more. At this period two distinguished individuals came forward in the service of the monarchy; Schwartzemberg, who was dispatched to the Russian emperor, and Metternich, appointed ambassador at Paris. The latter name still stands at the head of European diplomacy, and its illustrious bearer will go down to the future as the second founder of the Austrian throne. Mr Alison naturally expatiates in the praise of this great sustainer of the peace and power of the balance of Europe, whom he justly characterises as "a statesman, in the widest accep-

tation of the word; gifted with a sagacious intellect, a clear perception, and a sound judgment; profoundly versed in the secrets of diplomacy, and the characters of the leading political men with whom he was brought into contact in the European cabinets; persevering in his policy, far-seeing in his views, unrivalled in his discrimination, unbounded in application, richly endowed with knowledge, and enjoying the rare faculty of veiling those great acquirements under the veil of polished manners, and causing his superiority to be forgotten in the charms of a varied and intellectual conversation."

But, striking as the services were which this distinguished minister rendered to his country in restoring her from the tremendous losses of the French invasions, he has since rendered still more important services in suppressing the jacobinism of Europe, in saving Italy from being the seat of civil war, in preventing the bloody feuds of Spain from spreading alike over Italy and Germany; and still more, in showing to all existing monarchs and ministers, that the true way to preserve the public tranquillity is by refusing to traffic with its disturbers, by giving over the profligacy which affects patriotism for the sake of its celebrity to condign punishment, and by sending the conspirator to the chain and the rebel to the scaffold. By this manliness he has saved Austria for the last five-and-twenty years; in the midst of perpetual contagion, with France on one side breaking out every third year into revolutionary disease, with Italy continually nurturing the fever, and with Spain and Portugal before her eyes racked with paroxysms, and dying of their agony, Metternich's simple policy has been no negotiation with the rebel, no traffic with the traitor; cure the jacobin by the scourge if he will be cured—if he is not, disable the disturber by the scaffold. He has thus reigned almost without the employment of the scaffold; and the woes of Italy are chiefly restricted to the complainings of bad poets, who hoped to have risen from bad politicians into comfortable placemen. Thus poets have been incarcerated, but the population have been kept in safety; the walls of Spielsberg have sent forth sonnets and tales of woe, but the fields of the Milanese have been kept unstained by blood;

Cicisbeism has been perhaps mulcted of some of its heroes by those commitments, but there has been no massacre for this quarter of a century. We condole with Jacobinism, but congratulate every thing else on the exchange!

But the Spanish war had begun. The 200,000 legionaries, whom Napoleon had retained as the garrison of Germany, began to defile towards the Pyrenees; and the hope of trying the chance of battle again revived in the breast of Austria. Formidable preparations were silently but steadily made. A regular army of 350,000 men was supported by an irregular, but brave and tolerably disciplined force of 480,000. Such is the enormous power of the military nations of Germany, even after the havoc of successive and sweeping wars; or rather, such was the horrible calamity of human ambition, which, from the throne of a single despot in France, could thus compel almost a million of human beings to leave their peaceful pursuits for the dreadful chances and sufferings of the field.

Napoleon was instantly aware of the new system of Austrian politics; and he assailed Metternich in one of those curious, and apparently unpremeditated bursts of passion, which he occasionally adopted, to astonish the world by his ferocious candour.

"What, M. Metternich!" he exclaimed in the midst of the circle at the Tuileries—"Here is fine news from Vienna! What does all this mean? Have they been stung by scorpions? Who threatens you?—what would you be at? As long as I had my army in Germany, you conceived no disquietude for your existence; but the moment it is transferred to Spain, you consider yourselves endangered. What can be the end of these things? What, but that I must arm as you arm; for at length I am seriously menaced. Have you, sir, communicated your *pretended* apprehensions to your court? If you have done so, you have disturbed the peace of mine, and will probably plunge Europe into numberless calamities."

This was decisive—the oracle had uttered its voice; and from that moment war must be foreseen. Still, there were hesitations in the cabinet, as they saw the shadows of those tremen-

dous hostilities taking a more defined form, and approaching nearer their confines. Napoleon waited but for one event—the return of his courier from St Petersburg, announcing the refusal of Alexander to make common cause with England and Austria.

The intelligence came, and the war began by a thunderclap. The great battle of Eckmühl was fought on the 22d of April. Mr Alison's descriptions of battles are always admirable; they are animated without confusion, and minute without losing the grander characters of the conflict. But he can occasionally use the pencil of a powerful painter of scenery; and nothing can be more graphic than his landscape of this mighty field of battle before the shock came.

"As they arrived on the top of the hills of Lintach, which separate the valley of the Isar from that of the Laber, the French, who came up from Landshut, beheld the field of battle stretched out like a map before them. From the marshy meadows which bordered the shores of the Laber, rose a succession of hills, one above another, in the form of an amphitheatre, with their slopes cultivated and diversified by hamlets, and beautiful forests clothing the higher ground. The villages of Eckmühl and Laichling, separated by a large copse wood, appeared to view, with the great road to Ratisbon winding up the acclivities behind them. The meadows were green with the first colours of spring: the osiers and willows which fringed the streams that intersected them, were just bursting into leaf; and the trees which bordered the roadside already cast an agreeable shade upon the dusty and beaten highway, which lay beneath their boughs. The French soldiers involuntarily paused as they arrived at the summit, to gaze on this varied and interesting scene. But soon other emotions than those of admiration of nature swelled the breasts of the warlike multitude who thronged the spot. In the intervals of these woods artillery was to be seen; amidst those villages standards were visible, and long white lines, with the glancing of helmets and bayonets on the higher ground, showed the columns of Rosenberg and Hohenzollern already in battle array, in very advantageous positions on the opposite side of the valley. Joyfully the French troops descended into the lower grounds, while the Emperor galloped to the front, and, hastily surveying the splendid but intricate scene, immediately formed his plan of attack."

In the latter part of this engage-

ment, and when the day was already verging into twilight, one of the most desperate conflicts that ever took place with European cavalry, occurred by the collision of the Austrian and French cuirassiers. The French infantry having, after a long action, forced the Austrian columns to take up a new position, and preparing to follow them into the plains bordering the Danube, the Archduke placed twelve squadrons of the Imperial cuirassiers, with a large body of hussars, on the road in front of Eggenheim, in which were posted some battalions of grenadiers, supported by several heavy batteries. As the French infantry approached this mass of cavalry, they halted for the advance of their own horse. A succession of charges followed; but at length the Austrian cuirassiers advanced, broke through the French hussars, and poured down upon their cuirassiers. The conflict now became actually so awful, that the infantry ceased their fire; the artillery paused; and "in the *mélée* was heard only, as from the battles of the knights of old, the clang of the swords ringing on the helmets and cuirasses of the dauntless antagonists. The sun set while the contest was still undecided; the moon rose on the strife, and amidst her rays, fire was struck on all sides by the steel upon the armour, as if a thousand anvils were ringing at once under the blows of the forgers."

But the equipment of the Austrians was inferior. Some foolish experimentalist in Vienna had been allowed to try with how little defence the soldier might fight; and had, accordingly, armed the troops with half the cuirass in front, the back being exposed. This theory, which might have answered sufficiently well for the charge, had forgotten the existence of the *mélée*; and when the squadrons became mingled, the French, whose bodies were defended all round, had a palpable advantage over their opponents. The result was, that, after a long and various struggle, the Austrians were repulsed, leaving two-thirds of their number on the field. But this gallant struggle gave time for the retreat of the army. During its continuance, the artillery and infantry were withdrawn to the rear. The reserve had time to advance, and Napoleon, seeing that he might have

to fight the battle over again, gave orders for the troops to bivouac on the ground where they stood.

This cavalry fight had no equal, except the final collision of the English and French heavy cavalry at Waterloo. But then the conflict, in point of defence, was more unequal still, for the British were wholly without armour; but they had strong swords and bold hearts, and they broke down their antagonists, cuirassed as they were. The cuirass has since been adopted in our service by the Life Guards, and the adoption has been rational and serviceable; for why should the lives of brave men be exposed the more carelessly for their bravery? But the expedient ought to be adopted in every regiment of cavalry, and even in every battalion of infantry. Of course, the weighty cuirass of the Life Guards would be unsuited for the lighter services; but a slight, yet highly effective cuirass, or simple plate of thin iron, might be adapted to the entire cavalry and infantry services. Many a dangerous wound might be averted, and many a valuable life might be saved by this easy expedient, which, without adding more than a few ounces to the weight of the soldier's equipment, and not at all embarrassing his movements, would add, in a most important degree, to his security. If we should embark in another war, humanity and common sense, and even policy, would equally urge some contrivance of this kind.

The battle of Eckmühl, though still exhibiting the unparalleled fortune and talents of Napoleon, yet exhibited on the part of his opponents, signs which might well have startled him with fears of change. In this desperate conflict, the Austrians had not only fought with gallantry, but with skill. When driven from their position by the masses of the French, they had retreated without confusion; and even in discomfiture had presented so firm a countenance as to stop pursuit. Night fell, and Napoleon himself, full of eagerness to finish the war at a blow, and flushed with success, dared not press the retreating lion too closely. This new sense of their power saved the Austrian army. They had lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, twelve thousand men, a horrible evidence of one day's work of war.

Their position, lying against a great river, without one bridge for its passage, was dangerous, and the Archduke resolved on passing the Danube during the night. A bridge of boats was thrown over the stream, and by this and the bridge of Ratisbon the whole force moved. With such silence, expedition, and dexterity, was this great operation effected, that, when the French stood to their arms in the morning, expecting a great battle, they saw nothing before them but a vast empty plain, with, in the extreme distance, the rearguard of cavalry escorting the last guns within the walls of Ratisbon. The French cavalry now pushed forward without delay; Napoleon was at their head, and, in his haste to strike a final blow by the capture of the town, exposed himself so much to the fire from the ramparts, that he was struck by a musket-shot. The wound was only in the foot, and inconsiderable; but the sight of the Emperor compelled to dismount from his horse spread alarm through the army, followed by exultation equally vivid when they saw him suddenly mount again, and exultingly felt that they were still under the protecting genius of Napoleon.

Under this impulse they were irresistible by any troops that the Continent could oppose to them. A new race of soldiership, a new order of men, and a new spirit of gallantry, determination, and defiance, was yet to tear down the laurels which had grown so thickly round the pyramid of the great conqueror's fame. But that time was not to be yet; and there was nothing to supply the place of the future deliverers in even the practised discipline and devoted intrepidity of the German. We hope that Mr Alison, before the completion of his history, will indulge us with some striking speculations in the philosophy of this distinction. It is remarkable that the conquering periods of the modern military nations, have always been preceded by some powerful public impulse; that some impression has been made upon the nation, penetrating enough to descend to its lowest ranks; and that it is this newly-awakened, deeply-infused sense of character, which has turned the population into warriors, and the warriors into conquerors. Are we not to trace

to this sudden consciousness, to this new-born pride, to this general advance into the sunlight, however imperfect, and however remote, the change from national torpidity and individual indifference to that new life, which evidently has marked the successive leading sovereignties for power and renown? And is it not the absence of institutions calculated to sustain this popular sense of character, which accounts for their disinheritorship of that distinction? No man who knows human nature can believe that even the promises of the Mahometan paradise, formed as they were to inflame the passions of the Arab and the Turk, ever had the power to stimulate them into that gallant perseverance of conquest, which carried them, like so many torrents of fire, at once to east and west, north and south. A first impulse might have sent them forth full of dreams of wealth and possession; but the conquests of three centuries must have had a more powerful stimulant than the dreams of devotees. All the brilliancy of all the hours, and all the fountains of wine that flowed, through the palaces of paradise, would have been forgotten in the first campaign of the burning desert of the Houran, or the sterile mountains of Syria. The true stimulant which turned a nation of shepherds successively into a nation of conquerors, of sages, and of sovereigns, was the new-born sense of superiority over the loose and fugitive Greek, the consciousness of a new faculty, and that faculty fame.

We find the same principle acting in the same direction every where. The armies of Spain, once the terror and the admiration of Europe, were formed less by the long discipline of the Moorish wars, than by that sense of triumph over a daring antagonist, which elevated the estimate of himself in the bosom of every peasant from the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean. The early terror of the Moslem to all European nations, augmented the renown of their conquerors; and from the moment in which the crescent was lowered on the battlements of Granada, the Spanish peasant felt himself the first peasant of Europe. The defeat of the famous chivalry of Austria by the Swiss at Morgarten, turned every mountaineer of the Cantons into a soldier, and made them the champions

of Europe till they degenerated into the mercenaries. Down to Marignano was their day of invincibility. But from that period they were only an army of policemen, and they fought like policemen. It was neither republican discipline nor revolutionary enthusiasm that made the whole population of France pour into the field, and fight the battles that swept Europe in the early part of the war. Such motives were insufficient for an effect so ardent, vast, and inflexible. It was the new feeling in the French peasant that he could be a man—the discovery that the serf who lived from generation to generation, unknowing and unknown beyond the edge of his village, might be talked of and thought of throughout his province—that the hewer of wood and drawer of water, to whom the external world was as little an object of contemplation as the depths of science, might suddenly stand on a ground to which he, till then, had never thought of lifting his eye; it was a new access of sensibility to the opinion of men—a sudden influx of the hope of distinction—a keener consciousness of the love of applause, which is born with every man, but which decays in the obscure life of the peasant, and dies in the total depression of the slave.

It is thus that the organs of publicity—journals, pamphlets, harangues, stir and strike public character. Even the furious falsehoods of the French journals less operated on the Revolution by exciting the popular revenge, than exhibiting a rapid way to all men to take the rank of public characters. Who can doubt the influence of this publicity among a wild population, when a journal might raise such a compound of mendicant and miscreant as Marat into the universal talk of France? What must be the stimulant of the power of conferring the loftiest names of ancient heroism on the obscure villainy of Paris; and lifting on the shoulders of the multitude men, who, until that hour of convulsion, never dreamed of looking above the ditch in which they were born, and in which they expected to die? But it is this sense of character which a great legislator would study as the most powerful security for national eminence, and which a great people should preserve as the most productive source of public energy. And, rude

an exemplification as soldiership must furnish of the civil virtues, it is to this sense of personal character that we should largely attribute the habitual superiority of the soldier in that country, which, above all others that ever existed, makes character essential, gives opportunities to the individual of becoming known, and practically, by its numberless means of publicity, may be said to keep every class, and almost every individual of every class, before the eye of the nation.

At this crisis of the war of 1809, the true pivot of Napoleon's supremacy, Mr Alison gives an admirably written and perfectly true sketch of the labours of that extraordinary being. "The road to Vienna lay open to the conqueror. It was a matter of mere convenience when he should step forward and seize the capital of the monarchy." The rapidity of his operations had not been less astonishing than their completeness; within *twelve* days from his leaving Paris, he had broken up the Austrian plan of the campaign; had fought the main army for four days—in other words, four great battles; had forced one Austrian army which threatened his flank into the Tyrol, had driven another, under his old and gallant antagonist the Archduke Charles, into the defiles of Bohemia. The loss of the Austrians had been dreadful, 30,000 men killed or taken, a hundred guns, six hundred ammunition waggons, baggage incalculable. The French, too, had suffered fearfully; they had lost 20,000 men in front of the enemy—what they had lost in their rapid marches, or were hourly to lose in the hospitals—those lazaret-houses of the field—no document has attempted to detail. If ever the words "*veni, vidi, vici*," were applicable to a modern conqueror, they might now have been used by Napoleon.

But with what solemn awe at the depravity of human nature, and what sacred astonishment at the infatuation of the human understanding, must not the moralist, nay, the man of common reason and common humanity, contemplate this scene of madness, recklessness, and ruin! Fifty thousand human beings—perhaps twice the number—utterly cut off from all their uses in the world, within four days!—And for what?—to enable one man to call himself a victor. The lives thrown

away, in the prime of life, activity, and intelligence, would have cultivated a province; the wealth wasted in the field, the very baggage and guns, would have covered many a district of the empire with fertility and opulence. Yet all was destroyed in a moment, without producing the most trifling advantage to any human being. War must exist while there is the evil spirit that covets the possessions or envies the happiness of man. There must be defence where there is attack. But what an accumulation of crime must lie on the head of the man or the nation which makes a war of aggression! With what an eye must the great Father of all look upon the furious passion for blood or gold, or the still higher motive for personal vanity, which mutilates human happiness on so sweeping a scale—which makes man known to man only as living by devastation—which perverts the arts and intelligence given for the general dominion of man over nature into the means of unspeakable wretchedness—which presents power to nations in the light of terror, vengeance, and agony—and turns pre-eminent genius, indefatigable ardour, magnanimous self-constraint, heroic scorn of difficulty, the noble desire to be honoured in life and remembered in death by all mankind—all the highest gifts of Providence to the human mind, into the deadliest instruments of human ruin! The crime and the punishment were never displayed with more memorable warning than in the example of the mighty Emperor of France. Erfurth and St Helena were the extremes of his career; human elevation and human overthrow were never more widely separated, nor more summarily conjoined. If ever vengeance was *judicial*, it was in the sudden fall, the hopeless captivity, and the obscure end, of Napoleon in St Helena—an exile two thousand miles from the scene of his triumphs—a prisoner in the hands of his enemies—a byword to all nations!

But at the period of the Austrian campaign this extraordinary man was only ascending to his ultimate height.

“Unwearied by a rapid journey night and day for six successive days from Paris, he no sooner arrived at Donauwerth, than he began the incessant questioning and correspondence, which with him were the invariable preludes to great achievements.

His letters to his lieutenants during the next five days, would of themselves make a volume. His calculation of time was so exact, and the habits of precise obedience on the part of his generals so complete, that his divisions invariably arrived on the ground assigned them at the very moment on which he relied, and when their operation was required; and generally again marched and combated on the day following without any intermediate repose. By this means, though his forces were not, upon the whole, more numerous, at least at that period, than those of the Austrians, they were almost always greatly superior at the point of attack. Nor did the Emperor shun the fatigue which he thus imposed upon his soldiers; on the contrary, not one of them underwent any thing like the mental and bodily labour to which he subjected himself. From the morning of the 19th, when the battle of Abensberg began, till the night of the 23d, when that of Ratisbon terminated, he was on horseback, or dictating letters, at least eighteen hours a-day; he had outstripped his own saddle-horses by the rapidity of his journey, and knocked up those of the King of Bavaria by the fatigue they had undergone; and when all around him were ready to drop down with exhaustion, he began to read and dictate despatches; and sat up half the night receiving reports from the generals and marshals, and completing the directions, from the preceding day. He has himself told us, that his manœuvres at this period, in Bavaria, were the most brilliant of his life; and, without going the length of so extraordinary an eulogium, it may safely be affirmed that they never were excelled by the operations either of himself or any other general.”

The description of the night which followed the first day of the battle of Aspern, is remarkably graphic and natural. The French, who had made the attack with Napoleon at their head, with the full confidence of victory, and with Vienna before them as their prize, had been repelled with great slaughter, and both armies now prepared to sleep upon the field. But the feelings of the two mighty hosts were now widely different from those of the morning. On the side of the French, the confidence of victory had been succeeded by the chill of disappointment.

“The wonted shouts of the men were no longer heard; a dark feeling of anxiety oppressed every breast; the brilliant meteor of the empire seemed about to be extinguished in blood. They could not conceal from themselves that they had been worsted

in the preceding day's fight. Aspern was lost; Essling was surrounded; the line in the centre had been forced back; the enemy slept among the dead bodies of the French; while the multitude of slain, even in the farthest reserves of their own lines, showed how completely the enemy's batteries had reached every part of their position. The Austrians, on the other hand, were justly elated by their unwonted and glorious success. For the first time, Napoleon had sustained a decided defeat in the field; his best troops had been baffled in a pitched battle; his position was critical beyond expression; and the well-known hazard of the bridges diffused the hope that, on the morrow, a decisive victory would rescue the country from the oppressor, and at one blow work out the deliverance of Germany. It is certainly highly to the honour of Austrian courage, that so great a battle should have been fought after the capture of the capital. But the fall of Vienna had already placed a power in the hands of the conqueror, which could be resisted by nothing short of a miracle."

Mr Alison here makes some very striking remarks on the necessity of fortifying the great European capitals, or at least of giving them citadels capable of containing twenty or thirty thousand soldiers, and serving as a deposit for the national archives and stores, till the national strength can be fairly roused for their rescue. He justly observes, that, had Austria possessed such a fortress, either in or adjoining to Vienna, the invasions of 1805 and 1809 must have ruined the invaders; that, had Berlin been as strong as Dantzic, the French would have been detained round it until the arrival of the Russians, and thus six years of misery and plunder would have been saved to Prussia; that, had the Kremlin been capable of holding out six weeks, the terrible sacrifice of Moscow would not have been required. The examples on the other side are equally strong. Torres Vedras, the gigantic work, less even of the labours of the British army, than of the genius of Wellington, saved Portugal. In earlier days, the fortifications of Vienna saved not only Austria, but perhaps Christendom, from the Turks. In still more remote times, the fortunes of the West lay within the walls of Rome. "If," as Burke says, "the conqueror of Cannæ had not been frowned away by the armed majesty" of the Republic on his advance to these walls, the history of the Repub-

lic, the empire, and the world, would have been changed. A dusky dynasty of African merchants would have ruled Italy, until some of their own mercenaries would have subverted their narrow and selfish sovereignty, and some fierce Ethiopian, with his horde of fellow savages, would have been lord over the temperate zone.

There must be difficulties, as the writer himself remarks, in attempting to circumscribe any of the great capitals by fortifications. Their enormous extent, the consequent expense of formation and repairs, the almost necessary weakness of some part, and the infinite mischief to be produced to the citizens and the state by exposing the metropolis to a siege, are serious obstacles. But, to the project of erecting a great citadel near enough to be regarded as the protector of the metropolis, yet not involving it in the chances of assault or bombardment, no objection can be easily foreseen. The power of withdrawing the most important materials of the national strength, the essential property of the state, all that constitute the actual instruments of the general government, from the chance of seizure by the first rush of invasion, must be of the very highest importance. In fact, it must generally decide the question whether the nation is to be conquered or saved; because, from the magnitude of the present European kingdoms, the actual population is always adequate to destroy any hostile force that in the existing circumstances can be thrown into any kingdom of Europe, with, perhaps, the exception of Denmark. Even Sweden has four millions of people. And what invading force could resist the fourth part of this population, a million of men, armed, disciplined, and determined to fight for their own fields, and in their own fields? The true point is the time to prepare and summon the whole population; and this time is to be given only by providing the means of retarding the advances of the invader, and of securing the government from being seized, and forced to compromise the national cause by closing the national resistance. In England, our constitutional jealousy might justly prohibit the erection of a great fortress in sight of London, and the nature of our true force, the Fleet, renders this hazardous precaution unnecessary. But how the great

despotisms of the Continent, with nothing to fear from public jealousy, and every thing to fear from external force, or even from popular tumult, have delayed erecting those places of security, is not easily to be accounted for. In the final remarks of this chapter, we fully agree.

"Let no nation imagine that the magnitude of its resources relieves it from this necessity, or that the effulgence of its glory will secure it from ultimate danger. It was *after* the battle of Austerlitz that Napoleon felt the necessity of fortifying Paris. England now slumbers secure under the shadow of Trafalgar and Waterloo; but let not her infatuated children suppose that they are for ever removed from the chances of disaster, or that the want of citadels to defend the arsenals of Woolwich, Chatham, and the Tower, will not ere long be bitterly felt against either foreign or domestic enemies." He however adds, with a just estimate of the contemptible spirit in which public men are now content to bargain for power, that ideas of either public precaution, or public greatness, are not likely to be adopted in the present age, "with which foresight is the least cultivated of national virtues, and in which the democratic character of the legislature has tinged the government with that disregard of remote consequences which is the inevitable characteristic of the masses of mankind." This is expressed in the stately style which belongs to a great history. But the plain truth is, that men who are content to purchase place by stooping to the populace, must keep it only by submitting to their passions. The love of money is the *passion* of the lower orders, in every land and in every age, alike from necessity and from the want of any higher object. To this passion the demagogue always appeals, and it never fails him. Let him be the most notorious of swindlers, the most wasteful of spend-thrifts, the most corrupt of profligates in private life; in public, he is always the economist. The virtue of saving the public purse, of relieving the people from every thing in the shape of public payment, and of cutting down every thing in the shape of public salary, is the charm of his perpetual song. We could name a crowd of first-rate *patriots*, to whom individually no man in his senses would

trust a single shilling, or, if he trusted, would ever see it again, every one of whom has the virtue of an Aristides where he can neither gain nor lose; and proudly erects himself into a guardian of the popular farthings against the rapacities of national demand. And the game is always sure. It is this, and nothing but this, which has raised a race of solid block-heads, whom every man knows, into name—a shelf of living ledgers—a file of Parliamentary indexes—a case of arithmetical automaton—a Babbage's machinery of calculators; men with no more feeling for the people than a pawnbroker's duplicate, and no more sense of honour than a forged bank-note, into the actual disposers of the popular influence. This is the first operation of the first stage of our boasted Reform. The struggle of our patriots is now to plunge the state into a second grade, and give us voters at five pounds, the next will go still deeper—in the lowest depth a lower depth, until, wherever the cabinet may sit, the true council will be in the hovel. The questions of national existence will be disposed at the pleasure of the venders of shoes and patchers of raiment; and fleets and armies will be dismantled and scattered at the will of administrations who depend on the will of Mr A—, the Radical member for a suburb, stocked with patriots of as much virtue and property as himself, and no more—the living mirror of bankrupts of the purest principle, and beggars of the most delicate respect for property; or Mr B—, the oracle of five thousand huts, in which ten times the number of kindred spirits nurture themselves deep from day and the eye of the policeman, for the ripening emergencies of Chartism. This decides on any and all demands for the service, however pressing. We differ from Mr Alison in attributing the penurious absurdity of our time to the mere carelessness of the future, belonging to the masses of mankind. This is too favourable to our folly, it is *above* the truth. The history of popular power in *all* lands is a history of popular meanness. All democracies, however violent in the seizure of their neighbour's property, have been miserly in the expenditure of their own. The orator who tells them that he will take their sixpences this year, that the

saving may be nine the next, is the man of the people. The rival orator, who will promise them to let half the sixpences remain in their pockets, will supersede the former. And thus were swept away all the colonies of all the republics of the ancient world—and thus were swept away all those of the modern—and thus will England, the more republican she grows, pay the penalty of her “reform” in saving her sixpences and losing her millions, in conciliating the economists of an age of meanness, malice, and hypocrisy, and leaving her shores naked, her arsenals at the mercy of chance, her colonies to the knavery of faction; and her hopes, her glories, and her freedom, to the clamour of obscure millions, who ought long since to have “fattened the region of kites with their offal.” If we have empire we must pay for it. If we choose to shrink within the borders of our two islands, we may. But how long, then, shall we be able to save even the sixpences?—where will be the sources of our strength?—where the outworks which have so long kept the battle from our walls?—where the channels which have poured gold from every quarter, with one vast convergent tide into England? And in the day when some Russian fleet, or Ame-

rican, or Swedish, or Danish, or Greek—for such policy creates contempt, invites enemies, and makes every enemy formidable—shall be seen sweeping our seas, and burning our harbours; or, like the old piracies of the north, throwing swarms of flying robbers on our shore, and ravaging the land, what small consolation shall we have in hanging the “economists” wherever we can find them?—in exterminating the breed like their kindred rats and vipers?—and, before we die, avenging the land at once on the meanest and the most mischievous of its enemies?

But we must come to a close. The remainder, and the still more interesting portion of the volume, leads us through the early period of the Spanish war, the most romantic, chivalric, and gallant scene of arms displayed in Europe since the days of the Paladins. Mr Alison's style is as much fitted as his feelings for this magnificent period of national energy. He has one volume yet to write—it is for England and the great crowning triumphs of her war. We envy him his theme—this war of the giants of England and France—Wellington and Napoleon; Europe the field; the prize the world.

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Contents.

	PAGE
THE CHARTISTS AND UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, . . .	289
ROYAL ACADEMY—AND ITS EXHIBITION, . . .	304
KOULI KHAN,	317
DEATH CHANT FOR THE SULTAN. BY B. SIMMONS, .	319
INSCRIPTION IN THE NEW EDITION OF MRS HEMANS'S WORKS.	
BY B. SIMMONS,	320
FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. PART II.	321
THE COSSACKS,	345
SONG-WRITING. MOORE,	368
THE BELLMANSHIP. A TRUE STORY,	381
HENRY GRATTAN,	392
"ROT YOUR ITALIANOS!" BY A MAN BEHIND HIS AGE, .	410
THE COURT—THE CABINET—AND THE COUNTRY, . .	417

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THE CHARTISTS AND UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

THE distracted state of the country, and the evident peril which has arisen to the property and institutions of the empire, from the discontent of the working-classes, have at length attracted the notice of Government, and strongly aroused the attention of both Houses of Parliament. It is evident that the people of the country must now make up their minds not merely how internal tranquillity is to be preserved, and property protected from spoliation, but how the Constitution, such as it is, is to be maintained, and we are to be saved from the horrors of a convulsion similar to that which, fifty years ago, spread desolation and misery through the whole of France. It appears now, from the statements in Parliament of the Home Secretary, that a large proportion of the workmen in the manufacturing districts are banded together in illegal associations—the object of which is, by terror, intimidation, and violence, to bring about a fundamental change in the Constitution; to obtain Universal Suffrage in the first instance, and a universal liberation from taxation and division of property in the next. The persons engaged in these detestable and criminal objects, it is true, though perhaps a majority in particular districts, are but a minority of the whole community, and that too composed for the most part of the lowest, the most ignorant, and the most desperate of the kingdom. But every body knows that it is by such despicable and abandoned mino-

rities that most Revolutions recorded in history have been brought about, in opposition to the wishes of overwhelming, but timid and disunited, majorities. And even if such a catastrophe is to be averted by the awakened energies of the English people, still unbounded local distress would be occasioned in the conflicts which may ensue; and the numerous bodies who now urge on the second stage of the revolution, will be the first to perish in the distress which they themselves have created.

When the country is now beginning to reap the fruits of that popular agitation, which for party and selfish purposes was so strongly promoted by the Whigs seven years ago, it is now of little moment to point out with what signal justice the day of retribution has come upon the real, though perhaps not intentional, authors of these results. It will little avail us now to observe that Lord John Russell, who, in 1831, corresponded with the Birmingham Political Union when they were organizing the menaces of physical resistance throughout the country, and boasted that the “whisper of a faction could not prevail against the voice of the people of England,” is now compelled to take the lead in the suppression of the revolt which his own conduct had been mainly instrumental in producing; and that he is indebted to the support of that very party whose voice he denominated a “whisper,” for the means of suppressing that very Reform party whom he then

nursed up into such fearful array ; or that his former Whig allies, the political unionists, have degenerated into Chartists, and the town-council of Birmingham, composed, as is now admitted, exclusively of Whigs, Radicals, and Chartists, all appointed by the Home Secretary, without the least intermixture of any persons to represent the Conservative wealth of the town, has been compelled to take the lead in beating down their own supporters ; and that Birmingham has been delivered over to the flames, and sacked, like a city taken by storm, in the midst of the " peace, law, and order" of the Chartist masses, their former supporters in the magistracy, and under the Government of their once esteemed correspondent in the Home-Office. As little will it avail us now to find the principles of rebellion and the duties of magistracy so strangely blended together in the same individuals, that the Registrar of Birmingham is a Chartist or political union delegate ; and the Clerk of the Peace for the borough, as Lord John Russell admitted, is still so implicated with his former Chartist principles, that at the very moment he is drawing out the warrants for commitment of the Chartists, for Chartist felonies, arsons, and burglaries, within the borough of Birmingham, he is defending the Chartists arraigned for offences having the same tendency, committed in the surrounding county of Warwick. All these are memorable proofs of the effects of political agitation, and of the consequences of that trade in human folly and insanity, which the Whigs have so long and so successfully driven. We record them in this place, not from any wish to embarrass Government in their now, we believe, sincere efforts to suppress the agitation which they have been so instrumental in producing ; but from a desire to transfer into the durable pages of this journal, facts highly illustrative of the consequences and effects of revolutionary measures, which, if not snatched from oblivion at the time that they occur, would surpass belief in future and more tranquil times.

We have said that Government are now sincerely anxious to put down the Chartist agitation ; and we commend them for the efforts, tardy to be sure, which they are now making for this all-important object. But, neverthe-

less, nothing can be more apparent than that the mode which they adopted, and perhaps have been compelled to adopt, in checking these outrages, is fraught with obvious injustice ; and that, while it lets the greatest criminals escape, it involves a numerous body of their deluded followers, criminal indeed, but innocent when compared with the leaders, in severe punishment. Every body knows that the Chartist Convention have now sat in London for nearly six months ; and it may safely be affirmed that hardly a night has passed during all that time, in which the most rank sedition has not been spoken and delivered at their meetings. Indeed, many of their proclamations, if they are not high treason, border so closely upon it, as to be hardly distinguishable. In fact, the very idea of a National Convention—that is, an Assembly of Delegates elected by the people by Universal Suffrage, without either the authority of the Crown or the sanction of the Legislature, and issuing proclamations and orders which they expect to be obeyed by millions of the community, and certainly are obeyed and acted upon by hundreds of thousands of the people—is itself an usurpation of the royal prerogative, the establishment of an *imperium in imperio*, utterly inconsistent with the existence of order or security of property in the realm, and which never would have been tolerated in any other age or country. Now, what does Government do with the *leaders* of this monstrous usurpation of the royal and legislative functions ? Why, it lets them go on day after day, week after week, month after month, gradually usurping more and more of the powers of Government, and acquiring more consequence among the disaffected, from the belief that their impunity has arisen from terror, until the people begin to act upon their repeated suggestions as to the propriety of arming, and the necessity of having recourse to physical force—till taxes are actually levied by the disaffected under the flimsy name of a contribution, to avoid pillage, to the Chartist funds ; and one of the greatest cities in the empire is delivered up to conflagration and pillage, as a warning to the rest of what they may expect, if resistance to the contribution is any longer continued.

Their policy was exactly the same in Canada ; and in the cruel devas-

tation and deep wound inflicted on that beautiful province, may be seen the fruits of that weak temporizing system which dallies with rebellion till it has spread its seeds throughout the empire. Like their brethren the Chartists in Great Britain, the Canadian Revolutionists made no secret either of their proceedings or intentions. They had a regularly organized system of delegates from every township of Lower Canada, who held nightly meetings, and inculcated the necessity of drilling, arming, and appealing to physical force. Lord Gosford and the Government made no attempt whatever to arrest and put down these treasonable proceedings, trusting always that that sheet-anchor of Whig imbecility—the good sense of the people—would prevent their breaking out into open rebellion, and that Government would be saved the irksome necessity of bringing its former supporters and friends to trial for high treason. The most noted leaders of the sedition were promoted, entrusted with offices of authority, *some* even put on the bench, in order to conciliate the unruly mass of their followers; and, to show the perfect confidence of Government in their influence over the seditious, the province was left with only three thousand five hundred men, while unauthorized drilling was going on in almost all quarters, and within sight of the Governor's house. The consequences were clearly foreseen by all men of sense in this country; but they fell like a clap of thunder upon the bewildered Liberal Government. Treason, rendered audacious by long impunity, at length became ungovernable; two successive rebellions broke out; blood was shed in profusion on all sides; vast plains were devastated by fire; hundreds of human beings of both sexes and all ages were driven into the woods, amidst all the severities of a Canadian winter, to perish with cold; above a thousand persons were thrown into prison, and no less than nine-and-twenty expiated their guilt on the scaffold! The emigrants from Great Britain, who the year before were twenty-nine thousand, the year after dwindled down to two thousand; and the province, from the stream of emigration being turned into other quarters, has received an irreparable wound.

It was lately said by Lord J. Russell

in the House of Commons, that there could be no doubt that the Convention and all its members had repeatedly rendered themselves amenable to the laws of sedition, if not of treason; but that it was not deemed expedient to prosecute the members, because it was doubtful whether juries would convict, and the consideration of Government would be seriously weakened by the odium consequent upon an unsuccessful prosecution. Now, what is this but letting the really guilty parties, the principal offenders, escape, and making the law fall with unmitigated severity upon the deluded followers whom the violence of the one party, and the timidity of the other, have roused into open acts of hostility? Which is most culpable—the stupid deluded operatives who take staves in their hands, and fight the police at Birmingham, Llanidloes, Stockport, and Newcastle, in defence of what they are told are their rights, and what they believe are their duties—or the reckless demagogues in the Convention, who, though possessed of some talent, education, and information, stimulate the people to such reckless and atrocious proceedings? It has been the principle of good government in contending with revolutionary passion in all ages, *obsta principiis*; check the evil in the outset before it has acquired strength by long resistance, or audacity by experienced impunity, and, sparing the deluded followers of rebellion, let the severity of the law fall upon its designing and guilty authors. But our Liberal Government have now reversed all this; *their* maxim is *cede principiis*; dally with treason while in the cradle, proclaim impunity to sedition while in youth, and only arm in defence of the community when bloodshed, conflagration, and plunder, have openly begun, and then proceed rather against those who have bludgeons in their hands, than those who have sedition on their lips or treason in their hearts. If this is the Whig mode of showing their tenderness for the people, their great consideration for the ignorance of the masses, and the many allowances which they make for the extenuating plea of general delusion, we can only say that it is a novelty in human affairs; and that if, like the New Poor-Law, it is a specimen of the

blessings which they have in store for the working-classes, it is something very different from what they either promised or professed.

But, says Lord John Russell, we could not proceed against the leaders of the Convention, because we had little hope of obtaining a conviction before juries, however clearly the bench might lay down that the accused had been guilty of sedition or high treason; and, therefore, we deemed it better to let the evil go on growing till it reached such a height as to strike a panic into the middle classes, and secure their co-operation in the execution of the law. We admit the validity of this excuse—probably it was expedient, and even necessary in the present state of the country, and misled as the public mind has been by political falsehood, incessantly rung into their ears for a quarter of a century, to adopt such a course, how adverse soever to every principle of justice. But what inference is to be drawn as to the soundness or tendency of the political principles which have so long been poured into the middle classes, when the avowed effect of them by the Liberal Government is *to render the administration of justice impracticable*, and proclaim a long impunity to crimes involving a nation's ruin? What, has it already come to this, that treason must be pampered in America till its plains are reddened by the light of its burning villages, and that sedition must be winked at in England till the minds of the middle classes are illuminated by the flames of Birmingham, or the conflagration of Bristol? Is this the vast and incalculable progress of human intelligence? Is this the manner in which the middle classes have been educated under the Whig tuition of thirty, and the Whig Administration of ten years, for the great work of self-government? Is this the specimen to which we are to look for an example of the manner in which the great duties of the State are to be discharged by the operative ranks? Must we always wait till cities are burned, and streets given up to pillage, before any defensive measures are adopted by the new governors of the State? Do coming events never cast their shadows before to the dominant shopocracy of the empire; and will the new governors of the State never adopt any defensive or

vigorous step till their doors are forced open by a Chartist mob, their houses in flames by Chartist torches, or their beer-barrels emptied by Chartist mouths? Doubtless, when a Radical finds a Chartist swallowing copious libations out of his butts, the obstructions of error are quickly swept away from his own mind; when he sees his property pillaged by Chartist hands, he gets a clear insight into the distinction betwixt *meum* and *tuum*; and when the darkness is illuminated by the flames of his burning property, the shades of political delusion are rapidly dispelled. But are we to rest in the miserable and degrading conclusion, that these deplorable catastrophes must ensue before the middle classes can be roused to a sense either of their duties or their danger? Is the book of experience entirely lost upon them; and is there no way of making them discharge their duties as jurymen, or support the Government as politicians, but by bringing the horrors of civil war home to their doors? Is that the result of ten years' apprenticeship to self-government? Is that the consequence of the extension of the suffrage, and the diffusion of political information to all classes of society? If these are the consequences of political amelioration, if these are the first fruits of Reform, we can only say that they exceed in bitterness any which the Tories ever predicted; and that the libel pronounced upon the middle classes by Lord John Russell as his excuse for not stifling sedition in its cradle, exceeds any that was ever launched against them by their bitterest political opponent.

But the truth is, that this memorable declaration of Lord John Russell suggests matter for deeper and more serious reflections. Under the old Constitution of England, no such difficulty of administering justice as he so forcibly points out, was experienced. Juries then fearlessly and honestly discharged themselves of their oaths; judges deliberately tried cases without the dread that the law would be thwarted by those intrusted with the evidence; Government acted vigorously without an apprehension that their weapons would be broken when wielded by their arm; sedition was prevented from ripening into treason, and treason from involving provinces in the pains of rebellion. What is it, then,

that has wrought so fearful a change in the temper and judgment of the people, as their admitted disinclination to administer justice or act with decision necessarily implies? Is it that the public mind has become so debauched and corrupted by the incessant promulgation of Liberal principles, that, till a fatal catastrophe arises, the bonds of society are loosened, the obligation of oaths forgotten, and the sense of justice in the middle classes extinguished? Is it that the exercise of political power is destructive to the sense of political duties; that, in proportion as men are intrusted with self-government, they become insensible to its obligations; that, as political discussion is more largely entrusted to the working-classes, public sympathy will be more largely bestowed upon the violators of the law and the disturbers of public tranquillity; and that the boasted dreams of political regenerators are at length to terminate in a demonstration on the greatest scale, that the old position of Hobbes is well-founded, and that the original state of nature was that of general war against life and property? Or are we to rest in the less alarming but not less melancholy conclusion, that the days of British freedom, and the due administration of justice by its unbought citizens, are numbered; that the vehement discussion of public affairs, and the excitement of political passion which now takes place, are inconsistent with the due discharge of their judicial functions by the middle classes; that terror, intimidation, and violence, have rendered the verdicts of juries precarious and suspected, and that the boasted and long-tried institution of juries itself, is a security only against the attacks of the monarch in front, but none against the assaults of the populace in rear? Are we doomed to see the institutions of Alfred melt away under the dissolving liberalism of the nineteenth century; is popular intimidation, political passion, or personal fear, to bring into discredit, in all but times of manifest danger, the ancient institution of trial by jury; and is necessity to force even upon the wisest heads, and warmest hearts, and stoutest patriots of the realm, the deliberate conviction, that the ancient popular administration of government in England, must give place to the powers and

the oppression of a centralized despotism? Is the unpaid jurymen in the end to be every where supplanted by the stipendiary judge; the churchwarden by the poor-law commissioner; the parish constable by the paid policeman; the yeomanry by an armed gendarmerie; the militia by a powerful regular army?—And is all this to take place, not only without the opposition, but with the cordial support of every friend to humanity and his country, from the dear-bought but melancholy conviction forced on them by experience, that the days of tempered freedom, and the real administration of public affairs by the people, are past? These are vital and momentous questions. They are questions on which many a thoughtful mind is now ruminating, and which successive events will in all probability ere long present in still clearer colours to the national mind. We mention them without any wish to weaken at this moment the hands of Government, but from a deep sense of their vast and growing importance, and the conviction that it is not by vainly lamenting the past, which is now irrecoverable, but attending to the present and altered features of society which it has induced, that the great end of government, security to life and property, is in this country hereafter to be obtained.

Mr Buller lately said in the House of Commons, that the Government of the country was now, for the first time, brought in contact with the *educated* masses, and that they would now find what it was to contend with the working-classes, whom the system of Bell and Lancaster had elevated to a knowledge of their rights. Lord John Russell, in the same debate, (August 2, 1839,) said, that the state of society which pervaded the operative classes in almost all the manufacturing districts in the empire, was deplorable in the extreme; that they had obtained education, without any provision being made for either their moral or religious instruction; and that they are now banded together in a confederacy which must be numbered, not by its hundreds of thousands, but by its millions, the object of which is, by force, intimidation, and violence, to obtain a total change in the Constitution of the country. Both statements, so far as they go, are correct; the

wide spread of mere intellectual education, and the total absence of moral or religious tuition, are undoubtedly two of the elements in the composition of the perils with which the social system of Great Britain is now so widely overspread. Add to these "the enormous lying" by which Mr Bulwer tells us the Reform Bill was carried—the political delusion, exaggeration, and error, so copiously poured into the nation by the whole Whig journalists, orators, and writers, for the last thirty years—joined to the excessive expectations wilfully excited in the mind of the country, for selfish purposes, by the authors of the Reform Bill, which is the real cause of the distracted and discontented state of so large a portion of the working-classes throughout the manufacturing districts.

What is the prevailing cry of the Chartists and Universal Suffrage men? It is, that they have *not obtained the fruits of Reform*; that they have been misled and deceived by their Whig leaders; that all the real and practical grievances of which they formerly complained, are still in existence; that wages are as low, provisions as high, taxes as heavy as ever; that the sway of the middle classes has proved more oppressive than even that of the old boroughmongers; and that the New Poor-Law has deprived them of their rights of birthright inheritance in a way which would never have been attempted by the ancient guardians of the realm. What they call for, therefore, is Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, a paid Legislature; in other words, the total command of the property, education, and intelligence of the kingdom. What they would do with these powers when acquired, is now sufficiently evident. They would pillage all the property of the kingdom, and divide the whole possessions of the wealthy classes among themselves. Now, to what is this monstrous cupidity and insatiable desire for power, with a view to pillage, to be ascribed? Clearly to the exaggerated expectations and unbounded promises held forth by the Whigs during the Reform agitation, and to the strenuous efforts which they have ever since made to prevent any extension of the religious institutions of the country. They told them during the Reform mania, at every public dinner, at every public meet-

ing, and on every hustings in the kingdom—and the statements were repeated till the very air rang with the sounds—that their whole sufferings were owing to the Tories and the boroughmongers; that the Reform Bill would at once relieve the whole distresses of the country; that taxes would be reduced, wages high, provisions abundant; and that, instead of Government acting as heretofore, merely for the interest of the few and the oppression of the many, it would be directed solely to the interests of the many, and the restraining of the few; that the reign of corruption would be at an end, and that justice, patriotism, and disinterestedness, were to pervade every part of the administration. When, therefore, instead of the fulfilment of these exaggerated expectations, the people, seven years after the Reform Bill was passed, found every thing going on much the same as before, with this difference only, that political abuses are far more frequent than ever; that commissions, prolific of advantage only to the Whig *employés*, which in the end lead to nothing, abound in all quarters; that the revenue is sinking while the expenditure is continually increasing; and that the blessings of moral and political economy have been brought home to the working-classes in the shape of the New Poor-Law Bill; it is noways surprising that universal discontent has been awakened amongst the highly excited operative classes; and that, in utter despair at the total failure of the grand nostrum which was to have worked out their salvation, they have listened to leaders who tell them that nothing remains but to take the administration of public affairs into their own hands, and throw overboard at once the whole property, respectability, and education of the kingdom. They had no difficulty in finding leaders who would head this new and formidable plebeian movement; the example of the success of former agitation was too instructive to be thrown away. They saw that the Whigs had contrived to keep themselves in office for seven years by Reform agitation; and they saw no reason why, by the aid of a similar movement from an inferior class, the assistance of the Chartist mania, and the terrors of the torch and the dagger, they might not also, in their turn, get possession of the

reins of Government, and become masters of the country, and all its property, for seven years to come.

While, however, no one can doubt that the causes which have now been enumerated, are those to which the present alarming social condition of the country is owing, the question remains, How this population is to be dealt with? In what way the existing dangers are to be averted, and the former healthy condition of the public mind re-established? These are momentous questions, affecting not merely the future fate of the country, but the property and patrimonial interests of every individual in the kingdom.

The first thing which must strike every impartial mind in considering the present state of the country, is, that the working-classes have now proved themselves unworthy of that extension of the Suffrage for which they contend; and that, whatever doubts might formerly have existed on the subject in the minds of well-meaning and enthusiastic, but simple and ill-informed, men, it is now established beyond all doubt, that Universal Suffrage in reality means nothing else but universal pillage. This, we always said, was the case. From first to last we have resolutely maintained, that what the working-classes understand by political power, is just the means of putting their hands in their neighbours' pockets; and that it was the belief that the Reform Bill would give them that power, which was the main cause of the enthusiasm in its favour, and the disgust of the failure of these hopes, the principal reason of the present clamour for an extension of the Suffrage. The Chartists, doubtless, deny this, as all men will do till they can admit it with impunity, and as the French Revolutionists did till they had acquired, by Universal Suffrage, the power of breaking into and pillaging every chateau in the kingdom. But how do their acts correspond with these professions? They had the mastery at Birmingham for an hour and a-half, and immediately two houses were burned and thirty gutted. If they had the command of the empire for a month and a-half, they would confiscate, and share among themselves, all the property it contains.

But it is not necessary to have recourse to this memorable instance,

divulging the secret designs of the Chartists, to arrive at a just conclusion as to their total unfitness for any of the functions of Government, and of the enormous peril with which any concession of power to them, however small, will be attended. The same conclusion arises, in an equally forcible manner, from a consideration of their ordinary habits, and the principles by which their private conduct is regulated. What are the qualities of mind and character which fit men for the discharge of public or political duties, and the prevalence of which in a nation renders them ripe for a share in the administration of the realm? Economy, order, and foresight in the management of their private affairs; regularity and prudence in private life; the bettering of their circumstances, and the elevation of their habits, by the continued practice of industry, frugality, and foresight.

What, then, are the habits of the middle classes, to whom, in so great a proportion, political power has been handed over by the Reform Bill? That there are many extravagant, fraudulent, and profligate characters among them, may safely be admitted; and that a majority of the ten-pound electors in almost all the great cities in the empire, are possessed of little or no property, and belong to a class unfit to be intrusted with political power, may be considered as now completely proved by experience. But, nevertheless, there unquestionably exists among the middle classes more prudence, foresight, and economy; more patient industry and unobtrusive virtue; more strenuous exertion, and heroic self-denial, than in any other class in the community. We shall find no parallel to it either in the ranks above or beneath them in society. The former, by the possession of hereditary fortune or influence, are in great part relieved from the necessity of constant labour, or the duties of prospective foresight. The latter are so much habituated to attend only to present objects, and to receive impressions only from what strikes the senses, that they have never acquired these habits at all. It was upon the known and admitted prevalence of these qualities among the better portion of the middle classes, and the assertion that such habits were universal among that body of men, that the main argument in favour of

the extension of the suffrage in their favour was founded. And unquestionably, if they all possessed the foresight and self-denial which is every day manifested by a considerable part of their number, political power could not be entrusted to safer or better hands. No Government will ever be endangered in which the majority of the representative constituency are holders of policies of life insurance, proportioned to the circumstances of their respective families. The maintenance of such insurances implies a sacrifice of enjoyment to duty; of the present to the future; of selfish to social affection, which forms the best possible preparation for the due exercise of political functions.

Are then the habits of the working-classes, above all, of the manufacturing operatives in great cities, such as to afford any well-grounded expectation that they are better qualified than the middle classes for the duty of electing legislators? Observe the conduct of the better description of the middle ranks, and say, whether the conduct of the manufacturing artisan at all resembles it, or is not rather a contrast to it. Look at the professional men—the lawyers, physicians, clergymen, merchants, shopkeepers, and manufacturers. What efforts do they make to raise themselves in the world? What industry do they exert, what frugality do they exercise? Their whole life is one, not merely of continual exertion, but of incessant foresight, and anxious consideration of the future. Their hard-earned gains are for the most part invested either in profitable speculations, or devoted to life insurances, intended to serve as a provision for their families after they themselves shall be no more. Existence to them is an incessant scene of toilsome exertion and of virtuous self-denial. Frugality and foresight pervade every part of their establishment; their whole life is a sacrifice of the present to the future. It is in their industry and frugality that the foundation is laid for almost all the wealth and prosperity of society. It is in their multitude and opulence that Great Britain finds both the sources of its greatness, and its proud pre-eminence over every other country of the globe.

Now, what are the habits of the operative classes, especially in the

manufacturing districts and great towns, and what proof have they afforded by their sobriety, frugality, and foresight, that they possess the habits and qualities essential to a due appreciation or administration of public affairs? Is their conduct characterised by temperance, sobriety, and regularity of demeanour? Are they prudent, cautious, and foreseeing in their habits? Do they generally resist temptation, and forego present enjoyment for the sake of ultimate advantage to themselves or their families? Is capital accumulating in their hands? Are the numbers of them who are thrown upon the parish from destitution diminishing? And have they evinced, by the prudence with which they regulate their own passions, and coerce their own excesses, that they are adequate to the duties of self-government? Above all, is the brutal and debasing habit of intoxication diminishing? Are ale-houses, and gin-shops, and spirit-cellars, every where decreasing in numbers; and does the increase of booksellers' shops in the manufacturing towns, prove that the artisans are withdrawing from the habits of sensual indulgence, to bestow their extra gains upon mental cultivation and moral improvement? Is the attendance in *any church*, whether Established or Voluntary, increasing amongst them; and does the rapid growth and permanent support of places of worship, prove that their desire for spiritual improvement keeps pace with their spiritual destitution? Is the morality of the sexes improving? Are cases of bastardy, desertion of children by parents, or of wives by husbands, declining in number; and is the fatal gangrene of illicit indulgence giving way before the resolute efforts of a prudent and reflecting people? Questions of this sort force themselves upon the mind when the working-classes of the manufacturing towns unite in a loud and menacing demand for political power; and, we naturally ask ourselves, what proof have these people given by their conduct in their own sphere of life, and the management of their own affairs, that they are worthy to be raised to more elevated duties, and qualified to direct the affairs of others?

The answers to these questions are decisive against the claims now advanced for Universal Suffrage. Doubt-

less there are to be found among the manufacturing operatives very many virtuous and upright men, and respectable families. Even the failings and vices of a large proportion of the more improvident, are not so much owing to individual inherent depravity, as to want of foresight, and the degrading habit of constant drinking or sensual indulgence. But that habits of improvidence, and an insatiable thirst for immediate enjoyment from the senses, are general among this class of society, has long been known and lamented by every person practically acquainted with their situation, and is now decisively proved by statistical returns pointing to conclusions with unerring certainty. Every person practically acquainted with the operatives in great towns or manufacturing districts of the country, is aware that their habits are, generally speaking, reckless and improvident in the extreme. Their employment, except during periods of commercial distress, is steady; and the too great demand for the labour of children, boys and girls, in the factories and collieries, generally renders a large offspring an advantage rather than a burden, and doubles, often triples, to married persons, the gains of the head of the family. It is no unusual thing for a family of this class, to make from fifty to sixty shillings a-week; and the common gains, even of a single skilled operative, run in general, according to the skill, from eighteen to thirty-six or forty shillings. Yet, with all these advantages, these operatives with their families, are in general the most needy and destitute of the community; a great part of their large earnings is spent in drink. They are almost all in debt to the baker, the butcher, the grocer, and the other tradesmen with whom they deal; their wives have the utmost difficulty in getting money from their husbands even for the necessary support of their families; and it is only by actions at law, and by arresting their wages, that the shopkeepers are able, after long periods, to secure payment of their debts. Paradoxical as it may appear, nothing is more certain than that these classes are, generally speaking, the most destitute of the labouring ranks; and, unfortunately, the most skilful workmen are not seldom the most profligate, and dissolute, as well as needy, characters of the community.

The magnitude of the sums which a large proportion of these workmen spend upon drink would exceed belief, if it were not attested by the concurring evidence of every person versant with the habits of the operatives in every manufacturing district of the kingdom. An action was recently brought in the Sheriff-Court of Lanarkshire against a collier, for spirits, porter, ale, and groceries, furnished to himself and his family during three years, amounting to the sum of L.78 : 7 : 4; L.72 had been paid by the collier during the three years, being at the rate of L.24 *a-year*, and the balance of L.6 odds was admitted. It may safely be affirmed that the value of spirits consumed by a large proportion of the skilled operatives in all the manufacturing towns of the kingdom, amounts to eight or ten shillings a-week of their earnings. Incredible as this doubtless will appear to persons who are not practically acquainted with the subject, there is no one, we are persuaded, who is so, that will not admit that we are rather within than without the mark. In fact, on no other principle is it possible to account for the enormous and almost incredible quantity of ardent spirits consumed in the manufacturing districts, more particularly of Scotland. It appears from the Parliamentary Reports, that the proportion of ardent spirits consumed in Scotland amounts to six millions five hundred gallons a-year, being at the rate of *two gallons and three quarters annually, to every human being!* Unquestionably more than a half of this enormous quantity is drunk in the manufacturing or mining districts; for it is there alone that the working-classes have such high wages as to enable them to drink it in such profusion. Beyond all doubt the average of these manufacturing districts is at least *six gallons a-head a-year* over the whole population—a higher average, it is believed, than is to be found in any other country of the globe.

All the institutions calculated either to accumulate capital, relieve distress, or to provide funds for the future, are maintained by the middle or higher classes, with hardly any assistance from the lower. The operatives and workmen benefit largely by such establishments, but they contribute little or nothing to their support. It has recently been ascertained, from a

comparison of returns from the different assurance offices, that the total number of persons holding policies of life insurance is only 80,000—a number so very small in proportion to the population of the empire, as to demonstrate decisively that the provident regard for the future, and self-denial of the present, which prompts men to belong to these admirable associations, is confined almost entirely to the middle or wealthier classes of society. Who is it that maintains our hospitals, our dispensaries, our charity schools, and a large part of the Voluntary Church? The middle or higher classes, and they alone. Nobody ever heard of such establishments, how essential soever and beneficial to the working-classes, being maintained by their efforts or contributions. Were it not for the Christian charity, the humanity, and unwearied exertions of the middle classes, the operatives, who are now rising in such fearful array against them, would rot in indigence and misery; pestilence, unmitigated by medical skill, would annually desolate their ranks; and the ordinary calamities of life, unrelieved by the humanity and efforts of the better classes of society, would soon reduce the lower to hopeless destitution.

But the working-classes, it may perhaps be said by their advocates, are too poor to be able to support such establishments by themselves, and the contributions which the middle classes make to charitable institutions for their behoof, are but a part of the return of the fruits of their labour, which their monopoly of capital have enabled them to wrench from their hands. This argument may possibly appear forcible to many persons of a humane turn of mind, not practically acquainted with the situation and habits of the manufacturing operatives, or the magnitude of the funds which their great numbers put at the disposal of any persons who obtain from them contributions, however small. We never see or hear of any want of funds to enable the operatives to engage in any undertakings, how costly soever, which they have really at heart, such as long and protracted strikes against their masters, in the vain hope of keeping wages up, during periods of adversity, at the level which they had obtained in prior periods of prosperity. It was proved at the Cotton-Spinners'

Trial at Edinburgh, in January 1838, that the Cotton-Spinners' Association in Glasgow had raised eleven thousand pounds for the objects of their union in a single year; and it is understood that that association from first to last have had L.200,000 through their hands. It is well known that the strikes in which the operatives were engaged in the preceding year, in the vicinity of that great manufacturing emporium, cost the community from six to eight hundred thousand pounds. Yet the operatives contrived to maintain the struggle against their masters in most of the skilled branches of industry, for three or four months together. Examples of this kind prove, that although doubtless there is often great distress and suffering among the manufacturing classes of the community, yet they do possess within themselves funds to a very great amount; and that it is by their misdirection that so little is contributed from *their* earnings to purposes either of benevolence or practical utility.

But to bring this matter to a more accurate test, we shall take the case of a single city, and calculate from authentic data the sums that are annually spent in it by the working-classes upon ardent spirits. We shall take Glasgow for the subject of the calculation, and that for several reasons; but chiefly because it is the city in the empire in which the Liberals will find, most completely exemplified, the practical working of their favourite principles of social and political government. Its prosperity has been unprecedented in the old world; its inhabitants, which in 1770 were 30,000, are now 270,000—that is, they have augmented ninefold in seventy years; its customhouse dues, which forty years ago were L. 3000, are now L.400,000 a-year; its harbour, which in the memory of man contained only fifty or sixty boats, now sees flags waving in it from every quarter of the globe. Nowhere, therefore, in the ancient abodes of mankind, can a parallel be found to its extraordinary progress and unbounded prosperity. It is, *par excellence*, also the spot in which the institutions and the remedies against evil, which the Liberals have so long and so ardently supported, are to be found; and where the alleged abuses on which they have wished to fix the sufferings and vices of society are rare. Society, from its extraordi-

nary rapidity of growth, has entirely outgrown the dimensions of the national Church establishment; its ancient allowance of six or seven churches was soon lost amidst the circumjacent multitude, and all the efforts of benevolence in the middle and higher ranks, sunk before the impossibility of providing church accommodation for a population advancing at the rate of eight or ten thousand souls a-year. The Voluntary system therefore, has long, practically speaking, been in operation; the efforts of the Churchmen to enlarge the establishment, were, till within these few years when such noble benefactions have been made, unavailing; and the existence at this moment of eighty thousand human beings, who neither go to church nor can find a place in any place of worship within its bounds, proves, that whatever causes of evil have been operating within its bosom, priestcraft, and the undue ascendancy of the clergy, cannot be reckoned among the number. Aristocracy there is none within its limits; its sons and its daughters can neither allege that they have been misled by the example, or seduced by the passions, or depressed by the influence, of the landed proprietors or nobility; the national Church establishment is small; the number of Voluntary meeting-houses considerable; plenty of Catholics among the humbler classes, and unbounded republican prosperity among the higher.

Add to this, Glasgow is the place, perhaps, in the island, where the means of secular and intellectual education have long existed on the most extensive scale; and where the grand correctives to evil, provided by Lord Brougham and the other education advocates, have been in the fullest operation. The cost of elementary education is exceedingly cheap; it requires only half-a-crown or three shillings a quarter, to send a child to the grammar schools, less than the wages of a single day to all the skilled workmen. Numerous scientific and literary establishments of great celebrity exist; the university, long distinguished by its illustrious men, affords tuition so cheap as to be within the reach of the sons, not only of the middle classes in the city, but even of the farmers in the adjoining counties; so that no less

than fourteen hundred young men, chiefly from these districts, receive, at a comparatively moderate rate, the elements of a liberal education. Many other institutions, still more important to the working-classes, have long existed and flourished in the city. The Andersonian Institution, established expressly as a rival to the University, has long boasted of professors of reputation and ability, who, at the hours most convenient for the working-classes, every winter give lectures to numerous assemblages of the operatives and working-classes: add to this, their professors, though intelligent and able men, are, from the absence of any proper foundation, and the excessive desire to render education cheap, with a view to the benefit of the working-classes, remunerated in a manner wholly unsuited to their merits or their public services, and in fact kept at very near what Mr Hume would consider the *ne plus ultra* of perfection in such establishments, viz. the starving point. In addition to this, there are too large and flourishing Mechanics' Institutes, one in the city and one in the suburbs, the former attended by six, and the latter by fourteen, hundred students. Here, then, is a city in all circumstances the most favourable for the exemplification of the working of the boasted antidotes to evil; therefore, let us examine the habits of the people, and judge from that of their qualification and fitness to take the management of public affairs into their own hands, and rule the empire with absolute sway, by the irresistible force of numbers.

There are within the city of Glasgow properly so called, technically named "the royalty," one hundred and two thousand inhabitants, and twelve hundred spirit-shops. In the adjoining suburbs, which form part of the city, both in Parliamentary language as to elections, and also in common language, there are one hundred and sixty-eight thousand inhabitants, and at least eighteen hundred spirit-shops. In the whole Parliamentary city of Glasgow there are three thousand spirit-dealers.

Of these 3000 spirit-dealers, above 2000 are enrolled as Parliamentary electors; and of course must possess premises affording a rental of L.10 and upwards. It is universally known that a great number of spirit-dealers

pay very high rents in Glasgow—some from L.80 to L.100 a-year, or even more. Taking a medium, it may fairly be presumed that the average rent of these spirit-shops is L.25.

The profits earned by each spirit-dealer at an average, may be taken at double the rent, or L.50 a-year.

We are aware that many of the respectable dealers, who make thousands a-year in this great and flourishing line of business, will smile at the idea of the average being struck so low, but we wish to be within the mark. It may safely be asserted, that if the average profit of the spirit-dealer, divided between himself and the landlord, is L.75, the gross sales in wholesale and retail which must be effected to produce that profit, must be at least four times that amount, twenty-five per cent being about the average profit of that class of dealers. Thus it may safely be concluded, and in the most moderate estimate, that the calculation will stand thus, viz.—

Rent of 3000 spirit-dealers,	
L.25 each on an average,	L.75,000
Net profits of 3000 spirit-dealers, at L.50 each on an average,	150,000

Total annual sales of spirits, porter, and ales, to produce this profit,	L.900,000
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What blessings might, at this moment, be obtained by the working-classes, from the surplus funds which they *have at their disposal*, and which are now, in a great measure, devoted to purposes of debauchery, vice, and degradation! No assessment on the other classes of society; no voluntary or charitable contributions are required to obtain these blessings. All that is needed is, that the working-classes should *do justice to themselves*. How is it that the middle classes so generally enjoy competence and comfort, and that from *their* efforts the whole wealth of the state generally takes its rise? Simply because they practise order, regularity, and economy in their dwellings; because they put a bridle on their licentious appetites; because they restrain present desire, from a sense of future benefit; because they sacrifice sensual and selfish gratification on the altar of domestic duty. If the working-classes would acquire such habits, they would soon be as

orderly and comfortable as their immediate superiors, and, like them, become fit to be entrusted with public duties and legislative powers. It is in vain to say the operatives have not money to accomplish these ends. The money exists in ample quantity—all that is wanted is to alter its direction. The three thousand spirit-shops, and six hundred thousand pounds needlessly wasted every year by the working-classes on ardent spirits in Glasgow, furnish a black monument, alike decisive of the ample amount of means which they have at their disposal, and of the deplorable use which they at present make of them.

We have no wish—we never had a wish—to cast a shade upon the character of the working-classes. We fully and gratefully acknowledge the great number of meritorious persons to be found among them. We admit that their labour is the great source both of national subsistence and wealth; and we do not believe that there exists in the world a class of labourers of more upright and virtuous habits, than those engaged in agricultural employments. If the working-classes even in manufacturing towns will confine themselves to their proper sphere, and direct the vast efforts of which they are capable, to the attainment of practical objects of *real* reform, they will always find us the first to give them our support. Let them direct their exertions to the alleviation of the exhausting labours of the factories, by a ten hours' bill; let them unite with the worthiest of the community in labouring for the extension of an ecclesiastical Establishment—the real church of the poor; let them petition Government for the immediate duplication of the duty on spirits, and the removal of the taxes on soap, paper, and other articles which contribute to their comfort, innocent enjoyment, and recreation; let them contribute a large portion of their earnings to saving banks, life insurances, and other objects of real and permanent benefit to themselves and their families; let them aim at eradicating from the New Poor-Law of England the harsh and unjust features by which it is stained, without seeking to return to the abuses of the old system, which were not less pernicious to themselves than to the classes who bore the assessment; and they will find not only ourselves, but the

whole Conservative party, anxiously devoted to their support. But when, instead of this, they surrender themselves to the guidance of mountebanks and demagogues; when they unite in fierce demands for political privileges which their habits prove that they are wholly unfit to be entrusted with, and indignantly demand the mastery of others when their conduct demonstrates they are not able to govern themselves; when they abandon their only real friends, the moral and religious portion of the community, and range themselves under the banners of their real enemies, the demagogues, who seek to screen themselves from insolvency by the aid of their passions;—they necessarily unite the whole strength and property of the state, in a compact phalanx, against their efforts, and voluntarily destroy their own cause. They may be assured that they never will prevail against such an alliance—it was not by the conquest, but by the infatuation and weakness, of the middle classes, that the French Revolution was triumphant. They have probably by this time found, at all events they will soon find, that the middle classes of England are formed of very different stuff, and that they will neither fly their country, nor desert their property, at the waving of the Chartist torch. By continuing in their present headlong course of iniquity, the Chartists may ruin themselves and their families; but they will neither break down the Constitution of the country, nor gain, by the aid of conflagration and plunder, one iota of additional power in its Government. A great reform is indeed wanted before they can be entrusted with any share in the administration of affairs; but it is required not in the institutions of the State, but in their own hearts.

Lord John Russell has told us, in his late speech in Parliament, what is the main cause to which the present lamentable condition of the working-classes is to be ascribed.

“In certain portions of the country the condition of the manufacturing population was not only lamentable, but appalling, (hear, hear,)—and unhappily this population existed in those districts without the usual concomitants of a densely peopled region—*without sufficient means of instruction, without sufficient places of worship, without the presence of a sufficient number of*

persons of property and influence, and without that subordination of rank usually existing in other conditions of society. The mass of the people there consisted of one great working-class, and of the few individuals by whom they were employed, and who had but little connexion with them of the sort calculated to produce that species of subordination which prevailed in other communities. In those districts of the country there were *not sufficient schools or churches*; there were not those means of *religious and moral instruction which were required for knitting men together in society*; hence, then, there was a material difference in their constitution and condition from that which distinguished British society in other parts of the empire, and which even marked those parts of the country in past times.”

Here, then, is at least one good effect which has resulted from Chartist rebellion—one lasting instruction which has been obtained from the experiment of attempting to improve the people by intellectual education and political agitation, without any regard to their spiritual or moral improvement. The *bubble of intellectual education has now completely burst*; the ruinous effects of political passion have recoiled upon its authors. The tendency of political excitement to lead the working-classes into the most ruinous excesses, the utter inefficacy of secular education to check the progress of evil, is now loudly proclaimed both in the Lords and Commons by the leaders of the liberal Administration. Here, then, is at least one great gain effected by the progress of liberal measures. Truth is forced upon the country by the dear-bought experience of error—the principles for which we, with the whole Conservative party, have all along strenuously contended, and which the Liberals every where resisted to the death, are now loudly proclaimed from the seats of the liberal Administration. Let us hope that the lessons taught by the flames of Birmingham will not be lost; that Government will act upon the principles which are now extorted from their mouths; and that, laying aside the selfish and perilous pursuit of political excitement, they will at length become sensible that the only secure foundation for either national security or welfare, is to be found in the extension of the means of religious instruction to the great body of the people.

To the Conservatives also, recent events afford a lesson of no ordinary

importance. They may now see that the ancient safeguards of order are now no longer sufficient in the realm, and that with the altered state of society, and the passions consequent upon it which the Reform Bill has induced, more powerful securities for life and property have become indispensable. It is no doubt an interesting theme for the moralist or historian to contemplate the period when the interposition of a stipendiary force was not required for the suppression of riots in the realm of England—when the unpaid magistrate discharged the judicial functions—when the village constable was the only conservator of the peace, and the largest of our seditious assemblages melted away before the sight of the justice's wand. These beautiful features must be numbered with the things that have been. The vast extension of manufacturing establishments throughout the country—the infatuated neglect of our religious institutions by the Tories when in power—the obstinate resistance to all attempts at their enlargement by the Whigs, since they have been in office—the unbounded expectations which, for selfish purposes, the leaders of the Liberal party excited in the country during the progress of the Reform mania—the bitter disappointment of all these expectations since the new constitution came into operation—the atrocious wickedness of the leaders of the Chartist rebellion—and the wide-spread discontent arising from some of the harsh and unnecessary features of the New Poor-Law Bill, have now brought the country into such a state, that the old safeguards of order are utterly inadequate, and the general establishment of a stipendiary force has become *indispensable for domestic safety*. That such an establishment is the first step towards a more stringent and despotic frame of Government, may be perfectly true. But what then? Without it, life and property cannot be preserved.

It is of great consequence to the cause of truth and the enlightenment of the world in future times, to observe that this deplorable downward progress, which all men now see and lament, was *distinctly foreseen and emphatically foretold* at the outset of the Re-

form mania in this country, not merely by the philosophic writers who had turned their attention to this subject in other states, but by the political journalists which, in the outset, opposed the general madness which prevailed in this country. We shall content ourselves with referring to three passages from different authors, illustrating this position in the most remarkable manner.

“The Legislature in France, which the middle classes had themselves appointed,” said Thiers in 1825,

“became from the very first the object of the dislike and jealousy of the lower; and the history of the Legislative Assembly is nothing more than the preparations for the revolt which overthrew the monarchy. This is the natural progress of revolutionary troubles. Ambition, the love of power, first arises in the higher orders; they exert themselves, and obtain a share of the supreme authority. But the same passion descends in society; it rapidly gains an inferior class, until at length the whole mass is in movement. Satisfied with what they have gained, all persons of intelligence strive to stop; but it is no longer in their power, they are incessantly pressed on by the crowd in their rear. Those who thus endeavour to arrest the movement, even if they are but little elevated above the lowest class, if they oppose its wishes, are called an aristocracy and incur its odium.”*

“It is the middling ranks,”

said Mr Alison in 1830,

“who organize the first resistance to Government, because it is their influence only which can withstand the shock of established power. They, accordingly, are at the head of the first revolutionary movement. But the passions which have been awakened, the hopes that have been excited, the disorder which has been produced in their struggle, lay the foundation of a *new and more terrible convulsion against the rule which they have established*. Every species of authority appears odious to men who have tasted of the license and excitation of a revolution; the new government speedily becomes as unpopular as the one which has been overthrown; the ambition of the lower orders aims at establishing themselves in the situation in which a successful effort has placed the middling. A more terrible struggle awaits them, than that which they have just concluded,

* Thiers' French Revolution, II., 7.

with arbitrary power; a struggle with superior numbers, stronger passions, more unbridled ambition; with those whom moneyed fear has deprived of employment, revolutionary innovation filled with hope, inexorable necessity impelled to exertion. In this contest, the chances are against the duration of the new institution, unless the supporters can immediately command the aid of a numerous and disciplined body of men, proof alike to the intimidation of popular violence and the seduction of popular ambition.”*

“The next Revolution,”

said *Blackwood's Magazine*, in February 1831,

“which Great Britain undergoes, if so deplorable an event ever shall occur, will not be long headed by the higher orders; it will not follow the guidance of the Lords and Commons—it will not be directed to the establishment of any civil immunities. Power, not freedom, will be its object; it will be directed against both Lords and Commons—it will aim at the destruction of all influence save that which emanates from the lower orders of society. It will be a *general insurrection of the lower orders against the higher*; an effort of the populace to take the powers of sovereignty into their own hands, and divide among themselves all that is now enjoyed by their superiors. It will be followed by the consequences which attended similar efforts in the neighbouring kingdom. It will, in the first instance, be loudly praised, and it will excite the most extravagant expectations; it will be headed by many good men, warm in their hopes of human felicity, ardent in their expectation of the regeneration of society. Speedily their ascendant will be at an end

—vice, reckless ambition, daring selfishness, will rise from the lower orders of society; philosophic enthusiasm will instantly be annihilated by vulgar ambition. The property of the Church will be the first victim; the regenerators of society will declare that they take the public worship under the safeguard of the state, and they will perform their promises, by giving their ministers, as they did in France, L.40 a-year each.

“The national debt will be the next object of attack; the people will find it intolerable to pay the interest of burdens which they had no hand in imposing; the public creditors will be swept off, and the industry of the people relieved by destroying the accumulation of a thousand years. The estates of the nobility will then become an eyesore to the purifiers of society; land will be viewed as the people's farm; the public miseries will be imputed to the extortions of these unjust stewards, and a division of the great properties will be the consequence. In the consternation occasioned by these violent changes, commercial industry will come to a stand—agricultural produce will be diminished—the employment of capital will be withdrawn—famine, distress, and want of employment, will ensue—the people will revolt against their seducers—more violent remedies will be proposed—stronger principles of democracy maintained. In the struggle of these desperate factions, blood will be profusely shed. Terror, that destroyer of all virtuous feeling, will rule triumphant. Another Danton, a second Robespierre, will arise; another Reign of Terror will expiate the sins of a new revolution, and military despotism close the scene.”†

* Alison's *History of Europe*. Vol. I., pp. 416, 417.

† February, 1831, Vol. XXIX., p. 185.

ROYAL ACADEMY—AND ITS EXHIBITION.

THERE is no indication of the health and usefulness of any institution more certain, than the virulence with which it is attacked. In proportion to the good is the evil that is set against it.

When it would live in and by its own strength, it must be strangled. Let it sleep, doze, and be bedridden, and it may be allowed to live unheeded. It has been the unceasing energy, the daily increasing usefulness, of the Church of England in Ireland, that determined the Papists to deal to it the "heavy blow." It is the present great and manifest advancement of Art in the Academy, and by means of the Academy, that causes the bitterness, envy, and active malevolence against it. This ill-natured warfare is of the old sore, that still festers in the human heart. It is but as it was—"When they had commanded them to go aside out of the council, they conferred among themselves, saying, What shall we do to these men? for that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem; and we cannot deny it. But that it spread no further among the people, let us straitly threaten them." Annihilate if we can; if we cannot do that, we will threaten and harass them year by year. Such are the honourable, the liberal proceedings adopted, and to be strenuously pursued, towards the Royal Academicians, who, perhaps more than any other set of men, for the proper prosecution of their studies, and consequently the general advancement of Art, require, and have a right to demand, from the public, an absence of all molestation.

The case of the Academy is simple enough. It was founded seventy years ago under the patronage of George III., who gave them apartments in *his* own palace, and for a time grants out of *his* privy purse. The members have been in undisturbed and undisputed possession of these apartments from the time of their foundation, until their location in the New Academy in Trafalgar Square. When, for the public advantage, Old Somerset House was pulled down, the King stipulated that *his* Academy should have rooms in the New Buildings; in accordance

with which stipulation, *he*, the King, delivered with his own hand the key of these apartments to the Academicians. Thus, if he had a right to give them apartments in the Old Somerset House, by the stipulation he had the same right to give them apartments in the New Buildings; and the Academy accepted them as a personal boon and gift from the King, whose property they were, as the first rooms were; and the title of the Academy is in nowise altered in the change—and this is admitted. If any thing, then, in this stage of the question can be disputed, it must be the original power in the King to grant, which circumstance at once transfers the dispute from the Academy to the Crown. They who received the keys from the Royal hands, cannot deliver them back into any other. Nor can they, without Royal permission, disclose to any other authority any of their concerns; for, according to the nature of their foundation, their concerns have become a part of the private Royal Establishment.

Accordingly the Academy, with the Royal permission, in 1834, made ample disclosures both as to their general management and of their funds; in 1835, they underwent a strict examination before the Committee on Arts and Manufactures, from which every information that the most curious public might require, was voluntarily and undisguisedly given. No candid mind can read the Report of that Committee, and remain dissatisfied with the pecuniary management of the Royal Academy. They had accumulated large funds, which they employed, not for their own benefit, by any distribution among themselves which they might have made, but for the advancement of Art. They have accordingly formed schools of painting, and distributed in charity £30,000. And that their charity at least did not begin and end at home, may be seen from the evidence of their secretary before the Committee of the House of Commons—"It is not true that the members of the Royal Academy devote a larger portion of the funds to the necessities of their own body than to those of art-

ists not members. The gross sum expended in pensions to distressed members being £11,106; and the donations to artists not members and their families, £19,249."

Well, such was the state of the case, when, previous to their removal to the New Buildings, petitions were presented to Parliament against any such removal. A knot of men, virulently opposed to the Academy, are examined before the Committee of the House—most favourably examined, and full scope given for their severest animadversions, aspersions, and calumnies. And it is difficult to conceive a more contemptible figure than is made by some of the most bitter of those opponents. The most unfounded assertions to the discredit of the Academy are made, and clearly disproved. However unwilling the reader of the Report of the Committee may be to come to uncharitable conclusions, it is next to an impossibility to acquit those persons of malice and falsehood. As a specimen of the latter, we refer to question and answer 1057, 2d part; and the confutation by Secretary, 2117.

B. R. Haydon, Esq., examined:—"The Academy has no act or charter like other public bodies?"

"No, they only exist by the Royal pleasure. They cunningly refused George the Fourth's offer of a charter, fearing it would make them responsible: they are a private society, which they always put forward when you wish to examine them; and they always proclaim themselves a public society when they want to benefit by any public vote."

Now, we shall see *how* cunning they were.

Henry Howard, Esq., Secretary, examined:—"The Royal Academy did *not* refuse a charter from George the Fourth, for fear that it should make them responsible. A charter was *neither offered nor desired*."

The Academy became established in their New Buildings. They might reasonably have now expected uninterrupted peace. They had given ample information respecting all their proceedings; and might fairly have considered themselves most honourably acquitted of all charges brought against them. Not so. Hatred is not subdued by the injury it commits. The very injury renders it the more—hatred. Do

the Academy commit any new crime? Does Art retrograde amongst the members? Are the Exhibitions of decided inferiority? Quite the reverse of all this. But the Exhibitions are more in public favour, the funds are increasing—"Hinc illæ lachrymæ." The would-be Public Accountant must be called in to scrutinize, and harass by a petty scrutiny, the accounts of the Academy, not for information, but for insult and degradation; and that such has been the view will be but too apparent.

Mr Hume is instigated to obtain an order from the House for the production of their accounts from the Royal Academy. Was his purpose, or the purpose of his instigators, to obtain accounts? No, the purpose was to annihilate the Academy—to have them "turned out" of their New Buildings as "interlopers." Thus, while one thing is pretended, another object is subsequently, and not until the order was obtained, owned. On the 24th June last, Mr Hume says, upon his discussion on the enforcing the order obtained, "He would reserve all further observations till the discussion on his motion for enforcing the order for the production of the returns. But he might observe, in the mean time, *that his object had been completely misunderstood*. What he asked was, that her Majesty's Ministers would adopt measures to *turn them out of the building*. All that he asked was, that these *interlopers should be turned out*, to give proper accommodation to the public." So much for the object—now for the almost surreptitious manner in which that order had been obtained—the confession of which, by the members of the House, we humbly think has a tendency to throw no little discredit upon their deliberations. We will adduce the evidence of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, the best evidence on both sides of the House. Sir Robert Peel says: "The honourable member for Kilkenny had succeeded in getting this return ordered; but, if that House had been *betrayed* into a hasty and inconsiderate order, it would be to their credit to rescind it. The honourable gentleman obtained the order at *half-past one o'clock, when the attention of members was not much called to it*; and, even if members had read it, *their suspicions would have been lulled by the words that were appended to the notice*. The return sought for

purposed to be a continuation of a former return, made up to July 1836; but the return which the honourable gentleman now stated that he required, was a perfectly new return—a return founded on the evidence given by the President and Secretary of the Royal Academy. Why then did the honourable member *try to lull suspicion*, by stating in his notice, that he only required a continuation of an old report? *He must say, that the addition of these words was apparently disingenuous.*"

Lord John Russell castigates more mildly, fully admitting the fact, that the House was *betrayed* into the order: "He did not consider that they were in the least bound by a motion made by the honourable member for Kilkenny at a *late hour of the night, at the end of an adjourned debate on the Corn-Laws*; and when the members, *hearing that it was a continuation of former returns*, paid but little attention." The Royal Academy had respectfully petitioned against the enforcing of this order. Counter-petitions were presented from Messrs George Rennie, E. T. Parris, John Martin, George Clint, F. Y. Thurlstone, — Holmes, and Geo. Foggo; and as Mr Haydon generally wishes to stand alone, so does he on this occasion, and conspicuously petitions by himself, and at a wearisome length; and whilst *ostensibly* his petition is, that the House may not rescind their order, it is in fact a violent invective against the Academy, for all and every thing, and showing (he not being a member) very modestly, that the greatest talent is sure to be out of it.

The opponents to the Academy, however, and Mr Hume their great advocate, and Accountant-General of all discontented and disaffected persons, are defeated—and the Academy are left, for the present, to the management of their own funds, and the keeping of their own accounts. But can the Academy expect a long respite from the Reforming Persecution? They may depend upon it, such persecution will be annual, annual as regards Parliament, and perpetual out of it. Two things will insure them that—their superior attainment in art, and their success, their increase of their funds. Their opponents will not out-paint them, as they ought first to do, and then to complain; they will find it much more within their power to raise

an unreasonable outcry; and the words "Unpublished accounts" will, at all required times, allure Mr Hume to be their advocate and make a speech for them. True, he cares little for arts and artists, and his *liberal* ideas have no connexion with "the liberal arts;" for his "Greek Art" was the very reverse of Phidias. He has, however, this colourable qualification:

"He finds with keen discriminating sight, Black's not so black—nor white so very white."

The Academy have escaped for the present the scrutiny of their accounts; but are there not in the very setting forth, in the very marrow of their success, indications, more than indications, of their undoing? The general admission and feeling of the House of Commons is, that they have no right to their present favour, and present position in Trafalgar Square. The plain admission is, and we think unnecessarily acknowledged, or left undisputed in their own petition, that they may be *turned out* at a moment's notice, to suit the public convenience, without any right being infringed. Though we are decidedly of another opinion, such is the assumption, on the part of the public, as taken by the House of Commons; and though seemingly denied by the advocate of the Academy, Sir Robert Inglis, such is in fact the admission of the Royal Academy. We think this position in which they stand, willingly or unwillingly, derogatory to their own dignity as Academicians, dishonest towards the Crown, whose right is set aside by all parties, and illiberal and dishonourable to the country. Under these circumstances, what ought these three respective parties to do? We think the original right of granting apartments in Somerset House, certainly exercised by the Crown, should, in the first place, form a distinct proposition for the consideration of Parliament. 2dly, Whether the public did not confer that right on the Crown, (and in the private capacity of the Crown,) by accepting the terms of stipulation, and giving over into the King's hands the keys of the new apartments, to be by him delivered into the hands of the Academy? Then, if it should be decided that there is no inalienable right vested in the Academy, it is for the consideration of Parliament whether it would not be

advisable to create one. The next question must be for the Academy themselves, whether—under the liability to be turned out as interlopers, and under an admission that their holding the apartments renders them liable to a public annual return of all accounts—they can consistently, either with the dignity of their Royal foundation or of their own stations, and with a just view of their own advantage resulting from their own exertions, submit to the degradation forced upon them—to the position, however it may have the sanction of high authority, of “remaining in upon sufferance?”

We think the King had the right to put the Academy into apartments in his own Palace; and that, if that right was at the first doubtful, but never questioned, the undisturbed possession of nearly seventy years ought to constitute the right. It would have been the more manly part in Parliament *at the time* of the wrong, if it were wrong, to have resisted it; they have made the supposed wrong a right, and it is a mean thing *now* to consider it. Then the acceptance of terms from the King, the stipulation under which Somerset House was pulled down, and the location of the Academy according to *that stipulation*—the King himself, and not any authority delegated by the Commons House of Parliament, giving the keys into the hands of the president—constitute, if any thing can, an admission of the previous right. Why did not Mr Hume *then* protest against this assumption of the right in the King? Why did they submit to the President, Council, and Officers of the Academy, for their approval, the plans of the New Buildings, if they were to have no right in them when completed? We extract the following from the Appendix to the Report in 1836:—“The Royal Academy received these apartments (Somerset House) as a gift from their munificent founder, George III.; and it has always been understood by the members, that his Majesty, when he gave up to the Government his palace of old Somerset House, (where the Royal Academy was originally established,) stipulated that apartments should be erected for that establishment in the new building. The Royal Academy remained in the old palace till these rooms were completed, which had been destined for their occupation; plans of which had

been submitted to their approval, and signed by the President, Council, and Officers.” Yet surely, after all, a right to the building, if substantiated, (and a right claimed by the all-potent House of Commons may amount to the same thing,) does it follow that they have a right to have accounts laid before them, of moneys towards which they have not contributed a farthing? This sort of right is pushed to an extraordinary extent—an extent which, the principle being admitted, may reach to every establishment, private as well as public. If the rule is to be, that whatever the public is interested in, or takes pleasure in, must be liable to Parliamentary scrutiny as to accounts, we do not see what is to escape. Public interest is easily implied. Mr Hume boldly declares, that he would carry this scrutiny into every *Exhibition*. Sir R. Inglis says, “the Royal Academy was the only Institution of the kind in Europe which was not supported by the state, but it was maintained by the hard-earned rewards of its own members, aided by contributions of artists associated with them. He denied that money had ever been granted; and for money’s worth he thought that a sufficient return had been made; and, if this return were persisted in being demanded, the honourable member for Kilkenny might as well carry out the principle to all exhibitors. Would he do that?” Mr Hume said, “yes.” “Then,” resumed Sir R. Inglis, “he asked the honourable member to move for returns of the proceeds of the Pantechnicon; or, to go to a case nearer to himself, of the Society of British Artists.” What will the “Yes” of Mr Hume not include? We are sorry to see the principle *as* strongly laid down by Sir R. Peel. He said, “He could not concur with his honourable friend near him (Sir R. Inglis,) in denying the right of the House of Commons to call for enquiry. He should be very sorry to limit their jurisdiction with respect to public institutions, even if *they did not receive the public money*. There was a clear distinction between all commercial societies—those connected with the acquisition of gain, and institutions intended for the promotion of public objects.” Now, here the door is opened for more scrutinies than one. We may have inquiries of public objects. Public objects! It is the very cry of every

patent humbug—of every vender of pills and blacking—of every exhibition—from that of the tarantula and white mice, to Van Amburg and his lions—all to amuse or benefit the public. It has been well said by one of our wittiest divines and a politician, that a man cannot leave his home for five or six weeks, without the risk of finding a commissioner in it on his return. Really, if such a principle is to be claimed and acted upon by the House of Commons, let Mr Morison the hygeist take care how he takes his ride in the Park, lest he be stopped in his canter by a Committee of the House, with Mr Hume at its head, and be ordered to empty his breeches pocket, and instantan give a full account of his hygeian establishment, its proceeds and expenditure, including his own personal. A distinction, too, between gain and public good! Are not an acquisition of gain and public good, in nine cases out of ten of every concern, interwoven; exhibitions of all kinds especially? There is the Quarterly, the Edinburgh Review, the Magazines, all established for “public objects;” they are exhibitions to which the public contribute. Will Parliamentary privilege justify Mr Joseph Hume in demanding the bill and receipt for cost of Christopher’s crutch? The attempt would surely double the expenditure for that item of Maga’s establishment. Here are Thomas Moore and Lady Morgan receiving the public money; and, good easy souls, while enjoying themselves to their uttermost, little dream they of the prying principle that will haul over every little curious item in their “expenditure of the public money.” And acquisition of gain is to make a distinction! Then, do not the Academy exhibit with a view to the sale of their works, to the acquisition of gain? What else could possibly induce many an R. A. to endure to canvass the countenance of many an honourable member whom we have seen flourishing in paint and flattery, but the acquisition of gain? You countenance me and I will countenance you, is the common bargain. Pay your money, and ask no further questions. Well—the religious inquisition has been abolished, we wish a civil inquisition may not be set up in its stead. If it be, it is easy to see whence its members will be chosen.

We must, however, in justice, quote

another portion of Sir R. Peel’s speech; and, as it is so different in spirit from the extract made, we hope there has been some error in the report, or that we have been mistaken in the import of the first part, or, what is most improbable, that the Honourable Baronet was not quite aware of the import of his own words; we the more readily extract it, because it leads to the question of what the House of Commons should do. “The right honourable gentleman, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated that a case might occur, in which, from the increase in the collection, (National Gallery,) it would be necessary to provide additional accommodation. When that time arrived he hoped the country would be rich enough, notwithstanding the deficiency of the post-office revenue, to build for itself a palace of the arts, (cheers.) He hoped to live to see, in the most favoured part of Hyde Park, a magnificent structure devoted to the reception of works of art, not merely for the accommodation of the sovereign, but for the accommodation and delight of the people of this country; for their amusement, their intellectual refinement, and their improvement in the arts, (cheers.) He hoped then to be able to give up the rest of this building to the Royal Academy; and when they did so, he hoped the time would come when they would not have to blush with shame whenever they took a foreigner to see the Royal Academy at Charing-Cross. He hoped they would be rich enough to provide a structure of which they should not be ashamed.” We presume that it is far beneath the really liberal spirit of Sir R. Peel to imagine he would mean to annex to this gift, the niggardly condition of prying into the accounts of the Academy. And this, as Sir R. Peel recommends, is what the House of Commons should do. But, if they are still disposed to act in a contrary spirit, we do not see what is left for the Academy but to refuse to remain on the condition of Mr Hume’s motion—but to suffer themselves to be ejected, and build for themselves out of their own funds another Academy; and we think their spirit and energy would be amply rewarded, their triumph be complete, and the Arts further promoted. We question not that the Arts will be lowered in public estimation, and in efforts of

genius, by any degradation and mean submission on their own parts. Hitherto they have acted nobly in the distribution of their funds; the sole question, according to the motion given, that should have been before the House. They have expended £,800,000 for public benefit, which the *state ought* to have expended. We entertain not the slightest doubt that they will proceed honourably, and do right, having some pity even in their own contempt for the narrow, the envious, and perhaps the malignant, minds that have set on foot this persecution against them.

We cannot forbear making an extract from the speech of Mr Hawes. It is in a good spirit, and, we think, in few words contains the common sense of the whole matter:—"He, however, entirely concurred in the view taken of the subject by the honourable baronet (Sir R. Inglis,) and differed in consequence from his honourable friend the member for Kilkenny, who, in his opinion, had not made out a case for insisting that the order for those returns should be enforced. If there had been a *bona fide* grant of public money received by the Royal Academy, then, he admitted, it would be right that the House should know what had been done with it. But no such grant of money had been made to the Royal Academy, and the House ought not to forget, that their occupation of their former apartments in Somerset House had been founded on a direct personal grant from the favour of the Crown; and that they now were in possession of their apartments in the National Gallery, as an equivalent on being removed from their original premises. Reference had been made, by his honourable friend, to Academies and Institutions abroad. Those establishments on the Continent were entirely dependent for support on the bounty of the Crown, to whom they were of course obsequious, as the source from which their subsistence was derived; but that was not the case with the Royal Academy, which, he must say, had done great credit to the national taste, and encouraged the study of the fine arts in this country in the most efficient and liberal spirit, (hear, hear.) Several of his honourable friends on that side of the House, were of opinion, that public patronage was not desirable for the encouragement of the fine arts. That was the opinion of his honour-

able friend the member for Wigan, and of his honourable friend the member for Kilkenny; but the great improvements introduced in the arts in France, under the patronage of the minister Colbert, are an illustration of the benefits derived from the patronage of the State, under whose auspices the Gallery at the Louvre was formed, and the Gobelin tapestry, and other useful discoveries in the arts and manufactures, introduced and encouraged. Therefore, instead of deprecating the patronage of the fine arts by the State, he was of opinion that, on the grounds of commercial policy alone, the House ought to do more, much more for art, than ever had been done in this country, (hear, hear.) It was too much, because they had given half-a-dozen paltry rooms to the Academy, to found a claim on that ground to insist on an account of the receipts and expenditure of that institution, consisting of funds raised by the skill, acquirements, genius, and industry of the artists themselves. Allusion had been made, by his honourable friend, to Hampton Court Palace, and the argument was raised, that because Hampton Court Palace was thrown open, so also should the Royal Academy. Why, Hampton Court was public property, and an annual vote taken in Parliament for its maintenance, (hear, hear.) He could not see the policy of this petty warfare on the Royal Academy, the only gratuitous school of art in the country; nor thought the object sought for by the returns, utterly unworthy of the House. He would far rather have seen the House evince a disposition to build a national depository of art worthy of the country. He did not, however, undervalue the services of the honourable member for Kilkenny for improving the knowledge of the people; but he could not support him in those exertions to the prejudice of private rights, and the rights of meritorious men, who had received a small boon from the country, but who in the services they had rendered to the arts, had repaid that boon a hundred-fold," (hear, hear.) This is very good—because it is just. In doing our humble endeavours to show the honourable conduct of the Academy in respect of the management of their funds, we have not thought it fitting to enter into any discussion as to the advantages of academies. Plau-

sible arguments for and against them may be adduced; nor should we have a right to quarrel with any opinion on that subject. We find them established here and elsewhere, and being established, we must not, cannot, abolish them. Annihilate the Royal Academy to-morrow, others will be immediately set up, and you will get no good for your wrong. Not that we admit that they are disadvantageous—we believe quite otherwise. One good we see every day—the distressed widow and orphan of departed genius, eating their bread in peace and quietness. This is much. And of the good to art—the numbers who gain their bread by the profession, are beyond calculation more than they could have been had the Academy never existed. We know not what deadness of feeling there might have been for art, had not the Academy promoted a love for it. We look back to Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; and some assert they owe nothing to the Academy. But we would say, that Wilson at least owed the comfort of his latter days to it, and all owe the estimation in which their works are now held, to that improved taste which the Academy has engendered in the public mind. The increased value of the works of Hogarth, Wilson, and Gainsborough, is a test of that improvement. It is very easy to find fault with minor matters, and there are some matters which it has been the democratic fashion to consider as high crimes and misdemeanours, which are yet, perhaps, harmless—perhaps beneficial in their result. The very word dinners, in allusion to corporations and societies of any kind, has become synonymous with mal-appropriation of funds. We are not, therefore, at all surprised that the painter of the great Reform Dinner, and who, while daubing with all his frenzy, witnessed the full-blown corruption of that, and had but the reeking steam for his share, should be quite wroth that the Academy should have expended, in seventy years, £19,750 in annual dinners. But not so hasty, Mr Haydon. Though you never did, and probably never will, digest any portion of their dinners, they are not so undigestible, and unconvertible into good, as you suppose. It is all humbug—and that you know—catchwords for the reforming mania to take up—but you really

know better. “What do you do,” said a little wondering boy to a drover, “with all those cattle?” “I eat them all myself,” said he. So would you have the public believe that the Academy are the greatest of gourmandizers, and bid all beware of cannibalism. However, if you have not seen them eat, you really know little about it; and if you have, why, in that case, you have been in good company. Failing in convicting them as the “Forty Thieves,” dub them gluttons and cannibals. But who can doubt either the object or the success of these dinners, cheaply obtained, for they tend greatly to create the funds? The wealth of the country is here brought into social contact with art—a more than common interest created—a knowledge imparted, and taste diffused. The conversation makes patrons, not patrons for the academicians alone, but for art generally. The dinners are, in fact, a wise policy. One was given to Mr Hume, the other day, to promote a feeling of reform. Had he a surfeit, and cannot see the policy in another line?

As to other complaints, doubtless there may be some truth in them; they may not be very important. Where there is proof, in the distribution of funds and general arrangements, of a disinterested spirit, we may reasonably expect that faults pointed out, in a friendly manner, will meet at least with consideration. There are two things, we think, well worthy the attention of Academicians, from both of which we think they are sufferers, and mostly sufferers themselves. We allude to their hanging the pictures, and to their privilege of repainting upon the walls. We would suggest, with all respect, that they should abolish the latter altogether; it is an invidious, an indiscreet privilege, and one which, we are persuaded, is injurious, in a high degree, to Art itself; and, we verily believe, has engendered that artificialness, that attempt to outdo all modesty, and to become conspicuous, which is the great error of the English schools. For the former, in the advanced state of the general taste, a ready remedy offers itself. Let the Academicians entirely forego the hanging the pictures, and annually appoint a Committee of Taste for the purpose, of persons not artists nor exhibitors. Such a committee

would be above the suspicion of partiality, and could not be themselves interested beyond their desire to make the exhibition as good and worthy of the public admiration as possible. And we might venture to suggest that, if they would limit the portraits to one room, they would rescue art from the blight of vanity, which it is scarcely expected that artists can themselves do. They would thus have a greater scope for the various branches of art. Sir M. A. Shee, the President of the Royal Academy, in his *Rhymes on Art*, and in the notes, has strongly animadverted on some of these mistakes; and, it must be confessed, he has furnished a handle of satire, which the opponents of the Academy now very adroitly use. It may not be quite fair, to insist upon the opinions of 1809 to be necessarily the opinions of the same man in 1839; yet, as great advantage has been taken of them, we would refer the reader to the examination of Sir M. A. Shee before the Committee of the House of Commons, as given in the Report, of which we have before made mention. Sir M. A. Shee may there comment on his own opinions. The examination of the President and Secretary are specimens, on their parts, of good taste, good temper, truth, and talent, which their adversaries have not exhibited. The Academy have, after all, but few adversaries. Disappointment may have created some, who yet, at one time, did not object to be members. Allowances may even here be made for sore feelings and prejudices. We should be the last to find fault with a man because he is an opponent, and

because we differ from all his conclusions. But the dirty petty warfare—the warfare of pretence, of harassing by insult, by insisting on a scrutiny of accounts, when thereby an injury is meant, with which the accounts have nothing to do, we cannot too strongly reprobate. We think, in this respect, Messrs Haydon and Hume cut very sorry figures, and, in unhappy fraternity, are entitled to the designation that the wrathful Mr Bumble bestowed upon the law. It is a great thing to have a good “mouthpiece” in a proper place. Pan was no great warrior in himself, but he did mighty feats, and routed many hosts, by riding an ass, who knew how, when, and where to bray.

A word to the Society of British Artists. They petitioned the House not to sanction the removal of the Royal Academy to their new apartments. And upon what plea? Because a rival exhibition so near to them would injure their property!! About as wise and reasonable as if Mr Jones, the surgeon at No. 5, should petition Parliament, in its omnipotence, not to permit Mr Thomas, accoucheur, now removing his goods to No. 10, to set up business in the same street with him. Let this Society, however, beware how they petition Parliament to interfere with any other Societies, and reflect upon the “yes” of Mr Hume, which is meant to include all exhibitors and exhibitions within the rule of Parliamentary enquiry. We would remind them of the fable of the horse, who, in his enmity to the stag, suffered the saddle to be put upon his back, and never could shake it off again.

EXHIBITION.

We do not hesitate to say that we have been more gratified by the present exhibition of the Royal Academy, than we have been with any of its preceding. There is a vast improvement in the most essential character of art in mind. Vulgarities are much more rare. The unmeaning is vanishing. We greatly rejoice at this, and look forward with strong hopes to the future fruits of so great promise. Our artists are taking that range of historical painting that is the most engaging, not truly in the divine walk of Raphael, in whose days both the pub-

lic desires and devotion inspired the painters to works of superhuman character; but still are our artists rapidly progressing in that next best line, the line of human sympathies. When love, pity, fortitude, tenderness, innocence, as well as the greater energies of cultivated worth, engage the genius of the painter, as we see they do, and will do, the British artist is raised to a higher profession; his venture is great; and he will elevate himself, the art, and society. Oh what a scope has the painter still, though he paint not Madonnas, even in earthly female

purity, innocence, and grace! With visions like the patriarch's dream, where angel's foot just touched and blessed the earth, from that ladder whose highest step was in the glory of heaven! Thinking thus highly of the present Exhibition in comparison with any former, we shall not be the less critical where we think there are great aberrations from the sound principles of taste; nor the less lament the almost entire deficiency in Landscape. There is not, properly speaking, a single landscape in this Exhibition. Views, indeed, there are, and river scenes, but not many; and some very clever garden-scenes, somewhat in the style of Watteau, though in many respects better—but Landscape, for its own sake, for the poetry it contains and imparts, there is none. There is no view of this earth, but such as the uncultivated clown sees it. It is unvisited by genius, and its old divinity hath left it. And why is this? We will venture to give one reason. There is a modesty in nature that is averse to rivalry and glare. Even the superhuman power of nature is something subdued—a mystery partly veiled; but the taste of the day is to attract, and be conspicuous. The landscape painter is not the idler who may say, "*Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.*" He may indulge his passion for woods and rivers; and, inspiring others with the same love, acquire a fame worthy his ardent ambition. We could wish that greater temptation were held out to this deserted walk of art, by devoting one room solely to it—nor would it be a bad practice, as much as may be, to concentrate the portraits, that, by their largeness, they may not overpower, as they do generally, all that is beneath and about them. We might partly have attributed this lack of landscape to the eccentricities of so great a name as Turner's; but we do not see that he has many precise imitators now. Yet he has too many admirers, blind in their admiration, who strangely reconcile themselves to his entire abandonment of all the known principles of art. We should have passed him by, in our remarks, with sorrow, were it not that the conspicuous places he holds upon the walls too strongly demand the public attention, and show that the able professors yet bow to a name, where little else is left, and that we know the evil influence he

still exercises over the public taste. It is an idle thing to argue with his worshippers. They take high ground, and tell you, you have not yet arrived at sufficient knowledge of art to admire Turner—inferring, of course, that they have. We can understand what the education of the eye means, but that is subservient to the education of the mind. The great rules of poetry, are rules of all art, of every branch. Where these are defied, we ought not to be pleased; or we are children delighted with gewgaw, the tinsel and beads in a glass, that look very pretty, and mean nothing. We suspect, however, that there must be some defect, some disease in Mr Turner's eyes, or it would be next to impossible that he should commit to canvass such infant efforts of colour and execution, such a sick man's dream—

"*Cujus velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species; ut nec pes nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ.*"

Yet these have their very substantial admirers, while we cannot but think the powerful mind of Turner must condemn his own works.

"At mihi plaudo

*Ipse domi simul ac nummos contemplor
in arcâ.*"

If we really have not reached the proper point of taste to discern beauties in Turner's pictures, we ought to be ashamed to tell so plain a truth, as that for any pleasure we can extract from them, we would not purchase them at twopence the dozen. What the illegitimate sons of taste see, we cannot tell; but there are so many on our side who have spent not very short lives in the *legitimate* studies—that have led them up to the admiration of the great masters, of Raphael, of Titian, of Coreggio, and in landscape to the admiration of Claude, and Poussin, and Berghem, and others, whose works the world still earnestly seek for, and purchase at large sums, and yet have not come up to Turner—that we feel ourselves sufficiently numerous to set up for ourselves, and to protest against the inference. We have stood before Turner's pictures at this Exhibition with one of his worshippers, one of the initiated, and were quite astonished at all he saw, not an iota of which crossed our vision. Fancy goes a great way—but all that!—it is truly wonderful!—are we *legitimate* in taste? Let us speculate by

a tale. Oelen Spiegel, in one of his adventures, came to a prince who was very ostentatious, and was then employed in building a palace to increase the splendour of his court. He credulously received all who flattered him and complimented him on his magnificence. Being ambitious to engage celebrated artists, Oelen Spiegel made up to the court, and introduced himself to the Prince as a distinguished painter. He offered him the painting of a grand hall, which the pretended artist readily undertook, and proposed to the Prince a design of many wonderful things, triumphal processions, palaces, gardens, rivers, fountains, cascades, mountains, valleys, suns, moons, and stars, in wondrous variety of effects, yet all in the best order of arrangement. But he made it a condition that no one should be admitted till the painting was finished, and the Prince himself had inspected the performance, excepting, as it might be, some few of his nobles, who might be qualified to give him some advice. Oelen Spiegel locked himself into the hall, where none should see him work, and where the best fare, the richest viands, were taken to him, and there he occasionally splashed and daubed a few splashes of any colour that happened to be near him, on the walls. After some time, great impatience was expressed to see this work of art, which the long shutting himself up, and secret working, had led the imagination to conjecture to be far above all that had ever been done before. Oelen Spiegel then selected the most foolish and vain of the courtiers, and informed them that those who were *base-born* would not be gifted with the power of seeing the picture—his art having been acquired from an alchemist whose colours were peculiarly compounded, and possessed properties different from all others, so that the work could only be visible to those who were *not* base-born. Oelen Spiegel then took them into the hall, and, pointing to the daubed and disfigured walls, desired them to observe, here the Prince on his throne—there warriors—there philosophers—there groups of ladies—there palaces, terraces, gardens, fountains, rivers, mountains, valleys, sun, moon, and stars; and all in the best order of arrangement. After some time lost in this complication of bewilderment, they acknowledged that they saw, and ad-

mired all that he said, privately convinced that there were some flaws in their birth; and so away they went, and expressed to the Prince their astonishment at the wonderful work and genius of the painter, reckoning up, without the omission of an item, all the beautiful things Oelen Spiegel had enumerated to them. After this, others were admitted, who acted in the same manner; and last of all the Prince came. At first he doubted how he should act, but determined very wisely—declared that Oelen Spiegel was the greatest of painters, and rewarded him most amply; and all the courtiers vied to confer honour upon him, and concluded that their Prince was the most, if not the only, legitimate prince in the world.

What, then, must be said of No. 43. Here is a Turner; “The Fighting ‘Temeraire,’ tugged to her last berth to be broken up. 1838.” “‘The flag which braved the battle and the breeze,’ no longer owns her.” Is this, then, one of the dozen held so cheap? No; we retract. It is very beautiful—a very poetical conception; here is genius. But we think it would have lost none of its beauty, had it been more true. The unsubstantial and white look of the vessel adds nothing to the feeling—rather removes it; and the sky, glorious as it is, would not be less so, if the solemnity were kept up on both sides. It is, however, a work of great effect and feeling, and worthy of Turner when he was Turner. How painful is it to turn from such a picture as this, and look at 360, “Pluto carrying off Proserpine?” Here we have a red-hot Pluto frying the frigid Proserpine. Fire hissing in contact with ice. Why is all the ground (how unlike the plains of Enna) an iceberg? but that fire may blaze to represent the passion of the god, and that heaven and earth should personify the unmelting heart of the cold goddess. But here is something very miraculous. Here are red-hot stones, and clothes upon them unburnt. Turner’s draperies are all asbestos: and here are figures that look like sulphureous tadpoles. It is really detestable and childish in colour, composition, and in every thing belonging to it. And here, 463, “Cicero at his Villa”—of the same character. Poor Cicero!—leaving the

“Fumum, et opes, strepitumque Romæ,”

to find his Villa and all his neighbours' domains reduced to powder, alternating from red to white heat; the slightest shake, and all will sink like ashes into a shapeless nothing, and is very near it already. Poor Cicero! whose Villa, he fondly thought, would have yielded him a green and shady repose: and there he stands, having dipped his head and arms into a vermilion pot, as red-hot as a salamander, with his slave behind him, that cannot help him to a drop of water to plunge them in! How lucky it is their garments are asbestos; but he must lose his head and arms, they are returning to red cinders: and, looking closer, we see down below that such must have been the fate of his domestics, for they seem to have leaped upon the inverted flower-pots from the earth in its conflagration, and there they stand—vitrified tadpoles. Are they meant for statues? Poor Cicero! his Villa vanishing before him, and he crying out, uncertain which will vanish first, he or his Villa, "*Fumus et*"—no, not "*Umbra sumus*," for there is no shadow—crying out, his red-hot poker arms uplifted in his agony to heaven and earth—no, not that; it would puzzle geologist, architect, and horticulturist to say what is there—neither heaven, earth, nor any known element. And this is Cicero's Villa! If it is come to this, let not man hereafter take pride in any thing. Now, is this either nature or art? and such confusion—such fuzzy unmeaning execution! it looks scratched in with old broken combs, not with painters' brushes. And this is that height of taste which we have not yet attained. We sincerely hope we never may! But that is an argument that sets aside all reasoning, and under which any thing may stand for any thing. And here we have Ancient and Modern Rome, both alike in the same washy-flashy splashes of reds, blues, and whites, that, in their distraction and confusion, represent nothing in heaven or earth, and least of all that which they profess to represent, the co-existent influence of sun and moon. It is too painful; and we stay our hand in disgust and in sorrow.

Nor is Turner the only one that plays strange vagaries. Why will not Sir David Wilkie let his genius shake hands with better judgment? We have before had occasion to find fault

with his wet, his dripping textures, and drab colours; but he can and ought to attend to expression. He is very kind in the catalogue to tell us what Sir David Baird is doing in his great picture, for we should not have found it out; never was there a figure less like a hero, insignificant, in the middle of the picture. Yet in this picture, so deficient as a whole, are beautiful parts, especially in grouping, though, we think, colour is wanting. But, is it possible that 503, Portrait of "Master Robert James Donne," can be by Sir David Wilkie? It is most childish and weak—hard dots for eyes, and scratches for nose, and mouth, and hair! Straw dipped in mud!! Wondrously bad. He must have scratched it in joke, and exhibits it to win a wager. We can easily imagine that a painter from working too much upon one picture, may not only lose his correct judgment with regard to that picture, but temporarily in art generally. The eye, by intensity of observation, loses its nice perception of colour. This may partly account for the eccentricities of great men in art.

There is a sad story in one of Balzac's Tales (*le chef d'œuvre*) of an old painter, who had devoted years of his life to one picture, meant to represent perfect female beauty. The old man's fame, and the real learning and knowledge of art shown in his conversation, led to the most extravagant expectations of the perfection of the picture, which he had never shown to any eye, and which he always declared to be yet unfinished. Daily did he shut himself up with his wonderful work, adoring his own creation. At that time, Nicholas Poussin, being in Paris, a young man, with his newly married beautiful wife, is induced, after being delighted with the scientific conversation of the old painter, to suffer his wife to sit to enable the old man to complete his work. The inducement to Poussin is, the permission afterwards to see the picture, now, as the painter said, complete, all but one foot. Poussin is admitted. He sees a canvass daubed over and splashed with colours, without form; at the bottom of the canvass there is to be seen one beautiful foot—this was the part the enthusiast had not completed. Doubtless, all the rest had been equally well painted, the impression of the figure

permanently fixed in the mind of the artist, not thence to be obliterated when he had destroyed it on the canvass. He saw and pointed out eloquently beauties which only existed in his own imagination.

We knew an artist of great talent who had thus overworked himself, and, from being the most modest of men, became impatient of every remark in which praise was not the principal ingredient. On looking at a picture he had painted a few years before, he told the possessor he could greatly improve it; permission was given, and he brought his palette—with his palette knife he plastered little white clouds all over the sky, and called in the possessor with pride, to show how he had improved his picture by “peopling the sky with angels!”

Maclise has great power of drawing, and is master of character; and very original. He should pay more attention to his colour and *chiaro scuro*. His scene from “Midas,” his “Robin Hood,” and his “Gil Blas,” are deserving of great praise, and are full of the best characteristics of his style. 103, “Christ blessing little children.” There is a female and child in the corner very lovely, and worth all the rest of the picture; we will venture to suggest to Mr Eastlake, that a little more vigour in the handling would not hurt the subject. It is, however, a very sweet picture; we should have preferred the children if more varied in size. 129, “The Sonnet and its Companion” are very beautiful, by Mulready; somewhat too hot, but they are gems. 138, “The Rising of the Pleiades.” This is the oddest fancy of Mr Howard, of being for ever among the stars. We cannot imagine the Pleiades, who have their heavenly duties to fulfil, to be in the least like these women in the clouds, with their lower extremities so bundled up in bags. This is their rising—would they would set, and for ever! Leslie’s “Dulcinea del Toboso” is capital; but is it the character? Perhaps Mr Leslie’s conception of it is right. 204, “A Protestant Preacher,” H. Scheffer. This picture has some capital heads—the black back of the principal figure is rather unfortunate. 210, Much as we admire the grouping and drawing of Mr Uwins, we cannot reconcile our eyes to the hot colour, which so preposterously abounds in

his pictures. This, of the Bay of Naples, and Peasants, is of that character. Mr Uwins is, with some others, of the school of one Peter Schlemel, who sold his shadow. We see pictures now-a-days, which, in that respect at least, have been sold, and sold again. 221, “Calvin on his Death-bed,” T. Hornung; admirably painted, has some very fine heads, perhaps Calvin’s the least good. 241, “Pluto carrying off Proserpine,” W. Etty. There is very striking beauty here. The car and horses are worthy of the management of Dis; but has not Mr Etty made a mistake in Pluto? We do not remember ever to have heard that he was a native of the coast of Guinea. Who can wonder at Proserpine’s objections to a subterranean Nigger? Is not one of the attendant nymphs, with an extraordinary bosom, out of drawing? His models were probably nipped in the waist by tight stays. The picture is well coloured, and of poetical conception altogether. 264, “Rhyme of Ancient Mariner,” J. Severn. This is admirably imagined, and the colour keeps up the awful mystery perfectly. 351, “Van Amburg and his Animals,” Landseer. Landseer is here quite himself, and fully keeps up his reputation in all his pictures this year. This picture has been animadverted upon, as a tasteless order. We are quite of another opinion. The subject is surely in itself good. This extraordinary and true friendship between man and the most savage beasts. The velvet texture of the creatures is admirably preserved; to speak of *their* character would be superfluous. He is the poet-painter of animals. His human figures in comparison with them, are failures. We wish we could prevail upon this great painter to discard or moderate his drab colour, of which he seems so fond. It makes all his ground, which should be substantial, a disagreeable surface, and frequently very washy. 377, “Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp,” R. Redgrave. Well done, Mr Redgrave! The story is told excellently well. The admiration of the old man, the suspense and anxiety, yet not without hope, of the maiden, and the manly expression of the patient lover, confident that he had performed his task, are proofs of very high talent. 389, “Lady Jane Grey at the place of Execution,” S.

A. Hart. This is surely a very fine picture; the figure and expression of Lady Jane Grey perfect. It is near being well coloured; a very little more would make it so. This picture raises English art in the line of history. We are scarcely less pleased with his "Edward and Eleanor," 187. These are subjects of deep pathos, the painter may congratulate himself upon such choice; may he find substantial reasons for pursuing them. 471, "St Dunstan separating Edwy and Elgiva," W. Dyce. This is another specimen of our advance in the historical line; it bespeaks great promise; the energy of the principal figure is admirable; if there be a failure, it is, perhaps, in a deficiency of grace and of feeling in Elgiva. But there is no failure here in that respect in 505, "Olivia's return to her Parents from the Vicar of Wakefield." How beautiful, very beautiful, are the two sisters! Perhaps the Vicar and Mrs Primrose are less true, but we can only think of the two loveliest of sisters, and congratulate Mr Redgrove, and hope it is no great sin to say, we covet his picture. The story of "Columbus asking Bread for his Child," William Simson, 519, is another proof of our advancement of improvement in painting, as well as subjects. We like 524, "Invocation to Sabrina," J. Wood; not that we think it quite successful; the attempt is one of difficulty; it has the merit of poetical thought. We said there were no landscapes, what shall we say then of Lee? What is his river scene, Devonshire, 13? It is good, at first sight very pleasing; but we look for what it does not but should give, more of the brilliancy of such a scene; in lieu of which we have conventional, loose execution, to represent, not to be, the sweet, green, and jewelled leafage

that loves to look into nature's mirror. We doubt if the cottage is not an intrusion, and, besides, dislike its colour. This style of subject wants more substance, and rich substance of paint; it is too flimsy and conventional. Are we hypercritical? What will Mr Lee think? Still we want landscape. 428, "The Bride of Lammermuir," R. S. Lauder. To this very expressive picture, we returned again and again. It is highly pathetic—the story could not be better told. The Master of Ravenswood is quite a masterpiece. The character could not have been more perfectly conceived; we augur that Mr Lauder will do great things. How many must we pass over that are in our note-book; but not 394, "Othello relating his adventures," D. Cowper. It is broad and simple, and admirably painted, with good expression: if we doubt at all, it is if Othello should express any wonder at his own tales; we think he does, more particularly in the hand. It is, perhaps, out of our province to say much of portraits. There are so many, and some of them so hideous; sometimes the fault of sitters, and sometimes of painters, that, after seeing a few, we generally pass over the rest. There are two that struck us as the best. 301, Portrait of "Author of the City of the Sultan," H. W. Pickersgill; and 498, Portrait of "Robert Peel, Esq.," J. Linnell. We take our leave of the Exhibition with the greatest hopes of the English schools; and repeat that, however severe we may appear to have been upon some works—and, we believe, we have been only just—there is so much excellence pervading the Exhibition generally, that the country may be proud of British Artists.

KOULI KHAN.

THE attempts on India by the reigning sovereign of Persia bring to our recollection the fate of the most memorable of Persian warriors. In the year 1739, exactly a century ago, the famous Kouli Khan, the Shah of Persia, invaded India, and, after defeating the Mogul army in a great battle, took possession of Delhi. He spared the lives of the leading people, a singular instance of lenity in Asiatic war, and so wholly opposite to his own reckless polity, that it was accounted for only by a mysterious influence. But his original habits soon returned; and, on his determination being known to put a large number of the inhabitants of the capital to the sword, his tent was attacked by five Indians, in the midst of his army; and after a desperate defence, in which he killed two of them, he was struck to the heart.

THE Persians are coming,
The Persians are come;
The banners are flying,
And thunders the drum;
And bright as a sunbeam
Rides forth in the van,
The king of all kings,
Kouli Khan, Kouli Khan!

The hills and the valleys
Of corpses are full;
There lies the pale Tartar,
There lies the Mogul.
There the elephant bleeds
From his forests afar;
For the arrows of Persia
Have finish'd the war.

And now with his omrahs
He sits on his throne,
With kings for his captains,
The East for his own.

The gems on his turban,
The gems on his shawl
Flash fire—but his glance
Flashes brighter than all.

There, proud Aurungzebe!
Stand thy princes in chains,
But, though fallen, they remember
Thy blood in their veins:
With toil and with battle
Their faces are wan;
But their frown is as haughty
As thine, Kouli Khan.

Then gazed the dark Sultan,
His bosom heaved high,
For he ponder'd the thought—
Shall they live? shall they die?
“Let them die”—from its scabbard
His dagger outsprang;
“Let them live”—in the scabbard
’Twas dash’d with a clang.

Then the herald came forth,
He thrice bow’d to the throne:
Like a pillar of topaz
He gloriously shone.
He thrice blew the trumpet,
The heavens gave reply;
Then proclaim’d to the captives,—
“Thus live, or thus die:—

“The Shah asks *three* questions:—
If answer’d, ye stand;
If unanswer’d, ye fall—
Each head and each hand
On the ramparts of Delhi
Shall bleed to the sun;
This moment is yours—
Now, be saved, or undone!”

All was silent as midnight,
Then out broke the words—
“Hear, princes of Cachmire!
Hear, Delhi’s proud lords!
The manes of your steeds
Are like banners unfurl’d;
But what hours would it cost you,
To ride round the world?”

“Next, reckon the wealth
Of the king of all kings—
His crowns and his sceptres,
His arms and his rings.
Last, tell the high thought,
That now beams in his eye.
Or your death-lot is drawn,
There your corpses shall lie.”

Then the squadrons of archers
Wheel’d round, wing to wing,
And a thousand keen arrows
Were laid on the string.
Yet there stood the princes,
Though fetter’d and lone,
In their ranks still and stately,
Like statues of stone.

“They must die.” But a yell
Pierced thro’ heart and thro’ ear,
And wild as a leopard
In sprang a Faquier:
His visage was ebon,
His beard to the ground,
Wrath burn’d in his glance
As it darted around.

“Kouli Khan! thou art conqueror,
Sheath thy red sword;
Kouli Khan! take thy choice,
To be curs’d or adored!”

All gazed in strange wonder,
And dagger and spear
Were aim’d at his breast,
But loud laugh’d the Faquier.

"I will answer, dark Sultan,
 Thy questions of blood."
 His staff swept a ring
 Round the spot where he stood.
 Then he pour'd out a goblet,
 And mutter'd a name;
 To the gold-sculptured roof
 Sprang a column of flame.
 Then his voice spoke in thunder:
 "What hours shall it take
 To ride round the world?—
 Dark Sultan, awake!
 —Take the wings of the morning,
 And ride with the sun,
 In a day and a night
 Shall thy journey be done!
 "Then,—what is thy wealth?
 Were it mountains of gold,
 'Tis not worth one true heart—
 Now, two questions are told.
 Hear the third. Is it evil,
 Or good to forgive?—
 Know that Hell gives us death,
 But Heaven bids us live."
 Then loud swell'd the trumpet,
 And high clash'd the spear,
 And a purse fill'd with diamonds
 Was flung to the seer.
 And to hail him the omrahs
 And chieftains all ran,
 And none look'd on the throne
 Though there sat Kouli Khan.
 But one, and the proudest,
 Dared pluck his white beard:
 The Faquier shot a glance,
 Not a murmur was heard!
 But one grasp at his throat;
 And the Omrah lay low;
 And the whole jewell'd circle
 Recoil'd from the blow.
 "Still the axe," said the Sultan,
 "Must smite the Vizier,
 For the blood of my bravest
 Has reek'd on his spear."
 "What, tiger! more blood?
 Well, what prize shall be mine,
 If he stand on this spot
 Ere yon sun shall decline?"
 "Take the half of my throne!"
 —"Mighty Shah, he is here!"
 —The beard was cast off,
 But there stood no Faquier.
 For the form bow'd to earth,
 And the forehead so pale,
 There stood in his beauty
 A youth sheathed in mail.

Still brighter and brighter
 He grew, while they gazed;
 Still loftier his stature,
 His eye keener blazed.
 In his hand was the sword,
 On his brow was the plume.
 —Is he come from the skies,
 Is he come from the tomb?
 "I am Uriel," he spake—
 From sultan to slave,
 All were bow'd to the dust,
 All was still as the grave—
 "I am sent from the heights
 Of the star-studded throne,
 The Angel of Mercy,
 To save the undone.
 "They are saved—*Thou art saved!*
 For each drop of their gore
 Would have burn'd on thy soul,
 Like the red molten ore.
 Now, farewell, and be wise,
 Thou son of the worm!"
 —He upsprang, and the sound
 Was like ocean in storm.
 And the rolling of chariots,
 And clanging of bows,
 Of the warriors of heaven
 Were heard as he rose:
 And voices of sweetness,
 And sweepings of strings;
 And the gleamings were seen
 Of tiaras and wings.
 And the perfumes of Paradise
 Fell in a stream;
 And their senses were steep'd
 In delight, like a dream!
 Then all woke.—For a year
 The dagger was sheathed,
 The hand of the bride,
 In the bridegroom's was wreathed.
 And the vine hid the cottage,
 The sheep fill'd the fold,
 And the merchant was safe
 With his silk and his gold.
 And the infant was glad,
 And the man without fear,
 And agé met the tomb,
 Like the corn in the ear.
 But then came dark Eblis,
 The tempter of kings,
 And the Sultan was wrapt
 In the shade of his wings;
 Wine madden'd his soul,
 The fiend fill'd the man—
 Thou'rt a corpse in thy tent,
 Kouli Khan, Kouli Khan!

DEATH CHANT FOR THE SULTAN.

BY B. SIMMONS.

1.

RAISE the song to the Mighty !
 Whose glory shall die
 When the Moon of his empire
 Has dropp'd from the sky ;
 And if wail be awaken'd
 For him who smote down
 Grim Bigotry's Moloch—
 Guilt's bloody renown—
 Be it lost in the trumpet's
 Magnificent woe
 From the Bosphorus swelling,
 To Christendom telling
 That the fiery Rome-trampers'
 Descendant is low !

2.

By the Prophet ! remember
 His terrible mirth,
 When he swept the Janitzars
 As stubble from earth ;
 On the domes of Sophia
 Like midnight he stood,
 The Avenger of Selim
 And Mustapha's blood !
 Red dogs of rebellion,
 With tearing and yell
 And chain'd valour's despair
 In their own savage lair,
 Mow'd down beneath cannon
 And carbine they fell.*

3.

Raise the song to the Mighty !
 High Mahmoud—whose stroke
 In a moment the fetters
 Of centuries broke !
 Far kings of the West,
 How your trophies grow dim
 In the light of the fame
 That awaiteth for him !
 The contemner of Korans,
 Who, girded by foes,
 The Ark of Salvation
 First launch'd for his nation,
 When The Press 'mid the curses
 Of fanatics rose.

4.

Hu Alla—hu Alla !
 The blest caravan
 Is in sight from Damascus,
 And Mecca is wan—
 Shiek and Imam are trembling
 With terror and awe,
 For this Cadmus of Caliphs
 Has laugh'd at the Law :
 Fair Painting must sully
 The Prophet's proud tomb—
 For Athenè, not loth,
 Has left Greece to the Goth,
 And planted her art-shading
 Olive in Roum.

5.

In vain, Ghazi-Sultaun ! †
 When Pera's sweet shore
 In the blue of Propontis
 Is rosy no more—
 When Olympus no longer
 On Thrace looks abroad,
 And the name of the Frank
 Shall not signify fraud—
 Then the slaves shall be worthy
 The war-vest, and then,
 When thy spirit imparts
 To their recreant hearts
 Its grandeur, thy Horse-tails
 May flap over men. ‡

6.

Sound the trump for the Mighty !
 Great Allah, thy son
 With Azrel the angel
 Unsparing, is gone !
 While round his shrunk borders
 The thunder was growling,
 And the Muscovite wolves
 Thickly herded were howling,
 And snuffing the gales
 That, deliciously cool,
 On their all-craving thirst
 In wild redolence burst,
 Where, bulwark'd in gold,
 Blush the vines of Stamboul.

* In the final suppression of the Janissaries in 1823, it is computed that 20,000 of those insolent mercenaries were put to the sword or sent into exile.

† *The Victorious Sultan*—one of his many titles. See Sir Grenville Temple's *Travels*.

‡ Among the many reforms effected by the vigorous and grasping intellect of Mahmoud, not the least important was his proscription of the old cumbrous military costume, and adoption of the European uniform, the wearing of which he rigidly enforced.

7.

Sound the trump for the Mighty !
 He died ere the tramp
 Of the terror-horsed Tartar
 Who dash'd from the camp,
 Stay'd his soul with the tale
 That his dastardly hordes
 Lay reap'd upon Nekshib,

Where sickles were swords !
 And the Lords of the Spears'
 Haughty kingdom has past
 To the Rebel and Hun !
 And the death-song is done :
 But thy praise shall not perish,
 Lost Mahmoud the Last !

INSCRIPTION IN THE NEW EDITION OF MRS HEMANS'S WORKS.

BY B. SIMMONS.

HIGH be their meed who here, at last, have heap'd
 The flowers long scatter'd from thy gleaming crown—
 Here breathes each page thy tenderest fancy steep'd
 In lovelier hues than purpling eve brings down ;
 —O holiest Sister ! at whose bright departing,
 Tears, whilst we shed them, into triumph died—
 One mingled torrent through our bosoms starting
 From separate founts of sorrowing and pride.
 Sainted of Song ! God's timbrel-sounding Daughter !
 The exulting music of whose choral lays
 Shook us, like Miriam's over Egypt's water,
 When rose thy pœans in Jehovah's praise :—
 How should we prize—in these disastrous years
 Stunn'd with each tale, in sickly fiction cloak'd,
 That pedant woman to the public ears
 Babbles of sufferings which herself provoked—
 How should we prize the glorious proofs bequeathed
 By thy meek life that Virtue's *not* a name—
 That there are Spirits 'mid the laurel-wreathed
 Can hymn of holiness yet feel its flame !
 Long be thy lucid memory a spell
 To test their truth who mock the minstrel art,
 Impostors of the faith thou kept'st so well—
 Bright heartless hypocrites affecting heart !

FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY VILLEMMAIN.

PART II.

WE have traced, in a former article, the outline of French literature during the first or creative portion of the eighteenth century, when it was illustrated in different departments by the eloquence of Buffon, the ingenuity of Montesquieu, the fervid enthusiasm of Rousseau, and the universal talent of Voltaire. Of these, the three last impressed the deepest and most durable traces on the literature and the mind of Europe: Montesquieu, by the novelty and occasional sagacity which he mingled with much false taste in style, rash assumption of facts, and hasty generalisation in reasoning; Rousseau, by that semblance of conviction, that passionate exaggeration of sentiments and principles, derived from his own morbid propensities, which gave to his studied essays the appearance, and something of the influence, of unpremeditated popular orations, in which all Europe was his forum; and Voltaire, by his power of popularizing the most abstract discussions, insinuating philosophy into the fugitive literature of the day, making wit subservient to argument, and lending to every thing he touched the charm of a style conspicuous for its finish and simplicity. This portion of

the eighteenth century was the period of original and independent production, when France, instead of receiving the rules of taste or the models of composition from other countries, imposed her own laws on them, impressed the stamp of her habits of thought upon all Europe, and enjoyed a literary supremacy more absolute and universal than any which had existed since the age of Augustus.

The unhesitating and enthusiastic reception at first accorded to the French philosophy of the eighteenth century by the rest of Europe, now appears to us matter of astonishment. Under all the disguises of humanity, literature, zeal for improvement, removal of prejudices, and banishment of superstition, with which the aim of the French philosophers was studiously invested, the principle of determined hostility to monarchy, to the privileged classes, and to that religion by which the existing state of things was cemented and upheld, now appears so palpable, that we wonder how it could have been overlooked by those whose interests were so deeply involved in the change. To us it appears evident that the doctrines thus eagerly embraced by princes and nobles,

Were silently engendering of the day
That should unpeople many palaces,
And hew the highest genealogic trees
Down to the dust, with all their bleeding fruits,
And blight their blossoms into barrenness.

This handwriting on the wall, warning kings and princes that their dominion was departing from them, which presented to them but unintelligible characters, has become abundantly significant when read by the collected light of the past. For the French Revolution has furnished the commentary of reality upon all the delusive doctrines of human perfectibility, and taught us the folly of expecting the regeneration of mankind by means of an infidel philosophy, which, while it flatters the vanity, overlooks entirely the inherent depravity, of man. But to the eighteenth century a new El Dorado appeared to

be opened, exciting curiosity, inviting experiment, holding out golden hopes of social amelioration, universal disinterestedness and philanthropy, political equality and primitive simplicity; pregnant, in short, with all those delusive visions of improvement which are found to recur at intervals in the progress of society; and of which, it would seem, man can hardly be cured even by the lessons of a sad and often recurring experience. Long accustomed to contemplate human nature as its selfish and savage character had been tamed and moulded by the salutary restraints of a long-established faith and settled govern-

ment, no one appears to have calculated the explosive force which would be developed when these barriers were removed, or the *singe-tigre* aspect under which the human character, left to the guidance of its own wild impulses, would present itself. The votaries of the new philosophy flattered themselves, that self-interest, rightly understood, was a sufficient guarantee for the continued peace and happiness of society; that as philosophy had raised the storm, she could always allay it at pleasure; and that henceforth all mankind were to be united under the peaceful sway of the Goddess of Reason. No one had foreseen the tempests which were to close the day, of which the morning had appeared so bright and promising; nor, perhaps, could even a deeper forecast have enabled any one to conjecture that opinions, many of which appeared so innocent, if not beneficent in their application, would result in the general corruption of society, the subversion of all order, the developement of a spirit of ferocity, which the incessant employment of the guillotine was unable to satiate without the aid of the more wholesale massacre of the *Noyades*, and the excitement of a bloody war of opinions, carried on under the revolutionary watchword—Fraternity or Death.

“L’aimable siècle où l’homme dit à l’homme,
Soyons frères—ou je t’assomme!”*

But to whatever causes we are to impute the supremacy of French literature in Europe during the whole of the eighteenth century, its universal diffusion and powerful influence in all quarters are incontestable. If the spirit of bold speculation in morals and political science, which had been so characteristic of the French literature of this period, had received its first impulse from England, it soon reacted, with no common energy, upon the literature of our own country. Against the irreligious doctrines of the French school, though advocated with all the subtlety of Hume and the learning of Gibbon, a noble and effectual stand was made, and sophistry refuted with those very weapons of reasoning, and appeals to common sense, which it had been the first to invoke. But our school of philosophical historians was undoubtedly called into existence by the example

of Voltaire; and if Hobbes, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke, furnished hints for the *Essai sur les Mœurs*, or the Age of Louis XIV., the obligation was more than repaid by the breadth of views, the lucid arrangement, the artful union of reflexion with narrative, the skill in character drawing, and the elegance of composition, which the study of French models imparted to the histories of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, and Ferguson. The influence of the French drama, again, over our own, during the period which ranges from the commencement of the reign of Anne down to the close of that of George II., appears in the declining taste for the older writers, the comparative unpopularity even of Shakspeare himself, whom Garrick or Tate were allowed to mutilate, not merely with impunity but with applause, and the growth of that so-called classic school, in which Addison, Thomson, Young, Phillips, and Murphy, were labourers—the school of Roman fathers and Grecian daughters, and distressed mothers and rival brothers, most of them avowed translations, or slenderly disguised imitations of Racine and Voltaire; in which the want of simplicity and natural feeling was retained, while the tenderness or dramatic point of the original disappeared in the process of translation. The other departments of poetry were not less unfavourably affected by French influence: for the return to a less artificial taste in Thomson was not followed out—wit, correctness, or a certain stilted and pseudo-classic tone continued to be the qualities aimed at; and the accents of nature, once so powerful in English poetry, like the successive reverberations of an echo, grew fainter and fainter, till they sunk into silence.

If we turn to Italy, we trace the ideas of Montesquieu and Voltaire, nay, even of Helvetius, in the political or moral speculations of Beccaria, Genovesi, Verri, and Filangieri. The reverence, indeed, with which Beccaria speaks of Helvetius and Holbach, appears at the present day not a little unaccountable. We see the principle of social, political, and even religious reform disseminated through the press, from Milan to Naples, “*con licenza de superiori*”—encouraged by absolute princes, and if not favoured,

* Le Brun Pindare.

at least not discountenanced, even by the possessors of the chair of St Peter; and France subduing to her opinions the countries which she was at no distant period to subject by her arms. In the literature of Italy, too, the same powerful influences are perceptible. Though Maffei criticised severely some of the works of Corneille, his *Merope* (the best of the Italian tragedies before Alfieri) is composed entirely in the taste of the French school. Goldoni is, in his whole spirit, essentially French—latterly, indeed, he wrote for the French stage; and Alfieri, while hating the French nation, adopts the conventional limitations of its drama, with a rigour which even French critics themselves had hardly exacted.

Even Spain, with all its strong nationality, yields to the general infection, and submits its chivalrous drama and its oriental tastes, to the restraint of the rules and the studied decorum of French dramatic verse. During the 18th century that romantic theatre, so truly in unison with the national spirit, which Lope had created—to which the highest perfection of which its irregular character was susceptible, had been given by Calderon, and which, by the brilliant facility of its poetry, the picturesque and stately character of the manners represented, and the deep interest and curiosity which its plots awakened, had for a long time influenced the dramatic literature of all Europe, and strongly coloured that of France itself, as the *Cid* and *Heraclius* of Corneille, and Moliere's *Festin de Pierre* sufficiently show, was abandoned for lifeless imitations of the French drama, constructed on those principles of criticism which Luzan had borrowed, partly from the Poetics of Aristotle, partly from the prefaces of Corneille and Voltaire, until a feeble, and indeed unsuccessful, rally was made in 1778, in favour of the older drama by La Huerta in his *Raquel*. Even the political innovations of the French philosophers found a favourable reception at the Court of Charles III., and the policy of Aranda, Cam-

pomanes, and Florida Blanca, both in its errors and in the advantages it conferred on Spain, may be traced to those theories of national education and reform of political institutions, to which the agitation of opinions in France had given birth; and thus Spain, with a singular contradiction, borrowed from that quarter at once the principles of political liberty and of poetical restraint.

Nearly the same state of things may be traced in Portugal under the reign of Joseph I. and the sombre administration of Pombal; who, filled with the ideas of French philosophy, advocated with a species of fanatical intolerance the doctrines of toleration, labouring, not to direct or restrain, but to subvert the power of the Jesuits, and to force upon the nation, by the unsparing use of arbitrary and oppressive means, the Utopian schemes of improvement which that philosophy had inspired.

In Germany, while the opinions of the French philosophers, so far as regarded religious indifference and experiments in government, found enthusiastic converts in Frederick the Great and Joseph II., and powerfully affected the policy of these sovereigns, the influence of French literature was far less felt. Frederick, imitating the sneer of Voltaire, was content to wish his countrymen more wit and fewer consonants; while he practically laboured to deery and discountenance his native literature and his native language. But, even under his military despotism, he could not render French literature "the order of the day;" his attempts to naturalize it in Prussia, only created a reaction which hastened the developement of that varied and inventive native literature which adorned in Germany the close of the 18th century and the commencement of the 19th.

"Von dem grossten Deutschen sohne,
Von des grossen Friedrichs throne,
Ging sie schutzlos, ungeehrt.
Rühmend darfs der Deutsche sagen,
Höher darf das herz ihm schlagen,
Selbst erschuf er sich den werth."*

* Schiller.—Die Deutsche Muse.

The greatest son of Germany,
Even Frederick, bade her turn away

Unhonour'd from his throne;
Proudly the German bard can tell,
And higher may his bosom swell,
He form'd himself alone.

Traces of French influence are visible in Lessing, whose deistical views were undoubtedly derived from Voltaire, Diderot, and the Encyclopedists; and in many of the second-rate German writers of the time, the imitation of the polish and coldness of the French models is sufficiently perceptible. But one man only, of superior ability as a classic writer, was completely formed in the school of the French. We refer to Wieland, whom the influence of Voltaire and the other sceptical philosophers of France, suddenly converted for a time from a religious mystic into the apologist of the Helvetic system of selfishness—the painter of voluptuous pictures—these scandalous chronicler of antiquity—the imitator of that irony which pervades the lighter poetry of Voltaire, which throws disbelief or ridicule on all enthusiastic feeling, and all exertions of human virtue—but who lived long enough to become a sadder and a wiser man, and to make a tardy atonement to those virtuous sentiments which he had outraged or depreciated, by his beautiful poem of *Oberon*.

If the ascendancy of France was thus felt in countries where science had long flourished, where literature had long assumed a settled and national form, and which had outstripped even France itself in the earlier stages of the march of civilisation, it may easily be conceived that the great states of the North, still struggling with comparative barbarism of manners, and with a literature which yet remained to be created, should readily yield to the general contagion. France, accordingly, was the source from which Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, in the eighteenth century, borrowed refinement of manners and the impulse of scientific and social improvement. Such civilisation and literature as Russia possessed, were in truth entirely French. We see the Semiramis of the North, as she was styled by Voltaire (with a nearer approach to truth than was generally to be found in his compliments to crowned heads), creating academies on the French model, adopting the language and the manners of the court of France, affecting the character of a philosophic monarch, translating Belisarius, (the chapters of which she portioned out among her court favourites, reserving what she considered the most striking to her-

self,) engaging in an interchange of flatteries with Voltaire, talking of liberating the serfs of Russia, and actually transmitting to Paris a copy of a grand code of laws for the Tartars and Cossacks, which she had not the most distant intention of ever carrying into effect. In the case of Catharine, this pretended zeal for toleration and political liberty was probably partly sincere, partly affected, as a blind to cover her ambitious designs against Poland and Turkey, and to secure the quiet enjoyment of a real despotism while pretending an anxious desire for the emancipation and improvement of her subjects. The same adoption of French philosophy and literature (and probably with more sincerity) as the reigning tone of the day, appears in the writings of the weak and unfortunate Gustavus III. of Sweden. To throw aside the native language, and the remains of its early literature, as relics of barbarism; to obliterate the traces of the homely and simple manners of old, as far as that was possible; and to convert the court of Sweden into a miniature representation of that of France, with all its vices, intrigues, and some portion of its external varnish of elegance—were objects after which he appears to have laboured with more energy than discretion. And in truth he had his reward: for, to the profligacy engendered by his own example, and the principles he had laboured to popularize, he probably owed the blow which terminated his existence.

Most extensive and imposing, then, was the influence of French literature on other countries from 1750 to the close of the eighteenth century. "The works of the French writers," says Villemain, "and particularly the work of Montesquieu, a genius combining boldness with moderation, issuing from Paris, became the 'reason of state' with most sovereigns, or at least the public official reason of state. The ancient Machiavelism, no doubt, remained as a concealed spring—as a secret of the cabinet; but what was avowed, what was proclaimed to the people, were the ideas of tolerance and humanity, professed by Montesquieu and Voltaire. Voltaire, the most popular of writers, whose profundity is concealed under his power of pleasing, whose audacity is masked by frivolity, exercised the more extended influence over the elevated ranks of

society in all countries of Europe. The authority of Montesquieu purified the ostensible policy of the governments."

But while the energies which France had awakened by her literature continued to work thus powerfully, both for good and evil, among the other governments of Europe, that literature itself had ceased to display the vigour of maturity, and to those who looked beneath the surface, wore an appearance of exhaustion and decay. In fact, influences peculiarly calculated to lower the tone of national morality, and to paralyse the creative powers of the imagination, had been at work during the very period when France presented so imposing an aspect to other nations, and, in literature as well as manners, seemed to give laws to the world.

In every class of society, and in every institution, from the throne to the humblest department of literature, the progress of decline may be detected. Louis XIV. succeeding to a throne to which the policy of Richelieu, in crushing the power of the nobles, had lent a stability and authority hitherto unknown, had invested it with grace as well as dignity, by surrounding it in the days of his youth with the combined lustre of arts and arms. His patronage of literature, though in some measure resulting from the mere vanity of making even genius subservient to the splendour of the crown, was also unquestionably to some extent sincere. To his steady protection, Moliere was indebted for the discomfiture of more than one court intrigue against him. "Remember," he used to say to Boileau, "I shall always have half an hour at your service." The glories of that literature to which he had lent his patronage, indeed descended to his successor; but the earlier triumphs of arms had been tarnished by later reverses, till the very memory of those sieges which Boileau has pompously praised in the most prosaic of odes, had been effaced by the disasters of Ramilies and Blenheim, which Addison has commemorated in strains scarcely more poetical than those of his rival. On the whole, however, Louis had not merely sustained but raised the character and reputation of France: and if there was a want of true nobleness and simplicity in his character, he must be admitted to have at least played the part of a dignified monarch

from first to last, with more than ordinary plausibility and address.

The character of Louis XV. was ill calculated to sustain the sinking dignity of the crown. Without the energy of his predecessor, who sincerely wished to elevate France, so far as that could be done without lowering the royal authority; without the strength of mind which Louis XIV. conspicuously developed in misfortune; indifferent to glory and to the arts, sunk in sensual pleasures, a prey to the intrigues and the favouritism of successive mistresses; he saw the foundations of the monarchy, and of society itself, undermined in all directions with unconsciousness or indifference.

The church, the best bulwark of the monarchy, had ceased to be the depository of the highest genius and virtue. The age of Louis XIV. had inherited that great secret by which the Papal power had so long supported the dignity of its hierarchy—that of making ecclesiastical promotion the reward of merit, independently of birth or interest. France could not have furnished names of more exalted ability or purer character than Bossuet, Fénelon, Massillon, and Fléchier. The latter had commenced his humble career in the shop of a candlemaker: he closed it in the Episcopal chair of Nismes.

This principle of honest and impartial selection, which had conferred on the church the authority and influence resulting from the combination of genius, learning, and character, was soon abandoned under the short-sighted and selfish policy of Louis XV. Rank, influence, interest at court, the graces of manner, subserviency to the interests of the reigning favourite, sometimes even the production of compositions discreditable to any one, and doubly so to a minister of the church, became the passports to promotion. The natural result was, that the pulpit soon ceased to be illustrated by any superior talent; the impressive or affecting eloquence of Bossuet and Fénelon was succeeded by the dry moral discussions or academic theology of the Abbé Poulle or the Père Neuville; "The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed;" and thus one of the chief pillars on which the monarchy should have rested in the hour of need, was itself crumbling to its fall.

Nor could the character and in-

fluence of the other great bulwark of monarchical power, the nobility, supply that support to the throne which the church was no longer in a condition to afford; for they too had survived their greatness. In drawing them from their ancestral castles and their military governments in the provinces, where each had been a little monarch among his vassals, dispensing patronage and diffusing industry, to domesticate them as dependents of a court, and appendages to the splendour of the throne, Louis XIV. had deprived them of their real authority and influence on opinion. They themselves, now accustomed to court the smiles of a monarch, or even a mistress, and to employ the crooked arts of intrigue in order to distance each other in the race of royal favour, had lost that self-respect, that confidence in their own rights and importance, in which the strength of such a privileged body resides. And the transition from the want of honourable employment and noble emulation to the adoption of all the vices of the court, was but too easy, where the church no longer ventured to speak the language of authoritative rebuke,

“And the prince of all the land
Led them on.”

The judicial bodies which in the earlier days of French history had played so all-important a part, and either determined or influenced every change to which the monarchy had been subjected, had also shared in a great degree the fall of the nobility. The engrossing power of the crown under Louis XIV. had humbled the parliaments. They had become little more than instruments for registering the edicts and giving the appearance of a judicial sanction to the mandates of the sovereign. The show of independence evinced by their first step after the death of Louis XIV., that of annulling his testament, was followed up by no corresponding act of firmness. “Occupied with miserable theological disputes, sometimes combating the Molinists, sometimes the philosophers, the parliaments, who had become Jansenists through mere hatred to the Jesuits, were no longer influenced or guided by any great interest, social or political.” Indecision in all cases marked their conduct; while in some instances, as in the celebrated case of La Barre, they seemed to have sanctioned acts of ju-

dicial cruelty worthy of the darkest times, and against which the feelings of Europe, now rendered particularly sensitive on the subject of torture by the philanthropic maxims which were every where abroad, most powerfully revolted.

Something might perhaps have been done to infuse fresh vigour into the exhausted condition of French society, had the administration of affairs been guided by any man of commanding talent, able to perceive the consequences to which these corruptions and this confusion were tending, and determined to meet them by vigorous and unsparing remedies—“*vincentem strepitus et natum rebus agendis.*” But the ministry of Choiseul was a ministry of expedients; he pursued no great or regular plan either of foreign policy or internal administration; he thought only of meeting the daily exigency, evading the immediate difficulty, escaping the most pressing danger. “We see him,” says Villemain, “struggling with rebellious materials which would not yield to his hand: forming a thousand projects: now striving to arrest the progress of the Empress, now of the King of Prussia; trying to prop up the ancient colossus of Turkey, which was already meditating his fall; and, in the midst of his diplomatic ambition, hurled from power by the most scandalous of palace intrigues; at the same time that the parliaments, which, in spite of their prejudices, were becoming too powerful for an expiring government, were suppressed by a *coup d'état* of the chancellor Maupeau.”

Amidst this general progress towards decay, the state of literature and of literary men presented nothing which was of a more cheering and elevated character. At first, literature had been upheld by that very fanaticism in favour of change, which, operating as an animating principle, gave to its productions warmth and an air of reality. The infidel philosophy of France, by which all existing opinions and institutions were assailed, was indeed the only portion of its literature which at this time wore any thing like the stamp of conviction, or an appearance of power. For the instinct of destruction in some degree supplied, for a time, the want of that ancient inspiration derived from faith and reverence for authority; and the number and strength of the forces “that durst

defy the Omnipotent to arms"—their great resources, their discipline, and perfect unity of purpose—their confidence in themselves, their still increasing dominion over the public mind, by which that confidence was more and more exalted, presented a spectacle which it was impossible to contemplate without a feeling of awe.

"Apparent diræ facies inimicæque Trojæ Numina."

But when all the doctrines of infidelity and materialism had been promulgated—when the "Remunerateur Vengeur," whom even Voltaire scrupled to dispense with, had been cashiered by the more thorough-going Atheists of the *Système de la Nature*—when philosophy had ventilated her philanthropic wardrobe, till it had actually assumed the look of cast-off finery—when ridicule had been successively and successfully cast upon every thing as it was, and all imaginable schemes of impossible reform had been propounded—even this species of literature, stimulating as it had been, ceased to interest—the productive talent of the country gradually took another direction; and while the principles of the French philosophers were operating with all the force of novelty in other countries, and with fear of change perplexing monarchs, they had ceased in France to excite enthusiasm, and, to a superficial observer, might appear likely to pass away without any abiding effect either on society or government.

But, in truth, a permanent and incurable injury had been done to the national and to the literary character. The doctrines of selfishness which resulted from materialism, and which have ever been found to be the accompaniments of a state of social decline—the want of all fixed belief in a future state—the examples of servility to power, shameless flattery, mean rivalry, and intrigue, which had been set even by such men as Voltaire—seemed to have destroyed every source of inspiration springing from belief or enthusiasm of feeling; while the torpor in which society generally was plunged—the drowsy current in which affairs seemed to run on—equally excluded the stimulus which might have been given to the imagination by the vicinity of great events and engrossing public interests. Just and striking is the remark of Vauvenargues, "*Les grandes pensées vi-*

ennent du cœur!" "Strange singularity!" says Villemain, "while French society was labouring with the hope of liberalizing and elevating itself, and seeking to regain a civic virtue, a party of writers were systematically employed in giving vent in their writings to opinions the most hostile to all dignity or independence of mind. But it is not the belief in personal interest and necessity; it is not the doctrine which deprives man of his soul, and makes him but the passive instrument of his own organs; it is not such a doctrine which can inspire the courage necessary for great devotion; the heroism necessary for great duties—social reform and materialism seem contradictory terms."

"For when was public virtue ever found
Where private was not? Can he love the
whole

Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend
Who is in truth the friend of no man
there?

Can he be strenuous in his country's cause
Who slights the charities for whose dear
sake

That country, if at all, must be beloved?"

To the many, no doubt, who regarded literature merely as a profession, or a means of rising in the world, such a state of things might seem tolerable enough. The regular Helots of literature continued to do their spiriting as before—not gently indeed but equably—furnishing the daily tale of bricks as in better times; for theirs was a source of inspiration unaffected by the absence of faith or genuine feeling. But to minds of a better order, who had not wholly yielded to the degrading doctrines of the time, the prospect appeared in the last degree gloomy and uncheering; nor need we wonder that when the natural feelings of such men found vent in words, the sentiments expressed should be indicative of profound life-weariness and contempt for a world which offered neither comfort here nor hope hereafter. Gilbert, dying in youth in the hospital, tired of existence, tired even of fame, in one of the few strains of genuine feeling of which the poetry of this period has to boast, doubtless speaks the sentiments of many on whose hearts the aspect of all around pressed as heavily as on his own:—

"Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs.

Je meurs,—et sur la tombe où lentement
j'arrive
Nul ne viendra verser de pleurs.
“ Adieu, champs que j’amaï, adieu, douce
verdure,
Adieu, riant exil des bois ;
Ciel, pavillon de l’homme, admirable na-
ture,
Adieu pour la dernière fois ! ”

The effect of this absence of all that was calculated to stimulate the higher faculties of the mind, appeared in the form which literature, so far as it existed at all, now assumed. Henceforward, it became almost entirely critical ; instead of adding to the stock of independent creations, it was content with analysing, comparing, commenting upon what had been already written, or with translating and imitating the literature of other nations. Such is generally the direction which literature takes in periods of decline. The tendency, indeed, towards criticism, had become apparent even in the time of Diderot and Voltaire, and many of the happiest productions of the latter are of a purely analytical character ; but after his death the critical spirit in French literature became universal.

Before we advert, however, to particular productions in this department, let us bestow a few words on the general character of the criticism which arose under such circumstances ; as contrasted with what criticism ought to be.

“ Pour avoir du goût, il faut avoir de l’ame,” is another of those just remarks of Vauvenargues which make us regret his early death. Without heart and imagination, there can be no elevated nor even useful criticism. The soaring inventive imagination of the poet is not indeed necessary to the critic ; but that lower degree of imagination is essential, which enables him to step beyond the narrow circle of individual or even national habits and tastes—to follow the poet with a firm step, as Dante follows Virgil over the “ vast abrupt,” and through the regions where he marshals the way—to acknowledge the divinity of genius, though presented to him under unaccustomed forms, and to interpret its revelations with whatever novelty of language they may be uttered.

And to the gift of this imagination is necessarily allied the possession of pure and natural sensibility—the ready sympathy with human nature

and its generous feelings ; for, as the imagination teaches us to apprehend the great, the heart enables us to appreciate the true. The full beauty of those reflections, which, being based in the everlasting nature of man, are felt at the present day as they were in the days of Homer—those strokes of feeling which, like an electric chain, make the world kin, can only be thoroughly perceived by those who, in an age of outworn civilisation, have yet preserved something of their youthfulness of spirit and simplicity of feeling.

The highest criticism, too, at least when applied to the productions of high art, must be reverential. The critic must not forget the infinite distance which separates the great creative artist from him who only judges of the creations of genius—the interpreter from him whose oracles he expounds. It is the poet after all that makes the critic ; it is from the genius of the former that the torch of the latter is kindled. He will approach his task, then, in the spirit of reverence—his praise will be warm and sympathetic—his censure respectful ; where he fails to apprehend completely the purpose of the artist, he will yet believe that the deficiency *may* be not in the poet but in himself. No spectacle can be more ridiculous than that of a self-satisfied critic reading a lecture *ex cathedra* to Homer or Shakspeare, on the barbarisms of their epic or dramatic poetry ; perhaps bestowing on them a “ Euge puer ! ” at the conclusion ; or dismissing them, as the Archbishop of Granada dismissed his secretary, wishing them “ all manner of good fortune, with a little more taste.”

To such requisites criticism must add, of course, learning to correct her estimates—that logic and good sense which constitutes the balance of imagination—that delicacy of taste which exposes the ridiculous, as well as detects the beautiful in composition—and that spirit of conscientiousness, and absence of self-interest and self-display, without which all criticism, however adorned by wit or ingenuity, is valueless. The foundations of all sound criticism must be laid in truth, and its superstructure must be reared, not merely by a logical head, but by a lively imagination and a loving heart.

The latter are precisely the requisites in which the French criticism of the eighteenth century is deficient. It brought neither the imagination nor the heart to bear upon the examination of the masterpieces of literature; for the spirit of reverence it substituted the spirit of ridicule—the critic looked down upon the artist whom he criticised, like a judge upon a criminal at the bar. Hence the whole tone of his even praise wore the appearance of supercilious condescension. The critical tendency of the time was patronising, dictatorial, depreciating, negative—more occupied with faults than beauties—more intent on particulars than on general views. Without imagination to enable them to rise beyond the conventional limitations which French opinions and the practice of French writers had apparently fixed as the laws of taste, and to perceive that excellence might exist under many other forms, all true to nature, and yet each growing out of the habits and feelings of different nations, and peculiarly suited to the people among which it was found, they identified the code of French taste with the eternal laws of nature, and praised or condemned all works according as they approximated to, or receded from, this artificial standard. The absence of simplicity of mind and genuine feeling, which as it practically existed in society was reflected in the artificial character of conversation and of literature, made them turn with a nervous horror from every expression which appeared to fall short of that decorum or elegance which the French canons of taste required to be preserved under all circumstances, though the words might be warmed with passion, and stamped with the very signet of Nature herself. “With us,” says La Harpe, while contrasting the liberty allowed by the Greek Dramatic Vocabulary with the irksome restraints affecting the French, “with us, the poet does not enjoy the use of more than a third of the national idiom; the rest is interdicted as unworthy of him. There exist for him only a certain number of received words; and the genius of style consists in varying their combinations, and in constantly presenting to the mind and the imagination relations which are new without being

singular, and ingenious without being far-fetched.” Such is the state of matters which La Harpe deprecates, but conceives it hopeless to attempt to alter. If at times a momentary expression of admiration was extorted from French criticism by some burst of natural feeling, either in a French poet or in a foreign writer, to which no heart could be insensible, it was generally accompanied by an expression of regret, that while the sentiment was preserved, it had not been embellished by a more courtly and refined expression.

On the other hand certain advantages and certain merits must be conceded to the French criticism of the eighteenth century, of which the more imaginative criticism of Germany and England is not equally entitled to boast. It is possible, for instance, to take too transcendental and cosmopolitan a view of literature—to fix our point of sight so high that the whole landscape beneath us becomes faint and confused—to labour after the universal, till the particular is neglected and overlooked. Thus, in striving to enlarge the circle to which poetry addresses itself, so as to deal with the most extended sympathies, the critics of Germany have sometimes neglected or overlooked the necessity of producing the first and strongest effect upon the poet’s own nation; and have advocated systems in which poetry, like the abstract idea of a Lord Mayor, stripped of all that is local and individual, is sent wandering on a fruitless quest into the “void and formless infinite.” Sound criticism, however, which is but another word for a wide and enlightened record of experience, teaches us that poetry, like charity, must begin at home; must have its foundation in the present, and be connected with realities with which men are then and there engrossed; and that the poet whose words come most home to the hearts of the wise and good of his own age and country, will speak with the most prevailing accents to the world and for all time.

This vagueness of aim French criticism has entirely escaped, for it proceeded on the just principle, that “to write for France, one must write as a Frenchman;”* and to write for France was, in their view of the mat-

* La Harpe—Cours de Littérature.

ter, to write for the world. It may be fairly admitted, too, that it is equally free from that obscurity, mysticism, or want of logical precision, with which much of the German criticism may be reproached, and from that arbitrary and capricious distribution of praise or censure, referable to no principle except the personal feeling of the critic, with which our modern English criticism is not less justly chargeable. The principles of the French critics are indeed drawn from a narrow sphere, and, as universal rules, are unquestionably false; but their deductions from them are clearly and logically made; the opinion is put in a tangible shape, in which it either admits of refutation or compels assent. To clear and consequent reasoning, though from narrow premises, they join a corresponding precision and clearness of style; their learning, though far from extensive, is respectable; in the perception of the ridiculous or the incongruous, their tact is rarely mistaken; where the point and application of the criticism can be heightened by wit, it is seldom wanting. Now that our literary horizon is enlarged, and our principles of taste drawn from a wider experience, much advantage, we humbly think, might be gained from the judicious study of the French criticism of the last century. It would do much to explode that vicious and exaggerated school of criticism, to which the vast increase of periodical writing at the present day has given rise, in which the extravagance of the sentiments is equalled by the inflation of the style; in which praise and blame are equally in extremes, and neither is bestowed upon any consistent, intelligible, or even conscientious principle.

We have said that the tendency towards criticism is not less visible in Voltaire than in his successors; and, all things considered, he remains the best representative of the French criticism of the eighteenth century. With the true spirit of antiquity, indeed, he was but partially acquainted. His ideas of it were taken at second hand from the writings of the dramatists and critics of the seventeenth century. To the manly, bold, and picturesque outlines of Homer, he has done justice. If his criticism on the father of poetry contains nothing profound or novel, it is at least just and discriminating, so far as it

goes. But the simple, statue-like, grandeur of the Greek theatre, he appears to have been altogether unable to appreciate; he is constantly blaming its poverty of dramatic resources, its defect of skill in the exposition of plot, the want of a stirring and anti-theatrical dialogue. One of his remarks on a passage in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, is characteristic of this ignorance of the Greek original, and his incapacity of entering into the spirit of ancient manners. In the first scene of that tragedy, Œdipus, alarmed at the groans and lamentations of his people thronging to the altar, comes out to enquire the cause, and addresses them—

“ I could have sent to learn the fatal cause,
But see, your anxious sovereign comes himself,
To know of all of you: Behold your king,
Renowned Œdipus!”

Whereupon Voltaire thus remarks—
“ The scene opens with a chorus of Thebans prostrate at the foot of the altar. Œdipus, their liberator and their king, appears among them. I am Œdipus, says he, so renowned through all the world. *There is some likelihood that the Thebans were not ignorant that his name was Œdipus.* This is no great proof of that perfection to which, it has been maintained some years since,” (by Racine and Boileau,) “ that tragedy had been brought by Sophocles. It does not appear that we are much in the wrong in refusing our admiration to a poet, who employs no better artifice to make his personages known than to make them say ‘I am Œdipus.’ We no longer call such rudeness a noble simplicity.” La Harpe justly remarks, which is, indeed, sufficiently obvious,—that Sophocles does not say, “I am Œdipus;” but, after stating that he might have employed a meaner messenger, goes on to say, that he, their king himself—the world-renowned victor of the Sphynx—Œdipus—had not hesitated to come in person to answer the call of his subjects. But if Sophocles be in the wrong, what becomes, on the same principle, of the opening line of the *Iphigenie* of Racine—

“ Oul, c’est Agamemnon, c’est son Roi que l’éveille ?”

Might not a critic with as much justice say—“ There is some likeli-

hood that *Areas* was not ignorant that his master's name was *Agamemnon*?"

One other instance may be noticed of the false views of Greek tragedy, which the criticisms and analyses of *Voltaire* on that subject are calculated to convey. He is giving an account of that scene in the *Alcestis* of *Euripides*, where the servant describes the conduct of *Hercules*, who had been received as a guest by *Admetus* into the mansion of death, after the death of his wife.

"A servant enters alone, speaking of the arrival of *Hercules*; he describes him as a stranger who opens the door for himself, places himself immediately at table, grumbles that his repast is not served soon enough, fills his cup incessantly with wine, drinks long draughts of white and red, and bellows forth bad songs that resemble howlings, without troubling himself about the king and his wife, whom we are lamenting. He must be some rascal, some vagabond, some assassin."

"There is no disputing about tastes," adds *Voltaire*; "but it is certain that with us such scenes would not be suffered at the *Foire*," (a second-rate theatre, chiefly frequented by the lower classes.) And *La Harpe*, who really seems to have formed his idea of the *Alcestis* from this travestie of *Voltaire*, expresses a similar opinion.

Now first, let it be kept in view that the scene is not represented at all, but merely described by the servant; for *Sophocles* would have no more thought of actually introducing such a scene as passing on the stage, than *Voltaire* himself; and, next, (although we fairly admit the scene even as described by *Euripides* appears singular,) the ironical description of *Voltaire* is very far from giving an idea of the reality.

Most readers will recollect under what circumstances the scene to which *Voltaire* alludes takes place. Overpowered with grief for the loss of his wife, who has just expired, *Admetus* sees a stranger approaching his threshold. According to the ideas of the ancients, there was something sacred in the presence of a guest; he was considered as a man sent by *Jupiter* and the gods to receive the rites of hospitality. *Admetus* tries to disguise his grief from the stranger; he excuses the disorder in which every thing appears, by alleging the death of a female inmate of the family; but he conceals the fact that this was *Alcestis*. *Hercules*, unconscious of the grief under which *Admetus* labours, accepts the invitation; and, it must be admitted, takes his ease in his apartment, in a manner not very consistent with modern usages, which is thus described by the servant who had attended him:

"To many strangers and from various lands,
On their arrival at *Admetus*' house,
I well remember serving up the feast;
But never till this hour have introduced
So profligate a guest, who, though he saw
Our master sad, advancing, dared to pass
The threshold, and without discretion took
Whate'er our hospitality to him
Presented, though apprised of our distress.
Moreover, were there aught we did not bring,
He call'd for it: a goblet in his hands
With ivy wreathed, uplifting, quaff'd the juice
Of the black grape unmingled, till his veins
Were heated with the flames of wine, and bound
The sprays of verdant myrtle on his brow,
Filling the palace with a clamorous howl
Of dissonance; while twofold sounds were heard,
Regardless of *Admetus*' woes he sung,—
While for our mistress wail'd the menial train,
But to the stranger did not show their eyes
Swimming with tears,—for such injunction
Admetus."

"But what is the result," says Villemain, "of this contrast of the tragic and the comic, of sorrow and merriment, which surprises us a little, notwithstanding the literary eclecticism of our time? This noisy guest, who delivers himself up to joy beside a mourning of which he is unconscious,

learns at last, from the grief of the slave, that Admetus, through regard for the laws of hospitality, has deceived him; that she whose death had been spoken of is no stranger, but Alcestis herself, who has died for her husband. Struck with pain and regret, he exclaims—

'I with reluctance pass'd
The threshold, and the foaming goblet drain'd
In the abodes of my unhappy host,
Regaled myself, and cover'd o'er these brows
With garlands; but the fault on thee I charge,
Neglecting to inform me what great ill
Oppress'd this house. But where hath he interr'd
The body? Whither shall I go, to find
Her sepulture?'

"Hercules hurries towards the tomb, combats the Genius of Death, who was carrying away the young and beautiful Alcestis, tears her from his hands, and leads her back, unknown and veiled, into the presence of her husband.

"This was what charmed and enchanted the Greeks. What a power of religious illusion was necessary to make them adopt this fable of a wife rescued from death and restored to the husband, who is lamenting her loss? But that belief once admitted, what a pathetic charm in such a spectacle! What becomes of those vulgar rules, so often repeated, which insist that the progress of tragedy shall always be from happiness to misfortune? The pathetic and theatrical, in such a subject, is to be found in the return of Alcestis, still pallid from the tomb, and the unexpected happiness of her husband; the tragic, in the contrast between the funeral preparations of Alcestis, the grief of her children, the lamentations of her husband—and the merriment of that stranger who sits indifferent at table.

"Do we not recognise those vicissitudes of human life which are so striking in Shakspeare? That beautiful Juliet who had glittered at the ball, two days after is dead. The musicians who had been invited for the celebration of her nuptials are come; there are now no nuptials to be celebrated: they are to assist at a very different ceremony—at her funeral. And beside that chamber where Juliet is extended in death, and where the family are mourning, they are conversing and uttering their pleasant-ries."

In one point, however—to do justice

to Voltaire—he had the good sense to perceive the incongruity of the form in which the Greek drama had been recast by Corneille and Racine, namely, the perpetual introduction of love scenes, and the language of modern gallantry into the austere tragic pathos of the Greek mythology. He had himself, in his earliest piece, "The Œdipus," adopted this conventional absurdity; but he had the sense to perceive, and the candour afterwards to admit, his error. In the epistle dedicatory of his "Orestes," addressed to the Duchess of Maine, speaking of the reception of Œdipus, he observes, "Every thing which was in the taste of Sophocles was generally applauded, and all which savoured a little of the passion of love, was condemned by every enlightened critic. And, in truth, what room for gallantry amidst the parricide and incest which are desolating a family, and the plague which is ravaging a country? What more striking example of the absurdities of our theatre, and of the force of habit, than Corneille on the one hand making Theseus say—

'Quelque ravage affreux qu'etale ici la
peste
L'absence aux vrais amans est encore plus
funeste!'

And myself, on the other, sixty years after him, addressing the language of antiquated love to an ancient Jocasta, and all this to flatter the emptiest and falsest taste that ever corrupted literature."

The criticisms of Voltaire on the literature of modern Europe, are unequal. Spain he has treated with great injustice, arising probably from a very inadequate acquaintance with

its highly peculiar literature. To the profundity, and even romantic beauty which mingles, with broad humour, in the wonderful romance of Cervantes, he appears to have been insensible. Lope is dealt with only as a brilliant barbarian; and Calderon, from whose rich and inventive genius Corneille had more than once borrowed his sources of inspiration, is judged of by one of the wildest of his plays, though full of traits of grandeur, *La Vida es Sueno*, from which the *Heraclius* of Corneille was mainly derived. On the other hand, Voltaire has conferred an undue importance on the *Araucana* of Ercilla—a work which derives its chief interest from its embodying the personal experiences and adventures of its amiable author; but which is no more entitled to the character of an epic, than the many other productions of the same kind, in which an attempt was made to celebrate the triumphs of Charles V., the very names of which are now forgotten.

In his criticisms on Italian literature he has been less unjust, though he is far enough from being satisfactory. The gloomy grandeur of Dante, and the religious mysticism which he has incorporated with his pictures of human feelings and human sufferings, appear to have revolted him, and he speaks of the *Divina Commedia* with comparative coldness and severity. Petrarch is blamed for his tediousness and monotony; but some translations from this poet which Voltaire has executed, are among the best specimens of the kind which French literature possesses. But justice, on the whole, is done to Tasso; and between himself and Ariosto there were sufficient points in common, particularly in the light ironical and irreligious vein which pervades the compositions of both, to render his estimate of that poet eminently true and happy.

Voltaire piqued himself upon having been the first to make known to his countrymen that England possessed what they wanted, a great epic poem, in the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. He objects, as might be expected, to the war between the good and evil angels, “where the sublime too often merges in the extravagant;” to the harangues and repartees of the infernal council; to the employment of cannon in the great encounter of the warring hosts, and to the manœuvres

of the battle in general; to the needless erection of the Doric palace in hell, for the purpose of addressing the infernal host, “to whom Satan might just as well have spoken in the open air;” and he is clear that “the devil speaks too much, and harps too long on the same strain.” He quotes Boileau’s distich:—

“Eh! quel objet enfin à presenter aux
yeux
Que le diable toujours heurlant contre les
cieux!”

In these objections there is a mixture of truth and falsehood; the following passage, however, is in better taste:—

“There are two causes, I believe, of the popularity which *Paradise Lost* will always retain; the first, the interest we take in a happy and innocent pair whom a powerful and jealous being renders guilty and miserable by his seductions; the second, the beauty of the details.

“The French smiled when they were told that England possessed an epic poem of which the subject was the combat of the devil against God, and the serpent persuading the woman to eat an apple; they conceived that such a subject could afford *matter for nothing but vaudevilles*. They were afterwards astonished to find in a subject which appeared so barren, such fertility of imagination displayed. They admired the majestic traits with which Milton has dared to delineate God, and the still more striking character which he has given to the devil. They read with delight the description of the garden of Eden, and the innocent loves of Adam and Eve. It is, indeed, worthy of remark, that in other poems, love is regarded as a weakness; in Milton alone, it is a virtue. He has raised, with a chaste hand, the veil which elsewhere covers the pleasures of this passion; he transports the reader into Paradise; he makes him taste the pure delights with which the hearts of Adam and Eve are filled; he does not elevate himself above human nature, but only above the corruptions of human nature; and as there is no example of similar love, there is no instance of similar poetry.”

Voltaire’s treatment of Shakspeare less admits of defence; for his depreciating estimation of the prince of dramatic poets was evidently dictated

by mere jealousy and envy. As long as he conceived that the reputation of Shakspeare could not possibly interfere with his own; he was willing to extend to him a condescending patronage. Though certainly unable to comprehend the deep mechanism of Shakspeare's tragedies, he was perfectly alive to some of his excellencies, as the many passages which he has borrowed from him, and ingeniously interwoven into his dramas, sufficiently show. But when he found that his protégé was likely to become his rival—that the French were beginning to study Shakspeare, and to relish his beauties, even when conveyed through the stilted prose translation of Letourneur—that in this way the source of his depredations would be discovered, and restitution to the right owner enforced, if indeed the whole artificial fabric of the French theatre were not threatened with subversion by the native and masculine boldness of the English dramatist;—he instantly retracted his praises, and passed from the expression of admiration to that of the most unmeasured invective. Villemain compares him to the nobles invoking the States-General in 1788, and emigrating two years afterwards in disgust at the consequences of the innovation which they had caused. In 1730 Voltaire writes:—"I have found among the English what I was in search of; and the paradox of Homer's reputation has been explained to me. Shakspeare, their first tragic poet, has in England no other epithet than 'the divine.' When I had acquired a sufficient acquaintance with the language, I perceived that the English were in the right; and that it is impossible that a whole nation should be deceived in a matter of feeling, or be wrong in the pleasure which it enjoys."

Years afterwards, when the increasing reputation of Shakspeare in France had begun to suggest the idea of a future rival, Voltaire, in speaking of Letourneur's translation (which it may be fairly admitted was worthy of all vituperation), bursts forth into the following tirade; in which it is not difficult to perceive that, under the pretext of vindicating the fame of Racine and Corneille, the chief object of his apprehension is the reputation of Voltaire.

"Have you read his abominable

scrawls, of which there are still five volumes to come? Have you a sufficiently vigorous hatred against this impudent imbecile? Will you submit to the affront which he has put upon us? In the whole of France there are not pillories and fools' caps enough for such a scoundrel! The blood boils in my old veins while speaking of him. The frightful part of the business is, that the monster has a party in France. And to crown this calamity and horror, it was I who was the first to speak of this Shakspeare: I was the first to exhibit to the French some pearls which I had picked up in his enormous dunghill. Little did I expect that I should one day be instrumental in treading into the dust the crowns of Racine and Corneille, to ornament with them the brow of a barbarian player. The Gilles and Pierrots (clowns and harlequins) of the Foire St Germain fifty years ago, were Cinna's and Polyeuctes in comparison with the personages of this drunkard Shakspeare (*cet yvrogne de Shakspeare*), whom M. Letourneur styles the god of the theatre."

This sally Voltaire followed up by a regular indictment against Shakspeare, in the shape of a long letter addressed to the French Academy, and read to them officially by their secretary D'Alembert, written with more than his usual wit and ingenuity, in which he took a rapid review of the plays of Shakspeare, selecting from them an anthology of quibbles, obscenities, specimens of bombast, and so forth; and concluding, "Figure to yourselves, gentlemen, Louis the XIV., in his gallery at Versailles, surrounded by his brilliant court; a clown advances covered with rags, and gravely proposes to this assembly to leave the tragedies of Racine for a mountebank, who makes contortions, and exhibits some happy sallies of wit." It is needless to add, that, with the Academy, such an appeal as this was considered as decisive of the whole question.

But enough of Voltaire, who, as Villemain remarks, meets us at every turn in our progress through the literature of his period. We will only add that the best specimens of his criticism, as may be expected, are his estimates of the works of French writers, or writings avowedly composed in the French taste. In these, his clear judgment, his intuitive per-

ception of the ludicrous, the inappropriate, or the exaggerated, would have always rendered his remarks of valuable application, if, unfortunately, the insincerity of his mind had not often led him to compliment persons whom in his secret heart he laughed at and despised. Thus, while the once celebrated Thomas was in reality a frequent subject of ridicule with him, so much so that in speaking of any piece of bombastic nonsense, he used to call it, not *galimatias*, but *gali-Thomas*; he gravely addressed him after reading his *Eloge* on Descartes.—

"Descartes is no longer read; but his eulogy will be read, which is at the same time your own. Ah! what a noble and enlightened spirit do you display," &c. &c.

"I am told you are writing an epic poem on the Czar Peter. You were created to celebrate great men; it is for you to paint your brethren."

Thomas, to whom these ironical praises were addressed, though a great man in his day and generation, has sunk, and we think not without reason, into oblivion. We are surprised to find Gibbon in his journal speaking of him in language like this,—“I have finished the *Eloge* of the Duc de Sully. M. Thomas is a great orator. What strength of thought; what rapidity of style! He has the soul of a citizen, the spirit of a philosopher, and the pencil of a great painter. It is Demosthenes, but Demosthenes who has sacrificed to the graces.” Were any thing wanting to show that Gibbon's taste was nearly in the inverse ratio of his learning, this notable estimate of Thomas would be sufficient to settle the question.

In one respect certainly, Thomas had greatly the advantage of Voltaire and of most of the literary men by whom he was surrounded. He was a man of conscience and probity, of simple manners, well acquainted with antiquity, with a sincere enthusiasm in favour of reason and truth, of which he seemed to consider himself a sort of missionary. “By temperament and principles,” says Marmontel, “he was a stoic, whose virtues should have been exposed to the severest trials.” These, however, were not to be found in Parisian society, and amidst the even current of the eighteenth century; and Thomas, who might really have been an orator, if fit occasions and great

interests had presented themselves in France for the development of a manly and effective eloquence, remained to the last, notwithstanding the most anxious efforts on his part, a mere rhetorician, laboriously composing critical *eloges* of personages long before quietly inurned, which, though they might excite the applause of academies, fell coldly on the public ear of his own time, and have been forgotten by posterity.

How different from those funeral discourses which the great orators of antiquity or of France had occasionally pronounced in circumstances really calculated to call forth a genuine and impassioned eloquence in the speaker, and to leave on the minds of his audience impressions that might be at once of immediate power and of abiding utility! When Pericles pronounced the funeral oration of those who had fallen in the Peloponnesian war, he was surrounded by the survivors of the contest, and by the fathers, orphans, and widows of those who had died for their country; the youth of Athens stood intent to hear the praises of their bravest heroes spoken by their greatest statesman, and to gather from his lips incentives to imitate or surpass the fallen. When Massillon pronounced his solemn address above the dead body of Louis XIV., or Bossuet over that of Turenne, the pall which covered the narrow mansion into which royalty had shrunk, lay before the eyes of the audience; they saw before them the very coffin in which the victor of a hundred battles now rested from his labours. All around them was the contrast of the trappings of royalty and the trophies of military renown with the solemn emblems of mortality; and from above them looked down the fretted roof of that ancient pile which had already opened its vaults to so many of the princes and heroes of France, and was yet destined to receive so many more into its bosom. The very numbers of the multitude thus congregated together, where each could read the reflection of his own feelings in another's eyes, incalculably increased the power and the magic of speech, because each borrowed excitement from the enthusiasm of his neighbour. Before the orator had uttered a word, the prevailing tone of feeling, which it was his province to excite, had already

penetrated all hearts ; he had but the simple task assigned to him of developing and heightening it, and directing it to the contemplations of the vanity of earthly grandeur, and the disappointment of all hopes which were not " anchored in heaven."

" So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies

All that this world is proud of. From their spheres

The stars of human glory are cast down,
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes and emperors ; and the crowns
and palms

Of all the mighty, wither'd and consumed !"

No wonder if " in such a place as this, at such an hour," surrounded with such accompaniments, the hearts of the vast audience vibrated responsive to every varied movement of the orator, as he traced the career of the monarch or the warrior, from its helpless commencement in infancy to that inevitable termination which awaits the rich and poor alike, and were alternately roused to deep reflection, melted to sympathetic tears, or impressed with the ardent wish to become humbler, wiser, and better.

But those *eloges* in which Thomas dealt, in which that warmth and vehemence of sentiment which can only be appropriately employed in reference to the feelings of the present was applied to the past, and our enthusiasm or our tears invoked for those who had closed their account centuries before, nay, to use the language of Sir Thomas Brown, had " quietly rested beneath the drums and trappings of three conquests," are at once felt to be unreal, and therefore inefficient ; eloquence uttered to the wind—the voice of one crying in the desert—without a motive and without an audience ; with no other practical object, in fact, except to display his own talent in such academical exertions. We cannot believe that the orator is himself influenced by the feelings which he seeks to excite.

" What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ?"

Our sympathies are on their guard against him, and the more he labours by an assumed warmth to excite them, the less he is likely to succeed in his aim. For eloquence is not attained by straining any more than liveliness by jump-

ing over chairs ; and the success of the French Rhetorician and the German Baron, in attaining the respective objects of their exertions, has been very much upon a par. There is more simple beauty in the following passage from one of Thomas' letters written to Ducis the dramatist, in which, avoiding entirely the *galithomas* of which Voltaire complained, he expresses the natural emotions created by a visit to the Grande Chartreuse, than in the pompous paragraphs of the *Eloge* on Descartes, or Sully, or Marcus Aurelius.

" I wish I could accompany you on your visit to the Grande Chartreuse. The place is made for you. How many tender and melancholy ideas will it awaken in your imagination ! I know you will be more than once tempted to remain ; you will leave it at least with the deepest regret. These pious solitaries have abridged and simplified the drama of life ; they think of nothing but its denouement, to which they are incessantly hurrying. There life is but the apprenticeship of death ; but a death that borders upon heaven ; it is a gate that opens upon eternity. The very gloom of the desert they inhabit, resembles a tomb. They seem to have retired to the farthest distance from life.

" Ah ! how different will the sight of Ferney be to you ! What a contrast ! There every thing tended towards agitation and restlessness. It, too, was a retreat ; but the retreat of one who, from his solitude, wished to shake the world, and mingled in all those events, the most distant rumour of which never reaches the other asylum. Even now we can scarcely believe that his dust enjoys repose.

" I have learned with grief the death of the poor Abbe Millot. My dear friend, the cannon is piercing our lines, the ranks are closing up every moment. This is fearful. Let us love each other to our latest hour ; and let him that survives the other, continue to love and cherish his memory. What asylum more sweet or more honourable can it have than in the heart of a friend ?"

The writings of Thomas may be considered as entirely belonging to the class of criticism ; for his Eulogies are critical biographies of those great men to whom he thought fit to assign a place in his Pantheon ; and his *Essai sur les Eloges* (as if he thought he

never could have enough of eulogy), is a critical history of the panegyric effusions of antiquity, in which he has omitted precisely that branch of the subject in which novelty and originality might be found, namely, the productions of this class which may be found among the writings of the fathers of the Christian Church. "If any thing," says Villemain, "could make us feel anew the impression of that eloquence which animated the brightest days of Greece—if any thing could present to us the public square of Athens under another form—it was a catacomb of a Christian church. There the orators were free and enthusiastic spirits, celebrating the great example of some one of their body who had died for the common cause. What interest can I experience in the perusal of the compliments which Libanius addressed to the Emperor Valens, and afterwards to Theodosius, or any other emperor? At a period more favourable for letters, what lively curiosity can I feel for the analysis of the long eulogies which Pliny addressed, face to face, to the Emperor Trajan? But when, following the steps of some of those obscure and vehement orators who were formed in the school of Christianity, we descend into some meeting of that persecuted sect; and there some one rises, commences by prayer, and afterwards, in terms energetic and familiar, with enthusiasm, and with the presentiment of martyrdom before him, describes the sorrows and the constancy of him whose death the Christian body is lamenting, can we not conceive with what a vivid life these panegyrics were animated, which might be interrupted every instant by the satellites of the Emperor, and the renewal of persecution? There is, for instance, in the works of St Cyprian, a composition entitled 'In Laudes Martyrum:' it boasts not the pure and correct eloquence of Greece; it is an eloquence which approaches more nearly to the vehement energy of some of the orators of the sixteenth century. There there are no pompous praises, no elegantly rounded phrases: the orator tells you, 'When the executioners were torturing the victims of our faith, I have perceived by the words of the spectators how deeply they were struck by that greatness of mind which enabled them to triumph over suffering. I have heard them say, 'This

man has children—he has a wife at home; and neither weakness of heart, nor pity for these dear pledges, could withdraw him from the sacrifice: we must learn to know this religion, and to penetrate into its virtue. That is no light confession to make, for which a man must be ready to die.' These simple words, which I translate imperfectly and from memory, have a native strength of eloquence which you will not find in all the panegyrics of the empire.'"

A much more just estimate of the requisites of oratory had been formed by Marmontel, whose testimony to the stoical virtue of Thomas' character we have already noticed. Indeed, as a critic generally, we should be inclined to rank him next to Voltaire. His *Elements de la Littérature*, are full of just and ingenious observations; and he has a peculiar talent of illustrating his precepts by well-selected examples. To most of his observations on oratory we cordially subscribe; they are calculated to form a sound, masculine, business-like style of speaking;—the very style in which French oratory was at this time, and up to the appearance of Mirabeau, lamentably deficient. The general popularity which his Moral Tales retain, even at the present day, sufficiently proves his talent as an agreeable narrator; a requisite in which, indeed, few of the eminent French writers of the time were deficient. In fact, they transferred to their written compositions the style which was found effective in conversation, avoiding *longueurs*, and mingling a dash of irony even with the sentimental. Whatever we may think of their morality, the grace and naïveté of such tales as *Annette* and *Lubin*, and *Heureusement*, will always find them readers, when more ambitious productions are forgotten.

On the other hand, we cannot help thinking that his *Belisarius* has been egregiously overpraised. No doubt, at the time of its appearance, its dissertations on philanthropy and toleration were somewhat newer than they now-a-days appear. But granting this, it is still difficult to account for the exaggeration of praise upon the one hand, and the alarm and opposition on the other, with which the work was received. "Taste was lost," says Voltaire,—“we were falling into barbarism; the eighteenth century would

have been irrecoverably sunk in the mire, if it had not been for,"—what think ye, gentle readers?—"for the fifteenth chapter of *Belisarius*!" Read this wonder-working chapter at your leisure, and see if you recognise in it the instrument of national regeneration.

But if we are at a loss to perceive the stupendous importance of the fifteenth chapter of *Belisarius*, we are scarcely less tempted to smile at the alarm of the Sorbonne, who probably applying the maxim *noscitur a sociis*, and not liking the school in which Marmontel had formed his views, took it for granted that the whole work was of a very pestilent and dangerous complexion, and accordingly pronounced a severe censure against *Belisarius*; and having selected from it thirty-two propositions, which they declared heretical, printed their anathema for the benefit of the author and the public. The general drift of the censure may be gathered from one of the propositions thus denounced. Marmontel had said, "It is not by the light of the stake that we must enlighten the mind." The celebrated Turgot, who appeared as the defender of Marmontel, concluded logically enough; that, as the Sorbonne had selected this proposition for censure, they meant to advocate its opposite;—that it was by the light of the stake that the mind must be enlightened.

Two other critical writers of this period deserve notice, La Harpe, the author of the *Cours de Littérature*, and the learned author of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, Barthelemy.

It would be very unjust to deny to the former the conscientious study of the literatures to which he has chiefly devoted his attention—we mean the classic literatures and that of his own nation—for of English and Spanish he appears to have known nothing. But, though more pains-taking and conscientious than Voltaire, he was, after all, but very indifferently acquainted with Greek; and the strange errors into which he has fallen in his translations of Sophocles have been severely exposed by Brunck. "The Latin writers," says Villemain, "Cicero and Livy, were more familiar to him. He analyzes them with talent and vivacity; frequently nothing is wanting to his eulogiums *except having failed to catch the true meaning of the*

author." The exception, however, it must be admitted, is rather an important one.

"Shall I add," continues Villemain, "a thousand errors of detail which have been pointed out by learned foreigners or Frenchmen? Shall I mention that, in speaking of Aristotle, La Harpe forgets to mention that he has composed a sublime hymn?—that he has said nothing of a crowd of precious fragments of Greek poetry?—that he judges of Aristophanes, Pindar, Thucydides, Xenophon, Terence, Livy, with a levity and brevity which are remarkable? Shall I say, in short, that the author of the *Cours de Littérature*, who, in the analysis of the principal productions of the seventeenth century, and particularly in his estimate of our tragic theatre, is full of sympathy for genius, and happily animated by a sincere and persuasive admiration, seems a faithless and deceitful guide the moment he has to do with ancient literature?"

Notwithstanding this partial acquaintance with the language and the spirit of Greece, La Harpe attempted the revival of one of the pieces of Sophocles—the *Philoctetes*, upon the French stage. Racine had avoided the dramas of Sophocles, because, while he felt their perfection in the original, he conceived it impossible to present them in a faithful translation on the French theatre. La Harpe, however, tried the experiment in *Philoctetes*, so far as the preservation of all the situations and the whole substance of the dialogue was concerned; but he could not resist the temptation of pointing occasionally the feeble lines of Sophocles, by those antitheses for which the Parisian public invariably looked in dramatic verse, till, in truth, he changed the character of the original nearly as much as if, upon Racine's principle, he had recast the whole in a French mould.

Barthelemy appears to be a favourite with M. Villemain, for he has devoted more than a whole lecture to the subject of his *Anacharsis*, a space which is surely somewhat disproportioned to its importance. His learning is undeniable; the modesty and simplicity of his character are worthy of all respect; but except as a piece of learned, and in the main just, criticism on the literature and manners of antiquity, the work has no high merit; the imaginative framework in which Bar-

thelemy has inclosed his museum of fragments from antiquity, is commonplace enough; the characters scarcely supported at all; and the whole attempt to revive in a fictitious form the character of ancient society, appears to great disadvantage beside those lifelike pictures of Greece which Wieland has exhibited in his Agathon, Aristippus, and Agathodämon. Villemain admits that his fictitious personages are the mere spectators of events. "Philotas, Timagenes, Apollodorus, Lysis, are pallid figures, which attract no attention: Philotas is killed at the battle of Chæroneæ; and the author bestows on him regrets in which the reader does not participate."

Another writer of this period who occupies a large portion of M. Villemain's attention is the dramatist Ducis. He may, like most of his brethren, be considered as more a critic than an inventor, since his efforts were directed rather to infuse into the French dramatic literature the spirit of foreign productions than to attempt original creation. Indeed, with one exception, viz. his tragedy of Abufar, his whole dramatic works are taken either from the Greek or from Shakspeare, whose Hamlet, Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, King John, and King Lear, he has introduced—certainly in a sufficiently strange disguise—upon the French stage. The portrait which Villemain presents of Ducis, whom he had seen in old age, is quite flattering:

"Amidst that species of uniformity which brings together and confounds the secondary talents of an age, Ducis had preserved something striking and original. His appearance, singularly grave and majestic, had an air of naïveté and inspiration: you would have thought you saw—I will not say a descendant of Ossian—(that genealogy is rather doubtful), but of Homer himself. You saw at a glance that he was not a man of his time—a man such as is common enough even among poets. He possessed nothing in the world: he troubled himself not about its little affairs and petty ambitions; wild, and yet gentle—a poet in the highest degree—requiring nothing but to be a poet; he sang the pleasures of the country while shut up in his modest retreat at Versailles: it was there that in his unpolished verses he brooded over that picturesque and neglected

nature which he loved, and which he resembled.

"Another distinctive trait in the character of the man, was something proud, free, and indomitable in the nature of his mind. He would submit to no yoke, not even that of his age; for even in that age he was constantly religious. He lived in the society of several persons of philosophic opinions, particularly with Thomas, who was his most intimate friend. His tragedies bear the impression of those liberal maxims and abstract expressions which formed the currency of the literature of his time; but his taste, his study, his solitary preference, was for the reading of the Bible and of Homer."

So far well: an originally minded man like this, formed in the school of Homer and the Bible, preserving his religious impressions amidst an age of scepticism, alive to the language of nature and simple feeling, and more occupied with the solid value of thought than the graces of expression, was exactly the person we should have held to comprehend the spirit of the romantic drama, and to be qualified to make his countrymen really acquainted with the genius of Shakspeare, of which the translation of Letourneur had conveyed so inadequate an idea. Alas! the Shakspearian tragedies of Ducis are among the most cruel mutilations to which the prince of dramatic poets has ever been subjected.

M. Villemain conceives *Macbeth* to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of his friend; but, on the whole, we think English readers will form a better notion of Shakspeare à la Ducis, by a few specimens from our old favourite *Hamlet*.

It must be admitted, in the first place, that Ducis takes some liberties with his original, as regards the arrangement of the plot and position of the characters. The Claudius of Ducis is *not* the brother of the deceased monarch, but simply a nobleman of the court to whom the Queen had formed a guilty attachment; he is *not* married to the Queen, who, on the contrary, tormented by remorse for the crime of which she has been guilty, loathes the idea of a union with him; he is *not* King of Denmark, or an usurper standing between Hamlet and the throne; for Hamlet is the admitted heir to the throne, and nothing

seems to impede his coronation but his own waywardness or doubtful health. The additional probability imparted to the melancholy and sceptical character of Hamlet by these alterations of Ducis, will be obvious.

On the other hand, if Ducis has denied to Polonius a throne and a wife, he has bestowed upon him a daughter. Ophelia is the daughter of Claudius; an arrangement absolutely necessary, of course, to bring out that opposition of feelings and duties which the French stage demands; Hamlet's hatred of the father being counterbalanced in the dramatic scale by his love for the daughter.

The murdered monarch had been a man, take him for all and all, one would not look upon his like again. In Ducis' version he seems to have been no better than he should be. He had treated, it appears, with injustice and neglect, the merits and services of Claudius; had selfishly and perseveringly opposed the marriage of Hamlet and Ophelia; nay more, we fear, had finally taken to strong liquors.*

In Shakspeare, the participation of the Queen in the murder of her husband is left doubtful. The crime is performed by Claudius, in a strange fashion no doubt, though we believe the leprous distilment has been occasionally administered in that manner. But by a conspicuous refinement of taste, Ducis makes the Queen the actual perpetrator of the crime. She places beside her husband, who was expecting his allowance of strong waters, the cup which Claudius had drugged for the purpose; in short, to borrow a phrase from the police reports, "hocusses" her husband.

So stand matters at the commencement of the piece, and certainly Ducis cannot hitherto be accused of any slavish adherence to his original. Let us now take a few instances of his improvements on Shakspeare, in the conduct of the play itself.

In the second scene, we are introduced to "Claudius, Gertrude, and Guards." Guards, by-the-by, are the indispensable accompaniments of royalty on the French stage, where the

good old nursery opinion seemed to prevail, that kings and queens always slept with their crowns on. Claudius had come to press his suit to the Queen for an immediate union, and congratulates himself on having found so fit an occasion.

"Voici de jour, Madame, où libre de contrainte,
Mon amour plus hardi peut s'expliquer sans crainte."

"Libre de contrainte,"—with a dozen rank and file listening in the background!

There is no accounting, however, for tastes. Gertrude and Claudius feel so much at their ease with this accompaniment, that they actually discuss the subject of their mutual guilt in their presence.

The first introduction of Hamlet on the scene is considered a great *coup de théâtre* in France; and undoubtedly it has all the merit of originality, and of presenting a strong contrast to the calmness with which he is presented on the stage by Shakspeare. Norceste (Horatio) has just arrived from England. He is stopped by Voltimand, as he is about to enter Hamlet's apartment, with the warning—

"N'avancez pas, seigneur, le prince fureux,
De ses cris effrayans fait retentir les lieux!
Jamais dans ses transports il ne fût plus terrible."

The poor melancholy prince is howling at such a rate, that it is not safe to go near him, and what is worse, these sallies seem to be usual with him. Norceste, however, insists on entering; when—enter Hamlet himself, pursuing the visionary spectre of his father, which has excited all these hideous cries.

"Hamlet. Fuis, spectre épouvantable,
Porte au fond des tombeaux ton aspect redoutable.

Voltimand. Vous l'entendez.

Hamlet. Eh quoi! vous ne le voyez pas.
Il vole sur ma tête, il s'attache à mes pas,
Je me meurs!"

There is something more than usually striking in this image of the buried

* "Empruntait le secours de ces puissans breuvages.
Dont un art bienfaisant montra les avantages."

majesty of Denmark buzzing round his son's head in the manner here described.

The presence of Norceste having forthwith restored Hamlet's composure, the friends enter into conversation. It appears that precisely at the same time that the King of Denmark had been taken off by poison administered by his wife, the King of England had been murdered in bed in London by his son. This very probable coincidence (which Hamlet had learned by a letter from Norceste), instantly flashed conviction on his mind that his own father had not met with fair play.

"Je le vis succombant sous de pareil complots."

His suspicions had been confirmed by the appearance of his father's spirit: but since Voltaire's unsuccessful *début* with his ghost of Ninus parading the stage in broad day amidst an assembled multitude, it had become a dramatic rule in France, that the presence of a real ghost could not be permitted; and that any communications from the world of spirits must be presented under the disguise of a dream; it being always understood, at the same time, that the dream was to embody a coherent conversation between the spectre and the individual whom he might choose confidentially to honour with his communications. Accordingly, Hamlet sees his father twice in a dream—and, strange to say, the firm old warrior, who smote the sledded Polack on the ice, and talks calmly, in Shakspeare, of his return to penal fires, is weeping bitterly.

"Devorant des pleurs
Qu'arrachait de ses yeux l'excès de ses douleurs."

Without pretending to know much of the etiquette of these ghostly conversations, it does appear to us, that a man who found his father's spirit in arms, instead of entering upon the general question of the state of departed souls after death, would come to the point at once, and ask his business. Not so Hamlet, however, in Ducis' version. The first question is,—

"Quel est son sort, lui dis je. Apprends
moi quel tableau
S'offre à l'homme étonné dans ce monde
nouveau?"

It is only after the ghost declines any

answer to this enquiry, that Hamlet thinks of asking what is the purpose of his visit, when the true state of the case is disclosed. He comes to demand vengeance against his murderers.

"Ta mère que l'eut dit, ta mère perfide,
Osa me présenter un poison parricide;
L'infame Claudius du crime instigateur,
Fut de ma mort sur tout le complice et l'auteur."

"Il dit, et disparaît."

Norceste. Un tel discours, sans doute,
A dû troubler votre ame, et je conçois"—

Rather a cool reply this of Norceste considering the nature of the communication. Could not the French dramatic commonplace-book supply even an *Oh, ciel!* or an *Oh, prodige!* after a disclosure of this kind?

But let us see what the ghost demands on his second visit; for the first, it appears, had produced no effect. In Shakspeare, Claudius is to be the sole victim.

"Taint not thy soul, nor let thy mind
contrive

Against thy mother aught: leave her to
heaven."

Ducis' ghost has no such scruples in his vengeance.

"Mon fils, m'a dit ce spectre; es tu donc
insensible?"

Aux douceurs du sommeil ton oeil a pu
ceder,

Et ton père en ces lieux est encore à venger.
Prends un poignard: prends l'urne où ma
cendre repose,

Par les pleurs impuissans suffit il qu'on
l'arrose?

Tire la de sa tombe et courant m'apaiser,
Frappe et fumante encore reviens l'y
poser."

Frappe! with which?—the dagger or the urn? Either, to be sure, would make a tolerable lethal weapon; and as we read the passage, it seems plain, from the connexion of the words, that the latter was intended to be the instrument which Hamlet was to employ. And so, in point of fact, it proves.

Hamlet accordingly proposes to Norceste to take down the urn from its resting-place, and place it in the palace.

"Je veux qu'à chaque instant cette cendre
en ces lieux,
De ses empoisonneurs fatigués au moins les
yeux!"

Shakspeare's device for rousing the guilty conscience of the king, is the unexpected representation before him of a play in which the murder scene in the garden had been exactly copied; and into which Hamlet has contrived to introduce "some dozen or sixteen lines," so as to make the application more pointed. Taken by surprise in this way, we can readily conceive that "guilty creatures sitting at a play" would find it no easy matter to preserve their composure. Ducis' plan is to introduce the subject of the murder of the King of England before Claudius and Gertrude; a matter, be it observed, with which they were both perfectly familiar, and which they had doubtless discussed in all its bearings long before the subject was alluded to by Hamlet. And accordingly, as might be expected, though the Queen is a little shaken, Claudius, a "vieux routier" in such matters, keeps his countenance admirably.

But we feel we are devoting more room to Ducis than the occasion justifies, and must hasten at once to the notable use which is made of the urn.

Ducis had seen an urn figuring on the stage in the *Orestes*, and could not resist the temptation of so fine and classic an instrument of exciting emotion. In his view it seems to have been totally immaterial, that incineration and urn-burial were as totally unknown to the ancient Danes as powder or perukes. The urn must be introduced upon the scene: Gertrude is called upon by her son to attest her innocence of the murder, beside the vase which contains the ashes of the King. Why this device for discovering her guilt should be resorted to, is not obvious; since Hamlet had not only the Ghost's word for it, which in such a case might be taken for a thousand pounds, but the symptoms of confusion which the Queen had shown when subjected to the test which Claudius with more firmness had endured. Accordingly, in the celebrated scene in the last act, of which we observe Villemain speaks with much respect (though he admits it not to be altogether in Shakspeare's manner), Hamlet suddenly producing the urn, which he seems to carry about with him like a pounce-box, addresses his mother—

"Prenez cet urne, et jurez moi sur elle—
'Non, ta mère, mon fils, ne fût point criminelle.'

L'osez vous?—je vous crois.

Gertrude. Donne.

Hamlet. Vous hésitez.

Gertrude. Ah! pardonne, à mes sens encore trop agités.

Hamlet. Attestez maintenant.

[Il lui met l'urne entre les mains.

Gertrude. Eh, bien!—oui—moi—j'atteste—

Je ne puis plus souffrir une objet si funeste.

[Elle tombe sans connoissance sur un fatueuil."

We cannot agree with Hamlet in thinking that the Queen's confusion was any proof of guilt, under the circumstances. If the urn was of lead or cast iron—and surely the ashes of the deceased monarch must, for decency's sake, have been included in some such repository—it could not have weighed less than a hundred-weight; and even if they had been put off with a mere covering of *terra cotta*, the urn, ashes included, could not have weighed less than about fifty pounds avoirdupois. Now, we really think that few ladies, whether guilty of murder or not, would succeed in preserving their composure when a heavy article like this was suddenly left upon their hands; and that most people would be disposed to swear any thing, to get quit of such a disagreeable piece of furniture.

Specimens, quite as extraordinary, of the metamorphoses to which Shakspeare has been subjected at the hand of Ducis, might be selected from the *Macbeth*; but enough has been quoted to show, that with regard to the real character of Shakspeare's Tragic Drama, no more complete mystification could have been played off on the French nation than was performed in these versions of Ducis.

Ducis has endeavoured also to imitate the Greek drama as well as Shakspeare, and has contrived to produce a very successful drama upon a very simple principle. Sophocles had written an *Edipus* at Colonos; Euripides an *Alcestis*; Ducis blends the two subjects in one. From such a union no happy result was to be anticipated; but, as a specimen of the vigour of thought and expression

which Ducis has occasionally thrown into his dialogue, we shall extract the passage in which Œdipus denounces his unnatural son Polyneices, in which the sombre gloom and energy of ha-

tred which it displays, may have been in some degree inspired by that parallel scene in which Lear pronounces his curse upon his daughters.

“ Toi, va t'en scélérat, ou plutôt reste encore,
Pour emporter les vœux d'un vieux, qui l'abhorre.
Je rends grâces à ces mains, qui dans mon desespoir,
M'ont d'avance affranchi de l'horreur de vous voir—
Vers Thebes, sur tes pas, ton camp se précipite,
J'attache à tes drapeaux l'épouvante et la fuite.
Puisse tous ces sept chefs, qui t'ont juré leur foi,
Par un nouveau serment s'armer tous contre toi;
Que la nature entière, à tes regards perfide,
S'éclaire en palissant du feu des Euménides !
Que ce sceptre sanglant que ta main doit saisir,
Au moment de l'atteindre échappe à ton desir !
Toi Eteocle, et toi, privés des funérailles
Puisse vous tous les deux vous ouvrir les entrailles !
De tous les champs Thebains puisses-tu n'acquiescer,
Que l'espace en tombant, que tons corps doit couvrir ;
Et pour comble d'horreur, couché sur la poussière,
Mourir, mais en sujet—et bravé par ton frère !
Adieu ! tu peux partir.”

This is better, we think, than Crebillon, and as good as most passages in the same vein in Voltaire.

We shall imitate the example of M. Villemain, and pass over the names of Champfort, Duclos, Rulhière, and Raynald—men of wit and talent, but merely the creatures of their time, and altogether without originality of mind. Nor does poetry, during this period of decline, offer any thing on which the reader would willingly linger. The school of descriptive poetry, indeed, after its introduction by St Lambert and Delille, found numerous imitators, such as Roucher, whose poem *Les Mois*, has been rather unjustly treated by La Harpe ; and Rosset, who deserves our gratitude, were it merely for a conscientious attempt to banish that eternal mythology in which French pastoral and descriptive poetry had so invariably dealt.

“ Les épis sans Ceres dans les sillons
jaunissent,
Les raisins sans Bacchus sous le pampre
noircissent ;
De Pan et d'Appollon, les fabuleux trou-
peaux,
N'ont point des immortels entendu les
pipeaux.”

But the best of the class of descriptive writers after Delille is Fontanes, whose *Vergers* and *Jour des Morts dans une Campagne* contain some very pleasing passages. Fontanes too, was

not without lyrical inspiration, and some of his compositions in this class, such as his stanzas to Chateaubriand, seem to us to possess more real feeling and elevation than those of J. B. Rousseau.

In the lighter departments of the song and the romance or ballad, the inferiority of the French poetry of this period is less perceptible. Many of the songs of Desaugiers, the predecessor of Beranger, are excellent ; and nothing can be better in its way than Moncrif's ballad of *Alexis* and *Alix*. How pleasing, for instance, the simplicity of these stanzas—

“ Que sert d'avoir bague et dentelle
Pour se parer ?
Ah ! la richesse la plus belle,
Est de s'aimer.

Quand on a commence la vie,
Disant ainsi,
Oui, vous serez, ma mie,
Vous, mon ami.

Quand l'âge augmente encore l'envie
De s'entr'unir
Qu'avec un autre, on nous marie—
Vaut mieux mourir.

Cinq ans, en dépit d'elle même,
Passa les jours
A se reprocher qu'elle l'aime,
L'aimant toujours—

Pour chasser de sa souvenance
L'ami secret ;

Ou se donne tout de souffrance
Pour peu d'effet !

Une si douce fantaisie
Toujours revient ;
En songeant qu'il faut qu'on l'oublie,
On s'en suivient !"

We have now reached the lowest point of decline in the French Literature of the Eighteenth Century ; in our next and concluding article on the subject, we shall witness its partial revival. Upon the productive energies of genius, the excitement of opinion which preceded the actual development of the French Revolution, and even the opening scenes of that tragic drama, pregnant as they were with suspense and deep interest, undoubtedly produced a salutary influence. The sluggish surface of literature, which had begun "to cream and mantle like a standing pool," was healthfully stirred and freshened by the first motions of the breeze which was afterwards to rise into a tempest. As the time drew near when all those theories of political and moral regeneration, which had been brooded over till they had lost their freshness of interest, seemed hurrying to their accomplishment, that enthusiasm which had greeted their original announcement, in a great measure revived. The national mind—buoyed up with hopes of a new era, but agitated also by fear, when reflecting on the hazards with

which the experiment was attended—pausing like Cæsar on the brink of the Rubicon of revolution—resolved like him to pass it, but like him, also, fully aware of the irrevocable step about to be taken—felt itself roused and elevated by the energetic operation of the passions by which it was alternately swayed. The stamp of greater energy and sincerity again became visible on the literature in which these emotions were reflected ; feeling began to speak a warmer language ; the love of nature and simplicity, in some degree to reappear ; and religion, as if conscious that the hour was at hand when her still but solemn accents would be drowned in the roar of civil commotion, seemed to collect her last breath for an earnest farewell. A principle of faith and spirituality is perceived struggling against the old atheistical and sensual philosophy. The opposition to materialism, which had been faintly indicated by Condillæ, is carried out by Bonald and Le Maistre. In romance, a new path is opened by the tenderness of St Pierre's *Paul and Virginia*, and the enthusiastic feeling of the *René* of Chateaubriand ; fresh spirit is imparted to the drama by Beaumarchais and Chenier ; and eloquence awakens from its long slumber, to become at once the predominant power of the time, and to startle assembled senates in the terrible accents of Mirabeau.

THE COSSACKS.

FROM the time when the Russians laid the foundation of their present dominion on the shores of the Black Sea, they have shown themselves constantly solicitous to limit the intercourse between these countries and the rest of Europe to the commerce carried on at the seaport towns, and to place such restrictions even on this mode of communication as might render it almost impracticable to acquire any accurate information on the existing state, resources, and population of these provinces, and the condition of the indigenous tribes by which they are principally inhabited. With this view, the acquisition of the Crimean territory was immediately followed by the organization along its shores of a complicated and tedious system of quarantines, with other vexatious sanitary and fiscal regulations, which, though professedly framed to raise a barrier only between Turkey and her late Tartar dependencies, had in reality the further effect of throwing such impediments in the way of all travellers arriving from Constantinople or the Mediterranean at the ports of the Black Sea, that the few details which we till of late possessed, relative to the Cossack territory and the other southern provinces, were derived almost solely from Clarke and Heber, who reached them by the tedious overland route from St Petersburg and Moscow. The former writer observes, that "even in Reyman's map, published in Berlin in 1802, the territory of the Don Cossacks, Kuban Tartary, and the Crimea, appear only as a forlorn blank: . . . as it is a maxim in Russian policy to maintain the ignorance which prevails in Europe concerning those parts of her dominions. . . . The courses of the Dniester, the Bog, and the Dniepr, as well as the latitude and soundings of the coast near their embouchures, have never been accurately surveyed: the only tolerable charts are preserved by the Russian government, but sedulously secreted from the eyes of Europe."

The topography of the coasts was in some degree elucidated by the valuable plans which Clarke himself, at the imminent hazard of his own safety, procured at Odessa, and deposited in the British Admiralty; but the interior remained unvisited and almost unknown; for so effective had the system of repulsion apparently been rendered, that few, if any, of the crowds of travellers who flocked to Constantinople ventured to extend their researches to the northern shores of the Euxine. The treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, by which the islands at the mouth of the Danube, and the control of the Dardanelles, were surrendered to the Czar, converted the Black Sea into a Russian lake: and the success of the exclusive system would have been complete, had not the circumstances attending the blockade of the Circassian coast, and the piratical seizure of the *Vixen*, given the European world a full insight into the motives which had so long actuated Russia in drawing a preventional cordon around her Black Sea provinces, and shown at the same time how frail a hold she has yet acquired over the numerous warlike tribes, which, during a long course of years, she has subjected either by force or fraud to her sceptre.

The interest excited by these transactions has, during the few last years, drawn the attention of Europe powerfully towards the present position of these regions, and has partially raised the veil with which the jealous caution of Russia had covered them; and the result of this newly roused spirit of enquiry has been, to demonstrate that it is not among the Circassians and Lesghis only that the yoke is detested, though these only have as yet risen in arms to repel it; but that by the Cossack and Tartar races, who constitute the great numerical majority of the population in the southern districts of European Russia, the Muscovites have never ceased to be regarded as strangers and aliens, differing in religion* and manners, and even in lan-

* The greater part of the Cossacks are *Roskolniks*, or heretics, a schismatic sect of the Greek church: the Russians Proper being of the orthodox denomination. The persecution carried on against the *Roskolniks* was formerly so unceasing, that many

guage, from the native inhabitants, among whom the Russian civil and military functionaries are treated as foreigners, and the very term *Moscoshi** used as a byword of contempt and reproach. The introduction of the abominable system of slavery (though in a mitigated form) among the remaining Tartar peasantry of the Krim, soon followed the seizure of that ill-fated country in 1783: and though the numbers, martial habits, and ancient spirit of independence of the Cossacks, have preserved them from the attempt to impose this last and most hateful badge of Russian domination, their old privileges and immunities have been, especially since the commencement of the present century, repeatedly encroached upon and invaded. The ukase of 1837, by which the Cossacks of the Don were, for the first time, made liable to the punishments of perpetual military service and exile to Siberia, filled up the measure of their discontent: disaffection manifested itself so openly in the campaign of last year against the Circassians, by repeated desertions and acts of insubordination, as to render the withdrawal of most of the Cossack regiments from the army of the Caucasus matter of imperative necessity; and at the present moment, as far as can be gathered from the accounts which have escaped the vigilance of the Russian authorities (who are ever on the alert to prevent the dissemination of unfavourable intelligence), the whole of the Cossack country is in a state bordering on open revolt.

Though the achievements of the Cossacks in the late wars made their name familiar throughout Europe, as designating a peculiar and formidable description of irregular cavalry, the fact of their existence from the earliest period as a separate people among the Russians, has been either disregarded or imperfectly understood; and their singular history and institutions are even now almost unknown, although the latter present the only remaining vestige of the popular forms and municipal system which once per-

vaded Russia, and the annihilation of which (as is correctly remarked by Mr Parish†) has been, from the day of the destruction of the republic of Novogorod to the present moment, the aim of the system of centralized despotism by which the country is now governed. But though thus presenting a link between the ancient and modern history of Poland and Russia, and abounding in wild and martial passages which might vie with the chronicles of western border warfare, the annals of the Cossacks have remained unknown to the English reader, except by the scanty notices scattered through the histories of Russia (the projected work of Heber having, unfortunately, remained a mere fragment); and the notoriety into which the Cossacks of the Don have risen during the last half century, has only increased the confusion, by leading the mass of readers to attribute to them the exploits of their western brethren, the Cossacks of the Dniepr and Ukraine, whose name stood conspicuous in the past annals of those regions, ere the Don-Cossacks were heard of beyond their native steppes. A sketch of the past history and present position of these military communities will not be without use and interest at the present moment, not only as elucidating the points above referred to, and showing at how early a period the system of making the *protection* extended to independent tribes a pretext for depriving them of their liberties, found a place in the wily policy of Russia; but also and most especially, as pointing out the real weakness of that power, and the quarter in which she is most assailable, by proving how ill cemented is her union with a people, who have hitherto been considered one of the most formidable weapons in her hands.

The origin of the Cossacks has been traced, by Tooke and other writers, as high as the tenth century of the Christian era, on the supposed authority of the Greek Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, who mentions a country called *Kasachia*, between the Euxine

Cossack tribes who held those tenets quitted Russia for the territories of the Tartar khans; and even in 1806, Heber was assured that they were burdened with a double capitation tax, and not allowed the public exercise of their religion.

* Life of Heber, i. 234.

† Diplomatic History of Greece, p. 49.

and the Caspian, at the foot of the Caucasian range; but this claim of antiquity does not appear to rest on any better grounds than the casual similarity of name; and the traditions of the Cossacks themselves, which would refer their establishment in their present habitations to an even earlier period, are too manifestly irreconcilable with the known facts of history to deserve attention. Rubruquis and Planearpin, who traversed the southern steppes of Russia on their way to the court of the Khan, soon after the Tartar conquest in 1236 by the grandson of Jenghiz, make no mention of them; and, in fact, their *historical* existence cannot be ascertained much before the latter part of the fifteenth century, when the fall and dismemberment of the great Mogul empire of Kaptchak finally emancipated Russia from Tartar bondage, and enabled her to retaliate on the shattered fragments of that once mighty monarchy, the Khanates of Astrakhan, Kasan, and Krim, the long series of oppression and cruelties which for two centuries and a half had marked the domination of the "Golden Horde." At this date the predatory communities of the Cossacks* are first mentioned in Russian history, sheltered in the islets and marshes of the Dniepr, Don, and Volga, and spread over the vast desert plains, which, extending from the frontiers of Podolia to the Caspian, formed a sort of "debatable land," dividing Russia and Poland from the Tartar territories. Their primitive stock, and the derivation of the name, have both been differently stated by various authors: De Guignes conjectures them to have been descendants of the Comanians or *Poloutzi*, who were expelled by the Moguls from their ancient seats in Kaptchak, of which word he considers the title Cossack to be a corruption; but this etymology, improbable on other grounds, is disproved by the prevalence of the same term, in the sense of a light-horseman or plunderer,

throughout India and Eastern Asia, where the ancient Kaptchaks were unknown; and the most satisfactory explanation seems that given to Heber by the Ataman Platof, who derived the name from the form of their swords, *cooss* implying any crooked weapon, as a scythe or sabre.

The separation of the Cossack stock into two great branches, those of the Dniepr and of the Don (from the latter of which the Cossacks of the Volga and Yaik were offshoots), appears to have been almost coeval with their origin; but it is uncertain on which river the earliest settlements were established: they appear to have originally consisted of fugitives from the intolerable oppression of the Moguls, who took refuge in the labyrinths of rocks and islets formed by these mighty rivers, and from these inaccessible retreats pursued the double occupation of fishermen and pirates. The devastating civil wars which preceded the breaking-up of the Khanate of Kaptchak, reinforced their numbers by the accession of Russian, Polish, and even Tartar refugees, till by insensible degrees they overspread the open country, occupying *stanitzas* or villages, defended by abattis of trees and brushwood—and assuming the appearance of a regular military republic, governed by *atamans* and other officers, chosen by open election from their own body, and acknowledging no subjection to any of the surrounding monarchies. Their roving and predatory habits, and martial temperament, pointed them out as the natural antagonists of the Tartars, with whom their difference of religion placed them in a state of perpetual warfare; while the rapid increase of their power and numbers, made both Poland and Russia solicitous for an alliance which might convert these restless communities into a rampart for their frontiers, against the renewed power of the khans of Krim Tartary, who, having since 1474† secured their do-

* One of the brothers of Ahmed, the last Khan of the Golden Horde, is said by De Guignes to have borne the name of *Cosak-Sultan*.

† This Tartar sovereignty remained under the suzeraineté of Turkey for three centuries, during all which period its internal independence remained inviolate, and the succession of the line of Menghli Kherai uninterrupted. In 1774 it was transferred by the treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji to the protecting care of Russia: but in *nine* years from the transfer, the *internal dissensions* of the Tartars gave Catharine II. a

minions by placing them under the potent protection of the Ottoman Porte, began to revive the terrors of the Tartar name by the myriads of wild cavalry which they annually poured forth from their peninsular strongholds. In 1521, Sahhib-Kherai, brother of the reigning Khan, having expelled from Kasan a prince of his own family who had become a vassal of Russia, advanced upon Moscow at the head of a countless host, and compelled the Grand-Prince Basil to purchase his retreat by submission and tribute: but the effects of this invasion were not lasting; and in the subsequent war for the recovery of Kasan, the Cossacks of the Don and Volga are for the first time noticed as sending a regular force into the field, having joined the army of the exiled sovereign, Sheikh-Ali, to the number of ten thousand men, *all infantry*, on the footing of independent auxiliaries. During the continuance of the contest, which terminated in 1554 by the final subjugation of both Kasan and Astrakhan, the Don-Cossacks signalized themselves as partisans on the side of Russia; and, as a recompense for their exertions, the Czar Ivan the Terrible guaranteed to them, by a formal treaty concluded at Tzaritzin in 1549, the exclusive possession of their lands and fisheries on the Don and Volga, free from all imposts or taxes, with full acknowledgment of the independent jurisdiction of the Ataman in all internal affairs, and numerous other immunities and privileges, to be held by the tenure of military service on the frontier against the Tartars. They now became the principal bulwark of Russia in this quarter: and it is to their prowess (aided, however, by a mutiny of the Tartar contingent in the Ottoman force) that contemporary historians ascribe the failure of the remarkable

expedition dispatched in 1569 by Sultan Selim II., the son of Soliman the Magnificent, for the reconquest of Astrakhan, and the construction of a navigable canal, which, by uniting the Don and the Volga, might facilitate the transmission of troops and stores from the Euxine to the Caspian, and thus render Persia assailable on the coasts of her north-western provinces. The prevalent belief in a former union between the waters of the two seas, which is attested by the Turkish annalist Evliya Effendi,* probably suggested the idea of this stupendous undertaking: but its execution was impeded by the superstitious scruples of the Turkish engineers, who urged that the shortness of the midsummer night, in those northern climates, interfered with the due performance of the nightly prayers prescribed to the faithful: the Tartars deserted, and returned to their own country: and the enterprise was finally abandoned on the total defeat, by the Cossacks, of a corps of janizaries detached to occupy Astrakhan. The only acquisition which the Porte derived from this campaign, (the first occasion on which the Turks and Russians came into collision,) was the allegiance of the Nogai Tartars, 30,000 families of whom abandoned their former habitations near Astrakhan, and were located on the plains near the Don, north-east of the Crimean peninsula, as a barrier against the future incursions of the Cossacks: who nevertheless, the following year, emboldened by their recent successes, pushed their frontier down the river to Tcherkask, only forty miles from the Turkish fortress of Azoph, and made that town the residence of their Ataman.

But the power of the Ottomans at that period was too great to be defied with impunity; and the chastisement

pretext for dethroning the Khan, and incorporating his dominions with her own empire—such is the comparative good faith of Russian and Ottoman protection! Moldavia and Wallachia are even now apparently on the point of affording a fresh example.

* "In old times the peninsula of Krim, the plains of Heihat, and the whole country of the Slavonians, were covered with the waters of the Black Sea, which reached as far as the Caspian. Having accompanied the army of Islam-Kherai Khan in his campaign against the Moskov, I myself have passed over the plains of Heihat, and at certain encampments, where it was necessary to dig wells, I found all kinds of marine remains, as the shells of oysters, crabs, cockles, &c., by which it is evident that this great plain was once a part of the Black Sea. Verily, God hath power over every thing!"

of Russia was deputed to the Tartar Khan, Dowlut-Kherai, who, in 1671, burst into the country at the head of a vast undisciplined host of his own subjects, aided by some regular troops and artillery from Constantinople. The Czar Ivan, fully occupied by the Swedes and Poles in Livonia, and distrusting his nobles, whom he had alienated by his cruelties, could offer little resistance to this new invader; and the Khan penetrated, almost without opposition, to Moscow, which was taken by storm, and given up to fire and sword. It may not be uninteresting to transcribe, as a parallel to the descriptions of a similar event in our own times, the quaint narrative of this former conflagration of the Russian capital, given by Fletcher, the ambassador from England in 1688.

"Then you might have seen a lamentable spectacle: besides the huge and mightie flame of the citie all on light fire, the people burning in the houses and streets, but most of all such as laboured to passe out of the gates farthest from the enemy, where meeting together in a mightie throng, and so pressing every man to prevent another, wedged themselves so fast within the gate, and streets neere unto it, as that three ranks walked one upon the other's head, the uppermost treading down those that were lower; so that there perished at that time (as was said) by the fire and the presse, the number of 80,000 people, or more. The *Chrim* having thus fired the citie, and fed his eyes with the sight of it all of a light flame, returned with his armie, and sent to the Russe emperor a knife (as was sayd) to sticke himselfe withall." This, however, was the last grand effort by which the Tartars attempted to assert their ancient preponderance in Russia; for though they continued for more than a century subsequently to lay waste the southern provinces of the empire by frequent inroads, they never again appeared in such force as to threaten the stability of the monarchy, or the safety of the capital.

The Cossack communities on the

Don, in the mean time, increased in numbers and martial renown; and, in 1579, we for the first time find mention of a Cossack corps serving at a distance from their own country with the Russian army in Livonia. But their connexion with Russia proved ineffectual to restrain their propensity for plunder; and their repeated depredations on the caravans traversing their country from Persia and Bokhara, at length drew down on them the wrath of the Czar, who dispatched an army to chastise them; but the principal delinquents made their escape from his vengeance, and passing over into Asia, under the guidance of Yermak, one of their atamans, succeeded, after a long series of conflicts and victories, in reducing the city of Sibir, the capital of a descendant of Jenghiz, who ruled in Siberia, and in annexing these vast and almost unknown regions to the Russian sceptre. This splendid conquest, which was laid by Yermak at the feet of the Czar as an atonement for his former transgressions, occasioned a further division of the Cossack family, great numbers being transplanted from the Volga and Yaik to reinforce the original followers of Yermak, and assist them in retaining the newly subdued tribes in their allegiance: and thus originated the *Siberian Cossacks*,* who, by degrees, overspread the whole country from the Caspian to the Eastern Ocean;† but their subsequent annals afford no materials for history.

While the Eastern Cossacks pursued a career of conquest in the remote regions of Northern Asia, the Cossacks of the Dniepr had become equally renowned for their enterprises, both by sea and land, against more redoubtable antagonists. The fertile plains watered by the Bog and Dniepr, afforded abundant pasturage to their cattle, and the almost inaccessible rocks and islets among the thirteen cataracts of the latter river, were fortified as places of arms or depositories of plunder, and garrisoned by detachments of select youth,‡ termed *Zaporogians* or *Zaporofski*, (a compound

* Many other subordinate denominations of Cossacks, of no historical importance, are enumerated by Tooke and other writers.

† Kamtschatka was not finally subdued till 1701.

‡ No one was admitted among the Zaporogians who had not ascended all the thirteen cataracts in a skiff, according to Beauplan, who gives an amusing account of Cos-

Selavonic term, signifying "beyond the cataracts;") who, like the northern Joms-vikingar of old at the mouth of the Elbe, were bound to observe strict military regulations in their *setsha* or entrenchment, and never to admit a woman within its precincts. As their numbers and security increased, they had extended their settlements beyond the islands and marshes which were their original retreats; and their *stanitzas* or villages, which were secured by a double palisade from the attacks of roaming parties of Tartar cavalry, were scattered over the fertile but then uninhabited district lying south-east of Podolia, and subsequently known as the Polish "*Ukraine*," or border, which, till that period, had remained

"A wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce-seen battlement
On distant heights of some stronghold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man."

From these positions they harassed the Tartars with continual incursions; till, acquiring confidence by success, they ventured, in 1527, to attack, under their Ataman Lanzkaronski, a retreating force of 20,000 Crimean troops, whom they surrounded in the forests, and cut off almost to a man. The reputation which they acquired by this and other achievements against the common enemy, made the Polish kings solicitous to secure the constant co-operation of these indefatigable auxiliaries; and an offensive and defensive treaty was concluded in 1540, between Sigismund I. and the Cossack association, by virtue of which the Atamans (whose independence of the Polish kingdom was expressly recognised) engaged to aid Poland to the utmost of their power in the defence of her frontier against both the Russians and Tartars, in consideration of the cession of the vacant tracts as far as the Dniester;

an agreement which was defined and extended by the Diet in 1562, when the services of the Cossacks were rewarded by an annual subsidy, and an additional grant of territory. By a third compact in 1576, between Stephen Bathori and the Ataman Rosezinski, they acquired the town of Tchernomof for a capital, with the dependent districts, on condition that a certain number should be organized as cavalry; their forces having hitherto consisted solely of irregular bodies of infantry. Under stipulations thus fixed, the Cossacks of the Ukraine continued, for nearly a century after the original treaty with Sigismund, the firmest bulwark of the Polish frontiers; and the Zaporofskis, not content with a defensive warfare, launched their light barks and galleys from the mouth of the Dniepr, in defiance of the Turkish fortresses of Oczakow and Kil-burnu, which guarded on each side the embouchure of the Liman; and, treading in the steps of Igor and Yaroslav, spread pillage and devastation on the coasts of the Black Sea. If they found their retreat to their fastnesses interrupted by a naval force, they placed their boats, according to the Turkish historian Naima, on a sort of drays, and, drawing them overland to a higher part of the stream, launched them again where the intricacies and windings between rocks and shoals, well known to themselves, defied the pursuit of the heavy Turkish galleys. In 1614, they surprised Sinope, which they plundered and burned, "slaying every Musulman who fell in their way, and making their families slaves," (Naima;) and in 1626, during the minority of Sultan Murad IV., they even ventured, during the absence of the capitan-pasha with the fleet, to insult the imperial city of Constantinople. They entered the Bosphorus with 150 boats,† each rowed with two oars on a side, and two men to each oar, and carrying fifty fighting men, armed with

sack manners and institutions in the early part of the 17th century. "Thirteen considerable falls have been reckoned, but it is only in the autumn or winter that they are worth seeing, the high floods of the early summer covering them so completely, that few of the falls are then perceptible; at that season the barks of the Cossacks float safely over the loftiest ledges and the wildest whirlpools."—*Bremner's Excursions in Russia*, ii. 447.

* See Gibbon, ch. 55.

† The Cossack boats were built without keels, for the convenience of river navigation, and were steered at either end indifferently. A representation of them is given in the work of Beauplan.

fire-arms, scimitars, and scythe-blades set straight on staves; and, meeting with no opposition, disembarked their men on each shore of the strait, burning and destroying the villages and palaces, and "causing a general consternation," to use the words of Rycaut, "not unlike that at London when the Dutch entered the river off Chatham." The great chain was drawn across the Bosphorus, and all the vessels fit for service manned and armed in haste to protect the city from a coup-de-main: but the objects of the assailants was rather plunder than glory or conquest; and, after having faced the Ottoman flotilla for a whole day without coming to an engagement, they burned the great light-tower in bravado, and made good their retreat with their booty into the Black Sea under cover of the night, having given Constantinople a more effectual alarm than it had sustained since its dominion had passed from the house of Palæologus to that of Othman.

The impunity of this enterprise gave the Cossacks fresh courage; and four years afterwards their Ataman, with 200 galleys, blockaded the mouth of the Bosphorus, and cut off the supplies of provisions from the capital to such an extent, that proposals of peace were made by the Porte to Poland, on condition that the depredations of the allies of each party, the Cossacks and the Tartars, should be mutually suspended: "for the Cossacks and Tartars were two sorts of people who lived equally on spoils and booty; the first as offensive to the Turk as the latter to the Pole: and, therefore, as it was an equal benefit, so it was an agreement of even terms to counterchange the caution given reciprocally for one and the other," (Rycaut.) But it was not in the power of either Government to control their wild auxiliaries by the terms of a treaty: the negotiation was broken off by the news of an irruption of the Tartars into Podolia; and the Cossacks continued their career of devastation till a formidable armament was sent into the Black Sea under the Capitan-pasha, who defeated the Cossack flotilla, and captured the Ataman with seventy of his galleys. The remainder took refuge at the mouth of

the Kuban river, where, surrounded by an army of Turks and Tartars on land, and blockaded by the Capitan-pasha on the sea-side, they formed a rampart of their boats, and defended themselves desperately for seven days and nights; at the end of which their entrenchments were forced, the defenders put to the sword, and all the galleys carried in triumph, "with the crosses of their flags turned down," to Constantinople.

This victory, the details of which are borrowed from Evliya Effendi, seems to have relieved the Turks from their apprehensions on the side of the Black Sea; and the dissensions which had been for some time rising between the Cossacks and Poles, prevented the former from re-organizing their naval forces. The successors of Stephen Bathori on the Polish throne, had departed from the prudent policy observed by that prince towards the Cossacks, whom they affected to consider, in consequence of the Convention of 1576, as vassals of their crown: their civil and religious liberties were alike outraged by attempts forcibly to substitute the authority of the Papal See for the Greek ritual, and by the encroachments of the neighbouring Polish seigneurs on their possessions in the Ukraine, which, under their occupancy, had been converted from a wilderness into a rich and cultivated province. The arrogance of the Volhynian and Podolian nobles, accustomed to treat as serfs the peasantry on their own domains, was ill suited to the jealous spirit of liberty which animated their Cossack neighbours; and the breach was still further widened by the pertinacious refusal of the Cossacks, to give up to their masters the peasants who took refuge with them, or to conform to the treaties of peace between Poland and the Porte, by discontinuing their incursions on the Turkish and Tartar territories. The execution of one of their chiefs by the Polish authorities, in 1610, in satisfaction of complaints made by the Porte, had nearly occasioned an open rupture; but their services in the wars in which Poland was then engaged against Russia and Sweden,* were too valuable to be dispensed with, and a temporary reconciliation

* Their disregard for the rules of civilized warfare was not confined to their contests with the Tartars; in the war with Gustavus Adolphus, a Cossack party seized Salvius and Horn, the colleagues of Oxenstiern in an embassy to the Diet, in spite of their safe-conduct; and their release was not procured without difficulty.—*Locemus*, viii. 550.

was effected; but the suppression of the Cossack liberties was, from this period, an object never lost sight of by the Poles; and in 1636, taking advantage of the consternation produced by the defeat of the Kuban, they suddenly poured an army into the Ukraine under the Grand-Marshal Koniecpolski, occupied the strongholds, put the Ataman to death, and formally abrogated all the privileges granted by Stephen Bathori.

An instant and general revolt was the consequence of this treacherous procedure; and a tedious war ensued. Those who remained in the Ukraine elected Bogdan Khmielnicki, an exiled Lithuanian noble, and the hereditary enemy of Koniecpolski, for their Ataman, and maintained a sanguinary and mostly successful guerilla warfare; but a band of 6000 abandoned their country, and directed their march to the eastward, with the desperate design of fighting their way across the Caucasus, and offering their services to the Shah of Persia, then at war with the Porte. But on reaching the banks of the Don, they were easily persuaded by the Cossacks of that region to abandon this distant and perilous march, and join them in attacking Azoph, which, ill fortified and feebly garrisoned, fell into the hands of the confederates in the winter of 1637; and from this remote fastness they again infested the coast of Anatolia with their piracies, till the death of Murad IV. and the conclusion of the Persian war left the Turks at leisure, in 1641, to dispatch a force to retake it. The Cossacks, however, nothing daunted, held out gallantly till the approach of winter compelled the besiegers to retire; when, after razing the buildings and fortifications, and choking the harbour, they evacuated the place before the return of the Turks and Tartars, in the ensuing spring, to renew the attack; and effected their retreat into Russia, where the Czar Mikhail Romanof assigned them as a residence the extensive region on the east of the Dniepr, comprised in the modern governments of Kharkof and Voronetz, which, since the expulsion of the Tartars, had remained waste and uninhabited, but now received the name of Slobode Ukraine, or *colonies of the frontier*.

In the mean time, the *servile war* (as the Polish historians* term it) continued to desolate the Ukraine, generally to the advantage of the Cossacks; who, having at length called in the Tartars to their assistance, defeated the Poles in three bloody engagements, and extended their ravages so far into the interior, that the crown jewels were removed from Cracow for security; and in 1648, taking advantage of the interregnum and confusion consequent on the death of Wladislas VII., they advanced to within twenty leagues of Warsaw, and alarmed the Diet of Election there assembled. The newly elected king, John Casimir, (who had been a cardinal previous to his elevation to the throne,) at first refused to head the army against the Cossacks, declaring that he would not be instrumental to the subjugation of a people "who had taken up arms only to maintain themselves in the possession of their ancient privileges and liberties, as became a warlike nation who had voluntarily joined the Poles, not as slaves but allies;"—but the events of the campaign of 1649, (in which, after routing once more the combined forces of the Palatines, the Cossacks invested Leopol and Lublin, and captured Kiow, where Khmielnicki established his headquarters,) compelled him to take the field. The invaders were overthrown in a pitched battle, and Khmielnicki, deserted by the Tartars, who returned to their own country as soon as the prospect of plunder failed, made overtures for an accommodation; and a peace was concluded in August 1649, by which the relations of the Poles and Cossacks were re-established on the ancient footing. But the policy which prompted the King to conciliate rather than exasperate the hardy militia which had so long formed one of the best bulwarks of Poland, was ill appreciated by his turbulent nobles, who now treated the Cossacks as conquered, and renewed their oppressions and spoliations to such an intolerable extent, that in less than a year from the conclusion of peace, the war broke out afresh with increased inveteracy, after a fruitless appeal by the Cossacks to the King, who replied that it was beyond his power to repress the excesses of the nobility. The Cossacks and Tar-

* Pastorius de Bello Casaceico, &c.

tars once more spread pillage and massacre through Poland, blockaded the fortified towns, and laid the open country under contribution. Nearly half of the Polish territory was in their power, when the king, roused by the magnitude of the danger, levied an army of 100,000 men, with which he discomfited, at Bereteskow in Volhynia, in June 1651, a host of Cossacks and Tartars, estimated by the Polish writers at the incredible amount of 300,000 combatants.

The Cossacks were again abandoned by their Tartar allies, who concluded a separate peace; but their spirit of independence and resistance to Poland was still unsubdued, and they determined to appeal for assistance to the Czar, Alexis Inikhailowitz, in whose dominions many of their brethren, driven from their homes by the events of the war, had sought shelter and protection with the Cossack colony lately established in the Slobode-Ukraine. The Czar, intent upon depressing the power of the Poles, for whose crown he had been an unsuccessful candidate at the late election, eagerly accepted the invitation; and, entering Poland with a powerful army, was met on the frontier by Khmielnicki, who, by a formal convention concluded in the Spring of 1654, placed himself and his followers under the supremacy of Russia, and at the same time surrendered to Alexis, as pledges of his sincerity, Kiow, and the other Polish frontier towns of which he was in possession, and which were thus forever severed from the Polish monarchy. The Zaporofskis alone refused to be included in this agreement, maintaining themselves in rugged independence among their inaccessible haunts, and substituting the authority of an Ataman,* chosen from their own body, for that of the chief of the Ukraine, whom they had hitherto obeyed.

The defection of the Cossacks was a severe blow both to the pride and power of Poland; but the republic, distracted by the civil wars of the king and the aristocracy, and overwhelmed by the attacks of the Swedes and Russians, was in no condition to reclaim her revolted allies by force of arms; and, after several years of desultory warfare, the truce of Andrussow was

concluded in 1667, by which the Cossack territory was divided, the eastern part of the Ukraine, with Kiow, and all the former conquests of Poland within the ancient limits of Russia, remaining in the possession of Alexis. But when Russia appeared on the point of uniting under her sway all the various Cossack tribes from the Caspian to the Euxine, a rebellion broke out in an unexpected quarter, which, if the abilities and moderation of the leader had been equal to his courage and popularity, might have terminated in the dismemberment of the Muscovite empire, and the erection of a Cossack kingdom in its southern provinces. The name of this adventurer was Stephen, or Stanko Razin, whose brother had been Ataman of the Don-Cossacks, but had suffered an ignominious death in the campaign of 1665, against the Poles, by order of the Russian commander Dolgoruki, for refusing to keep his men in the camp longer than their stipulated term of service. The disaffection occasioned by this ill-timed act of severity, was appeased for the time by the prudence of the Czar, who appointed Stanko to the dignity which had been held by his brother; but the desire of vengeance remained unextinguished, and in 1669, taking advantage of the popular discontent at the deposition of the patriarch Nikon, who was regarded by the lower orders as a saint, he appeared suddenly in arms at the head of 20,000 Cossacks, disowning his allegiance to Russia, and declaring himself the champion of orthodoxy and liberty. By proclaiming freedom from vassalage to the serfs who should join him, he attracted them to his standard in such numbers, that the Russian governors were unable to make head against them in the field; and he speedily found himself undisputed master of all the open country on the shores of the Caspian, from the Yaik to the Persian frontier, every where giving out, that his aim in taking arms was to free the serfs from the oppression of the boyars, and exercising (in the language of a Russian historian) "worse than Tartar" cruelty on every member of the privileged classes who fell into his hands. A considerable force, accompanied by an armed flotilla on the Volga, was at

* This chief was distinguished as the Koschevoi-Ataman.

length equipped against him by the viceroy of Kasan; but the soldiers, seduced by Cossack emissaries, massacred their officers, and went over in a body to the rebels. The garrisons of Tzaritzin and the other fortified towns on the Volga, followed their example; and Stanko advanced upon Astrakhan, which still held out for the Czar, at the head of a motley host of 200,000 men. The governor Prozorofski prepared for resistance; but his guards were overpowered by a general revolt of the populace, who hurled the viceroy and his family from the lofty tower of the cathedral, and threw open the gates to the Cossacks. Razin entered the city in triumph, and abandoned it to the license of his followers, who involved in indiscriminate pillage and massacre the Russian authorities and wealthier inhabitants, as well as numerous foreign merchants from all parts of Asia, who had been attracted by the great annual fair held on the arrival of the caravans.

The possession of Astrakhan, where he fixed his headquarters, inflamed the ambition of the Cossack leader, who now assumed in his public manifestoes the style and pomp of a sovereign, and sent envoys to the Tartar Khan and the Shah of Persia, inviting them to join him in depressing the power of the Czar. His efforts to procure foreign aid were unsuccessful; and at Ispahan his ambassadors were put to death by Shah Soliman: but his adherents in Russia were augmented daily by the activity of his emissaries, who taught the serfs every where to expect him as their destined deliverer from the yoke under which they groaned: even in Moscow, his partisans were known to be so numerous, that, on his again advancing from Astrakhan into the interior, the Czar prohibited Dolgoruki, who was by this time at the head of an army levied in provinces remote from the scene of revolt, from hazarding a general engagement, lest the loss of a battle might be followed by an insurrection in the capital. But Simbirsk, which Stanko Razin had invested in order to open the road to Kasan, proved the term of his conquests: his disorderly troops were foiled in every

attack by the skill and courage of the governor, Bariatinski: and, in leading them on in person to a final assault, he received a wound which compelled him to retire to Astrakhan, leaving the conduct of the war to his lieutenants, among whom the Russian annalists particularly mention an Amazonian nun, who had quitted her cloister at the beginning of the revolt, and fought, in the habit and arms of a man, at the head of a corps of Cossacks. The Russian generals now ventured to resume the offensive; and the insurgent divisions, deprived of the presence of their redoubted leader, and scattered over a wide extent of country, were rapidly surprised and routed in detail: the Cossack heroine was wounded and captured in one of these partial encounters, and underwent the fate of her prototype, Joan of Arc, being burned alive in the public square of Arsamas by order of Dolgoruki, who tarnished his success by the most savage and unrelenting cruelty. Twelve thousand Cossacks were gibbeted and impaled in the neighbourhood of Arsamas alone; all the other revolted districts were chastised with equal severity, and in Tamboff and Rezan, where the serfs had risen in a body against their lords, 100,000 men are said to have been destroyed, either by the sword or by the hands of the executioner. Thus, without a single decisive encounter, the Cossack army melted away; and the termination of Stanko's career followed closely the ruin of his hopes. Though still in possession of Astrakhan, and at the head of a considerable force, he suffered himself to be deluded by the artifices of a treacherous relative, who assured him of a pardon if he would voluntarily present himself at Moscow, and make his submission to the Czar. But, on his arrival in the capital, he was instantly seized, and, after having been exposed on a scaffold during several days to the view of the people, publicly quartered alive on the Smenskoi-dvor,* meeting his fate with the same ferocious courage which had characterised his life. One of his principal officers, known in Russian history by the uncouth sobriquet of the *Devil's*

* April 1671 De Guignes erroneously places the defeat of the Cossacks in 1678, and the death of Stanko in 1679.

Mustachio, still attempted to hold out Astrakhan, but was poisoned by his own men, who purchased pardon by surrendering the city to the Russians, and the other revolted towns fell without resistance on the death of Stanko.

Such was the catastrophe of this memorable rebellion, which, originating in private revenge, had shaken the Russian throne, and for the first time shown the nobles how easily the abject submission of their enslaved peasants might be inflamed, by the promise of emancipation held out by an artful leader, into a spirit of revolt which could only be repressed by a war of extermination. The barbarities of Dolgoruki, indeed, effectually quenched the spark of liberty for the time; but the example was remembered and followed with fatal effect, a century later, in the rebellion of Pugatchef. A considerable section, however of the Don-Cossacks (headed by Yacolof, who had betrayed Stanko Razin, and now succeeded him as Ataman) had remained throughout faithful to the Czar; and the weight of Russian vengeance, after opposition in arms had ceased, fell rather on the wretched serfs, in whom fury had been succeeded by panic and consternation, than on an armed and warlike race, still capable of defending themselves if driven to desperation. The Cossacks were, however, deprived of a considerable portion of their territory, and brought more immediately under subjection to the Russian crown, by the appointment of procurators to reside in the principal stanitzas; while their numbers were divided by the requisition of Cossack corps to serve as gendarmerie in the interior of the empire; and the equality on which they prided themselves, infringed by the introduction of gradations of military rank. These precautions, and the remembrance of their recent defeat, retained them for a number of years in submission to the Czar.

But an important revolution was on the point of taking place in the political position of their brethren of the Dniepr, the Zaporofskis, and Cossacks of that part of the Ukraine which the peace of Andrussow had left in the power of Poland. They had remained for a short time in a state of sullen tranquillity; till the abdication of John Casimir, and the election of the weak Michael Coribut

as his successor, again called their turbulent spirit into action. The hereditary estates of the new King (the first *Piast*, or native Pole, who had filled the throne for more than three centuries) lay principally in Ukraine and Podolia, exposed to instant devastation in the event of a Cossack war; and the Cossacks, relying on the timidity of Michael and the unsettled state of the monarchy, presented a petition to the Diet, through their Ataman, Doroscensko, in which they demanded that the Ukraines should be released from its dependent position and vassalage to the nobility, and admitted as a new province, with equal rights and suffrages in the Diet, into the Polish confederation; and that the Cossacks themselves, while retaining their ancient privileges and independent jurisdiction, in compensation for their military service on the frontier, should in all other respects be considered as *Poles*. These apparently reasonable demands were instantly and haughtily rejected by the Diet; and the Grand-Marshal, the famous John Sobieski, was dispatched with an army to coerce the Ukraine: but the forces which he was able to levy in the distracted provinces of Poland, were not sufficiently numerous to keep the field against Doroscensko, who, being powerfully supported by the Tartars, not only maintained himself in his own territories, but gradually became master of great part of Podolia. The event of the former war had, however, demonstrated the impracticability of the Cossacks becoming permanently independent of Poland without foreign support; while the increasing weakness and dissension to which that country was a prey, at once impressed upon their chiefs the policy of a separation which might preserve them from being involved in the ruin of a falling monarchy, and secured the impunity of the attempt. A negotiation was accordingly opened, under the mediation of the Tartar Khan, with the Sultan Mohammed IV., the renown of whose military power had been raised to the highest pitch by the late victorious termination of the war in Candia; and, in 1672, the Ataman presented himself in person at the Sublime Porte, and having been invested with the sovereignty of the Ukraine, on the same terms as the principalities of Moldavia

and Wallachia were held by their waiwodes, received from the Sultan the horsetails and robe, as a voluntary vassal of the Ottoman empire.

The immediate consequence of this step was a rupture between the Porte and Poland, which was invaded by the Sultan in person with 100,000 men, besides a countless host of Tartar and Cossack irregulars; a force to which the Poles, whose civil wars were then at their height, were unable to oppose any adequate resistance. So inveterate was the spirit of faction which pervaded the country, that the governor of Kaminiek, who was an adherent of the party opposed to Sobieski, refused to receive the reinforcements and supplies sent him by the Grand-Marshal; and the impregnable fortress under his command, the key of Poland on that side, was obliged to surrender after a siege of a few days. Leopold shared the same fate; and in less than six weeks, the Turks found themselves in undisputed possession of the whole of Podolia. The imbecile King Michael, terrified at the progress of the enemy, (whose light troops ravaged the country up to the walls of Lublin, then the royal residence,) and jealous of Sobieski, hastily concluded a humiliating peace,* by which he acknowledged the Cossacks as subject allies of the Porte, bound himself to pay an annual tribute, and ceded all the recent Turkish conquests in Podolia and Volhynia, with the exception of Leopold. But the Diet refused to ratify the degrading compact; and Mohammed, who had returned to his capital in triumph after delegating to Doroscensko the lieutenancy of his new territories, was informed, on demanding the first instalment of the tribute, that he had only acquired the useless signature of a degraded king. The war recommenced in 1673; but the Turks succeeded in retaining the greater part of their conquests, notwithstanding a severe defeat which they received between Kaminiek and Choczyn from

Sobieski, whose election to the crown of Poland, on the death of Michael, took place the following year. But a new belligerent now appeared on the scene, in the person of the Czar Alexis, who had taken part in the preceding contest as an auxiliary of Poland, by sending the Don-Cossacks to create a diversion by attacking the Krim, and openly declared against the Porte on receiving a requisition to evacuate Kiow and that part of the Ukraine which he possessed in virtue of the treaty of Andrussow, but which the Sultan claimed as an appendage to his recent accession of territory in that quarter. The correspondence between the courts of Moscow and Constantinople on this occasion is curious, and gives a more favourable idea of the courtesy of Ottoman than of Russian diplomacy: the Czar styles the Sultan "a Mohammedan dog, and son of a dog,"—language which the minister of the Porte justly characterises in his reply as "indecent, injurious, and unusual among kings and monarchs"—at the same time expressing astonishment that the Czar, "who was far from holding the first rank among Christian potentates," should venture to apply terms "which might cost him his dominions," to a sovereign so much his superior in power! War forthwith broke out: a numerous Russian army appeared in the Ukraine, and invested the fortress of Czehryn, the residence of Doroscensko; but the Russian troops of that epoch were formidable only by their numbers, and the national hatred entertained against them by the Poles, prevented their receiving any cordial co-operation. The struggle, therefore, though occasionally marked by bloody encounters, was continued several years without producing any decisive alteration, as the Turks contented themselves with defending their conquests; till, in 1676, the dissensions among the Cossacks themselves, who were dissatisfied with the arbitrary authority assumed by Doroscensko, enabled the

* The minuteness with which points of precedence and etiquette were then adjusted, is nowhere more amusingly exemplified than in this and other treaties relative to the Cossacks, where the titles to be borne by the Ataman as a vassal of the "*Cæsarea Majestas Ottomonica*," are specified with ludicrous punctilio. A lengthened correspondence arose from George Khmielnicki, styling himself *Prince* and *Duke* of Malo-Russia, and subscribing himself "*Amicus vester*," in a letter to the King of Poland, a title of equality which, as the Polish Chancellor gravely observes, had never been assumed by the Waiwodes of Moldavia and Wallachia!

Poles to possess themselves of the Western Ukraine; while the Russian general Romanodofski, attacking Czehryn in the absence of the Turkish grand army, made himself master of that important place, capturing in it the person and treasures of the Ataman, who purchased pardon by once more changing his allegiance, and receiving investiture at the hands of the Czar. But these successes of the Russians were displeasing to Sobieski, who, dreading their becoming masters of the whole Ukraine, and anxious moreover to restore tranquillity to his own states, concluded a separate peace at the end of the year, by which the disputed territory underwent a fresh partition; the western part being restored to Poland, while the southern, with Kaminiek and part of Podolia, remained in the possession of the Turks.

The Russians, who had been entirely passed over in this arrangement, exclaimed against it as a perfidious breach of faith on the part of the Poles: and, entering the Ukraine in the depth of winter, reduced the greatest part of the country, with the assistance of Doroscensko's partisans, before the advance of the Turkish army in the following spring under the Grand-Vizir, the famous Kara Mustapha Kioprili, whose career, six years later, was cut short by Sobieski before the walls of Vienna. The Turks were accompanied by George Khmielnicki, son of the former Ataman of that name, who had been confined in the Seven Towers at the instigation of Doroscensko, but on his defection was released by the Sultan, and invested with the dignity of Ataman, in which capacity he now made his appearance to re-establish the Turkish ascendancy in the Ukraine, and was joined by a considerable number of the Cossacks. The open country was speedily overrun by the Turks, but their progress was arrested by the strong ramparts of Czehryn; and after pressing the siege for two months, and losing many of his men in a night attack, Kara Mustapha abandoned his baggage and artillery, and closed the campaign of 1677 by an inglorious retreat across the Danube. But the time was not yet come when the prowess of the Turks was compelled to submit to defeat: their forces re-entered the Ukraine the next year

with augmented numbers and resolution; and, in defiance of all the efforts of Romanodofski to relieve it, Czehryn was taken by storm, and the garrison of 30,000 Russians and Cossacks put to the sword. The main Russian army, struck with panic, abandoned its positions, and retreated in dismay across the frontier, pursued by the Turks, who then, for the first and only time, trode the soil of Russia as conquerors; and the Czar Feodor (who had succeeded Alexis in 1676) hastily assembled troops to oppose the progress of the invaders towards his capital; but the exhausted state of the country, which Romanodofski had wasted in his retreat, had already compelled the Vizir to retire; and on the approach of winter the Russians gradually re-occupied great part of their conquests. But, notwithstanding these successes, the war had become unpopular and burdensome to the Turks, who derived no equivalent advantage for the expense of sending armies into a remote province to contend for the supremacy over fickle vassals against an enemy whose resources were near at hand; and a pacification was finally concluded in 1680-1, by which, in return for some concessions to the Tartar Khan, Czehryn and the other Turkish possessions in the Ukraine were resigned to Russia, and the river Samara made the boundary of the two empires; while Doroscensko, distrusted by all parties alike, sunk into obscurity, and was succeeded as Ataman by Ivan Samuelowitz, a Cossack leader of great reputation and experience. It was not till five years later that the claims of Poland were finally adjusted by a definitive treaty with Russia, which ratified the truce of Andrussow, and acknowledged the sovereignty of the Czar over the whole Ukraine. The whole of the Cossack territory was thus re-united to the Muscovite monarchy, after having been separated from it since the first conquests of the Tartars; and the Cossack annals, from this time, are necessarily incorporated with the history of Russia.

The overthrow of the Turks before Vienna, in 1683, was hailed by all Christendom as the prelude to the downfall of the Ottoman power. Russia joined the league against the Porte in 1685-6, and sent an army of 300,000 men under Prince Basil Gal-

litzin, the favourite of the Regent Sophia, to invade the territories of the Tartar Khan, to which the possession of the Ukraine offered an easy access. The advance of this mighty host through the Nogai steppes encountered no armed opposition; but the country, for the space of two hundred miles, had been swept bare of every thing which could afford subsistence to an enemy; and no sooner had famine compelled Gallitzin to commence his retreat, than his divisions were enveloped and assailed by nomad cavalry, whose arrows, like those of their Parthian forefathers, dealt destruction among the ranks of their exhausted foes. This disastrous expedition cost the Russians 40,000 men,* and nearly all their horses and artillery; but its failure was ascribed by their commanders to the treason of the Cossack Ataman, whom they accused of having maintained, from within the Russian camp, a correspondence with the Khan, and recommended to him the plan of defence which was adopted; and Samuelowitz was summoned to answer the charge before the assembly of his people. The judicial process which followed, is probably the only Cossack deliberative council of which the details have been preserved: the inferior atamans, the *staroshines* or elders, the *polkovniks* or colonels, and the chiefs of the different *stanitzas*, met in the camp on the Samara; the proofs of their leader's alleged delinquency were laid before them; and, after a solemn investigation, Samuelowitz was declared guilty, deprived of the ensigns of his dignity, and given over for punishment to the Russians, by whom he was sent, with his only surviving son, to Siberia; while the vacant office was conferred, by the influence of Gallitzin, on the lieutenant of the fallen chief, the celebrated Mazeppa. The romantic history of this personage has made his name and early adventures too familiarly known to English readers to need recital. From his hatred to the Poles, and the ascendancy which his talents and edu-

cation procured him among the rude chiefs of the Cossacks, he had been, throughout the troubles of the Ukraine, a powerful auxiliary to the Russians, at whose instigation he is accused of having suborned the condemnation of his predecessor;—an act of perfidy which, if justly ascribed to him, was amply avenged by retributive justice in the conclusion of his own career. Under his advice and direction, a second armament was set on foot for the invasion of the Krim in 1689, during the absence of the Khan on the frontiers of Hungary. The whole force of the Cossacks, amounting to 50,000 men, joined the Russians on the border; but though, on this occasion, the invaders succeeded in forcing the defences of the isthmus after a sanguinary conflict with the Nooradin-Sultan,† and penetrated within sight of Perekop, they were amused by the Tartars with negotiations till the failure of their provisions compelled them a second time to retire with loss. The establishment of a line of fortified posts along the Samara, to check the future incursions of the Tartars, was the sole result of those two ill-conducted expeditions, which failed even in obtaining from the Khan the abandonment of the degrading tribute of 60,000 rubles, which he still annually demanded from Russia; but the revolution which took place at Moscow at the end of the year, by transferring the reins of government from Sophia to Peter, speedily gave a fresh impulse to the hitherto unorganized mass of Russian power.

Mazeppa, who had accompanied Gallitzin to Moscow, was an eyewitness of the revolution, and of the disgrace of his patron; but his politic accession to the party of Peter procured him fresh rewards and honours; and, on the conclusion of the advantageous peace of 1699 with the Porte, the Cossacks, who had done distinguished service in the war as Russian partisans, had their privileges anew confirmed and extended, while the cord on of the newly instituted order of St Andrew was conferred on their

* A victory was announced to the populace of Moscow, and the silence of the army secured by bribes;—the system of deception by bulletins seems to have been, even thus early, indigenous in Russia.

† The titles of *Kalga-Sultan*, *Nooradin-Sultan*, *Ak-erman-Sultan*, &c., were attached to the junior branches of the house of Zingis: the reigning sovereign alone bore the title of *Khan*, to which that of *Sultan* was subordinate in the scale of Tartar precedence.

Ataman. The unity of this branch of the Cossack family had been in the mean time restored, by the re-union of the remaining Cossacks of the Polish Ukraine, who, in 1691, migrated in a body over the Dniepr into the Russian dominions: but this prosperity was of short continuance. The plans of reform which Peter had projected for every part of his dominions were carried on with fresh energy at the return of peace, and their operation was not long in extending itself to the Ukraine. An attempt (in 1701) to impose a capitation tax was so vehemently resisted by the Cossacks, who rightly regarded it as the first step to the establishment of slavery, that the scheme was for the time abandoned; but the still more obnoxious proposition of including them in the new military organization, and dividing them into regiments, trained and equipped in the European manner, was pressed with greater pertinacity; and resentment for a brutal threat with which Peter, in one of his habitual fits of intoxication, replied to the remonstrances of Mazeppa, is stated by contemporary historians to have goaded the Ataman to the fatal determination of throwing off the yoke of Russia. But the Cossacks, always restless when not employed in war, were curbed by the constant presence of Russian troops on their frontier; the free communication with their brethren on the Don, which they had hitherto enjoyed through the intermediate Cossack settlements of the Slobode-Ukraine, was purposely intercepted by the location of Russian military colonies in that quarter, ostensibly as a check on the Tartars; and it was not till 1707, when the victories of Charles XII. seemed to threaten the dismemberment of the Muscovite empire, that Mazeppa ventured to attempt the execution of his designs, by opening a correspondence with the Swedish monarch, and also with the Porte. These machinations were detected, and revealed to Peter by two *polkowniks* of the faction adverse to Mazeppa; but such was the confidence still reposed by the Czar in the fidelity of the Ataman, that he delivered these two unfortunate officers, as traitors, to the vengeance of their chief, by whose orders they

were put to death by repeated strokes of a mallet or mace, the ordinary Cossack punishment for sedition. But when, on the advance of Charles towards the Ukraine in the following year, the mask was at length thrown off, Mazeppa was dismayed by finding that none of his followers, excepting his personal adherents and the wild Zaporofskis of the *setscha* (whom he had gained over by largesses) were disposed to brave the wrath of the Czar. Abandoned by the greater part of his troops, he joined the Swedish camp with 7000 Cossacks only,* rather as a fugitive than an ally; while the Russians under Menzikoff, aided by the bulk of the Cossacks, found no difficulty in capturing Bathurin, the stronghold of Mazeppa, whose partisans were every where consigned to the wheel or the gibbet. The events of the succeeding campaign, till the hopes both of Charles and Mazeppa were extinguished on the field of Pul-tava, are matter of general history: 12,000 Cossacks and Zaporofskis perished in the battle and pursuit; but the Ataman escaped to Bender, where he died in 1709, while the sword and the scaffold were busy in completing the destruction of his adherents. The *setscha* of the Zaporofskis, in the islets of the Dniepr, hitherto inviolate by the foot of an enemy, was forced by the Russians, and its inhabitants slaughtered, without distinction of age or sex. Thousands of Cossacks were dragged in chains to the shores of the Baltic, to labour on the canals and other public works; and though a nominal Ataman was appointed in the room of Mazeppa, he was declared subordinate in authority to Menzikoff, who fixed his residence in Bathurin, and assumed the viceroyalty of the Ukraine. A remnant of the Zaporofskis, to the number of 4000, who escaped from the slaughter and captivity of their comrades, took refuge, with their *koschevoi-ataman*, Horodenko, in the territories of the Tartar Khan, who assigned them some lands on the banks of the Kaminka, a river falling into the Dniepr, in the vicinity of their ancient settlements.

The revolt of Mazeppa was in its results a deathblow to the independence of the Ukraine, which thenceforth fell

* This number is stated by Norberg, who was an eyewitness.

irretrievably under the iron yoke of Russia; while, in the territory of the Don-Cossacks, who had remained tranquil since the war of Stanko Razin, similar scenes of blood and devastation arose from an insurrection which broke out nearly at the same time, though apparently without any concert with the disorders in the Ukraine. The details which we possess relative to this outbreak are imperfect. According to the Russian historians, it originated in an attempt by Prince Dolgoruki (the son of the opponent of Stanko) to reclaim the refugee serfs who had sought an asylum in the Cossack villages, to the incredible number, as stated by Lesur, (*Histoire des Kosaques*, vol. ii.) of 30,000 in a single year. The unpopularity of this proceeding, and the hereditary hatred borne to the name of Dolgoruki, excited violent commotions; and the prince was at length surprised and slain, with his guards and suite, in a night attack headed by a Cossack named Bulavin, the chief of a *stanitza*, who, elated by this success, assumed the command of the malecontents, and fruitlessly attempted the surprisal of Azoph, which had been in the possession of Russia since the peace of 1699. But the insurgents were unable to make head against the Russian troops, who poured from all sides into the revolted districts. Bulavin and 20,000 of his partisans perished in the field, or by the hands of the executioner; while 10,000 more sought shelter in Krim Tartary, the usual sanctuary of Russian exiles. Here their descendants remained till the occupation of the Krim by Catharine II., and did good service to the Porte in its wars against their former country.

The sedition of Bulavin, notwithstanding the formidable numbers of his followers, was an unpremeditated popular commotion, in which neither the Ataman nor the more influential chiefs took part; and, from the scanty accounts which have been transmitted to us, it does not appear that the severities which attended its suppression were followed by any material* or per-

manent curtailment of the privileges of the community. The Don-Cossacks, habituated to the sway of Russia, and surrounded on almost every side by Russian provinces, were not objects to the Czar of the same jealous suspicion as their brethren of the Ukraine, whose indomitable spirit of independence had led them to defy successively Poland and the Porte, and the geographical position of whose country, extending along the flank of Russia Proper, enabled them to open a road for an invader into the heart of the empire, whenever an opportunity should be found of throwing off their subjection to the Czar. In order to secure this important province by reducing its inhabitants to the same footing as his other subjects, the designs of Peter, which had been suspended by the Swedish invasion and the revolt of Mazeppa, were resumed and prosecuted with an unrelenting rigour to which the Cossacks, prostrate at the feet of the conqueror, could no longer offer any effectual opposition: their right of internal jurisdiction by their *staroshines* and officers, which had hitherto been religiously respected, was supplanted by the erection at Gloukhoff of a Court of Judicature, administered according to the dilatory forms of Russian law, and from which an appeal lay only to the governor of *Malo*, or *Little Russia*, a name now formally conferred on the country by an imperial edict, in token of its incorporation with the Russian empire.† The titular Ataman was retained constantly at the court of Moscow, as a pledge for the fidelity of his people; and the change in the condition of the Cossacks from allies to subjects of the Russians, was still more distinctly marked by the ceremonial observed at the ratification of the peace of Nys-tadt with Sweden in 1721, when their leaders were compelled to swear allegiance to the Czar in the same terms as the authorities of the other ceded provinces. The ancient independence of the Ukraine was now, both in name and fact, extinct; and on the death, in the following year, of Skoropaski, who

* De Guignes states that the dignity of Ataman was suppressed by Peter; but, in this and other points, he has evidently confused the history of the Don and Ukraine Cossacks.

† Such was the importance attached by Peter to the sovereignty of *Malo-Russia*, that his title of Emperor of *all the Russias* is said to have been assumed with an express view to its assertion.

had borne the title of Ataman ever since the deposition of Mazeppa; the office was suffered to remain vacant. But the Cossacks, though no longer able to vindicate their liberties by force of arms, still retained the spirit of freemen; and an energetic remonstrance was presented at the foot of the throne in 1724, by a deputation from the Ukraine; their various grievances were enumerated and insisted upon; and Peter was boldly reminded, that in infringing the convention by which his predecessor had bound himself to the observance of their privileges and independent jurisdiction, he dissolved the tie which connected the Cossacks with the crown of Russia.* The despotic temperament of the Czar, accustomed to see in his subjects only the blind instruments of his sovereign will, was irritated to fury by this address: the deputies were denounced as rebels, and thrown into the dungeons of Schlussemburg, where a few only survived the hardships of their imprisonment till the accession of Catharine I., who (in obedience as she said to her husband's last commands) released them and restored them to their country. But though Catharine, during her short reign, showed herself well disposed to ameliorate the condition of the Ukraine, the oppressive edicts of Peter still remained in force; and it was not till the fall of their arch-enemy, Menzikoff, in the reign of Peter II., that the Cossacks obtained a partial restoration of their privileges, with liberty to elect an Ataman. Their choice fell on Daniel Apostol, who had been the spokesman of the deputation to Peter I., and was regarded by the Cossacks, from his subsequent sufferings, as a martyr to their cause; and, as the favour extended to them by Peter II. was continued by his successor Anne, the Ukraine presented such a spectacle of returning prosperity, that the remains of the Zaporofskis, who had sought refuge in Krim Tartary after the overthrow of Mazeppa, made overtures of submission in 1733 to the court of Petersburg, on condition of being restored to their former possessions. The *koschevoi-ataman* Orlik, an old follower of Mazeppa, who had succeeded Horodenko, vehemently,

but in vain, opposed all reconciliation with their former foes: the promises and gifts of Russia prevailed: Orlik retired into Turkey, where he became a Moslem and entered the service of the Porte; and the Zaporofskis, after having signalized their zeal for their resumed allegiance by a sanguinary foray into Volhynia, re-occupied in triumph their ancient *setsha* on the Dniepr, and welcomed with discharges of artillery the Russian commissioners appointed to receive their adhesion to the Czarina.

In the war of 1806 with the Porte, the Cossacks of the Ukraine furnished to the Russian army a contingent of 20,000 men, who were mostly organized as irregular cavalry; but their exploits no longer corresponded to their former fame. Deprived since the time of Peter I. of the free exercise of arms, they had lost the habit of using them; and their total inability to withstand the impetuous onset of the Spahis, suggested to the Russian commanders the expedient of arming both the Ukraine and Don Cossacks with the lance, which has since become so formidable in the hands of the latter, as a means of repelling the scimitars of their fiery opponents. The Zaporofskis, on the contrary, who formed a separate corps of 8000 men, distinguished themselves as of old, both by valour and relentless ferocity, which defied the control of the Russian generals. In the wild partisan warfare in the marshes of the Dniepr and the steppes of the isthmus, they recognised both the character and scene of their ancient achievements; and when Munich at length entered as a conqueror the hitherto impregnable capital of the descendants of Zingis, their appetite for blood and plunder was amply glutted by the sack of Perekop. In three successive campaigns, the Tartar territories fell almost wholly into the hands of the Russians; but the losses of their Austrian allies on the side of Hungary arrested them in the career of triumph, and Anne was reluctantly compelled to acquiesce in the treaty of Belgrade (1793), which restored all her conquests except the dismantled fortress of Azoph.

The forms of the ancient Cossack constitution had been partially restored

* Lesur, ii. 151. Scherer, ii. 206.

by Peter II., but the virtual authority still remained in the hands of the Russian governors; and the Ataman, though he marched at the head of his people in war, was allowed the exercise of but few of his former prerogatives. The remaining immunities of the Ukraine was silently and gradually undermined; but the administration was generally mild and equitable; and the Cossacks, to whom the remembrance of their past liberties was now but a phantom of bygone days, learned by degrees to acquiesce in a sway which it was hopeless to resist. The Supreme Court at Gloukhoff, which had been abolished by Peter II., was re-established in the last year of Anne, under the new title of "College of Regency of the Ukraine," and invested with the functions not only of judicature, but of government, its decisions being subject only to the senate at Petersburg. And when, in the succeeding reign of Elizabeth, the dignity of Ataman was virtually abolished by being conferred as a post of emolument on Kyrillus Razumofski, the brother of the Empress's favourite, without even the form of an election, the Cossacks saw this last vestige of their independence vanish, without any attempt at resistance or remonstrance. They still, however, continued to serve under their own officers only in the Russian armies; and a division of 12,000, which joined the army of Marshal Apraxin in the Seven Years' War, made their name terribly known throughout Germany by the devastations which they committed in Prussia, where the royal poet Frederic has commemorated their descent on the country—

"Comme un vaste et sombre nuage
Renferme en ses flancs tenebreux
La grêle, la flamme, et l'orage—"

But these barbarities were severely avenged; for during the whole war the Cossacks were treated by the German troops as savage marauders, and never admitted to quarter; and at the defeat of Zorndorf, nearly their whole number fell under the sabres of the Prussian hussars.

Soon after the accession of Catharine II., Razumofski was deprived of the titular dignity of Ataman, the revenues annexed to which amounted to 100,000

rubles annually; the empress herself for some time assumed the title, till it was merged in that of Ataman-General of all the Cossacks, which she conferred on her favourite Potemkin. The slender remains of the Cossack privileges in the Ukraine, were now destined speedily to disappear. On the promulgation of the project for a new general code in 1767, all their internal jurisdictions were summarily abolished by an imperial edict, and included under the new regulations of the empire. A capitation and hearth tax was levied; and the deputies who appeared at St Petersburg to exclaim against these arbitrary measures, were thrown into prison, and are supposed to have died in confinement. A few years later, the annihilation of this branch of the Cossacks as a separate community, was completed by a decree which declared the peasants attached to the soil,* and enabled the Russian nobles to possess estates in the Ukraine: even the distinction of territory was obliterated in 1776 by the new general division of Russia into viceroyalties. Six thousand migrated into Poland during these changes; but the remainder submitted in silence, and became, as Heber describes them at the commencement of the present century, "in all respects *bonâ fide* Russians, but still preserving their language and dress, and very proud of their Cossack descent."

But the indomitable Zaporofskis were not so easily reduced to obedience: and their smouldering discontent, which various causes had contributed to excite, burst into a flame at the attempt to coerce their savage freedom within the bounds of legislative enactments. By the treaty of Belgrade, it had been stipulated that the extensive plains between the Dniepr and the Seimka should be left desert and abandoned, as a boundary between the two empires: but this neutral ground was speedily encroached upon by the Russians, who aimed at extending to the western frontier of the Khan's dominions, by the occupation of this fertile delta, the line of circumvallation which the possession of Azoph had at length rendered complete on the east. The reclamations of the Tartars produced no ef-

* Lesur.

fect: and the supine court of Constantinople, buried in a thirty years' peace, (unexampled for duration in the Ottoman annals,) saw with indifference the communication with its vassal kingdom gradually intercepted: towns, villages, and military posts, rapidly sprung up; while settlers were invited from Germany, Switzerland, and even Scotland, to aid in the colonization of the rising province of *New Servia*, as this hitherto nameless district began to be called. In the efforts made by the Tartars to check the progress of the new colony, they received zealous assistance from the Zaporofskis, who claimed the territory as pasture-land for their herds, and were unwilling, like the red Indians of North America, to have their fortresses approached too nearly by the haunts of civilisation. The settlers, harassed by the inroads of their wild neighbours, at length applied to Petersburg for protection: and some regiments of cavalry were located as military colonies in the most exposed quarters, where an irregular warfare was carried on to such an extent, that the Zaporofskis were on the point of being denounced as open rebels, when the promulgation of the new code brought their disaffection to a climax. They unani- mously refused compliance: and when, in the following year (1768,) war at length broke out between Russia and the Porte, they not only withheld their appointed contingent, but many deserted to the Turks on their advance towards New Servia, in order to wreak their vengeance on those whom they considered as the usurpers of their soil. The Tartar Khan, Krim-Kherai, who was appointed generalissimo of the Ottoman forces, by a daring and unexpected manœuvre crossed the Dniestr on the ice in the depth of winter: and the wretched inhabitants of New Servia were exposed without defence to a torrent of desolation, which (if credit is to be

given to the narrative of De Tott) rivalled in merciless atrocity the deeds of the early followers of Zingis. But the death of Krim-Kherai, who was poisoned through the jealousy of the Grand-Vizir, speedily changed the fortune of the war: and when its triumphant conclusion, by the peace of Kutchuk-Kainardji in 1774, left the Russians at liberty to regulate the affairs of their own frontier, the contumacy and rebellion of the Zaporofskis were not long in meeting with due punishment. The *setsha* was surrounded by a cordon of troops, and its inhabitants, excepting a portion who escaped into Tartary, made prisoners: a few only were allowed to retain their lands on condition of submitting to the new ordinances, but the majority were either draughted into Russian regiments, or exiled to distant parts of the empire: the vacant lands being assigned to Russian proprietors, and colonized by peasants forcibly transplanted for the purpose, from Podolia and Volhynia: while the new town of Kherson became the emporium of Russian commerce in the Mediterranean, till superseded twenty years later by the erection of Odessa.* With their expulsion from their ancient haunts the *name* of the Zaporofskis ceased to exist:† but a portion of the same race, under a new appellation, have continued to the present day. These derive their origin from the refugees who fled into the Krim on the destruction of the *setsha*, and who earned their pardon from the Russians, in the struggle which preceded the final annexation of that country to the Muscovite empire, by turning their arms against the nation which had sheltered them. This last act of treachery was rewarded by Potemkin with an establishment on the territory between the Don and the Kuban, which the Kuban Tartars had deserted‡ on its seizure by Russia: and there, under the title of Tchernoo-

* It should be remarked, that the name of this modern city is correctly *New Odessa*; while *Varna* is marked in the Russian maps by its classical name of *Old Odessa*;—a tolerably significant hint to its present possessors!

† A paragraph appeared in some English papers shortly after the passage of the Pruth, by the Russians in 1828, stating that the Zaporofskis had just tendered their voluntary allegiance to the Russian empire, and that their Ataman, late a pasha of two tails, had held the helm of the barge in which Nicholas crossed the Pruth! This extraordinary blunder passed, however, uncontradicted.

‡ Three-fourths of the Tartars expatriated themselves after the treaty of Kainardji

morski or Black-Sea Cossacks, their descendants still remain, carrying on an incessant border warfare with the Circassians. They elect their Ataman, subject to the governor of Ekatarinoslaf: they are allowed free fishery in the sea of Azoph, and the still more valued privilege of making and selling brandy free from duty. Their numbers are estimated at about 15,000 effective men; and, in conjunction with the *Cossacks of the Terek* (a branch of the Donski), they serve in the frontier cordon on the line between the Black and Caspian Seas.

The history of both the branches of the Cossacks on the Dneipr may now be considered at a close, one of them being reduced to insignificance, and the other melted into the general mass of the Russian population; but, before we recur to the changes effected in the condition of the Don-Cossacks, it is necessary briefly to advert to the famous rebellion of Pugatchef; an event which, though removed by its magnitude and importance beyond the scope of merely *Cossack* history, demands some notice in this place, from both the leader and his original, partisans having been of the Cossack nation. In our introductory remarks, allusion was made to the prevalence among the Cossacks of the *roskolnik* or schismatical tenets, and the persecution to which these sectaries had frequently been subjected by the Russian sovereigns. As early as the reign of Peter I., a large body of them had migrated into the Tartar territories rather than shave their beards, to the preservation of which they attached peculiar importance; from their patron saint, St Ignatius, they were known among the Tartars as *Inat* Cossacks, under which name they are mentioned by De Tott in 1768, as forming part of Krim-Kherai's army. A similar attempt in 1771, to deprive of these cherished appendages, and subject to regular military discipline, the Cossacks of the Yaik (a wild race deriving their origin from those of the Don, and professing almost universally the *roskolnik* heresy), led to a sedition in their capital of Yaikskoi, in which both their own Ataman and the Russian commissioner lost their lives, in

endeavouring to restore order; but the advance of a Russian corps speedily induced the appearance of submission, and the town was retaken from the insurgents.

The germs of disaffection, however, remained; and when, two years later, the daring adventurer Yemedyan Pugatchef, a Don-Cossack by birth and a *roskolnik* by religion, made his appearance near Yaikskoi, and assumed the name of the deceased Czar Peter III., the Cossacks of the Yaik became his first, as they continued to the last his firmest, supporters and followers. The extraordinary career of this impostor, who was at one time master of the whole country between the Ural and the Volga—his repeated victories over Russian generals, and his final betrayal and execution at Moscow—remind the reader of the exploits of Stanko Razin, whom Pugatchef resembled also in the success with which he allured the serfs to his standard, by promising the abolition of slavery, and by the cruelties which he exercised on all the nobles who fell into his hands. But the details of the war, which cost in its progress and suppression the lives of 300,000 persons, belong rather to the general history of Russia than of the Cossacks, whom it only affected by its origin among a remote and obscure branch of their body. On the extinction of the revolt, the Cossacks of Yaik suffered severe punishment: and, in order to mark their treason by a perpetual stigma, Catharine abolished the name of Yaik by an imperial edict, and substituted that of Cossacks of the Ural, by which they have been since known.

The final abolition of the privileges of the Ukraine, must have prepared the Don-Cossacks for a similar invasion of their own rights; but their formidable and still unbroken numbers made the experiment too hazardous to be risked, at a juncture when all the forces of the empire were required for the execution of the ambitious projects of Catharine: and the capricious favour of Potemkin, who saw and appreciated their value as irregular troops, was a farther safeguard to their remaining immunities. Important

—in 1769, the peninsula alone furnished 40,000 cavalry—in 1782, only 450 houses in Kaffa were inhabited. Most of them fled to Turkey: but many to Circassia and other parts of the Caucasus.

changes were, however, made in their internal organization: their troops, which had hitherto appeared in the field in separate *stanitzas*, each headed by its own chief, were formed into regular regiments of the guard and the line, under officers appointed and commissioned by the crown: a fixed period of military service was rendered obligatory on each Cossack as the tenure of his lands and fisheries: and the authority of the Ataman was circumscribed by the establishment at Teherkask of a Russian chancery under a procurator-general, to which was transferred the control of the allotment of lands, and the revision of judicial sentences. But while the spirit of their government was thus silently undergoing a transformation, nothing was neglected which could foster and inflame their military spirit, and convert them from the turbulent allies into the zealous and obedient soldiers of Russia.—Honours and rewards were liberally showered on their leaders; and Souvaroff, to whose ferocious courage and contempt for modern tactical science in war, their undisciplined bravery was peculiarly congenial, treated them with eminent distinction, and employed them as his chosen troops on all occasions of peril. In the sieges of Ocza-kow and Ismail, columns of dismounted Cossacks were combined with the regular battalions in the assault; but their want of discipline made them inefficient when acting in concert with the other troops: and the total destruction at Ismail of a corps of 5000 Cossacks, whom their headlong valour had carried into a situation whence it was impossible to rescue them, prevented the experiment ever being repeated. But as light cavalry in the field, or in protecting the flanks and outposts of an army, the Cossacks continued to be unrivalled; and their eminent services in this capacity, through the various campaigns of the French revolutionary wars, spread the renown of their powers throughout Europe. Their peculiar mode of fighting, though not materially differing from that of Oriental cavalry in general, has been described by Scott in language so vivid and picturesque, that we cannot refrain from quoting it in this place:—"Instead of acting in a line, a body of Cossacks about to charge disperse at the word of command, very much in the manner

of a fan suddenly flung open, and, joining in a loud yell or *hourra*, rush, each acting individually, upon the object of attack, whether infantry, cavalry, or artillery; to all of which they have been in this wild way of fighting formidable assailants." . . . "In covering the retreat of their own army, their velocity, activity, and courage, render pursuit by the enemy's cavalry peculiarly dangerous; and in pursuing a flying enemy their qualities are still more redoubtable. In the campaign of 1806-7, the Cossacks took the field in great numbers under their celebrated Ataman Platof, who, himself a Cossack, knew their peculiar capacity for warfare, and raised their fame to a pitch which it had not attained in former European wars."

The military history of the Cossacks may here be closed; but the political changes which were effected during this period in their constitution, demand attention as containing the seeds of the present disaffection. The appointment of Platof to the dignity of Ataman in 1796, by the sole power of the crown, had abolished the ancient right of election; but the popularity of the new chief reconciled the Cossacks to the change; and the powers of the Ataman, which, according to Heber, had extended even to causing men to be summarily bound hand and foot and thrown into the Don, were restricted henceforward to military matters. Paul, whose wish was to obliterate, as far as lay in his power, all that his mother had done, at first declared his intention of restoring the ancient privileges of the Don-Cossacks in their pristine vigour; but his fickle and wayward temper prevented the realization of any of his promises; and an imperial edict, which assimilated the commissions of the Cossack officers to those in the Russian army, and conferred nobility on the children of those who had the military rank of colonel, excited great discontent, and was exclaimed against as introducing a new aristocracy, to the subversion of the old democratic institutions of the nation. The military spirit of a government, where formerly all were equal, or had only a temporary but absolute power when elected officers, was obviously violated by the creation of this privileged class, the numbers of which continually increased: and the partiality

shown to them in the allotment of lands, and appointment to commissions, (which were conferred even on children in the cradle,) widened the breach between the new nobles and the common Cossacks, and excited jealousy against the former, as the partisans and creatures of the Russians. On the death of Platof, the dignity of Ataman ceased to exist as a local title, and was reserved by the crown till the present emperor conferred it on his son, the heir-apparent: the routine duties of the office were, in the mean time, performed by an officer styled *nakazni-ataman*, or vice-ataman, whose residence was fixed at Tcherkask; but the limited power possessed by this functionary, and the insignificance into which the *staroshines*, and other local authorities, had by this time sunk, left the real administration in the hands of the procurator-general at Tcherkask, and the council of war at Petersburg, and deprived the Cossacks of the channels through which their complaints had hitherto reached the ear of the sovereign. The continued alienation of lands from the common territory in favour of the new nobles, and even of Russians, was viewed with discontent and suspicion by the commonalty, who anticipated the introduction of compulsory labour as the inevitable consequence of these appropriations: and an attempt, shortly after the accession of the present Emperor, to introduce the payment of customs on some of the articles which they had hitherto received duty-free, was met by such violent reclamations, that it was found necessary to abandon the project before the commencement of the last Turkish war. The severe and harassing warfare against the Circassians, and the neglect to withdraw several Cossack regiments from this unpopular service at the end of their stipulated period of duty, excited murmurs and discontent, which the imprudent ukases of 1837, and the attempt to coerce the disaffected corps by severity, have inflamed into the present spirit of resistance; and though the rigid surveillance which has been exercised, to prevent the transactions in the interior of Russia from being divulged beyond the frontier, has rendered the accounts which have hither-

to transpired vague and imperfect, their uniform tenor sufficiently proves, that the love of freedom which in by-gone days animated the Cossacks against the Tartars, is not yet extinct, and that any attempt to narrow still further the already restricted circle of their liberties, must produce a convulsion which would seriously affect the stability of Russian sway in her south-eastern acquisitions.

The vulnerability of Russia on the side of the Black Sea, in the event of her engaging in war with a maritime power, has been long felt by herself, and can now be no longer concealed from the eyes of Europe. When Alexander spoke of the Dardanelles as "the key of my house," he used the phrase in the full consciousness of the danger to his empire which must follow the passage, by a hostile power, of that important barrier; and in our hands especially, if the energies of England were wielded by men of a different stamp from those who now direct them, the knowledge of Russian weakness in this quarter might be converted into a better security than we now possess for the pacific policy of the Czar, from the ease with which a revolt might be excited and maintained among the tribes which cover his southern frontier from the Dniepr to Ghilan, all more or less oppressed and discontented, some but recently subdued, and some still maintaining, against fearful odds, the struggle for freedom. Little cohesion, beyond that which results from a uniform system of military occupation, exists among the various races which have been brought within the geographical boundaries of the Russian empire since the time of Peter the Great: and, in regarding the present protracted war in Circassia simply as the gallant but isolated resistance of a warlike nation against the power of Russia, the European public has erroneously estimated the importance of the contest. It is not the prowess of a single people which Russia has encountered on the heights of the Caucasus, but the accumulated hatred of the wrecks of tribes and nations once independent, which have turned to bay in the fastnesses of this ancient barrier* against northern irruption. Many thousands

* The Persians term the Caucasus *Seddi-Iskender*, "the barrier of Alexander:"—from the mythological traditions of the East, which attribute to him the erection of

of the Tartars, Kabardions, and Lesghis, driven from their ancient seats by the advance of Russian conquest, have sought a last refuge in the inaccessible mountains of Circassia, and become amalgamated with the Circassian people: the last descendants of Zingis, the race of the dethroned Kherais of the Krim, are at their head: and aid is secretly afforded to their co-religionists by the neighbouring Moslem tribes in the Russian dominions, to an extent which the severe punishment consequent on detection has been unable to check. The success of the Caucasian mountaineers, and the present disaffection of the Cossacks, may be hailed as the first signs of reflux in the tide of aggression which Russia has for more than a century been steadily carrying forward: and, when we remember the eagerness with which the Cossacks of Poltava and the Ukraine, on the invasion of Russia by Napoleon,* held themselves in readiness to welcome the French as deliverers, we may estimate the probable effect which might be produced if Great Britain, following the example set by her professed ally in the late case of Herat, should retaliate by sending her Mediterranean fleet into the Black Sea, and thus demonstrating to the tribes on its shores that the power of the "Padishah of the Sea" (as the Circassians term the British sovereign) is less exaggerated, and less kept in check by Russia, than the Russians have constantly endeavoured to represent it.†

The country occupied by the Don-

Cossacks extends about 350 versts in length on both sides of the Don, and about 300 in extreme width, containing 3611 geographic square miles: it contains 119 stanitzas, varying from 50 to 300 houses; each stanitzza is still surrounded by a rampart and ditch, but the *khutor* or stable is outside. The male population is supposed to be about half a million, of whom 200,000 are able to bear arms, and have each consequently an allotment of lands and fisheries; the officers have double and treble shares. Every Cossack is liable to be called upon to serve three years in any part of the world, mounted, equipped, and armed at his own expense, but receiving pay when on actual service. After three years' service he is liable to service only in the frontier cordon, the police, &c.: after twenty years he serves in the home police only, and after twenty-five years he is free entirely. The Cossacks are mostly in easy circumstances, and are exempt from most taxes, particularly the salt and capitation taxes; most of them possess three or four horses, and many have studs of upwards of 1000: their country, with the Ukraine and the neighbouring cavalry colonies, supplies nearly all Russia with horses. Bremner says, that "with the exception of the cavalry of the guard stationed at Petersburg, and the long-necked pets of some Cossack policemen, scarcely a single mounted soldier is seen by the traveller till he reach the southern districts. There are 45,000 cavalry in Little Russia alone."‡

this mighty chain of mountains, as a curb upon *Hejaj and Mejaj*, or *Gog and Magog*: the barbarous tribes of the North.

* Bremner's Russia, ii. 405.

† The present force of the Cossacks is estimated by Mr Bremner on the (authority of Schnitzler and others) at 101,760 men, divided into 164 regiments. Of these the Don-Cossacks supply 70 regiments of the line, and 19 of the guards; the Tchernomorskis 21 of the line, and one of the guards; the Siberian Cossacks 30 of the line; the Cossacks of the Ukraine 18 of the line, (organized in 1831 as a partial revival of this branch, under the title of Cossacks of Little Russia;) the remaining five regiments are supplied by the Cossacks of the Ural, Terek, and Volga. Each *polk* or regiment is divided into ten *sotnikas* or troops; its staff consisting of a *polkovnik* (colonel), *yessawul* (major), and a standard-bearer.

‡ Bremner's Russia, ii. 381.

SONG-WRITING.

MOORE.

How many, we would ask, of the poets of the present day, have proposed to themselves any model of exalted beauty, to which, in their works, they have longed and laboured to conform; any radiant image of the first fair, finished and faultless in all its parts and proportions, that has robbed them of their rest, and haunted them in their dreams, still attracting them to a nearer contemplation of its excellence, and animating them to some effort by which they might gratify in themselves, and in some degree communicate to others, the love and delight with which it has filled their souls? How many of them even have dwelt with humbler admiration on the reflection of that primary excellence presented in the compositions of time-honoured genius, and have attempted to produce on their own age and country, and with themes of their own choice, analogous if not similar effects to those which have for ever embalmed the memory and influence of their classic prototypes? How many of our poets have asked of themselves with a heartfelt and assiduous importunity—

“What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?”

How many have answered the enquiry by the exclamation—

“Hence all the flattering vanities that lay
Nets of roses in my way;
Hence, the desire of honours and estate,
And all that is not above fate!”

How many again have been actuated by the still nobler feeling, that the gift of poetry was bestowed upon them as a divine instrument for doing good, as much as for imparting pleasure, to their species, and that of this talent, as of every other, the God who gave it would demand a strict account?

But a few, we suspect, of those who have in our day desired or attained a poetical reputation, could lay claim to feelings or motives such as we have described. Yet, without some of these sources of inspiration, and, perhaps, more particularly without the highest and rarest that we have named, we do

not believe that genuine poetical excellence, or lasting poetical fame, can possibly be achieved.

We know not the precise nature of the devotional sentiment that prompted the Pagan poet when he said—

“Me vero primum dulces ante omnia
Musæ,
QUARUM SACRA FERO, ingenti percussus
amore,
Accipiant.”

But the sentiment, however shadowy, that he was the servant and priest of the virgin daughters of Jove, must, amidst all the errors of heathenism, have supported the sweetest and state-liest of poets in his noble aspirations after piety and wisdom—after the beautiful and the good. In the days of Christianity the poetical office is not less than ever a sacred ministry; and poets are an anointed priesthood, who have still holier and higher truths to proclaim, and feelings to infuse, than even the imagination that led Æneas into Hades could conjecture or comprehend. While living in a clearer light, and under a purer dispensation, it is still to us a virtual truth, that poetry is a virgin daughter of heaven, whose service can only be well and worthily performed by those who remember the sacredness of her origin, and the benevolence of her errand to the earth.

We are not about to enter on any denunciation of those who have perverted poetry to purposes or propensities of an unworthy nature, and have attempted to lend a new or an additional impulse to self-indulgence, by those graces and embellishments which were intended to adorn the awful form of virtue, and render her features more familiar and more attractive. We are not disposed to think that the influence of such writers is so extensively or so enduringly pernicious, as might at first be thought. We, indeed, consider that it is idle and unjust to declaim in this respect against the perversions of genius, or to exhort the true poet to employ his powers on such objects only as are glorious to himself, and profitable to his species.

We doubt whether genius can exist at all, at least genius of a high class, without carrying in its own constitution a practical security against error and vice. There can be no great genius without an ardent longing, and an inextinguishable preference, for what is truly beautiful: and no highly endowed spirit can fail to see almost intuitively that virtue is beauty, and vice deformity. All the better parts of our nature—all the nobler views of our destiny—must have a charm in the eyes of the true poet which never can adorn their opposites. They must be more delightful as objects of contemplation—more inspiring and more satisfying as subjects of representation and development. If we could conceive a painter, with an exquisite sense of form and colouring, who yet preferred to delineate the lifeless desert or the sickly swamp, before the fertile valley or the heaven-kissing hill; or whose human figures more readily exhibited the loathsomeness of disease and decay, than the purple light of health and happiness—we should imagine an anomaly something akin to that of a great poet, whose sensibility and enthusiasm were yet content to dwell on themes of frivolity and folly, to the exclusion of what was truly noble and touching in human character.

It is not our object here to enquire, in connexion with this view, in what manner some of the greatest poets have been led to devote a part of their powers to subjects of levity and license. Perhaps, in reference to the age and people whom they addressed, even this lowering of their tone was necessary or serviceable to the perfect success of their mighty mission. The greatest poets, we are inclined to think, ought to embody in themselves the image both of the real and of the ideal world, to enable them the more effectually to convert the sensual vulgarities of the one into the spiritual sublimities of the other. Not without a profound and important meaning of this nature, is the glorious description of his own power by the noblest and wisest of his brotherhood:—

“The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from
earth to heaven.”

Heaven must be the first object of its contemplation; but on the earth too, and on all objects of earthly inte-

rest, its glance must rest, till from this meaner world it is able to raise and refine its earthly disciples to an aptness for that region from which its power is derived, and in which its purposes terminate. The ribald or the rustic, who should be allured, by the merriment of Shakspeare’s buffoons or of Chaucer’s churls, to obtain even a glimpse of those exquisite revelations of purity and goodness to which these blemishes seem so strangely united, would prove to us the magic efficacy of those master-minds, who, from their universal sympathies, even with the failings of their species, were able, by winning their confidence, to promote their amendment more quickly and more completely than a more rigid and repulsive instructor could have done.

But the apparent anomaly we have glanced at is no exception to our proposition—that genius is essentially pure. No great poet ever attempted to embellish error or vice with the charms of poetry, or to practise those deceptions in morality which are alone dangerous. A great poet is as incapable of deceiving others by specious vices or false combinations, as he is of being himself deceived by them. The wand of true genius is an Ithuriel’s spear:—

“No falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness.”

When we are told, then, of any who waste their genius upon unworthy subjects, we are inclined to conclude that they are not in reality possessed of that genius which they are accused of degrading. We infer that they are destitute of those powers and faculties which would enable them to contemplate and to create what was beautiful and pure, and would necessarily secure their affections from wandering to objects of moral aversion.

In like manner, we are in general inclined to think that where genius exists, it must be accompanied by the power, and must feel the necessity, of giving a high finish in language and imagery to all its works. The love of the beautiful combined with the creative faculty, cannot fail to produce in comparative perfection the object that it loves and labours to realize. The powers of thought and of expression were never known to be separated in the authors of classical antiquity;

and in like manner, in our own nation, the two faculties have always gone hand in hand. The genius of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, is not more exhibited in the greatness of their conceptions, than in the unimprovable felicity and beauty of their diction. Here, again, we are inclined to say, that slovenliness, or poverty of language, is not to be regarded as a result merely of carelessness, but as an indication of the absence of high genius.

It may be thought, that the remarks we are making are pitched on a key a great deal too high for the humble subject by which they have been suggested. But we cannot allow it to be said, that lyrical composition is to be measured by any different or lower rule than that which applies to other poetry. There is the same occasion and the same necessity for exhibiting genius in its true character in a few simple verses of a song, as in a much longer or more ambitious poem: and there are the same grounds for condemning in this department any attempt at poetry, which has not the pure and noble characteristics by which poetry always ought to be, and perhaps always is, distinguished.

The greatest poet of the present age has given us some, though not many, models of the species of composition of which we are now treating. We shall notice two of them as examples at once of deep feeling, of poetical power, and of finished composition. We do not doubt that these poems are to be ascribed to the class of songs, though we have not heard of their being united to music; and we suspect there is no living composer, *οὐδὲν ζῶντιν συνθέτην*, who could do justice to their character, and more particularly to the exquisite tenderness of the shortest and best.

The first of the two is a beautiful picture of a widowed heart seeking relief in a removal from the scenes of departed happiness, and finding that the softened sorrow of sincere affection finds its only enjoyment in a return to those objects which remind it of what it has lost.

"I travell'd among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

"'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore

A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

"Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire:
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire.

"Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd,
The bowers where Lucy play'd;
And thine is, too, the last green field
That Lucy's eyes survey'd."

Our next example needs no announcement to any of those to whom the name of Wordsworth or of poetry is dear.

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!"

We would rather be the author of one noble and finished composition, like this of Wordsworth's, than of an innumerable swarm of what the vulgar taste has called clever or charming songs—things with here and there a smart idea, and here and there a tolerable line, but for the most part consisting merely of disguised commonplace, or fanciful exaggeration, wrapped up in a threadbare dress of tawdry and tinselly language. The more we examine the beautiful lyric which we have just quoted, the more beautiful it will appear. It is simple in the extreme, without one word above the level of ordinary speech; yet, from the innate nobility of the ideas, how gracefully dignified, how powerfully pathetic! A few plain words in the first verse introduce us at once to the sweet solitude of Lucy, a maid with few friends and no flatterers. The images in the second verse are as new as they are beautiful, and are perfect poetical types of that lonely loveliness which they are intended to picture. Of the conclusion, it may perhaps be said, that it represents the sorrows of bereavement in the only way in which

this can be perfectly done, by suggesting to the reader's mind the strength of their influence, from the impossibility of attempting to express them. This suppression of the utterance of profound grief has, we think, been aptly characterised as an example of the same high style of art which prompted Timanthes to veil the head of Agamemnon, in his picture of Iphigenia's sacrifice. "Non reperiens," as Quintilian well expresses it, "*quo dignè modo patris vultum posset exprimere, velavit ejus caput, et suo cuique animo dedit æstimandum.*"

The lyrics of Moore are not of the same school as those we have just been examining. We have much respect for Moore's talents, which are various and versatile, and have been elaborately improved by industry and practice. No song-writer has, perhaps, gathered his subjects from so many sources of erudition and imitation, and none has acquired greater readiness and dexterity in the use of his tools and materials. His natural wit and vivacity have saved him from the fault of being dull, and his enthusiastic love of his country has given to many of his effusions, that force and dignity which are ever the accompaniments of genuine feeling. But we question greatly whether Moore can lay claim to the gift of poetry in any lofty sense of the term. He seems to us to want the creative power and vivid vision of the true poet, and to have never, at least, risen from the region of fancy to that of imagination. We shall examine some of his principal songs, in hopes of discovering some marks of poetical fervour; but we suspect that, in general, it will be found that mere ingenuity has attempted to supply the place of genius. The very frivolous and wholly unpoetical themes which have often occupied his muse, seem to be a proof that her element is not much elevated above the earth. Nor do we recollect any truly great lyric composition that has fallen from his pen. But, perhaps, other causes may have produced this result, than the absence of poetical power. Moore has so long and so successfully carried on with his customers an African traffic in glass beads and Birmingham buttons, that he has never felt the necessity of offering them more substantial merchandise.

It is not easy to compare the characters of Moore and of Burns as lyrical poets. Their education, their habits, and their station, had essential differences, which materially influenced their poetry. The different circles of personal admirers surrounding them, must also have had an effect. The one could draw his thoughts from little else than the storehouse of his own feelings, or a narrow compass of vernacular literature: while the other has borrowed hints and images in every possible quarter,—from Herodotus to D'Herbelot, from Sappho to Shennstone, from the Fathers to the *Fancy*. The one was habitually surrounded by rude or humble companions, or by men of enthusiastic but irregular minds, and only occasionally admitted to the condescending notice of rank or refinement. The other has, from his early years, been the friend and favourite of many whose social position, and whose attainments or pretensions in literature, gave them a right, or a claim, to a high place in the scale of fashion and of taste. Neither of these positions, perhaps, was favourable to the great lesson of self-knowledge, or to the production of works that would stand the test of elevated or rigorous criticism. But with all those disadvantages, and with many individual differences between them, each of them, whether by the force of genius or of talent, has attained an extensive and deserved popularity as a lyrical writer, particularly among his own countrymen; and has contributed not a little to the advancement of lyrical composition.

If we were to characterise the lyrical poetry of Moore, in reference to its most faulty peculiarities, we should say that he has the quaintness of Cowley, without his power; and the facility of Prior, without his adherence to nature. It is, indeed, very remarkable to see the extremes of learning and frivolity meeting together, and to find in the nineteenth century a revival of the metaphysical school of poetry at our pianofortes and supper-tables. It is certain, however, that Moore is full of those far-fetched fancies that were so liberally employed by the love poets of the earlier part of the seventeenth century to puzzle the heads, if they could not touch the hearts, of their mistresses. In every page of Moore we have examples of that perverseness of wit, which, in illustrating

subjects of tenderness and passion, assembles together the most remote and discordant agreements, in a manner of all others the least indicative of true feeling in the poet, and the most destructive of it in his hearers. A good many illustrations of this tendency will occur in the course of the extracts we have afterwards to make.

The imitation of Prior's style in one department of Moore's compositions, may be evident, by recurring to the smoothness and colloquial ease of the following song, taken from the writings of his prototype, and which, except for the absence of any very extravagant conceits, we might almost have ascribed to the bard of Erin himself—

- " Dear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd;
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.
- " How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.
- " To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my passion, you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
'Od's-life! must one swear to the truth of a song?
- " What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt Nature and Art:
I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose:
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.
- " The god of us verse-men, (you know, child,) the Sun,
How, after his journey, he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run:
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.
- " So, when I am weary'd with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.
- " Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me."

The style, we think, in which Moore most excels, is where simple tenderness of feeling is expressed in the simplest language, without aiming at imagery or ornament. He undoubtedly possesses sensibility, and often succeeds in giving utterance to it in a touching manner; but he is not equally successful where he attempts to combine pathetic with imaginative ideas.

It must be observed, with regard to Moore's lyrics, and the circumstance

has no doubt greatly contributed to their success, that his peculiar and practical knowledge of music enabled him to adapt them always, with perfect felicity in point of accent and articulation, to the melodies with which they are associated.

We shall give two examples of Moore's lighter lyrics, in which we think great facility of expression is united to any thing but facility of thought.

- " Oh! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest! for thee I'd sigh;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears, when thou art nigh.

But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
 So busy a life I live,
 That even the time it would take to weep
 Is more than my heart can give.
 Then bid me not despair and pine,
 Fanny, dearest of all the dears !
 The love that is ordered to bathe in wine,
 Would be sure to take cold in tears.

" Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
 Fanny, dearest ! thy image lies ;
 But, oh ! the mirror would cease to shine,
 If dimm'd too often with sighs.
 They lose the half of beauty's light,
 Who view it through sorrow's tear ;
 And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
 That I keep my eyebeam clear.
 Then wait no longer till tears shall flow—
 Fanny, dearest ! the hope is vain ;
 If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
 I shall never attempt it with rain."

It is certainly not easy to conceive more laborious trifling, or less enlivening mirth, than most of the images in this song. The two last lines are tolerable : but all the rest would have been poor, even as impromptus in a drawing-room, and are insufferable when delivered from the press, as the work, for aught we know, of hours or days of mature meditation. To what persons, we would ask, is such a song as this addressed, either as a topic of persuasion or as a source of pleasure ? It is thinking poorly of the sex, to imagine

that the most sentimental semstress could be delighted or caught by it, if she understood what it meant. It is an incongruous monster, having no harmony of parts, and altogether false in feeling and taste. With the nonchalance and levity of libertinism in its general tone, it has the stiffness of operose study in its details, and is not calculated to please the gay, while it must be despised by the severe.

The next specimen we shall take from the Irish melodies. It is in a different style, and professes to have more seriousness in its merriment.

" Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief
 To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
 But while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
 The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue,
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

" Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?
 From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss ?
 No ! perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this !"

These lines, we presume, were written to advance the cause of Catholic Emancipation ; but, although they have some spirit and plausibility, they are not very cogent, and resolve a good deal into a *petitio principii*. The novel though not striking illustration, of the blue and purple punch-

glasses, will not appear very convincing, except to those who are already satisfied that differences in religion are equally unimportant as the colour of a drinking-cup—a sentiment which is probably not very prevalent among Protestants, and certainly not more so among Roman Catholics. The last verse,

if it proves any thing, either as to public or as to private practice, seems to prove too much; as it establishes not only that different shades of Christian belief are to be overlooked, but that we should without hesitation marry a Mahometan, or choose our public functionaries from the votaries of the vilest idolatry.

But it is wrong to try these trifles

by any serious or any poetical standard. Let us turn to some more ambitious or more admired samples of Moore's lyrical powers.

And first, turning to the Irish melodies, We presume that the "Meeting of the Waters" will be considered a fair specimen of Moore's more serious, though not of his most lofty style. Let us examine it.

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

"Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh no! it was something more exquisite still.

"'Twas that friends the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

"Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace."

We doubt if there be much poetry here. The first verse is commonplace, and indifferently written. The distinction between a valley and a vale we do not understand. "Feeling and life" need not both be given: either will do. The image which connects the bloom of the valley with the rays of life and feeling, is either unmeaning, or is so obscurely presented to us, as to be no image at all. The first couplet of the second stanza reminds us less of the dreamy loveliness of natural scenery than of a neatly-covered dinner-table, well furnished with champagne and hock glasses: while the exclamation—

"O no! it was something more exquisite still,"

might in the same way be best applied to the gastronomic feelings, or is fitter to express the admiration of a cockney than of a poet in the midst of a moun-

tain landscape. The third stanza is eminently prosaic. We do not happen to remember a more pedestrian passage in lyric poetry than the line—

"Who felt how the best charms of nature improve;"

nor is our opinion of the poet's powers of wing very much exalted by the little flutter that is attempted in the line that follows. We question if the last stanza is very congruous, as "a bosom of shade," if there be such a thing, is better calculated to protect against a burning sky than against a cold world. The idea with which the song concludes, of hearts mingling like waters, is more of a quibble than of a poetical figure.

Our next example, we believe, is equally popular, but does not appear to be much more deserving of praise as a poetical effusion.

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away!
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

" It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear!
 Oh! the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sunflower turns to her god, when he sets.
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

There is a great deal of good feeling in the sentiment of this song; but we desiderate in it any poetical genius, such as the subject is calculated to inspire. The lines are either quite prosaic, unrelieved by any novelty of thought or delicacy of expression; or tricked out with imagery little worthy of the theme which it is employed to adorn. The conclusion of the second stanza is very characteristic of its author,

" Around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,

Would entwine itself *verdantly* still."

is entirely in that fanciful style, which is calculated to dissipate feeling by calling other and opposite faculties into play. But is the image thus presented to us a correct one? If we understand the poet, he means to represent his mistress as a ruined building, and himself as an ivy-bush; and it is easy to compare the verdant embraces of the plant to the strong attachments of affections. But we think there is this confusion in the simile, that the ivy's clasp is not appropriately seen until the place becomes a ruin. Round the ruined tower or temple, ivy cannot be said to entwine itself *verdantly still*. It is only suffered to begin its addresses when the object of them is in ruins. The ivy, therefore, is not a true, any more than it is a natural or a pleasing representation of that love, which first bestows its adoration where there is youth and beauty, and continues faithful and unchanged in declension and decay. The sunflower in the end of the song, is, in its fabulous or fancied properties, a more correct similitude of enduring constancy. But, however appropriate it may be for the device of a valentine or the seal of a billet-doux, we can scarcely conceive a lover of high and heartfelt emotions, descending to picture, by the sunflower and "her god," the fond devotedness of his own noble spirit.

The following lines have at least the merit of expressing elegantly and easily ideas, which, though not striking or

original, must always be pleasing from their tenderness and beauty. They were written, we believe, as a tribute to the memory of one whose genius and goodness well deserved the praises and the tears of poetry:—

" I saw thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of time,
 And waste its bloom away, Mary!
 Yet still thy features wore that light
 Which fleets not with the breath,
 And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

" As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide, Mary!
 So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that which charm'd all other eyes,
 Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary!

" If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er had'st left that sphere;
 Or, could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee, Mary!"

There is some tenderness in reality, and more in appearance, in the lines we have next to quote; but we fear the details will not stand inspection.

" Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That even in sorrow were sweet.
 Does Time, with his cold wing, wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?
 Come, child of misfortune! hither,
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

" Has love to that soul so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine?
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine.
 But if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like love, the bright ore is gone.

"Has Hope, like the bird in the story
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display;
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

"If thus the sweet hours have fled,
When sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus, too, the cold world wither
Each feeling that once was dear,—
Come, child of misfortune! hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear."

We like the first verse; and, in particular, the lines that truly and tenderly represent the buoyant joyousness of early life, that even sorrow cannot depress. The ideas in the stanzas that follow, are too curiously wire-drawn to have much power to move us. We may relish a passing allusion to Love's or "Hope's delusive mine;" but a detailed comparison of its disappointments with the failure of mining speculations in Wicklow, is any thing but poetical or pathetic. The second stanza altogether is very poorly and clumsily composed. It seems to run thus:—Has love been like the Lage-

nian mine, where, if you go below the surface, the bright ore "*like love*" is gone? The illustration is here illustrated by the original subject. It might have been asked at once with less trouble, has love been like love? The story from the Arabian nights is still more far-fetched, and is not more elevating or affecting. It is the constant recurrence in Moore's poetry of these ingenious, but too remote comparisons, that checks the current of our own feelings, by convincing us that the poet could not himself be much affected by his subject, when he had leisure to look so diligently about him for the images that were to express it. The simile of the Lagenian mines is peculiarly unfortunate, in reminding us of the "sparkles of golden splendour"—which so often adorn the surface of the poet's own domain, without ensuring any very profitable result to those who may thence be induced "in pursuit to go deeper."

We think there is considerable power in our next example, though the rhythm is not melodious on the reader's lips, and the subject is not developed with all the imagination or the skill which its wild solemnity might admit of.

"Oh, ye dead! oh, ye dead! whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves
In far-off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

"It is true! it is true! we are shadows cold and wan;
It is true! it is true! all the friends we loved are gone:
But oh! thus even in death,
So sweet is still the breath
Of the fields, and the flowers, in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That ere condemn'd we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!"

The song which we next insert seems a favourite with the poet's anti-Saxon countrymen, who probably rank it on the same level that has been assigned to Bruce's Bannockburn Address in this country. It is not throughout correctly written or powerfully conceived; but it possesses sufficient energy and enthusiasm to operate, we have no doubt, on an Irish mind like a spark upon tinder.

"O where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul whose wrongs degrade
it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once could spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin!—farewell all
 Who live to weep our fall!
 “Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch’d, and blowing,
 Than that whose braid
 Is pluck’d to shade
 The brows with vict’ry glowing.

We close our extracts from the Irish melodies with lines that we consider a happy and not vain-glorious description of the poet’s efforts to marry the

We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o’er us,
 The friends we’ve tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us!
 Farewell, Erin!—farewell all
 Who live to weep our fall!”

melodies of his country to verse, which, if not immortal, is very pleasing and very popular.

“Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o’er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light freedom and song!
 The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness
 Have waken’d thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But so oft hast thou echo’d the deep note of sadness,
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

“Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
 Go, sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch’d by some hand less unworthy than mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Hath throbb’d at thy lay, ’tis thy glory alone;
 I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild glory I waked was thine own.”

The national melodies, and some of the other miscellaneous works of our author, will supply us with specimens of his poetry more favourable, we think, because more natural and simple, than any we have yet extracted.

No one can be insensible to the touching effect of those well-known verses, that tell us of the long-vanished pictures of youth and joy, that the silent darkness of night has power in the solitude of advancing years to restore to the mind’s eye, with more vividness than the blaze of noon can now offer to the bodily sight:—

“Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber’s chain has bound me,
 Fond Mem’ry brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood’s years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm’d and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber’s chain has bound me,
 Sad Mem’ry brings the light
 Of other days around me.

“When I remember all
 The friends so link’d together,
 I’ve seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber’s chain hath bound me,
 Sad Mem’ry brings the light
 Of other days around me.”

We cannot let these lines pass without protesting against an inaccuracy which makes us stumble at the very threshold. “Stilly” is not an adjective but an adverb; and even the authority of the author of *Douglas* will not justify this anomalous use of it. But, indeed, the expression a “stilly sound,” which means not a perfectly still sound, or no sound at all, but a *still-like* sound, is not a precedent for “the stilly night,” where the silence is as profound as this world will permit of. Passing over this blemish, we give our ready tribute of praise to the greater part of this admired and affecting song. We are not sure, however, that the image of the “banquet-hall deserted,” is a pleasing or proper one. It is too much as if life were merely a revel, instead of being, as it is, the scene of silent and serene, as well as of rapturous and riotous, enjoyments. The picture of a deserted banquet-hall is no doubt a vivid object, but it comes home too much to our fancies, with its

burnt-out candles, spilt liquor, and broken glasses, as one of the meanest as well as most miserable of sights. We could have wished some comparison had been chosen of a less depreciatory character, and which would have better represented the loneliness of him who worthily laments the loss of loves and friendships, which had higher

and holier attractions than the feast or the wine-cup.

Our next extract, though not possessing any original ideas, is tender and melodious. But it ought to have stopped at the end of the fourth verse. In the fifth, the poet splits upon his old rock of fanciful and frigid simile.

"Then fare thee well! my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love! the pain of parting thus!

"Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numb'ring them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love! the deep, deep pain of this

"But no, alas! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away, dear love! and chased it all away

"Yet, e'en could these sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love! than years of mirth apart

"Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets!
Like winter's suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love! like them in tears it sets!"

The subject of our next quotation is worthy of all acceptance, and is prettily, though not powerfully, treated.

"Oh, no!—not e'en when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
And though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now!

"Although my heart, in earlier youth,
Might kindle with more wild desire;
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame new warms my inmost core
That then but sparkled on my brow;
And though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yet, oh, I love thee better now!"

We happen to remember a passage in Southerne's *Fatal Marriage*, which probably no one else remembers, but which, in its strange prosaic style, embodies the idea that Moore has here worked out. The turn of one of the lines would almost persuade us that the modern poet had the passage of his predecessor in his eye when he wrote his song.

"When yet a virgin, free and undisposed,
I loved, but saw you only with my eyes:
I could not reach the beauties of your
soul.
I have since lived in contemplation
And long experience of your growing
goodness.
What then was passion is my reason
now."

But how inferior are both of these descriptions to that other picture of a similar change of feeling towards a beloved object, when time and familiar converse have transformed her from a shadowy vision of imagined perfection to a substantial reality of experienced excellence. Moore and all his tribe must here bow before the acknowledged master, not in poetry only, but in the power to feel, and the skill to express that admiration of woman's loveliness and worth, which can only be deeply implanted where the soil itself is deep. We gladly quote the poem we refer to, though we have no right to give it the name of a song.

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;

A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

" And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

" I saw her on a nearer view,
A Spirit yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles.

We have always been much affected by the beauty and simplicity of the following lines of Moore, which are to be found in the *National Melodies*, adapted to a very plaintive Welsh air. The measure is peculiar, and may render some attention necessary to feel the full effect of the words when unconnected with music.

" Bright be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping :
Those by seas or death removed,
Friends who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All thou'st ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee !

" There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest ;
Still the same—no charm forgot—
Nothing lost that life had given ;
Or if changed, but changed to what
Thou'lt find her yet in heaven."

This, among other examples, we think, will illustrate our position, that Moore's talents are best shown where the natural goodness and sensibility of his heart can be seen through the simplest and least ornamental language. Indeed, we might ask whether it is not generally the best and always the safest plan to select as

the expression of our ideas, a style that shall be as colourless and transparent as the air that is the medium of sight, and seek only to enliven the picture by the real hues and forms of the objects that are represented.

There is neatness and sprightliness in the following specimen of a different character:—

" How oft, when watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.
' Oh ! come, my love ! ' each note it utters seems to say—
' Oh ! come, my love ! the night wears fast away ! '
No, ne'er to mortal ear
Can words, though warm they be,
Speak passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me !

" Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell ;
And though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.
' I come, my love ! ' each sound they utter seems to say—
' I come, my love ! thine, thine, till break of day ! '
Oh ! weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compared to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him."

We conclude these miscellaneous extracts with a song, which, allied as it has been to the poet's own music, has seldom been sung by any one, and never by its author, without producing delightful emotions. It is well conceived, and very pleasingly written.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

"When o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone;
Oh! they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

"Sparkling at once is every eye,
'Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!' our joyful cry;
While answering back, the sounds we hear,
'Ship ahoy! what cheer, what cheer?'

"Then sails are back'd—we nearer come—
Kind words are said of friends and home;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again."

The sacred songs of Moore are not of a very high class. They are too much tinged with his characteristic peculiarities of illustration, which, unsuitable in all earnest or impassioned poetry, are still less admissible when Heaven inspires the song, and when the solemnity of the subject should repress all feelings that are not humble or sublime. We shall give one example of his style in this department, not so much because it is more striking, as because, in point of taste, it is less exceptionable than most of the others.

"The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

"My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music breathes of Thee!

"I'll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

"Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,

Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

"I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

"There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

"There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love;
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again."

This is well: but it reminds us of something better in the "Labourer's Noon-Day Hymn;" telling us, in something of a similar strain, that even where the stately temples of human workmanship are inaccessible, the God of Nature has not therefore dispensed with our devotions, but has provided a place for his worship wherever the thankful knee can be bent, or the prayerful hand uplifted.

"Why should we crave a hallow'd spot?
An altar is in each man's cot—
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads."

In bringing this criticism to a close, we think we may say that we have brought together a great and remarkable variety of lyrical specimens, sufficient to demonstrate, that, if Moore is deficient in the higher powers of poetical conception and delineation, he is at least possessed, in no ordinary degree, of that species of talent which borders on genius, and which, under the regulation of a purer taste, or with the check of a less "indulgent public," might have produced a great deal that was well worthy of a fond remembrance. Even as it is, we conceive that he has contributed liberally to confer its due honour on lyrical poetry; and that much pleasure, and not a little instruction, both by way of beacon and of example, may be derived from the study of his compositions.

THE BELLMANSHIP.

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"THE course of true love never did run smooth." Didn't it? Let any man look round him for a single moment, and he will see how unfounded and absurd is this observation of Mr William Shakspeare. Pray, what was there to hinder the equable flow of the true love of your neighbour, Mr Bibbs, and his fat wife? Was there any objection on the part of parents?—any trouble from rivals?—or even any delay about pin-money and settlements? Not a vestige of any of these things. In the course of the accustomed number of months they were fairly and legally married, without a single ripple on the stream of their courtship, and have been a pattern-couple, without quarrels, disagreements, or misunderstandings of any kind whatever, for twenty or thirty years. But you say, perhaps, their love is not *true* love. Isn't it? I grant *he* wrote no sonnets; *she* never thought of suicide; *he* never mentioned a dagger to her in his life; and I have no reason to believe that *she*, even at her first ball, considered Mr Bibbs an angel. But their love was true enough for all that—a good, solid, substantial love, fitted for all weathers, ballasted with a good deal of plain sense, and not without a glance of affectionate regard to the comforts of a well-spread table, easy-hung four-wheeled carriage, and pretty little income of eight or nine hundred a year. This is *my* definition of true love. If you prefer Shakspeare's account of it, and consider no love worth having that is not accompanied with woes and accidents, quarrels among friends, and other accessories, I beg to say you have not made such use of your powers of observation as you ought to have done, or you would have found out long ago that such loves as those are never lasting. And this, I take it, is the reason that authors of novels generally close their stories with a description of the wedding. If they continued their labours, how different would be the scene! Waverley and Rose Bradwardine flying to Boulogne for debt;

Henry Morton and Edith Bellenden separated from incompatibility of temper; not to mention the celebrated divorce case before the House of Lords, "*Reginald Dalton v. Cyril Thornton*!" Will no person of an enquiring turn of mind give us a postnuptial account of all the heroes and heroines who have excited our interest so intensely? It would put a good deal of romance to flight, and teach us the great and useful lesson, that people may be just as happily married in the good old-fashioned way—bridemaids, marriage favours, and wedding cake—as if they nearly broke their necks jumping out of up-stairs windows, and hurrying off to Gretna Green. But, mercy upon us! we have got into such a prodigious passion with love matches, and sighing, and dying, that we have forgotten the main object with which we began this paper, which was to give notice to the reader that, if in this eventful history he finds difficulties thrown in the way of the hero and the heroine, he is not to imagine that those difficulties prove that their love was one whit more sincere than if all had gone "*gaily as a marriage bell*," from the first agony of popping the question to the last extremity of putting on the ring. No—it certainly did so happen that in this one particular instance the course of true love was occasionally somewhat rough; but it by no means follows that the roughness was the cause of the love being true, or that the truth of the love was the cause of the course of it being rough. So much for Shakspeare—and now for John Plantagenet Simpkinson.

The labours of the Statistical Society, I suppose, have left very few people in ignorance that ours is a borough town, though the inhabitants have not the inestimable privilege of hating each other on principles of the purest patriotism once every three or four years, when some soaring squire or plethoric manufacturer is ambitious of a seat in Parliament; by which periphrasis I would have it understood, that we return no member, albeit we

have a mayor and corporation, a town-hall and lock-up house, and other visible signs of corporate dignity.

Cast your eye, oh reader! "through the dim vista of departed years," and it is highly probable, if you look sharp, you will see a youthful couple seated under the elm-trees at the west end of the flourishing town of Buzzleton, on the fourth day of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. I cannot take it upon me positively to affirm that the lady was "beautiful exceedingly," or that she had the slightest appearance of being a native of a "far countrie;" for it was impossible to suppose for a moment that those bright, cherry-looking lips, rosy-coloured cheeks, and mild happy blue eyes, belonged, by possibility, to any one but a nice modest English girl of eighteen or nineteen. Nor would it be safe to delude the reader into an improper sympathy with the hero, by hinting that he had the slightest resemblance to those "whiskered pandours and those fierce hussars," who make such a tremendous sensation in novels of fashionable life. No one could ever have fancied him a Hungarian magnate, or Polish prince, or even a German baron; for the fat county of Suffolk was visible in every feature of the object of my description. A brown surtcoat with black buttons, thrown loosely back, showed a considerable extent of a fancy-coloured waistcoat, for the interesting individual—(but why keep up a vain mystery, which the accomplished reader has penetrated long ago?—it was Simpkinson, junior, himself—in short, John Plantagenet Simpkinson, sitting *tête-à-tête* with Mary Padden)—for the interesting individual—as I was going to say when this parenthesis interrupted me—rejoiced in a vast expanse of chest, of which he was a little conceited; though candour at the same time compels me to admit, that the ample "breadth and verge enough," which was so becoming, and indeed heroic, as revealed by the afore-said fancy-coloured waistcoat, extended itself considerably below the point at which it ought to have grown "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," and constituted altogether a stout, square-built young man, with every appearance of health and strength, but none of that stiff-necked noodleism which the French people and English milliners call an air *distingué*. You will

perhaps ask why this jolly, good-humoured looking young gentleman had such a magnificent name as Plantagenet; but I submit that that is a question more properly directed to his godfathers and godmothers than to me; but, at the same time, if you merely ask for information, and with no sinister intention, I will only mention to you that his father was the most eloquent man in our parish, and rejoiced in long words. Now, as Plantagenet is a name, you will observe, of four syllables, whereas Stubbs is only of one, you will at once see a *primâ facie* reason why the royal denomination was preferred, and the name of the maternal uncle—Mr Stubbs, the opulent brewer in Chadfield—for this occasion rejected. This is my own opinion; but of course you are at liberty to devise any other reason for it that may be more agreeable to yourself.

We are not to suppose that the couple I have now introduced to you sat silent all this time, merely because I have not yet given you any account of their conversation; for it is a circumstance well known to our whole town that Miss Padden had a total aversion to the absurd doctrines of the Pythagoreans, so far as their silence was concerned, and in fact lost no opportunity of practising the divine faculty of speech. She spoke very well and prettily, and there can be no doubt that such beautiful lips and interesting blue eyes would have made very inferior language pass off for eloquence, at all events in the opinion of Mr Simpkinson, junior.

"So you are going off to-morrow, Tadgy? (And here, oh reader, in another parenthesis, let me call your attention to the endearing diminutive "Tadgy"—short for Plantagenet! To what vile uses may we come, Horatio?)

"Yes," said Tadgy, with a mournful shake of the head.

"Oh it must be such a pretty place that London, with Hyde Park and Almack's, and Westminster Abbey, and Madame Tussaud. How I envy you all the sights! Ain't you happy, Tadgy?"

"No," replied the youth, "I would rather stay at Buzzleton, and be near you, Polly."

"Your servant, Mister Plantagenet," said the young lady, gently with-

drawing her hand from the clasp of the sentimental swain—but whether from coquetry, or propriety, or to preserve a new white kid glove, I will not undertake to determine—"I wasn't fishing for a compliment, I assure you."

"But it is no compliment, Polly—it is only the truth; and why shouldn't I be sorry to leave Buzzleton? There will be no nice walks like this, nor listening to your songs, nor talking of what's to happen."

"When?" interrupted Miss Padden.

"Why, when your father and mine think we are sensible. Now, don't pretend, Polly—for this is our last day together, and I want to hear you tell me again seriously and solemnly that you will keep constant for the two years, and marry me at the end."

"Shall we be sensible then, Tadgy?" enquired the lady, looking archly at the earnest face of her admirer.

"Father says so," was the reply, and in a tone that showed that that awful authority would have secured Mr Plantagenet's credence to a still more wonderful event.

"We ought to be much obliged to our fathers," said the young lady, "for guaranteeing such a reformation; but indeed, Tadgy, the chance of changing your mind is all on your side. You will see such designing

people at Almack's and Vauxhall, and"——

"Never trouble yourself about designing people, dear Polly; write to me every week, and as I am to come down every half year for three weeks, we shall do almost as well as if we met."

"And you will write faithfully, and think of me always?" said Mary, in a voice from which all liveliness had disappeared.

Mr Plantagenet Simpkinson again laid his hand upon the pretty little white kid glove, which this time was not withdrawn, and looking in the sweet blue eyes which I have already mentioned, said—

"Won't I?—that's all."

Miss Padden seemed quite as satisfied with this declaration as if it had been made in the words of fire upon the bended knee; and I do not feel myself at liberty to give any account of what was said on either side for at least ten minutes. At the end of that time an individual was seen walking towards them at the other extremity of the alley.

"Here's that horrid boy, Bob," said Mary, looking somewhat displeased.

"Infernal troublesome fool!" muttered Mr Plantagenet, "I should like to kick him into the river."

CHAPTER II.

The enquiring reader is anxious to be informed who and what was Bob. Bob was Mary's younger brother, and the most disagreeable detestable boy that ever was known in Buzzleton. Those who had studied *Gulliver's Travels* called him the Yahoo; those who trusted only to their own sense of fitness in the art of nomenclature called him the Beast. But this, being a generic name, was varied by the more acute disciples of Buffon, by referring him to any particular species which appeared appropriate to his peculiar qualities—the ass, the owl, the ostrich, the baboon, and a variety of other respectable citizens of the animal kingdom, were called upon to furnish a designation for Mr Robert Padden; and it was this amalgam of Mr Polito's menagerie that caused such a disagreeable sensation by his appearance in the elm walk, and excited a

strong inclination in the usually pacific bosom of Plantagenet to drown him in the deep waters of the Buzzle. Bob, however, as if unconscious of any feelings of the kind, lounged up to where the youthful pair were seated, and, with a sulky look towards the young gentleman, enquired of his sister what she was always walking about with Tadgy Simpkinson for?

Now, this is a very embarrassing sort of question, and accordingly Miss Mary, whether from not having studied the motives of her so doing, or from not wishing to reveal them, remained silent; whereupon Mr Simpkinson addressed the Yahoo, in a tone of voice by no means common with that good-natured individual, and said:

"Your sister has a right to please herself, I suppose."

"I s'pose she has—and she does it too," replied the agreeable youth; "I

only want to know who she'll walk with next, when you're gone up to the grocer's shop in London."

"Grocer's shop!" exclaimed Plantagenet; "It is the greatest West India house in the City."

"Well, they sell sugar, don't they?—and that's a grocer, isn't it? There's no use trying to gammon us here. You're going to be a grocer: now, the last man Mary was spoony with was something better than *that*, at any rate."

"What do you mean, Robert?" asked the sister.

"Why, Bob Darrel, the Chadfield doctor. You know very well; but he's married now, and so you're doing the civil to Tadgy."

"Never mind him, Mary, my dear," said Tadgy; "I don't believe a word he says. At the same time I never knew that you were acquainted with Dr Darrell."

"I had a fever three years ago, when I was staying at your uncle Stubbs's, and he was called in."

"Yes, and nearly called out too; for young Stubbs, that's gone into the army, wanted to shoot him for being too attentive. Those doctor fellows are always squeezing hands, and clutching hold of arms; and pretend it's only feeling the pulse. I think Stubbs should have shot him."

"What for?" asked Plantagenet.

"Why, for marrying that other woman. He ought to have married Mary."

"How can you listen to such nonsense, Tadgy?" said Mary; "you know Bob's agreeable way of saying pleasant things. I assure you Dr Darrel was only a very good and kind doctor; and, if you like to believe me rather than Bob, you will not mind any thing more he says."

Plantagenet looked at the honest open countenance of his future bride, and saw that no deceit could possibly lie on those sunny cheeks, and in those clear innocent eyes; so he gave her hand a gentlesqueeze, and looked with ineffable disdain on the mischievous countenance of Mister Bob.

"Well," said that gentle squire, "you needn't sit billing and cooing here all day. I'm afraid somebody may go and tell father; and I know he would be very angry if he knew you had been carrying on your rigs before the whole town. You had

better come home, Mary; for, if any body *does* tell father, and I'm called in as a witness, I am afraid I must tell all I've seen."

"What have you seen, you insolent blockhead?" said Plantagenet, springing up.

"Oh, never mind! If you're really going to marry our Mary, it doesn't much matter. I only hope she won't be disappointed again—that's all."

"I never *was* disappointed, you idle, false-tongued, intolerable wretch!" exclaimed Mary, the tears of anger and vexation springing into her eyes.

"Weren't you?" replied the benevolent brother; "then that's a pleasure to come; for you may depend upon it, when Tadgy rises to be a grocer on his own account, he'll forget you as easily as Doctor Darrell."

The speaker came more abruptly to a close than was his custom, for he saw something so peculiar in the flashing eyes and swelling chest of Plantagenet, that he thought it better to decamp at once. He accordingly strolled off in the same listless manner in which he had made his approach; and the lovers felt as if relieved from some horrible oppression, when they saw the long figure of the overgrown Yahoo, with his coat a mile too large for his thin body, and his trowsers a mile too short for his long legs, thereby revealing nearly the whole extent of his Wellington's, slowly disappear at the turning of the elm walk.

"Thank heaven I have not shoved him into the water!" was the pious exclamation of Plantagenet, when he found that, for this occasion, he was free from the guilt of murder.

"I can't understand what pleasure the boy can have in saying disagreeable things, and inventing such abominable stories," was the contemporaneous observation of his sister.

And hereupon followed a full explanation of all the incidents that the Yahoo, either then or at any former time, had alluded to; and, as usually happens in affairs of that kind, both parties felt that the attempt of Mr Bob to sow dissension, had had the very opposite effect, by giving an opening to a more full and free communication than could have been found under any other circumstances.

On getting up to go home, it might have been remarked by those who are superstitiously inclined, that the first

object that presented itself to the eyes of the lovers, was an enormous placard on a man's back, containing, in letters at least three inches long, the words "Tapps for Bellman;" and in smaller letters, "come to the poll on Tuesday the eleventh." I do not know whether any thrill of sympathetic horror rushed through the hearts of Mary and her admirer on seeing those appalling words; but it is highly probable, if they had foreseen all the misfortunes that those large red letters gave rise to, they would have wished that the father of Mr Tapps the candidate had died in his infancy, or that Tapps himself had been run over by the Manchester and Liverpool train. I have no reason to suppose, however, that any of those aspirations with regard to Mr Tapps or his father were uttered by either of our friends; so I will not detain the reader any longer, but inform him that, with a heavy heart, a large trunk, and two carpet-bags, Plantagenet Simpkinson took his departure from Buzzleton on the following day, and in due course of time arrived at his destination in the city. And there, for a short space, I leave him to his invoices and bills of lading—his three-legged stool, and his letter once a-week to the true-hearted Mary Padden.

I don't believe that there ever was a man who was a great orator, or a great poet, or a great any thing, (except perhaps a great ass,) without knowing it. There never was such a thing as a mute inglorious Milton, a dumb Demosthenes, or a blind Thomson of Duddingstone. It is therefore not to be supposed that Mr Simpkinson, senior, was ignorant of his own powers; so far from it, indeed, that I have even heard it hinted, that, if it were possible, he overrated them; but this, even if it were true, is a very venial fault, for it is surely much better to be a little anxious to discover and dwell upon modest merits, wherever they are found, whether in one's self or in others, than to deny or undervalue them. There were few things in which Mr Simpkinson found himself deficient;—history, theology, architecture, sporting, politics, business, or accomplishments, were equally at his finger-ends; but his forte, as I have already hinted in my attempt to explain the reason of his calling his son Plantagenet instead of Stubbs, was

decidedly oratory. He was oratorical at breakfast, at dinner, in the news-room, in buying a pound of snuff, in ordering a pair of trowsers. In fact, he was altogether an orator; and you could no more have stood five minutes under an archway with him than with Edmund Burke, without discovering that he was an extraordinary man. Mr Simpkinson was of no profession: it was hinted he was sleeping partner in the Chadfield clothmills, and also that he had a share in Stubbs's brewery; but whether he had entered into any of those speculations or not, does not materially concern any body but himself. Mr Padden also lived, as the phrase has it, on his means—a plain man, without much affectation, except an affectation of knowing whether any thing was "gentlemanly" or not,—a sort of provincial Chesterfield, who forgave any thing, however wrong—murder itself, I verily believe—provided it were done in a gentlemanly manner. His origin, like that of the Guelph family, was unknown. He maintained a strict silence, as indeed you find is done by all the *real* aristocracy, on the subject of his ancient descent, and even on the inferior point of the achievements of his former days; but people in our town suspected, from an almost superhuman knowledge he displayed about ribbons and sarsenets, that he must have come from Coventry. This suspicion had been hinted to him by one or two of his acquaintance; but he showed so much touchiness and irritability on the subject, that few people would have ventured to renew the insinuation. This, I grant, is a very meagre account of our two chief inhabitants; but I hope any deficiency in exactness or resemblance will be supplied in the next edition of Lord Brougham's sketches of distinguished characters in the reigns of the two last Georges. Therein also, let it be permitted me to hope, that Tapps will not be forgotten.

On the eventful Tuesday the eleventh, the whole town rushed distractedly to the town-hall: Tapps on the one side of the chair, Hicks the rival candidate on the other; the mayor between the two, looking as like as he could to Hercules between vice and virtue; the expectant faces of the assemblage—for it was rumoured that Mr Simpkinson would speak—these, with the inferior accessories of clerks

at the table, and the widow of the deceased Bellman in the foreground, bearing the badge of her late husband's office, during this momentous interregnum formed a subject which I feel surprised has not yet been seized upon by Hayter or Wilkie. A bustle is heard in the middle of the hall—an arm bearing aloft a best white beaver, waves impatiently forward to the chair—a way is made, and Mr Padden mounts the steps, and turns towards the audience as if in act to speak. He speaks, he swells, he waves his hand, he thumps the table. Oh heavens! oh earth! oh sea! he concludes a powerful harangue by proposing Hicks! What! Padden propose Hicks—when he knew—when all Buzzleton—when all England knew, that Simpkinson supported Tapps! Astonishment kept the whole assembly silent for a space, which was only interrupted by the short proud cough with which the orator cleared his throat. His throat was at last cleared; he stood forward a little, and, beginning in a low tone of voice, he worked himself into a paroxysm of eloquence; then sinking his tone again, went through the whole compass of his wonderful voice, fleecing, praying, roaring, bullying, scolding, stamping, and thumping, sometimes the little table, sometimes one hand against the other, till it was impossible not to believe that he was Demosthenes, and was speaking Greek. I have every reason to believe, that what he did say was, in fact, as good

every bit as that illustrious language to the greater part of his auditory. "When I reflect," he said, "on the momentaneous interests for which we are here dissembled, I feel that in this question is evolved, not the mere office of bellman, high and honourable as that office is, but the glory, the might, the power and independence of the rate-payers of Buzzleton. What! are we to cringe to a divaricated hallucination? Are we to bend ourselves at the shrine of a dephlogisticated parabola, and yield intense submission to the dictates of an anathematized hyperbole? Perish the thought! Tapps, and no other—no Hicks—creeping through existence under the adumbrated essence of metaphorical seclusion!—no Hicks—bearing aloft in one hand the embodied ingenuity of detruncated velocity; and, in the other, the faded majesty of meretricious susceptibility—no Hicks, with the tiger eyes of humanity breathing forth the condensed malignity of atrocious horror!—Tapps! Tapps only, shall be bellman of this town!"—(great cheers.)

But it is impossible to report the speech as it deserves, and, therefore, as I recollect reading in some book of criticism, that the great art of elevating one's hero, consists not in mere description, but in representing the effects produced by him upon others, I shall proceed to the next morning, namely Wednesday the 12th, when the following correspondence took place.

CHAPTER III.

But here, before entering on this very disagreeable portion of my task, I cannot forbear venting a few sighs over the uncertainty of friendship. A chain that it has taken years to rivet, may be puffed in fifty pieces by a few syllables;—in that respect resembling the knot which jugglers tie upon a handkerchief, apparently strong enough to hang the most determined and fattest of suicides, but which, by being simply blown upon, untwines itself in an instant, and leaves not a vestige of its ever having been tied. Oh juggler's knot! oh friendship! (not to continue the interjections, and say) oh love! you ought all three to be ashamed of yourselves, and not be blown aside by a few puffs of wind,

whether those puffs are mere inarticulate blowings, such as those with which, in my impatient youth, I used to cool my pudding, or form themselves into words and syllable men's names. Who could have thought that a friendship of twenty years could have been dissolved by such a very inconsiderable event as the election of John Tapps to the bellmanship of Buzzleton? Yet, so it was; and the volcano that smouldered in the bosom of Mr Padden was blown up to explosive heat, and astounded our peaceable town with a prodigious eruption, in the manner I now proceed to relate.

On the evening of Tuesday, our amiable friend Bob waited impatiently

for the return of his father, when that gentleman at last made his appearance, looking somewhat discomfited by the defeat of his candidate.

"Ha!" said the tender-hearted Robert, "I knew how it would be! I see by your face Hicks has won."

"By no means, Robert, he has been defeated; but remember, Robert, the word, ha, is a very ungentlemanly word—very ungentlemanly indeed. I never say ha!"

"What! Tapps made bellman? Never heard of such a thing; but no wonder, old Simpkin's'n has it all his own way. We must all yield, I s'pose, and be called whatever names he likes to call us."

"Calling names is very ungentlemanly; I never call names. Who calls any body names?"

"Why, old Simpkin's'n to be sure. He laid 'em on pretty thick. I've heard all about it, though I wasn't there."

"Do you allude to any thing he said to-day?"

"To be sure I do; and every day, I s'pose. When one has such a tidy little stock o' nicknames, I s'pose he don't grudge 'em to his friends."

"Do you mean to say Mr Simpkinson was so ungentlemanly, so *very* ungentlemanly, as to insinuate any personal allusion to me?"

"Don't I! Who do you think he meant by all that rigmarole about parabolas, and hallucinations, and tiger's eyes? Your eyes, you know, father, are nothing to boast of; but, if I were in your shoes, I would let nobody talk of tiger's eyes—be hanged if I would!" And with this magnanimous declaration, Mr Robert swung out of the room. And now, oh reader! begins the correspondence.

No. 1.

"Mr Padden sends compliments to Mr Simpkinson—would feel obliged by explanation of following passage in Mr S.'s speech of yesterday, viz., 'Cringe to prevaricated allucination, and bend at shrine of deaf logisticated parabola, and yield submission to an anatomatized hyperbole.' Also, farther on, what was Mr S.'s intention in allusion to tiger's eyes? An early answer will be an obligation.

"High St., Wednesday, 12th."

No. 2.

"SIR,—In allusion to the document forwarded to me by the hand of Bob,

your son, touching certain impressions detained in my speech of yesterday, on the subject of Tapps's elevation to the bellmanship of this highly civilized and indiginious community, I beg to demand on what grounds you implicate the sensibility of my remarks, and repudiate, with disgust and obduracy, the language and contorted epitaphs which you charge me with having employed. Sir, in the sacred discharge of a duty, I scorn the most venerable asseverations, and cast to the idolatrous winds every consideration but the high and paramount necessity of holding equal the balance between justice and iniquity! Yes, this through life has been my maximum; and this course I mean to pursue, undeteriorated from the right path by all the eccentricities of decorum, and all the sinuosities of acumen. With this explanation, which I hope will be deemed satisfactory, I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

"J. SIMPKINSON."

No. 3.

"Mr Padden again sends compliments to Mr Simpkinson, and wishes a direct answer. Did you, sir, mean to call me a parabola, &c.? So no more at present, but remains"—

No. 4.

"SIR,—I stand on my right as a public man. I throw myself before the tribunal of my country, and assert the privilege of a speaker, on a great public occasion, to say what he chooses, without being called upon for his meaning. Sir, oratory would be at an end, if its best prerogative were trampled under foot. To no one will I be answerable but to my own conscience; that minotaur, whose voice I ever obey; and therefore, sir, in this concatenation of affairs, and refusing this allegorical mode of questioning, I decline telling whether I meant to designate you as a parabola or not. With these sentiments, I inscribe myself your humble servant, J. SIMPKINSON."

No. 5.

"SIR,—I must say your conduct is very ungentlemanly—very ungentlemanly indeed: and I must decline the honour of your society at dinner on Friday. Also, your son Plantagenet need not renew his correspondence with my daughter, especially as he has frequently neglected to pay the post. So no more, but remains your humble servant, J. PADDEN."

Friday came—no dinner-party. Saturday came—no letter from young Plantagenet: Bob looking pleased as Punch, Mary drooping and distressed; the two old men fidgety, and London, in the bleared eyes of the young lover, a desolate wilderness: and all owing to Tapps's election to the bellmanship. What great events from trivial causes spring!

It was two months after these melancholy events—that is to say, when August had first furtively begun to dip his brush into the pallet of November, and had already tinged the leaves of the elm walk of Buzzleton with the faintest possible tinge of yellow—on the twentieth day of August, 1837, a young lady was taking a disconsolate walk by the side of our beautiful river—pretty foot, plump figure, gentle eyes,—by George! It could be nobody else but Mary Padden! And Mary Padden it was. Not far from her, but sulkily stalking along on the outer row of trees, was the illustrious Bob. It is no wonder, therefore, that Mary looked disconsolate. The Yahoo, as if for the convenience of any of the passers-by, who were not entirely deaf, took care, by retaining his distant position, to force the conversation into a very audible pitch—a conversation, by-the-by, in which he bore the principal part, Mary's portion of it being extremely monosyllabic.

"Why, Mary you are certainly the unluckiest gal I ever saw. Tadgy is a deuce sight worse than Dr Darrell. He's to be married, they say, next week."

A start; and, if the brute had seen it, a flush of crimson, succeeded by a deadly paleness, showed that the arrow had struck; but she said nothing.

"You don't seem to hear what I said, Mary. I was telling you that Tadgy"—

"I heard you, Robert; don't talk so loud; every body will hear you."

"Well, every body has heard it already, I s'pose. Sukey has ordered such lots of dresses—five-and-twenty bandboxes, with a bonnet, they say, in each of them, from Madame La Plume, the French milliner at Chadfield. Five-and-twenty bonnets!—think of that, Mary!"—

Mary did not think at all on the subject, but, summoning up a little courage, enquired who Sukey was.

"Sukey Stubbs, to be sure, his own cousin. You know very well. It is

father has forced the match, they say, but I daresay Tadgy was glad enough. He'll leave the grocery business in London, and settle down in Chadfield: I say, rare fun, won't it be, for him and Dr Darrell to live, perhaps, next door to each other? The two deceivers."

Mary deigned no reply, and our friend, the Yahoo, seemed meditating some other agreeable subject of conversation. Suddenly he burst out, as he perceived certain figures advancing down the walk.

"Crikey! here's a lark! Blowed if old Simpkins'n himself and Sukey ain't coming down the long walk—and, by Jingo!" he added in a still louder voice, "there comes Tadgy himself, creeping after 'em as if his nose were bleeding."

Before the elegant youth had found time for more exclamations, a hand was laid on his shoulder—

"Go home, Robert," said his father, for it was the old gentleman who addressed him; "don't speak so loud on the public walk—I fear your impetuous courage will lead you to do something ungentlemanly, if I am insulted by those people. Mary, take my arm, look away, and pass on as if you never saw them."

In the mean time a conversation of much the same kind, though contained in rather finer language, took place between the orator and his son, Plantagenet. But when the parties actually came near, though each father kept tight hold of his offspring's arm, and carried his own head prodigiously elevated, it was impossible for either of the young people to look as they had been directed, and their eyes for a moment, but only for a moment, met. A moment is a century on some occasions. That single glance showed that, however Capulet and Montagu might storm, Romeo was still Romeo, and Juliet Juliet. Tadgy's blue coat looked rather large for him, whether it had been originally manufactured with an eye to the possibility of his getting more expanded, or that grief and sorrow had worn him away;—and his fine jolly countenance seemed in the anxious eyes of Mary to wear a far more unhealthy hue than formerly. But, however these matters might be, she felt satisfied that Sukey had no place in Tadgy's thoughts, and was even rejoiced at the looseness of the coat, and paleness of the cheek.

With no outward recognition—with heads stuck high in the air, and backs unbent as Maypoles, the fathers strutted on—the parties pursued their respective ways, the meeting had taken place, and each progenitor felt mightily elated that his quarrel had been taken up by their own flesh and blood, without giving themselves a moment's time to reflect that two young people were, perhaps, sacrificing the happiness of their lifetime, because two old blockheads chose to play the fool.

As the distance grew gradually between the parties, Mr Simpkinson relaxed his hold of Tadgy's arm; and that gentleman, finding himself at liberty, slunk cautiously behind. He suddenly bolted over the little walk to the water-side where he had seen the Yahoo, who had been watching all these operations from one of the benches.

CHAPTER IV.

Aunt Margaret's tea-table had never appeared so tiresome in the eyes of Mary Padden. The old lady's anecdotes seemed to have grown more preternaturally long than usual; the time between the cups more prolonged, and the dial hand of the chimney-piece clock absolutely paralysed. Not that Mary was dying of actual impatience to meet my good friend Plantagenet: I will venture to say she would have survived her disappointment if the meeting had been put off till that day month; but she felt in the uncomfortable state we may suppose some criminal to be in, when he is anxious for the time of his uncertainty to be over. But, in addition to this, she could not help having a vague suspicion that all was not right with her new found confidant the Yahoo; for that individual had not been quite able to conceal the existence of something or other more than he had told her. He had also promised to call for her, and conduct her through the elm walk; and amid Mary's wonderings and speculations, and in her present state of uncertainty, it is not very surprising that Aunt Margaret thought her a very disagreeable visitor, and even had some slight idea of altering her will. At the appointed time, however, the Yahoo appeared, and after a few delicate insinuations against old maids, (for the edification of Aunt Margaret,) marched off his sister,

"Robert," he said, "by all that's good and kind, do me just a little favour. Tell Mary I shall be here to-night at nine o'clock. She can easily come this way home from her aunt Margaret's where she can go to tea. Do, be a good-hearted fellow, and tell her. I have much to say, and daren't stop a moment."

"Wont I?" said the good-natured Robert; but, on looking round, his suppliant had hurried off and rejoined the party. "Wont I?—my fine Tadgy?—That I will—why, Tadgy has it all so pat, nothing can be so convenient. Wont I have some fun out of all this? Let me see how I can manage." And leaving the Yahoo in the midst of his, no doubt, benevolent meditations I close this chapter.

to the mutual relief of the aunt and niece.

"Wrap yourself well up, Mary," he said, "the night is very cold and dark. Here, take old auntie's bonnet and pelisse; what a fool you are to come out with a bare head, and no cloak."

"You are very kind, Robert," answered the sister, astonished no less than pleased at the affectionate solicitude of her brother. "I shall not forget how good you have been."

"I daresay you won't"—muttered the youth—"Nor Tadgy either, if I mistake not; but come along, stuff your little feet into Aunt Margaret's pattens, for it has rained very lately, take my arm; forward, march!"

In the mean time a solitary figure was pacing impatiently up and down the middle walk. As the hour of nine approached, he seemed more and more impatient; the walk, partly from the cloudiness of the evening, and partly from the umbrageousness of the foliage, was nearly dark, and in vain he strained his eyes in the direction of Aunt Margaret's, to catch a glimpse of any one approaching. He stood still, and listened; at last he thought he heard a distant sound of footsteps, and hastily retreated to the little beach, surrounded with bushes, and facing the river. "What a good fellow," he muttered half aloud, "that horrid Yahoo has turned. It was so

good in him to recommend me dressing in my father's clothes, gaiters, shoes, and all, besides his broad hat and spectacles. Even if Mary is seen with a man, people can't say any thing when they think it is my father; and, besides, it is impossible for him to hear of my having met with her, as I defy any one to swear to my identity in these clothes."

"Here we are," said Bob at this moment, "never mind the bonnet, 'tis Mary, I assure you. I will go and keep guard, but don't be long."

Mr Bob then walked directly towards the biggest tree in our parish, which is called the Pilgrim's Elm, and is not above fifty yards south of the resting-place of the lovers. Hidden from observation, even if it had been daylight, behind its gigantic trunk stood no other than Mr Padden himself.

"You see if all I say aint true, father," said the son; "you go and watch them—such billing and cooing never was—disgraceful! phaugh!"

The old gentleman said nothing, but stole quietly to the south end of the little clump of bushes, from which he could catch dim glimpses of human figures, and hear indistinct murmurs of human voices. The conversation between the lovers, as indeed I believe is fitting on such occasions, was carried on in a tone which would scarcely have reached an ear placed nearer to them than that of Mr Padden. A very short time sufficed to explain to each other their sorrow at the disagreement of their fathers; and, as I do not pretend to paint Mary as altogether perfect, I will not deny that she made enquiries about Sukey Stubbs, though she felt convinced, without Plantagenet's assertions, that there was no real ground for the report. When Tadgy had told her that such an idea had never entered into any body's head, and was a vile creation of Master Bob's malice, Mary could not refrain from raising her voice a little, while she said,

"My brother is certainly the most spiteful and malicious wretch in all the world!"

"A good thrashing would do him no harm," was the rejoinder of Plantagenet, in the same tone.

"You old abominable flirt!" thought Mr Padden, before whose eyes floated indistinctly the cloak and bonnet of his sister, Aunt Margaret;

"and you, you old debauchee," he continued, turning his look on the peculiar hat and long-backed coat of his antagonist, Mr Simpkinson—"I'll work you both for this. I'll expose them both, if Margaret had ten times five thousand pounds. Malicious wretch! thrashing indeed! most ungentlemanly language! very."

The old gentleman, however, managed to restrain his wrath within peaceable bounds, and strained every nerve to catch some more of the conversation. But it appears to have sunk into quieter channels, and glided at its own sweet will from the past to the future, and, indeed, through all the tenses of the verb *amare*.

"Come, now, I must go," said Mary, "'tis getting late."

"Not yet, my dear girl, we may not meet again for a long time;" and while Mary rose to go, and Tadgy argued to detain her, I will not undertake to swear, that the broad hat of the gentleman did not lift up the front of the straw bonnet in a very peculiar fashion.

"Kissed her, by all that's beastly!" ejaculated Mr Padden, as he hurried round the clump to confront them as they emerged into the middle walk—"If he isn't a parabola, and an allucination too, or something worse, if any thing can be worse, I'm no gentleman, that's all."

As he rushed to the north end of the bushes, he came suddenly on the object of his search, but Mary had disappeared. Mr Simpkinson had his mouth apparently so filled with big words, that they tumbled and jostled over each other in their effort to escape.

"Sir," he began, "in all my experience of the subtleties of privy conspiracy and rebellion, this is the grand climacteric and apex. Here have I been listening to the plans of your daughter, who is deluding my son."

"My daughter!" broke in Mr Padden, "your son, sir! My *sister* you mean, and *yourself*—most ungentlemanly behaviour! Haven't I seen you with my own eyes, salute that foolish old woman, for the sake of her five thousand pounds in the four per cents—haven't I heard you say that a thrashing, sir—a thrashing would do me good; your conduct is ungentlemanly, sir—very ungentlemanly indeed!"

"What do you mean, sir, you hypercritical paradigma? hasn't your own son, Robert, told me the whole plot; that you told your daughter to disguise herself like her aunt, to have the opportunity of meeting John Plantagenet Simpkinson, my son? Haven't I seen their meeting? I pause for a reply!"

"This won't do with me, Mr Simpkinson, nor with any gentleman. There is no mistaking your hat and coat—nor poor sister Margaret's cloak and bonnet; and, as her nearest relation, I shall see that she is not trifled with—good-night, sir."

"By no means, sir," exclaimed the orator, "this is a point involving gigantic considerations of preponderance and importance. Your daughter has inveigled my son to this candle-stone meeting, and you now cast the iniquity upon me. You shall account for this before we part."

A low whistle at this instant hindered the two chief inhabitants of Buzzleton from giving each other a bloody nose; for no sooner was the whistle heard than the *fons et origo mali*, the identical Mr Tapps, the bellman, assisted by his former rival, Mr Hicks, who, by way of a compensation, had been made supernumerary constable, rushed forward on the belligerents, and arrested them, informing them, at the same time, that his worship the mayor had received information from Mr Robert Padden of their intention to fight a duel.

Here was confusion worse confounded!—Our two dignitaries to be marched in charge of the authorities to his worship's house, and thence, after examination, to be either bound over to keep the peace, or consigned to the cage! Mutual danger smoothed the way in a great measure to a mutual accommodation, and when at last our magnates appeared in the mayor's parlour, they seemed to have almost renewed their ancient friendship. The eloquence of Mr Simpkinson had seldom shone so much as in his explanation to the mayor of all the circumstances of the case; but that official being perhaps not so deeply read in Cicero as was becoming for so high an officer, professed himself totally at a loss to comprehend one syllable of the whole transaction. Under these circumstances, he judged it best to send for all

the parties implicated, and after the lapse of a few minutes, all had obeyed his summons, with the exception of the Yahoo. Mr Plantagenet, on parting from Mary, had returned to the walk, and, having nothing better to do, had carried into execution his long cherished resolution of thrashing that unfortunate victim to his heart's content; an operation for which it is highly probable he could not have had a better opportunity if he had waited a century; for our whole civic force was occupied guarding the prisoners at the mayor's, and the night was dark, and the walk deserted.

It may be observed, as an illustration of the certainty of retribution even in this world, that when the party assembled at the mayor's discovered the cause of Mr Bob's absence; the justice of the treatment he had experienced, struck every one as so exemplary, that, in fact, it acted as a bond of union between the Montagus and Capulets, and rose in the eyes of the indignant Mr Simpkinson to the dignity of a providential dispensation. All things were easily explained—the orator went even so far as to withdraw the expressions parabola and hallucination, and Mr Padden professed himself perfectly satisfied with so gentlemanly a proceeding.

That night there was a jolly supper at Mr Simpkinson's house—a supper, I am bound to observe, where the jokes that took place about the mistakes caused by that eloquent individual's coat and hat, and Aunt Margaret's cloak and bonnet, bade fair to produce a realization of a close connexion between those useful articles of apparel. Mr Padden looked a little alarmed; but the fit passed off, Mr Simpkinson is still one great man and unmarried. The Yahoo has been a settler in Australia for a year; and the christening of John Plantagenet Simpkinson, junior, took place about six months since. Our friend Tadgy has retired from London, and, with his wife, resides alternately with the two sires. He is churchwarden, and holds two or three offices besides; for now that the two families are united, they make one parish in a regular pocket borough. No other interest can resist them, so that one of the morals to be derived from this story is, that division is weakness, and union strength.

HENRY GRATTAN.

THE descendants of a great man owe it to their birth and their country to tell the world all that can be wisely known of him who has illustrated their name and his age. Biography conducted on this principle of honest purpose, and exact detail, would be among the most valuable legacies which could be devised to a nation. History is on too large a scale for the guidance of individual life. It is the map of an empire, where we require the topography of a village; essential to statesmen as an especial study, and important to all men as the contemplation of objects on that large scale which enlarges the mind of the contemplatist, placing before us all times, and their memorable men, in successive galleries, through which no man can pass without feeling his standard of human nature elevated. They want that fireside portraiture in which we see the actual features of our own line. The solemn stature and heroic costume of those figures of intellectual and physical greatness, whom the common voice of mankind has placed in the universal historic temple, are too remote from the forms and habits of popular life for our personal instruction; and we long to find some models more familiar to our eyes, and more corresponding to the exigencies of our career. This is the first value of biography, and the writer who gives us the fullest intelligence of the progress, the pursuits, the difficulties to be overcome, and the means which lead to victory, in a single mind, even though the career were simple, and the success obscure, would render a service for which every man of sense must feel a debt of gratitude.

But the service is unquestionably of a higher order when it comprehends both public and private instruction. The history of the last fifty years of Ireland bears upon every page of it, the name of the subject of this memoir. Whether for ultimate good or evil, Henry Grattan was always prominent in the affairs of his country,—and that country one of the most

hasty, violent, and capricious on the earth. The singular moral condition in which Ireland has found herself placed, by her at once possessing the highest rights of political freedom, and being subjected to the severest religious slavery, alone can account for her perpetual political disturbance. She is the only country of Europe in which complete freedom and complete superstition subsist side by side. She accordingly affords the most extraordinary displays of the phenomena of those conflicting elements. The collision of hot and cold, moist and dry, which disturbs the tropics, is only an emblem of her political atmosphere. She is in a political monsoon. If freedom in other lands brings out their rankness along with the fertility of the soil, or if superstition makes some imperfect atonement for the stagnation of the people in the silence of religious discord; in Ireland even those feeble palliatives are not to be found. The slave of the priest is the revolter against the laws; the unquestioning subject of Rome is the intractable rebel to England; the man whose whole life is a series of prostrations to the Popish altar, never looks but with towering defiance and arrogant hostility towards the British throne.

The causes which produced this eminently disastrous state of things, are best to be sought in the conduct of the chief men of the country; and of those Grattan was, beyond all competition, the chief himself. The “Irish Constitution” was wholly his work. It had subordinate labourers, some of remarkable vigour, and some of striking ability; some of remarkable dishonesty, and some, we shall not doubt, of unimpeachable virtue. But Grattan was the architect. It is true, that his model was as unwisely chosen, as his fabric was slightly built—that instead of a temple he built a theatre—and that, giving way to the fantastic fashion of his time, instead of preparing the people for the calm and decorous worship of liberty, he crowded them into his theatre to witness

his mingled melodrame, where tragedy and farce confused each other, until the spectators themselves grew weary; the manlier retired, the weak, the wild, and the intoxicated only remained, until the alarm of the empire was awakened by the furious follies of the scene; and, to prevent the name of the constitution from being used as the pretext for a den of Papists and rebels, the doors were shut, and the fabric was left to fall by its natural decay.

The memory of Henry Grattan holds the highest place in the recollections of Ireland. No man before or after him has eclipsed it—no man has rivaled it—no man has even been able to *disturb* it. The popularity of Irish leaders since his day has been built on foundations which *must* give way: public intrigue supporting scanty honesty—desperate appeals to popular ignorance, supporting tainted character—the brawling affectation of patriotism, supporting notorious selfishness—guilty temptation to peasant violence, supporting the pretences of a peacemaker. Such claims must be seen through, and from that moment they must be rejected. Their monuments of such men are not merely built of sand, but they are built on the sea-shore. The natural progress of opinion sweeps them away. The monument of men like Grattan is the watch-tower, to be washed perhaps by the tide, but to stand: in the season of serenity a noble memorial of the industry and power of the past—in the tempest, the object to which the eyes of the steersman of the state are naturally turned, to discover the true bearings of their course, and assure them of safety.

But in this tribute to the talents of Grattan, we must protest against giving any share to his politics. In fact, one of the most important lessons to be learned from this book, by men who are yet to emulate his ability, would be to avoid his footsteps. The unhappy accident of early association involved him in Whiggism. The public circumstances of Ireland held him in the chain, until nearly the close of his life. Grattan was forced to drag the manacles of a partisan at the wheels of a faction; while he had inherited faculties from nature to have mounted a triumphal chariot of his own, and led his country rejoicing

after him up the steep of peace and honour.

Nor must we include in the tribute any portion of the authorship before us. Mr Henry Grattan, the son of a distinguished father, has only shown how fatal a possession may be the frailties of a man of talent, without the talent which relieved them of public ridicule, or the prudence which could fling them off in times requiring public and personal manliness. The fantastic antipathy to England, the love of imaginary grievance, and even the coxcombry of the parental style, have been transmitted to the descendant with the most scrupulous exactness. In the father, those follies were forgotten in the first moment when his real strength was to be put forth. They were the mere creations of his idle hours—the weeds that gathered round the trunk of the tree, but were swept off at the first blast of the storm. With the son, they have climbed and covered the whole tree; and will climb, till they have brought it to the ground: he is all over one parasite plant. Every sentence which his pen drops, blisters the paper with bitterness against England. An Irish member of Parliament, expressly brought in by the priests, he complains against the slavery of the Irish Papist; indulging in the utmost extravagance of speech, he tears his locks over the fettered freedom of Hibernian elocution; and, contemptuously aspersing all the political opponents of Popery and O'Connellism in England, he pronounces all the anathemas of an inflated fancy and a reckless tongue, against the English injustice of charging faction with the disturbances of Ireland.

Of his style we have no desire to say any thing. In the narrative of great men and things, style is scarcely important. But the style adopted by a great man, is a melancholy instrument in the hands of the smaller generation. The lion's hide that hangs with such ease on the shoulders of Hercules, suffocates the attendant dwarf. The truth is, that the genuine great man has no permanent style. Whatever affectations may have grown on him, they are matters which are altogether extraneous to his mind.—They disappear at the first moment when the interest of his topic awakes his powers. The lounging attitude, or the mincing step, are forgotten

when he once treads on the field. The first impulse of a struggle worthy of himself, brings out all his native proportions—the muscles are shown, and the coxcomb is lost in the champion. Grattan's chief fault was a style disfigured by antithesis; but this fault almost wholly disappeared when he became once fully warmed with his subject. They were but the clouds which gathered over his eloquence in the hour of listlessness and tranquillity; but when the storm was up, they were drifted away before its breath. In his argument he is often difficult and obscure; but in his passion never. There all is plain; he speaks with a force equal to his feeling, and the fruit of his feeling. He is never more successful than when he thus abandons his mind and his cause to the ardour of his impressions; to this his chief triumphs were due in Parliament; he never showed greater genius, more of that unequivocal sense of mastery within, which constitutes the orator, than when, letting his ship drive under bare poles, he steered her before the wind, and when all guidance seemed helpless, still exerted that fine science which brought her into harbour. The extraordinary questions which he carried in the Irish Legislature, are an evidence of the not less extraordinary ardour with which his passion furnished him, and which still, even in the wrecks and remnants of Irish legislative history, remain specimens of the intense fire with which he less forged, than fused, the popular mind into the wildest shapes of his own will. However rugged, discordant, and intractable he found the materials of party and the people, he subdued them, he urged them into one mass, he vitrified them. We now regard those measures with astonishment, alike at their rashness and the frenzied unanimity with which they were adopted; for Grattan's policy was as precipitate as his eloquence was powerful. It is to the errors of this singular man that a large share of the Irish disabilities for all rational government, and all pure religion are owing, even to this hour, when they seem thickening more inveterately than ever. But let justice be done to the memory of genius. If he was a mistaken prophet, he was not a willing deceiver.

His imperfect science betrayed him into false calculations of those signs of

earth and heaven which regulate the changes of empires. He was the political astrologer, fantastic in his mystery, but a believer in his own reading of the stars. The oracle was fallacious, but it was not fraudulent; it was wholly the reverse of that system of determined deception and imposture for pay, which characterises the oracles of Ireland in later times. The charlatans who now mount the tripod, are alike gross and evil, disgusting in their aspect, and dangerous in their announcements. We turn from them with disdain to the sincere dreams and lofty credulity of the enthusiast who once held the seat of the fancied inspiration, and whose language, erroneous though it be, still gives us images of unborrowed beauty, and the majestic rapture of a brilliant, though a wayward mind.

But we must wholly remonstrate against the views which these volumes give of every individual whose public opinions happen to fail of exact coincidence with those of the author. Outrageous in demanding his right to be heard, he insists on the silence of every other claim. Clamouring for the best construction of his own dubious motives, he denies that any man in possession of his senses can be other than a knave, unless he should happen to be a Whig; and plunged in faction to a depth which has palpably buried him from the light of common reason, and the benefit of common knowledge, he deals with history as if it were a Papist witness, put in the jury-box to prove *against* the fact. His character of George the Third, for example, is a continued extravagance: determined to be malignant, without the skill to be severe, he pours out upon the name of this best of men and monarchs, an expectoration of vulgar wrath, which naturally falls back upon his own visage. The simple character of the king is stamped with a succession of brands, each effacing the other. With a more than womanish spirit of defamation, he alternately rails at the deceased monarch as a monster, and a mime; as something too fearful to approach, and too trifling to be worth punishment; as a Machiavel on the throne, and a simpleton every where: as a sullen hypocrite and a senseless devotee; as the cause of all the national evils from the commencement of his reign, and as having no influence what-

ever beyond the range of his family and his sycophants; a cipher in the national sum,—a toy to be played with by the shuttlecocks of ministers—a nonentity among mankind. To quote one sentence on this topic is, we are persuaded, as much as any reader of these pages will endure—"The empire was lost when the King was in possession of his senses, it was recovered only *when he was deprived of them.*" This is the summary way of accounting for the Peninsular glories, and the conquest of the universal enemy.

Henry Grattan was born in Dublin, on the 3d of July 1746. His father was a barrister, for many years Recorder of Dublin, and member of Parliament for the city from 1761 until 1766, when he died. It was his ill luck to have for his colleague in Parliament Dr Lucas, an individual who, having failed in his profession of medicine, adopted the more thriving one of demagogue, acted as the disturber of the public peace for some years, was a prodigious discoverer of grievances, and after wasting his life, and impoverishing his family, died, bequeathing to the nation a demand for the payment of his debts, and the pensioning of his descendants. As the Doctor was wholly ignorant of law, and his colleague, the Recorder, was a sound lawyer, they quarrelled of course upon every possible subject. Lucas appealed to the mob, and of course had them on his side, the Recorder appealed to common law and common sense, which in those times had no one on their side. The lawyer was of course universally worsted, and, as the narrative says, suffered this paltry contest to embitter, if not to shorten his days. If this be true, the lawyer was as great a fool as the demagogue. An ancestor of Grattan had been a senior fellow of the Dublin College. His son, Grattan's grandfather, a country gentleman, resided near Quilca, Dr Sheridan's house, which has been made so familiar to us from the life of Swift. It was by this neighbourhood that Swift became acquainted with the five brothers, who seem to have been considerable favourites even with the tetchiness of the celebrated Dean Swift, who, in a letter to Lady Betty Germain, thus writes:—

"I went and told my Lord Duke (Dorset, then viceroy) that there was a certain family here called the Grattans, and

that they could command ten thousand men; two of them are parsons, as you Whigs call them, another is lord Mayor of this city, and was knighted by his Grace a month or two ago; but there is a certain cousin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackson, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom."

A letter of Swift, applying to the Duke on behalf of this clergyman, is so characteristic of his habitual oddity, as to be well worth transcribing, especially as we do not recollect to have seen it before.

"*Dublin, Dec. 30th, 1735.*

"MY LORD,—Your Grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a-year in the church, which I thus prove: I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly, that you would not promise, but grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence, and of being (after a cant word used here) an expert *kingfisher*, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a-year, and I shall never trouble your Grace any more on his behalf. Now, by plain arithmetic, it follows that one hundred and ten pounds remain, and this arrear I have assigned to one Mr John Jackson, a cousin-german of the Grattans, who is vicar of Santry, and has a small estate, with two sons and as many daughters, all grown up. He has lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty, almost to a fault. Mr Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is his parish about four miles from hence, where he has built a family house more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he has not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say."

The mention of the Marlay family, from whom Grattan was descended in the female line, introduces an anecdote worth relating, for the benefit of those who are fond of civil war. "Radical changes" in countries and constitutions may be happy topics to round the periods of an itinerant orator, or indulge the theories of a philosopher of the Reviews; but to those who have any thing to lose, they are terrible things, and even to those who have nothing to lose, they are not much better in the end. Sir John was a man of large fortune

at the commencement of the tumults in 1640, a royalist, as was every honest man in the kingdom, and about that period mayor of Newcastle. Being summoned to surrender by the Earl of Leven, at the head of the Scottish army (1644), he replied, like the honourable man that he was, "that he would not betray his trust or forfeit his allegiance." The town was stormed, and his assailants were so infuriated by the spirit of his defence, that the general was obliged to place a guard of soldiers over his house. He had another result of the turn of popular freedom to undergo, for he was returned in the list of the principal persons sent to London to be tried, and was termed "that atheistical mayor and governor of the town, a most pestilent and desperate malignant, and enemy to all goodness." "Such," says the biographer, "was the fanaticism of the times." A fanaticism, however, which is copied every day of his life by his faction, and which would realize its menaces with even more desperate fidelity. Marlay, who had been so opulent as to be called the rich knight, "was robbed of all his fortune by the republicans, and sustained the still heavier loss of three sons in battle: his life was spared, and it seems to have been the only thing that was left to him. It is painful, even at this distance of time, to record, that this brave and sincere man was neglected by that contemptible and selfish profligate, Charles II. But the family evidently held a certain consideration among the loyalists; for his son was afterwards a captain in the Duke of Ormond's regiment, and his grandson, a barrister, rose rapidly through the ranks of his profession, till he arrived at the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench in Ireland. The daughter of this distinguished public officer was the mother of Grattan. His sons, beginning life with the advantages of their father's rank, made a respectable figure. One was a member of Parliament, another rose to be a colonel in the army, and a third became bishop of Waterford.

When a boy, Grattan gave a proof of his early spirit, by refusing to remain at a school where he had been insulted by the master. The pedant, not content with disapproving of his translation of a passage in Ovid, ordered him to kneel in presence of the

boys, and desired the footman to call him "an idle boy." The footman had decency enough to decline the office, and little Harry Grattan, insisting on being subjected to the chance of such indignities no longer, left the school.

In 1763 he entered Dublin College, where he became acquainted with Foster, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and Fitz-Gibbon, afterwards Lord Chancellor. Politics raged in Ireland at this period, and perverted all the inconsiderate, all the ambitious, and all the poor, thus leaving the common sense and common principle of the country in a hopeless minority. Grattan, in the giddiness and ignorance of youth, a Whig, quarrelled with his father, whose better knowledge, and more mature experience, had made him a Tory, and the quarrel went so far that the family mansion was willed to another. This act seems to have weighed heavily on the son, and to have produced a good deal of the melancholy tone which characterises his early letters. In one of those letters to an intimate friend, he writes in this strain—"If you want my company, I am sure I want yours. A fluctuation of sentiment, a listless indolence, and the gloomy reflections that arise from it, make the chaos of my mind. But of this no more. A man who is not happy finds his principal comfort in painting his own disquietude." Those were the feelings of a philosopher of one-and-twenty; but we soon find them still more strongly excited by the still more painful reality. His father died; and, as it appears, without sufficient reconciliation. On this occasion he thus writes to his friend Broome:—

"I am determined upon the first occasion to retire with you to some country lodging, where we may enjoy each other's society, poverty, and independency. I am at present as retired as possible, perfectly unconcerned about the time to come, very little concerned about the time present; melancholy, and contemplative, yet not studious. I write this letter from Bellcamp (the family mansion), where I have been these three days, without any of the family, and where I intend to continue some days longer in the same solitude. I employ myself writing, reading, courting the muse, and taking leave of that place where I am a guest, not an owner, and of which I shall now cease to be a spectator. I tell myself by way of consolation, that

happiness is not the gift of any one spot, however ancient and native."

He adds, in the same spirit, "perhaps the time may come, when fortune 'patre valentior,' may smile on me, and enable my old age to resign my breath where I first received it.—Farewell."

At this time he wrote verses, but whatever might be his poetic diligence, he was never destined to exhibit poetic power. It is a remarkable circumstance, that congenial as oratory and poetry seem to be, no one name on record has been eminent in both, from the days of Cicero to our own; both requiring the same ardour of imagination, copiousness of language, and knowledge of man and nature. A great gulf has lain between, which, like the valleys of the Andes, whose edges seem to touch, yet whose depths are beyond the light of the sun, seems to have been within reach of the easiest transit, yet is all but impassable. But Grattan was evidently aware that if fame was to be achieved by him, it was not through the favour of the nine. He writes to his friend, who had asked him for some poetry, "the compositions you demand of me, are incorrect and illegible. My muse is at best but a slattern, and stumbles frequently in her passage. She visits me but seldom, and her productions are rather the efforts of her mind, than the nature of it.

When her works are polished and rendered legible, they shall be sent to you."

The political history of Ireland, if written without either perversion or partiality, would be a document next in value to a true history of the Revolution of France. If the latter showed the violences of the mob, the former demonstrated the basenesses of party. If the Revolution found its emblem in the tiger, that, once tasting of human blood, refused all other food, Irish party found its natural similitude in the monkey, at once burlesque and mischievous, gluttonous of all that it could get, and destroying all that it could not devour—ridiculous to look at, yet hazardous to play with; at once teasing and treacherous, dangerous and disgusting.

From the commencement of that century, Ireland, relieved from the intrigues of Popery, had been the most pacific portion of the empire. Peace was beginning to produce wealth; its natural consequence. The southern

provinces were beginning to exchange their wild pastures for corn fields; and the northern, Protestant and industrious, already enjoyed an active and extensive system of commerce and manufacture. But this is a condition of things, on which, whatever spirit of evil especially urges the disturbance of nations, always seems to look with peculiar hostility. There was also an unhappy opening left for his incursion. The political conflicts of Ireland had obstructed the Reformation. In those conflicts the people had become barbarous, and the Government insecure. The factions of the country, Popish in their prejudices, their ignorance, and their hostility to England, had successively followed the desperate policy of allying themselves with the Popish continent. Thus Ireland, without the power to shake off either the yoke of Popery, or the influence of foreigners, was the slave of both, and received from both nothing but the wages of the slave—stripes and chains. From the period when the triumphs of Elizabeth's reign made England an empire, and thus awoke the jealousy of the great continental kingdoms, Ireland was adopted by France and Spain as the means which offered the most direct access to the very heart of her strength; important to alienate as an essential portion of British power; and to disable, if it could not be turned into the instrument of actual invasion. In all the attacks of France and Spain on England, the first object of their policy was to raise insurrection in Ireland; in some instances actual invasion was tried, and in all a spirit of disaffection was sedulously sustained. The influence of the Popish priesthood, superstitiously powerful over their followers, was sedulously employed to do the work of those sovereigns of whom the Pope was the vassal, while he himself was the vassal of the Pope. Thus was continued a perpetual treason by a perpetual imposture; thus the minister of the enemy ruled from the altar of the priest; and thus the policy of sovereigns, and the oath of the hierarchy, combined to make this unhappy land the scene of tumults, which, excited by foreign hostility, and unsubdued by foreign pacification, made it the channel that it has been for five centuries. England has been charged with this melancholy result—this conspiracy of man to defraud a great

country of the bounties of nature, and the benevolence of Government. But she might as well have been charged with the torrents which the Atlantic clouds pour upon the land. They were, like those torrents, the product of her position, the offspring of a great surrounding element of storm, ungenerated by her own narrow and simple surface, and urged by impulses from distant shores and sources, which, to her, were as unseen and inscrutable as the wind "that bloweth where it listeth," and made itself known only by its foreign fury and its strange sound.

Thus Protestantism, first received with joy in Ireland, was suddenly retarded, and finally repelled. Thus, too, the incursion of a multitude of sects, following in the train of the civil wars, seized a large share of the legitimate territory of the Church of England; and thus, too, republican ideas, adopted with republican discipline, suggested ideas of revolution. In all instances of British history, since the days of Elizabeth, the first shaft at the state has been pointed to the Church. The great guardian of morals has been naturally assailed by the enemies of laws, and the desecration of the established altar has been held the essential step to the dismantling of the throne. Sectarianism was the true tempter of the revolt of America; sectarianism was the true tempter of the rebellion of Ireland. But the immediate presence of England, the vigour of a powerful Government, and the existence of an Established Church, which, though impoverished, was neither ignorant nor idle, made the process essentially more cautious, tardy, and finally incomplete, than in the remote and mighty continent which England had conquered from the swamp and the savage.

The first attempt of the new-born patriotism of Ireland, was to shorten the duration of Parliament. Nothing could be more plausible; for the dislocation, into which all the affairs of the realm had been thrown by the civil war, had made the length of the Parliaments wholly undefined. In practice they were supposed to last during the life of the king; but, meeting only after long prolongations, (from 1666 they did not assemble for nearly thirty years,) thus virtually ceasing to exist, and, when they re-assembled, existing

only for routine, the country was governed, as it is now, by the Parliament of England. On the accession of George III., a bill for limiting the duration of Parliaments for seven years was brought in by Dr Lucas, the agitator, of whom mention has been already made. After various disappointments, the bill, only altered from septennial to octennial, was, in 1768, passed into a law. On this point the agitator certainly had the game in his own hands; for, if Parliament were to exist at all, it ought to be sent back to the country at intervals which would compel it to look to character; the true question, however, being, whether a Parliament offer the fittest means to govern a country at once small and turbulent, and whose leading classes are as ready to be corrupt, as its populace to be intractable.

The author regards this bustling personage as the founder of Irish liberty. With such an architect, we cannot wonder at the extravagance of the fabric, or the speed of its downfall. He tells us that Lucas was another Swift, but without his talents. In Lucas this spirit of attack "seemed a sort of inspiration, for nothing was too high or too low for his resentment, or his ambition. He assailed every thing and every body, from the monarch who swayed the sceptre, down to the mayor who held the mace. He deemed their offences great, and his language was strong in proportion. He made political abuse a sort of trade, and made business by it, and popularity."

This is certainly neither an amiable character nor a respectable one; but it is the natural character of an agitator, and might be the motto for the history of the living species. Of course this career, a hundred years ago, could not have been run with perfect ease; as there were no Papists in Parliament, the agitator was forced to rely upon himself and the rabble. He found a Ministry strong enough to stand by itself, and, being unable either to menace it by the desertion of a faction, or overthrow it by the arts of a public conspiracy, Lucas was declared by the grand juries of Dublin to be a libeller, promoting insurrection, and "justifying the bloody rebellion raised in Ireland."

They ordered his writings to be burned by the common hangman. The Attorney-General filed an information

against him; the House of Commons voted him an enemy to his country, and ordered his arrest; the Lord-Lieutenant issued a proclamation for his apprehension; finally the corporation disfranchised him. All this storm of hostility had no effect on Lucas—it was the very thing for a demagogue. He ran away for a while, to show that he was persecuted; but his fears of Government could not be very strong, when he went no further than London. Even there, however, he claimed the privileges of martyrdom; for he dates from Westminster as “the present place of my pilgrimage.” He naturally found England a more agreeable place of residence than Ireland, with all its discontents and disturbances gathering round his old age, and there he remained for ten years; but the dissolution of Parliament, which took place on the death of George the Second, was an ill omen to Lucas. His restless spirit was fired again by the hope of political bustle. The outlawry had been now taken off, and he was chosen one of the members for Dublin. A seat in Parliament is always the most injudicious object of a vulgar demagogue—it has stripped more asses of the lion’s hide than any other contrivance on record. The vulgar brawling which answers the purpose of the streets, raises the contempt of the House; the ignorance which satisfies the populace, is disgusting to the better classes; the monotonous cry of grievances, which forms the staple of the street scribbler, palls upon the ear of the House; and the brutish demagogue, who has nothing to support him but his brawling, is no sooner heard than he is put down, and no sooner put down than he is forgotten. Parliament was the extinguisher which put out the vulgar lights of Hunt and Cobbett. The little reputation which they had made for themselves by brawling in taverns, and scribbling virulence in pamphlets, perished as soon as the House of Commons saw of what contemptible elements they were made. Their first speeches exhausted all their topics; and when they were once precluded from Billingsgate, they lost the only source of their eloquence. As they could give no knowledge to the House, the House would give them no attention; and they sank into the obscurity from which they had risen, and for

which their mediocrity of mind and baseness of nature were made. The fate of Lucas was similar. Sinking into utter obscurity in Parliament, and forgotten by the people, his death alone revived his memory. Faction made a pretext of his funeral to awake rabble passions; and the leaders of the party which had neglected him, attempted to retrieve their neglect by panegyrising him as a patriot when he was no more.

The viceroyalty of Lord Townshend in 1768, was the commencement of the new policy in Ireland. Some leading families of rank had hitherto conducted the affairs of the country by a kind of association. This instrument, while manageable by the English minister, might be convenient to his ease, but it might also be detrimental to his higher views of policy. It was clamoured against and conceded. The people demanded to be governed by a Parliament, and Lord Townshend was sent over to break up the oligarchy. This new shape of government had the effect of bringing forth some men of remarkable ability. Among the rest was the new Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr Pery, a man little known in England, but who in Ireland enjoyed a great name in his day. One of the values of these volumes, is their containing a series of characters, which, as they could not be the result of the author’s personal experience, we must presume that we owe to either the notes or the recollections of his distinguished father.

Edmund Sexton Pery had been a barrister. He came into Parliament in 1761. Of him it is said, that “some men have a creative fancy, Pery had a creative judgment. He saw many years further into futurity than any other public man. A skillful leader, he knew how to advance and how to retire. He was possessed of the rarest and greatest acquirement a public man can wish for—a stern political fortitude that is proof against every temptation.”

Pery had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the chair on an important question in 1772. The Government desired to increase the number of commissioners of the revenue. The House passed a resolution against the increase. Government, notwithstanding, enlarged the number

from seven to eleven. The House was then called on to vote, that whoever advised that measure had acted contrary to the sense of the Commons. The numbers on a division were equal—106 on each side. It thus came to the casting voice of the Speaker, who, resenting the insult which had been offered to the House, said, "This is a question which involves the privileges of the Commons of Ireland. The noes have opposed the privilege; the noes have been wrong—let the privileges of the Commons of Ireland stand unimpeached. Therefore, I say, the noes have it." He had a fine person and a commanding voice. He delivered this lofty sentence with corresponding dignity, and the effect upon the House and the country was memorable.

A curious anecdote is told of this Irish Aristides. In the commencement of his political career he had become one of a party in the House, which, adopting certain principles, pledged itself never to take office but as a body. But Lord Townshend soon discovered the art, probably no very difficult discovery, of breaking up the party, by giving its members employment on his own terms. On this general violation of the compact, he still considered himself bound by it. He went to his former friends and said: "You have broken your engagement, you have released me; but I shall still consider myself bound. I will adhere to the compact. I will not take office; but I will never have any thing more to say to you." All this is high-toned; but it would make the anecdote more intelligible, as well as the sentiment more important, if the date had been divulged. If it was before Mr Pery's appointment to the Speakership, his self-denial evidently did not prevent him, as we see, from accepting one of the most lucrative public offices, which he could not have obtained but by the direct influence, or at least the ready acquiescence of the Crown; if it was after, he was then rich, old, and a peer. The temptations of office could not then have been strong, and his self-denial never would have been perfectly consistent with a sense of his ease.

In 1767, Grattan came to London, and entered himself as student in the Middle Temple. This practice, the author, in his usual strain, pronounces

"one of the badges of servitude worn by the people of Ireland!" He admits in the next truth, that it "takes the young mind from a narrow and prejudiced locality, and tends to make it expand in a freer region." This, we should suppose, an object of some importance to a profession which has peculiarly to deal with human liberties. But the author is never happy but when he can persuade himself that he lives in a dungeon, and is surrounded by a population of turnkeys. At all events, the badge of slavery is not a very heavy one, for it may be worn or not as the "slave" thinks fit—no Irish student being now under any necessity of coming to the English Inns of Court; the advantage of this coming, however, being so decided, that every Irish student who can afford it enters his name, and thereby secures the privilege of being called to the English bar, if he should subsequently so desire, and the higher advantage of the best legal education which the empire can offer.

Grattan had evidently designed himself, from the beginning, for a parliamentary career. He seems to have given but slight attention at any time to the study of the law, but to have spent his evenings chiefly in listening to the debates in Parliament. He was fortunate in his period. Lord Chatham was then in his full vigour, pouring out that impassioned oratory which constituted an era in the senate. In the intervals of those studies, he seemed to have kept up a considerable correspondence with his friends. We wish that more of these letters could have been procured. They are often fantastic, but they are always written with elegance, and sometimes with feeling. Some of his theories were speedily contradicted by his practice. He thus speaks of matrimony, in a letter to his friend Broome: "Our friend Macawley seems happy in the connubial state. He speaks as a man attached and contented; and, like a missionary of Hymen, he preaches his dominion to all. I am too well acquainted with my own inequalities, as well as too poor to receive the yoke. You and I, in this, as in most other things, perfectly agree. We imagine woman too frail a bark for so long and so tempestuous a voyage as that of life." But this was the reasoning of a philosopher of one-and-

twenty. In a few years after, when he grew wiser, he ventured on this perilous state. He married a woman of beauty and character, and continued, we believe, an attached husband and fond father to the end of his days. The loss of one of his sisters, for whom he had a strong affection, drove him for a while from London to solitude. He took shelter in the shade of Windsor Forest. Politics, which in London had been his study, were here his solace. His oratorical labours were so constant, that at one of the places where he resided with his friend Day, afterwards an Irish judge, the landlady imagined that he was deranged; and she complained that "the gentleman used to walk up and down in the garden the greater part of the night, talking to himself, and, though alone, constantly addressing one Mr Speaker; that it was not possible he could be in his senses, and she therefore begged that his friends might take him away; and that, if they did, she would forgive him all the rent that was due!"

We have a letter from Judge Day, as late as 1838, mentioning some particulars of this period. Among other matters, he mentions—"We lived in the same chambers of the Middle Temple, and took a house in Windsor Forest, commanding a beautiful prospect. He delighted in romantic scenery. Between both, we lived together three or four years, the happiest period of my life. When we resided in Windsor Forest, he would spend whole moonlight nights rambling and losing himself in the thickest plantations; he would sometimes pause and address a tree in soliloquy, thus early preparing himself for that assembly which he was destined to adorn." He then states the commencement of his knowledge of that Dr Patrick Duiguenan, with whom his after life was one long political quarrel. Duiguenan was a man of rough manners, but of strong understanding and extensive knowledge. Having obtained a fellowship in the Dublin University, he practised in the ecclesiastical courts, where he ultimately became a judge. Though he married a Roman Catholic, and in respect for the feelings of his wife frequently admitted Roman Catholic priests to his table, in public life he exhibited the most determined resist-

ance to the encroachments of Rome. His learning made him a peculiarly formidable opponent; and the brilliant tropes and pathetic appeals of the advocates of emancipation, were terribly trampled down by his knowledge of Romish councils and decrees. To the last, he opposed reason to eloquence, and learning to delusion. His arguments were unanswerable, and therefore attributed to prejudice; his learning was solid, and therefore passed by as obsolete. He had the merit of resisting, when all others gave way; of sustaining the truth, when it was the fashion to panegyrize falsehood; and of warning his country against the dangers of emancipation, when the whole mob of philosophers and politicians, the aspirants for place, and the seekers after popularity, were clamouring for it as the panacea for the "expiring Constitution." The name of Duiguenan was, of course, a mark for religious and political obloquy. But it was where the religion was superstition, and the politics were Jacobinism. No man in his own time was able to disprove his arguments, as, unhappily, no man in ours can doubt the sagacity of his predictions. He was a clear-headed, accomplished, and vigorous scholar, a sound lawyer, and a rational patriot. He died, with the regrets of many good, many learned, and many wise men; and his memory deserves all the honour which ought to be given to powerful championship in the righteous cause.

A note to Judge Day's letter mentions a circumstance which he supposes to have been the origin of the continued hostility between Grattan and Duiguenan. It was at the Temple that they first met. He introduced them to each other, and Duiguenan, intending to please Grattan, uttered a furious philippic against Dr Lucas, knowing that his father the recorder had been his opponent. But Grattan defended Lucas, and thought that he had been hardly treated by the Irish Government. The conversation grew warm—they further differed on those important topics, the prerogative and the people; Grattan replied, and Day was "afraid that he would have attacked Duiguenan." However, they parted, and in the evening Grattan came to the Grecian Coffeehouse, where they used to

meet, with a long sword at his side. Duiguenan did not make his appearance, but he wrote a poem criticising Grattan's figure with his long sword. It was comical; Day showed it to Grattan, who was amused by the humorous turn, and so the affair ended.

"Perhaps," says the latter, "it was owing to this trifling incident that the animosity was engendered, which afterwards displayed itself throughout Duiguenan's character and conduct."

But this unsubstantial motive was wholly inconsistent with the characters of both. They had a more sufficient reason;—strong diversity of opinion, both political and religious—opposite views on the most important subjects of life and government.

Grattan had early formed his antipathy to the powers that be. In 1768, he thus exults over the Irish Parliament: "I am glad that sink of prostitution, the Irish Parliament, is to be drained octennially. This will control it, if it cannot amend, and may improve what is in the last stage of putrefaction, and cannot change without being bettered." He then turns his wrath upon both Ireland and England with the same bitterness of rebuke, and the same pointed vigour which constituted the language of his Parliamentary life.

"The old court party, that have been corrupt expedienters for so many ages, honour the cause they forsake, and, like the black train of physis, inform the neighbourhood of their patient's health by their departure. The same bartering, the same venality which you mention as commencing in Ireland, reigns in England with avowed dominion." The instance which he gives of the Corporation of Oxford, is curiously put. "This corporation," says Grattan, "had sold its representation. Being brought before the House of Commons, it made no defence, and, being committed to jail, it sent a declaration of penitence, concluding, however, at the same time, the sale it was punished for attempting. This is astonishing; that no further penalty is inflicted on this bold prostituted body is more so."

His fondness for the picturesque is conspicuous in his early letters. Of the country around Sunning Hill, he says, in another letter—"The country I am in is most beautiful. There is

an antiquity and wildness in the woodlands here, infinitely surpassing what I have met with—whole tracts of country covered with nature, without the least interval of art. These are the forests of which Pope has sung with so much elegance, and which has been a sanctuary as well as a theme to the masters of poetry."

In another letter to his friend Broome, he mentions his having been present at a memorable Parliamentary debate, and gives a slight sketch of the principal speakers. The intent and tendency of the motion was to obtain from Parliament a promise of support for Lord North.

"Lord North, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man versed in state mystery and little versed in finances, spoke in defence of the Court, in a manner impetuous, not rapid; full of cant, not melody; deserved the eulogium of a fervent speaker, not a great one. Grenville, on the part of the Opposition, was peevish and wrangling, and provoked those whom he could not defeat. Burke, the *only orator* I have yet heard in the House of Commons (and the character arises from his matter, *not* his delivery,) was impetuous, oratorical, and undaunted; he treated the Ministry with high contempt, and displayed with most animated derision their schemes and purposes."

Some of those letters give melancholy traits of his mind. "There are times," he writes, ("at least I feel such,) when we lose every pleasing sensation; when our relish is suspended, and self-dissatisfaction becomes the state of the intellect. At times like these, I dare not write to you (his friend Broome), and be sure, whenever I am guilty of delay, not my regard but my mental economy is impaired. * * * I have moments (I dare say you have them also) of despondency, regret, apathy, and the rest of that deadly train that disturbs our peace and defeats our purposes. They do not continue long, burn without cause, without cause they vanish." He then touches on his general reading, and gives sketches, striking but one-sided, of the English historians. "I have lately dipped a little into English history. Lord Clarendon is amusing and instructive, but culpable in his language, his method, and his partiality. Burnet is vain and unclassical;

his knowledge extensive, his understanding contemptible." Those were young opinions. In his maturer age he might have pronounced Clarendon deficient in method, but he must have acknowledged the dignity of his thoughts and the manliness of his principles. His History is the "*monument*" of English loyalty. The inelegance of Burnet's style is beyond dispute, but his "vanity" is a love of giving his authorities for truth; his unclassicality is a love of telling things as he heard them; and the fertility of his understanding is to be discovered only in his having given us the best "history of his period" extant in literature.

But of Hume he says, "He is the only author who, from his abilities and compass, deserves the title of an English historian. Lord Bolingbroke has a rapidity that gives him sometimes a real, and always a seeming, superiority over those against whom he contends; his language is strenuous, his censure presumptuous, his spirit prodigious, his affectation of language great, his affectation of despising still greater. Next to Moses, Plato seems to be his great detestation." But, captivated as Grattan was by the flow and fervour of this eminent apostate's style, he had sagacity enough to see his hollowness. "Pity he should so desert the doctrine which he sets out to inculcate; and that he should fear to avow conclusions he *seems* so fairly to have deduced." It is curious that, with all his admiration for the style of Bolingbroke, he adopted one directly the reverse, and, with all his scorn for his principles, he made him his political master.

In this year Grattan lost his mother. Her death overwhelmed him with sorrow. We quote some of his expressions, for the benefit of those who think that genius is something too lofty to stoop to the domestic affections. Grattan was certainly not of the present school of magnificent misanthropy, which makes elevation of mind consist in contempt for all labours but those of shaking states or trampling on public morals—an elevation not unlike that of men who ascend mountains, and at once leave human nature below, and place themselves in chillness, barrenness, and solitude. Possessing the most remarkable talents, and talents especially for public life, no man

seems to have felt more fondly for his family. His language on the death of his father, who had used him with unfatherly harshness, is far from any unfilial retribution. His language on that of his mother, who, by an indolence, or an oversight equally cruel in its consequences, had died without a will, thus allowing a landed property, which she had intended for her son, to go out of the family, is ardently affectionate. Thus actually disinherited by the peevishness of one parent, and virtually disinherited by the carelessness of another, he appears never to have revenged his undoubted wrongs on the memory of either. Of his mother he writes in some memoranda, which seem to have been composed to give vent to the outpourings of his mind. "You were the only woman in the world who loved me; the love you bore me, the thousand kindnesses I have received from you, your tenderness, your anxiety, your liberality, your maternal concern for me, are a most affecting and wounding consideration. To remember these obligations with the gratitude they deserve, makes your death insupportable. Your good sense, your meekness in misfortune, your fortitude in suffering, the judicious love you distributed among your children, your generous negligence of yourself, place you among the first of women. A thousand amiable instances of your virtues, a thousand mutual obligations that interwove our affections, crowd on me, and afflict me. Your incomparable qualities torment me now, though I was formerly proud to recollect them. Heaven forbid that you should only live in the memory of those who knew your virtues, and that such merit should have no reward but the tears and admiration of those that survive you!"

From the commencement of his life at the Temple, Grattan had evidently intended to adopt the career of politics. He was dazzled by Lord Chatham's celebrity, and thought all beneath Parliament contemptible. But he found either his original direction, or his principal excitement, in a speech made by a minister against the doctrines which he so strenuously made his own. George Grenville was the minister who first proposed American taxation; nothing could be more natural than such a proposal. The American establishments were paid out of

the English revenue—what could be more just than that America should pay for them, if she could?—yet it was against this demand that she rebelled. Grattan says, “When I went to London to the Temple, the first person I heard speak was George Grenville. He talked of American taxation, and of the indisputable law of the realm, which gave that right, and he extended this to Ireland. It made a great impression on me, and I felt very much at the time. I recollect taking great pains to answer him. I wrote a reply, which I thought was very good, and with much care; but it touched every point except the question—it stood clear of that. However, this had a great effect upon me, and was of much service. It impressed upon my mind a horror of this doctrine; and I believe it was owing to this speech of George Grenville’s, that I became afterwards so very active in my opposition to the principles of British government in Ireland.” Through his uncle Colonel Marlay, he was introduced to William Gerard Hamilton, Secretary to Lord Halifax, and Lord-Lieutenant in 1761. This was single-speech Hamilton, whom Walpole thus described, in his amusing and graphic style, in 1755.

“Young Mr Hamilton,” says Walpole, who was present, “opened for the first time in behalf of the treaties, and was at once perfection. His speech was set, and full of antitheses, but those antitheses were full of argument; and he broke through the regularity of his own composition, answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease. His figure is advantageous, his voice strong and clear, his manner spirited, and the whole with the ease of an established speaker. You will ask what could be beyond this? Nothing, but what was beyond whatever was, and that was Pitt!” In December following, Mr Hamilton was rewarded with a seat at the Board of Trade; in 1761, he was appointed Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and for many years held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer of that kingdom. He died in 1796. In one of his letters to Mr Calcraft, 1764, he writes: “It is thought that the move as to Ireland is still in agitation; this is all the news of the day. I need not tell you I am not so situated as to have any other information, nor do I wish it. *Last*

summer has convinced me that books are the true things to abide by. My full intention is to follow your example, and to leave off business.”

Grattan’s mind in early life, exhibits the most wayward sensibility. He writes to his friend, in excuse for some interruption of their correspondence: “Forgive my tardiness, and pity the indisposition of my mind, instead of reproving my delay. The breast, the slave of a thousand discordant passions; now intoxicated with company, now saddening in solitude; sometimes disturbed with hope, sometimes depressed with despair, and equally ravaged with each; disgusted often, and often precipitately enamoured—all this makes me poor in my own esteem, and seem unkind in yours.

I live in the Temple, and have taken convenient chambers, that promote study. If ever we meet, we shall talk of these times with more happiness than we have passed through them.

He at last arrived in Ireland, where he had determined to fix himself, and to strike a bold stroke for that renown which he conceived was to be found only in political life. In 1770, he writes to his friend Day: “Ireland has been the scene of action the foregoing part of this winter. There has been no winter in which party has more fluctuated. At one time the independent men, as they call themselves, inclining to Government, and threatening to defeat the Speaker; at another time supporting the Speaker, and casting the balance against Government. Lord Townshend was rather despised than hated till this late measure.

“I shall soon be in England: I am tired of Dublin, with all its hospitality, and all its claret. Upon our arrival, it seemed a town hung in mourning, swarming with poverty and idleness. We feel relaxation growing upon us as soon as we arrive, and we catch the epidemic sloth of the luxurious capital.”

With all his passion for Ireland, he was still strongly attached to England.

In another letter he says,—“I am impatient to return to England: the splendid and the enrapturing scenes of London begin to wanton in my imagination. I have here reputable friends, and am myself not totally without credit; and yet, such is the perverseness of our nature, I am im-

patient to become an obscure character in another country."

Among the rest of his acquaintances was Boyd, who was so frequently suspected of being Junius. In later years, an application was made to Grattan to know his opinion on the subject. Being unable to write, Mrs Grattan, at his dictation, replied as follows:—

"SIR,—Mr Grattan, not being able to write, desires me to answer the letter you did him the honour to send. He does not recollect any fact which, at the time or since, inclined him to think that Mr Boyd was the author of 'Junius,' or connected with that publication. Were Mr Boyd 'Junius,' it was wholly without Mr Grattan's knowledge. *His understanding* was very considerable, his memory astonishing, and his literary powers very great; but whether he thought proper to *give* them the style and cast of Junius's composition, is what Mr Grattan cannot possibly undertake to say. He wishes every success to Mrs C.'s work, as it is the account of a person (whether Junius or not) whose life and talents were an ornament to letters, and his death an irretrievable loss."

A subsequent application was made to Grattan himself, in 1805, to know whether he was not the author, which he thus answered:—

"SIR,—I can frankly assure you I know nothing of 'Junius,' except that I am not the author. When Junius began, I was a boy, and knew nothing of politics, or the persons concerned in them. I am, sir, *not Junius*, but your good wisher and obedient servant,

"HENRY GRATTAN."

Of the often-contested question of the authorship of *Junius*, the writer of the present volumes says, that Flood, who had been suspected, could not have been the author, if it were only for the simple circumstance, that a letter of Sir William Draper, dated the 17th of February 1769, was answered by Junius on the 21st, Flood being at that time in Ireland, and it not being possible for him to have written a reply, and published it in London within the space of four days. Grattan's own opinion was, that the letters were of the Burke school, and that Burke was the prime mover, if not the writer. He said: "There is nothing in the passage of Burke, where he alludes to Junius, on the subject of

ex-officio informations, that might not have been spoken by a person who had written Junius. I know that Boyd heard Burke make that very speech that night, and Boyd told me there was nothing he said then that would make him believe he had not written Junius. On the contrary, I incline to think, from the manner he spoke, that he did write it. Gerard Hamilton also said to me—If I was to die to-morrow unless I could tell who wrote Junius, I would lay my head quietly on the pillow to-night—it was Burke."

Still those are but conjectures—no evidence was offered then, nor has been offered since. In those days, Burke's brilliancy dazzled every one, and his fine powers were supposed to give him the mastery of every style; but we are probably now better capable of ascertaining those powers than in his own day. We have all his works before us, affording a different standard from that of a few fine speeches heard in the House, or turned into occasional pamphlets. With the volumes of Burke and the letters of Junius placed side by side, the difference of the styles is fundamental. The claims of Sir Philip Francis have been, within these few years, strongly urged; but he never urged them himself; he never acknowledged the letters; and, at an interval of fifty years, we can imagine no reason, of either fear or loyalty, which could have indisposed the temperament of Francis to decline so strong a title to political and literary fame. Few other candidates have appeared; none of them made good their title. The secret was said to be in an iron chest in Lord Grenville's custody; his lordship has since died, and we presume all his chests have been opened, but the secret has not made its appearance. However little it may be worth, it is certainly the best kept secret on record.

In the midst of political tumult, the native propensity for enjoyment exhibited itself in Ireland. Private theatricals were the fashion; the principal nobility opened their houses to these entertainments, and the chief Parliamentary personages were the performers. The celebrated Flood, the first man in the Irish Parliament, was a capital tragedian. Grattan wrote prologues; and the handsomest belles of the day performed queens and cham-

bermaids. In one of his letters, Grattan mentions, with regret, his having lost the sight of "Tamerlane," in which one of the Irish "graces," the daughter of Sir William Montgomery, played. He speaks of it as "a most magnificent spectacle." Those three ladies were remarkable for wit and beauty. One of them was married to the viceroy, the other two to men of rank in Ireland. But there were two still more celebrated beauties, who seem to have astonished England—the Gunnings. One was married to the Earl of Coventry, the other to the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards to the Duke of Argyll; yet thus doubly a duchess, she died at the age of twenty-seven. Their beauty was astonishing, or at least its effects were so. Walpole says, that on the marriage of the Duchess of Hamilton, crowds flocked to see her, and that seven hundred persons sat up all night round the inn in Yorkshire where she slept, that they might see her as she went into her carriage in the morning. The duke was so anxious to have the ceremony performed, that he would not wait till day, but was married with a ring of the bed curtain, at half-past twelve at night, in May Fair Chapel. The Countess of Coventry made herself memorable by the *naïveté* of her remark to George the Second. His Majesty asked her whether she liked masquerades? Her answer was, "That she did not; that she was tired of sights; and that the only one she wished to see was a coronation."

But this remark, which in any instance would have been the most terrible of blunders, passed off with the beauty and the wit as the most piquant of all pleasantries.

In the mean time, politics were in full glow in England. Wilkes's affairs had embroiled the King with the Minister, the Minister with the Parliament, and the Parliament with the nation. The annals of popular government, fertile as they are in folly, never exhibited in a stronger light the scandalous ease with which popularity may be obtained, common sense defied, and the national interests hazarded, where the appeal is made to the mob. Wilkes was a notorious profligate in every condition of life—in politics as well as in morals; despising the populace, he flattered them into insurrection; hating the Opposition,

he intrigued with them for power; scoffing at public delusion, he used it to the last. Still this culprit, for his recklessness amounted to many a crime, failed in obtaining his original object however—he never rose above the rabble. Disappointed in all his hopes of personal ambition, he was glad to creep, at the close of his days, into a city sinecure—to have his jest, his dinner, and his pay, among the aldermen. He was compelled to see the Government which he had insulted still exist in defiance; the King whom he had vilified grow in national esteem as in years; and, while he himself sunk into an obscure and degenerate old age, his name degenerated into a national scoff, and his history quoted only as a warning against popular absurdity.

In one of Grattan's letters he mentions his having seen some of those signs of the time. "I shall only tell you that on Tuesday night Mr Wilkes went privately from prison; and that on last night the whole town was illuminated. Every thing was apprehended; but I have heard of nothing that has been done by the populace. There were many houses not illuminated, and they did not suffer. The night was more tranquil than those of his election."

He then speaks of the man who eclipsed all others of his day, and of whom Grattan seems never to have thought without wonder. "Lord Chatham's abilities are restored to their ancient reputation. His violence, I hear, is surprising. The Ministry call him *mad*; Opposition call him *supernatural*; and languid men call him *rather outrageous*."

When we recollect the extraordinary public activity which occupied Grattan's whole life from his entrance into Parliament, the eager interest with which he plunged into all the political storms, and the intense toil with which he must have conducted Opposition in the House of Commons for so many years of anxiety and even of personal hazard, we may be astonished at the listlessness and despondency of his mind in the most animated period of human life.

But it is not to be overlooked, that such feelings seem to have belonged to almost every man who has been destined to make a conspicuous figure in the larger movements of life. In

this spirit Cæsar wept when he saw the statue of Alexander, and disdained himself for having done so little at an age which, in the dead hero, had been sufficient to subvert one empire and found another. In our own time Nelson, before he rose to command, was the most fretful of men. Napoleon, in early life, was miserable; complained of the miseries of inactivity; and, in the profligate but expressive phraseology of his period, declared, even when at the height of power, that he was like the devil, always wretched unless he was busy; the good or evil, probably, being no question with this copy of the great Agitator of mankind. But those traits are worth preserving, not merely as sketches of mind, but as pointing out to others the true mode of converting despondency into hope, and turning great powers from being the tormentors into the stimulants of the mind. He writes from Windsor in 1770, like a man about to drown himself from mere weariness of existence:—

“I write this letter from the dullest solitude which even I have ever experienced. You know my mind has ever had a hankering after misery. I have cultivated that defect with astonishing success, and have now refined my mind into the most aching sensibility imaginable. I have been of late much alone, in a beautiful situation, but a disagreeable condition, so much so, that it has overcome my taste for books, my passion for writing, and my attachment for rurality. I call upon you in my miserable moments to arouse your declining friend, a prey to his caprice. I know of no panacea for my mind but you The fact is, I have no resolution, and in solitude feel the most frivolous incidents as great calamities. My mind stagnates in retirement, and a drop of adversity circulates in uneasiness all over it. When the devastation I speak of will suffer me to apply to nobler objects, and to soar a little above the dregs of the earth, I am not entirely amiss in the pursuits of improvement.”

The fact was, that a man with this kind of sensibility should not have gone to the shades of Windsor Forest, as he did, in the gloomy month of November, when the sight of a tree suggests nothing but the idea of being suspended from its branches. The streets of London, with all their smoke, their mire, and their noise, would have done him more good than a forest of nightingales. Yet he evidently

revives when he talks of politics—the languid philosopher becomes a man. The unpopular Ministry at this time were kept in existence not by their own strength, but by the feebleness of their adversaries. The “*vis inertiae*” alone kept them in their places:—“Opposition,” says Grattan, “is in a languid and a divided state. Death has not spared it. Mr Grenville’s departure was a tremendous blow: he was an able financier, with a contracted but a shrewd mind; the object of the prejudices and hopes of many a man who had some portion of English principle. He died on the first day of the session. His death was lamented by Barré, who was great that day. His boldness and his fury were engaging, and his military character was sustained with warmth and success.”

Grattan, on his arrival in Ireland, instantly connected himself with Opposition, who were then violently attacking Lord Townshend’s government. A succession of letters in newspapers was their first display. Among those contributions was “The Character of Lord Chatham.” On its being shown in MS., Langrishe observed that they should not let that go, (be lost.) “But how shall we introduce it?” said Flood. Langrishe playfully replied—“I’ll settle it: we’ll put it in a note, as if from Dr Robertson. He is going to publish a new edition of his America—that is Chatham’s subject. So we shall say, we have been favoured with this character of the champion of the colonies.” The idea amused them; and many persons afterwards looked for the character in Robertson’s volumes, and of course were surprised at their disappointment.

Langrishe was a happy specimen of the Irish gentleman of past days. He was a man of talents cultivated by the habits of association with the best society, and strengthened by public life; a patriot, so far as to wish well to the general advancement of the country, but without taking any share in the violences of party. The habit of the time was a pleasantry which softened the asperities of politics; the care of nations not having yet sunk into the hands of the mob, or of the coarse and sullen villains who play the mob into each other’s hands, and barter the menaces of the rabble for power. Some of Langrishe’s plea-

santries are still remembered. On one occasion, when riding with Lord Townshend through the Phoenix Park (the Hyde Park of Dublin), the viceroy complained of the negligence of his predecessors in leaving this place of public recreation in a swampy state—"Oh," said Langrishe, "they had too much to do in *draining* the country!"

"Which do you think, Langrishe, the best history of Ireland?" was once asked. The answer was prompt.—"The continuation of *Rapin*" (rapine).

Townshend was clever, but a rough soldier; vain, but steady to his purpose of controlling Irish party; a man of pleasure, but eager in grasping at every object of distinction. He had exhibited his avidity for honours in a rather too hasty manner in the Canadian war. On the death of the heroic Wolfe, Townshend, impatient to obtain the reputation of the conquest, accepted the surrender of the town. But for this piece of presumption he was obliged to make a written apology to General Monckton, who had succeeded Wolfe, and was superior officer to Townshend. When the latter, on his return to England, attended the levee, George II. turned away from him in marked displeasure. But Charles Townshend, his brother, pushed him on until he got the King to speak to him, which, however, was not accomplished without difficulty.

One of the prominent characters of these volumes, and of his time, was Henry Flood. He is recorded as "the first who introduced oratory into the House of Commons." He was an excellent man for party—ever ready. His knowledge enabled him to attack, and his powers of satire gave him great advantage in reply; quick, sharp, and severe, a good debater—for, even if defeated, he returned undaunted to the charge, and renewed the contest with surpassing perseverance. He was a great master of logic, which, though it sometimes tires, yet in the case of his hearers procured him great admiration; for the University, accustomed to syllogisms, poured forth its numerous and ardent hearers, who conferred upon him the palm of oratory. His spirit, his passion, and his strength of mind, overcame all lesser defects; and when he grew strongly animated, and his temper somewhat

ruffled, he bore down all before him. He always improved as he proceeded in the debate, for he had no superior in the art of disputation; so that his second speech was always better than his first, and when he made a third, it was superior to either.

Flood was made for public life. He came into Parliament in the vigour of life, in his thirtieth year, at a period auspicious for commencing a public career—the first year of the reign of George III. Educated for the bar, and thus possessing the true groundwork of Parliamentary knowledge; opulent, for he possessed five thousand a-year, as much in Ireland was equivalent to fifteen thousand in this country and at the present time; a vigorous student, an accomplished scholar, a keen politician; full of the determination to make himself conspicuous in public life, and adding to those qualities the essential of a political leader in Ireland—the most reckless disregard of personal danger—Flood was formed by nature and by art to be the Parliamentary chieftain of his country.

Among the unhappy singularities which have long drawn the line between Ireland and civilisation, duelling was prominent. "Be ready with the pistol" was the precept of an Irish Polonius to his descendant. The result of this barbarian practice was the presumed necessity, on the part of every public man, of "drawing blood." Flood, when in the height of his career, however, was called into the field by a private quarrel. The families of the Agars and Flood had a private feud for some time, arising out of a Parliamentary contest for a borough, the fruitful source of quarrel among the idle patriots of Ireland. The elder Agar had challenged Flood: they fought, and Agar was slightly wounded. But the hostility did not end with the rencontre. Agar soon commenced the quarrel upon new grounds—some trifling affair of a case of pistols lost by one of Flood's people some months before. But the narrative of an Irish duel is best given in Irish description. This is a fragment of the letter of Mr Bushe, Grattan's brother-in-law:—

"I hear that Agar had often asked Flood about his pistols, who had always answered, 'that he had them not, and was not accountable for them.' But on Friday they produced a challenge, to my great surprise; for if there were any offence,

it was as much an offence any day those ten months as it was on that day. They stood about fourteen yards asunder. Before they fired, Mr Agar questioned Mr Flood about the pistols in a threatening and offensive manner. Mr Flood answered very deliberately, 'You know I will not answer you while you ask me in that manner.' Agar refused all conciliation, and was evidently determined to put his antagonist to death; for, after some proposals to fire along the line of a quickest hedge, and then resting the pistol on his arm, both of them prohibited by the etiquette of gentlemanlike murder, they drew lots for the first fire, which Agar got and missed. He then took up his other pistol, and said to Flood, 'Fire, you scoundrel!' Flood then presented his pistol, which he had held all this time with the muzzle turned upwards, and shot Mr Agar through the heart. The left breast was towards him, Mr Agar being left-handed. He expired in a few minutes, without speaking any thing articulate. The coroners have found the verdict specially, 'That he came by his death by a pistol-bullet,' without ever mentioning Mr Flood's name."

Nothing could be more polished than this mode of putting a country gentleman out of the world; and even the delicacy of the coroner, as we see, receives its praise. Yet what is the reality of the case? A man is killed, for no possible reason but that a quarrel, worthy of two children, arises between two men. Law being out of the question, blood-shedding is the well-bred resource; justice having nothing to do in the case, the gentlemen take the decision into their own hands, constitute a law of force, and execute it by an act of murder. The fact in this instance being, that the murder was not for any personal loss, or any injury capable of being felt in property or person, but simply from the determination of Mr Agar to kill Mr Flood, as putting him out of the way would be a convenience at the hustings. But murder by an assassin, in the regular Italian style, not being the etiquette in Ireland, the gentleman assassin adopted the only other mode in which the murder might be committed, without risking his own neck in case of his being found out. Yet is a murder the less such, because the intended victim is told that he is the mark, or because a pistol is put into his hand, and he is told that he must stand at fourteen paces off to be shot? Whether he shoots his opponent, or is

shot himself, a human life is destroyed, a family perhaps ruined, society injured, law set at naught—and with what gain? Simply to establish the important fact that Mr A. can stand to be shot by Mr B.; and that two fools dare commit murder, whenever it may be to the convenience of one of the belligerents, without regarding the laws of either God or man.

Flood, as his career advanced, began to feel the usual mortifications of public life. He found that eloquence is not always resistless, where reason is on the other side; that, though the populace may applaud the inventor of grievances, the fiction will not always succeed against the actual absence of all oppression; and, by a still more authentic fact, that a people increasing in wealth, security, and freedom, will, from time to time, be found tardy in flinging away their actual advantages, for the sake of putting in place a junta of declaimers, ten times more rapacious, rash, and burdensome, than those whom their clamours have excluded from office. He complained that he could not trust any man, or any party; that when he acted with a party, their views were discovered; and that when he acted with a few, their views also were discovered; when he acted with an individual, his views were betrayed. The great man was evidently coming round. His next maxim was, that the Government was too powerful to be opposed—that the people were too weak to resist—and, finally, that a patriot could serve his country only by place. His conversion was now evidently not far off. It soon became practical. The secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant turned his attention on the discontented patriarch. To pull down the head of Opposition was an object worth some trouble. Flood yielded coyly, but he went the common course of party patriotism after all. After a reluctance of three years, he took a place; and the public were astonished at the formidable announcement that Henry Flood was enlisted under Lord Harcourt's banner as Vice Treasurer of Ireland, with a salary of L.3500 a-year. This change naturally armed all the hundred hands of party against him. He was plunged into an ocean of obloquy. Even office did not make a sufficient recompense for the loss of the popularity on which he had fed so fondly, so foolishly, and so long. He guarded his dignity by a sullen

silence which could not retrieve his character. He rather rebuked the Government when he spoke, than assisted it. He had gained by his conversion nothing but money, which he did not want, and lost by it all that he he did—the smiles of party and the shouts of the multitude. Such is the natural and the deserved fate of those who begin by going too far. Flood was a demagogue until he became a placeman; he opposed every thing until he became bound to submit to every thing. Formed with great powers to guide the country, he was content to lead a faction; and, conscious that the true direction of public prosperity was in the path of peace, he exerted his fine abilities, his personal influence, and his Parliamentary weight, to urge the country into a practical rebellion against England. He finally made a desperate effort to return to his party. But its throne was vacant no longer. A younger aspirant was already seated there. Grattan had been fixed in popular supremacy by acclamation; and the patriot placeman was left to lament the original want of principle which had led him to embrace popularity for truth—to embitter public passion instead of enlightening public ignorance; and, for the sake of seizing power by the violence of an excited people, inflame them, by the exaggerations and extra-

vagances of popular harangues, into a hatred of the only country which could, or ever can, administer knowledge, tranquillity, or freedom to Ireland.

While Grattan was at the Temple, persuading himself to study law, a persuasion in which he never succeeded, he had opportunities of studying the more congenial statutes of party. Lord North's Ministry, once popular, had fallen into sudden disrepute. Wilkes was the thorn on which the Minister had most inadvertently trod, and which he could never extract. Nothing can be more *against* all sound policy in a minister, than to involve the Crown in a contest with an individual. The inequality of force itself makes it unpopular at once, and the thousands who hate all authority, instantly take up the quarrel on the plea of manliness; the cause becomes that of the oppressed against the oppressor; and a disturber, who ought to have adorned the pillory, is raised on the shoulders of the populace to an equality with his king. Burke expressively termed the whole process—"A tragedy-comedy, acted by his Majesty's servants, at the desire of several persons of quality, for the benefit of Mr Wilkes, and at the expense of the constitution."

But the subject abounds on us, and we must, for the present, break off here.

ROT YOUR ITALIANOS !

BY A MAN BEHIND HIS AGE.

"Rot your Italianos! for my part, I loves a simple ballat!" At the risk of being excommunicated from civilized society for the next twenty years, I honour the memory of the country mayoress, who gave vent to her outraged nationality in that most passionate and unsophisticated ejaculation. The spirit which gave birth to it was British to the backbone—a despiser of fashions, and, a hater of Frenchmen. I can picture her to my mind's eye, seated by the side of her magisterial spouse on the front bench in the Town-Hall, glorious in crimson velvet and orange trimmings, majestic in feathers and furbelows, pre-eminent in paste, and magnificent in mosaic gold—listening, with open mouth and

kindling eye, to the "uptrilled strain" of some one of those great metropolitan stars, which every now and then condescend to shoot like meteors through our rural hemisphere, to turn the heads and empty the pockets of the wondering lieges by their "most sweet voices." I can fancy her speechless astonishment at the first burst of the unknown tongue upon her unprepared ear—her glance of dignified expostulation at the unheeding man of semi-quavers—and, finally, her indignation at the audacity which offers such an insult to her understanding bursting forth, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, in that most energetic of anathemas—"Rot your Italianos!"

How far my taste and that of the

worthy lady in question might coincide in the selection of our "simple ballads," I cannot of course presume to decide; but, however we might happen to differ in the application, in principle we are one:—Rot your Italianos!—give me something I can understand.

I shall never forget the first time I ever went to the Italian Opera. Indeed her Majesty's Theatre (Alas that the theatre, *par excellence* her Majesty's, should be the only theatre in London where her Majesty's mother-tongue is never spoken!) was the first playhouse in which I ever set my foot, and my anticipations were magnificent—though to attempt to describe them, after Charles Lamb's delightful account of a similar epoch in his existence, would be worse than idle. Tap, tap, tap, went the conductor's baton, and crash went the whole orchestra at once;—but what was the overture to one whose eyes were riveted upon the curtain, and whose whole soul was wrapt in expectation of the wonders it concealed? I have listened with delight since then to many a noble overture; but at that moment, had it been an angel's lyre, as far as I was concerned, its strings would have been swept unheeded. To me the play, and the play only, was the attraction—of course, I need not say that of the nature of an opera I had but a very imperfect conception. I knew that there would be a good deal of singing, but I had no notion there was to be nothing else; and I knew also that I should not understand the language to be spoken: but I thought that, if the performance were but true to nature, I might be able, at any rate, to make a tolerably good guess at what was going on, and I pleased myself not a little by the anticipation of my own success in this conjectural species of interpretation. Well, the overture, endless though it seemed, nevertheless gave the lie to appearances, and ended at last. Up went the curtain—and behold! a gentleman with an unexceptionable moustache, and a spick-and-span new suit of "complete steel," amusing himself with parading backwards and forwards before a castle gate only covered with ivy, and chanting at the top of his voice, in what Hamlet calls "very choice Italian." Now I, knowing nothing, in the world of "that soft bastard Latin," and not being before-

hand acquainted with the details of the story to be enacted, very naturally concluded, from the armour and the uplifted voice, that the worthy gentleman—for he was too smart for a warder—was somebody or other of moderate personal courage, who was supposed to be going about his business in a neighbourhood of indifferent reputation, and singing as he went, either to let any lurking clerk of St Nicholas understand that he was by no means timorous, or, for the old classical reason, because he happened to have no superfluity of broad pieces in his breeches pocket, and consequently nothing to apprehend. As I afterwards learned, I never was more mistaken in my life—but that is anticipating. Well, after a proper quantity of walking, and ditto of singing, enter on the opposite side another gentleman, (whom, for the sake of perspicuity, I will call gentleman No. 2,) with a drawn sword and an inflamed countenance. Suddenly perceiving Gentleman No. 1, he stops, and thunders forth three lines of double bass, to which the individual so addressed responds in twice as many of counter-tenor, drawing *his* weapon also at the close of the sixth; whereupon Gentleman No. 2 turns his back unceremoniously upon Gentleman No. 1, and fortifies his spirits with a considerable quantity of gesticulation, and a trifle more of the double-bass. As it was now pretty evident that he was working himself up into a very murderous disposition towards Gentleman No. 1, I was delighted to observe the Christian forbearance of the latter individual, in not taking advantage of so favourable an opportunity for smiting Gentleman No. 2 under the fifth rib at once; but I suppose that he, like a swan, had a sort of presentiment of his approaching latter end, and was determined to have another song before he took his departure: for, when Gentleman No. 2 had ceased, and was most heroically "winking and holding out his iron" before his eyes, he very composedly treated us to another five minutes, in a somewhat more warlike key; and then at it they went like a couple of gamecocks, till the predestined Gentleman No. 1 received a lunge in tierce, which I thought must have most effectually and immediately given him his quietus. But no;—rearing himself on his elbow,

and fixing on Gentleman No. 2 a glance of the most withering scorn and intense detestation, he spake once again, and to my extreme astonishment, like Southey's Enchantress, "still his speech was song,"—clear, loud, sustained, "as though he felt no wound," until suddenly the uplifted voice and body fell together, and the unfortunate Gentleman No. 1 breathed his last in B flat.

I would go on to tell how there came on a "fayre ladye," weeping and wailing, and tearing her "lang lang yellow hair," and how she knelt by the side of the defunct Gentleman No. 1, and how she endeavoured to recall what the newspapers denominate "the vital spark," by a bravura of a quarter of an hour's duration; and how an elderly gentlemen, with a cracked voice and cranium to match, which latter was his only excuse for not knowing better, made dishonourable proposals to the said fair one, in a very long-winded solo for a Sexagenarian; and how, after much sorrow and trouble, the lady, towards the middle of the third act, after singing a passionate song over a small phial of poison, swallowed the contents at a gulp; and how the audience were treated to a specimen of an Italian coronach by fifteen young maidens, all with tresses carefully dishevelled, and as many serving-men in disordered liveries, headed by a Coryphæus in the person of the aforementioned old gentleman, by this time driven by remorse into a state of "very midsummer madness." But I should seem as one that mocketh to many a worthy and simple-minded country cousin, and I forbear. I have never been to the Italian Opera from that day to this. I look upon it as the greatest outrage to common sense that ever was perpetrated. I regard a ballet with a far more lenient, and even favourable eye. The ballet is a great philosophical experiment to ascertain the maximum degree of indecency which the eye of the most moral public is able to endure without flinching; but which, alas! seems destined, like too many meritorious undertakings, never to accomplish its object. My friend the mayoress would doubtless have preferred an old-fashioned "threesome reel" to all the elegant improprieties of the "poetry of dancing."

Honestly and seriously, it gives me

more pleasure to hear even a street organ play a simple old English air, than it would to occupy the very choicest stall in the whole Italian Opera-House; and yet (though I fear I shall provoke nearly as many sneers as I shall have readers) I claim to be counted among the lovers of music. The dramatic part of the business is to me so irresistibly ludicrous, that the beauty of the music (and far be it from me to deny that of Italy its due share) is lost and gone in the utter absurdity of the *tout ensemble*. I cannot yield myself to any illusion at a spectacle so unnatural. I can no more sympathize with a hero who lives, loves, eats, drinks, fights, and dies singing, than I can sympathize, like the *Morning Herald*, (admirable, an editor though he be,) with a condemned murderer. I know many a sweet air, from many an opera, which I can drink in, again and again, with ever fresh delight; but it must not be within the walls of a theatre; there must be no tinsel and trappings—no footlights and finery—the air, the whole air, and nothing but the air—no "chromatic tortures" of "quaint recitativos;"—and then I will sit and cry—"Play on—let me have more of it!" till the fair fingers of the minstrel grow weary of their task, and the silvery voice pleads their excuse so sweetly, that the melody of art is forgotten in that of nature.

A theatre is not, to my thinking, the proper place for vocal music; or, perhaps, it may be nearer the truth to say that vocal music is, for the most part, so awkwardly introduced in our drama, that I am apt unthinkingly to find fault with the practice, instead of confining my censure to its abuse. Nine-tenths of the songs which we hear upon the stage are so lugged in by the head and shoulders, that we cannot be surprised if they suffer from the operation. People in plays sing, for the most part, exactly when nobody in his senses would dream of their being musical. Companies of banditti rove about, shouting out a chorus which cannot by any possibility fail to betray their whereabouts; young gentlemen, head over ears in love, chant beneath their mistresses' windows with a strength of lungs which must infallibly awaken the most snoring and somnolent of papas; and wicked little soubrettes display their

vocal powers in the drawing-room, at the imminent risk of being turned out of the house at a minute's warning by their justly infuriated "missus." No modern play-wright seems to have the slightest notion that there is a time proper for singing, and a time proper for holding one's tongue. Shakspeare introduced songs, and why shouldn't they? True; but Shakspeare never went a single inch out of his way to accommodate a song. His men and women sing exactly as men and women ought to sing—at the proper time, and in the proper manner; two requisites which we, who sing away, "ab ovo usque ad mala," have most unaccountably lost sight of. I quote the following words from the very last number of *Maga*, without curtailment, partly for the excellence of the criticism, and partly because they supplied the hint for these, my present rude lucubrations:—"Joanna Baillie," says the critic, for he is speaking of no less a name, "takes care to make no people sing in situations in which it is not natural for them to do so; the songs are all sung by those who have little or nothing to act, —[so *Amicus*, in *As you Like It*,]—and introduced when nothing very interesting is going on; and they are supposed not to be spontaneous expressions of sentiment in the singer, but, as songs in ordinary life usually are, compositions of other people, which have been often sung before, and which are only generally applicable to the present occasion. "In these few words, which are nearly all her own, this great poetess has laid down the principles on which alonetan any musical drama be constructed agreeably to nature."

So much for theatrical song-singing; though, by the way, I have yet another crow to pick with it before I leave it, inasmuch as the better the song is sung, the more it tends, by producing an *encore*, to dispel still further the already fading illusion of the stage. The grand object of the drama is, of course, to "hold the mirror up to nature," that it may admire (which it may do without vanity) its own beauties, and see and amend its own follies and deformities. Foremost among its secondary aims, I take to be the endeavour to impress the spectator with a belief, as far as such a thing is possible, that the scenes which pass before his eyes are not fic-

tions but realities—to make him give himself up to the illusion of the moment, annihilating both time and space from the instant the curtain rises—transporting himself through centuries, and across oceans—undergoing a living metempsychosis—now a "royal Dane," and now an "antique Roman,"—and subsiding into his pristine John Bullism only when some second-rate son of the buskin glides delicately from behind the curtain, to announce the entertainments of the morrow. I do not know whether or no my principle be correct; but, be this as it may, it is that upon which I like to act myself, if the gods would only allow me. But no—the powers of the one-shilling gallery are a straightforward, matter-of-fact race of deities, that have no notion of being deluded in any way whatever: tailor outsqueaks tailor, barber out-bravos barber, baker outelaps baker, butcher outwhistles butcher—the play stands still—the actors return to their old attitudes—the song is sung again; and Miss Snelvellicci, act as she will, is, for the rest of the evening, Miss Snelvellicci, and Miss Snelvellicci only. I never yet saw Richard dream or die a second time; but, should it ever be the pleasure of the British public to demand such an effort (and there are many things, as far as I see, more improbable), I could regard the exhibition with exactly the same degree of complacency. But I am running away from my friend the mayoréss.

I suppose a lady of fashion now-a-days would as soon think of admitting that she did not adore Italian music, as she would of confessing her age. For my part, I look upon our Italianizing dames pretty much as sturdy old Juvenal looked upon the Græcizing patricians—"non possum ferre, Quirites, Græcam urbem." There is no end to our unnatural adoptions—"Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes"—Italians, and French, and Germans—the Swiss family This, and the Dutch family That, and the Russian family T'other—Chanteurs Montagnards, Siffleurs, and Chinchoppers—Alpine minstrels, and Bohemian minstrels, and minstrels from the Lord knows where; verily, the plague of foreigners is upon us, and of all live plagues defend me from this! Were the evil confined to the boards of the Opera-House, or the purlieus of

Leicester Square, I should not mind it so much, though it would still be bad enough. But this is, alas! far from being the case. Read a programme of a fashionable morning concert—the probability is, that you will not find one English song in the list. Walk into a fashionable drawing-room, and ask Miss Mary or Miss Caroline to favour you with a little music—fifty to one she strikes up some Italian rigmarole, of which you understand not a syllable, but which you are bound to pronounce the most beautiful thing you ever heard in your life, as you would escape being set down for a greater Goth than even Alaric himself. An English audience, “gaping for wonderment” at a modern morning concert, puts me strongly in mind of a congregation of Roman Catholics at their devotions. They are alike most admiring and devout listeners to a service, of the meaning of which nine-tenths of them have no more comprehension than a cow has of mathematics. But the evil does not stop at morning concerts and crowded soirées; like the frogs of Egypt, it invades our very chambers, and takes its station unresisted by our parlour firesides—those very citadels of John Bullism—our very children of ten years old practise bravuras, and prattle of Donizetti.

The honest old English song never was at a greater discount than in this most musical age. We do not get a decent one once a-year; and, when we have that luck, it endures only for a week. Our modern fashionable ballads are the most execrable compounds of mawkish sentimentality that ever melted the soul of a nursery-maid—full of pale high brows, and dark flashing eyes, and long flowing tresses of raven blackness—strong spirit-yearnings, and heart-tempests of appalling violence. Unhappy music appears doomed henceforth to a perpetual state of ancient maidenhood; for there is no longer any “immortal verse” to marry her to. Even good music, when burthened with the trashy words with which these days are afflicted, is, to my thinking, three parts ruined; but this is a matter about which our modern musicians trouble their heads very little—words are made for tunes, not tunes for words; and one would think they were made by contract into the bargain; sometimes they rhyme, and for

the most part scan; but as to any thing beyond, why, a black swan would be nothing to the rarity. Our list of modern song-writers (I do not mean mere “metre-ballad-mongers” and Haynes-Bayley-ites, but good honest song-writers) is small indeed; of living ones we have scarcely any. Moore seems to think he has done enough, and so he has, for fame; for there is immortality enough and to spare in the Irish melodies. Allan Cunningham has written several stirring strains—why is his pen idle? Poor Captain Morris is dead!—peace to his manes! his songs (and so were Dibdin’s) were superb in their way—that is, when men were reasonably well advanced in the second bottle. Of Burns, I fear I may say, little but the name is known in these parts, save to a few. Walter Scott has written some glorious songs, but who sings them? and last, “not least in our dear love,” Felicia Hemans has penned some strains of passing beauty, which one would think the world would not willingly let die; yet, are all these passing away silently to their oblivion, to be recalled, now and then, only by such old-fashioned folks as myself and the mayoress.

We English, I suppose, neglect our own music more than any people upon the face of the earth, and with as little reason for so doing. We are the most loan-loving nation under the sun; we borrow pretty nearly every thing;—our dresses, our habits of life, and now, at last, our music. We are not an idle people, nor a foolish people; but somehow or other we have got hold of a notion that nothing of our own is worth a brass farthing, and that every thing belonging to every body else is worth its weight in gold. We go upon tick for taste, and we are put off with an inferior material into the bargain. I never yet heard an overture, or a fantasia, or a fugue, or an aria, that could stand any thing like a comparison with three-fourths of the old Irish and Scottish melodies, which one scarcely dares call for, for fear of being stared down by a parcel of people who never even heard of their existence. Those of Scotland, in particular, have to me, though I am no Scotchman, an inexpressible charm. I could listen to “Auld Robin Gray,” and “Ye banks and braes,” and “My love is like the red red rose,” and

fifty more that I could name, every night of my life, without being weary of them. These, after all, are the strains that come home to our hearts; these are the sounds at which the very falling of a pin is an interruption "grating harsh discord" to our ears—which float around us in our slumbers—which haunt us in our rambles—which are with us in the woods and by the streams, lapping in an elysium of harmony the discordant and jarring passions of our most unmusical "working-day world." The concert-room, with its "intricacies of laborious song," moves our wonder and charms our ear; but it stirs not our feelings: we are no more *touched* by "*Vivi tu*," much as we may applaud its execution, than we are by the street-minstrel, whom we bribe with a whole penny to bestow his oft-repeated "*All round my hat*," on the unsuspecting inhabitants of some more distant locality. I cannot *enjoy* music, any more than I can read poetry, in a crowd—except it be our own magnificent National Anthem, or some strain which, stirring us as with the sound of a trumpet, summons up at once in a thousand bosoms other and nobler associations than those which music more generally endeavours to awake; strains at which every heart beats more proudly—to which every tongue bursts forth in involuntary chorus—which kindle to a blaze in our bosoms all the pride, and the honour, and the love of our fatherland, which, though they may for a time burn dimly, may never, like the Shebir's fire, be wholly extinguished. To revel in the full

luxury of music, I must have no hired minstrel, no crowded benches, no glare of lamps, no "bustle, squeeze, row, gabbery, and jaw:"—I must have a still calm eve, in some quiet bower far removed from the "hum of human cities," with "one fair spirit for my minister," who needs not to ask or to be told what string to strike—one who loves, as I love, the "*auld warld sangs*" and simple melodies of a more simple generation—one whose purer taste rejects the

——"*Shakes and flourishes, outlandish things,
That mar, not grace, an honest English song,*"

but clings still to the "*merit, not the less precious that we seldom hear it*," the pathetic simplicity which nature prompts—whose heart is in the strain she wakens, forgetful for the time of external things, and breathing only in its own created atmosphere of harmony. This is to me a banquet at which there is no chance "*that appetite should sicken, and so die*." To such a feast I would even be selfish enough to wish no fellow guests. I would have no voice to break the spell,—to startle the spirit from its trance of enchantment—to mar with the sounds of earth the tones which bless us with dreams of heaven.

Our own Shakspeare, in one of the most exquisite productions of his genius, has drawn a lover of music after my own heart. I love that music-loving Duke of Illyria before he has spoken two lines:—

"Now, good Cæsario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-pated times."

And again,

"Mark it, Cæsario—it is old and plain:—
The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do wont to sing it."

Yes! Shakspeare has sought for the standard of taste in music in a quarter which may perchance provoke the sneer of the professor; but he has sought it in the true one, for all that—he has sought for it in the people—in the class to whom music is the only one of the fine arts capable of being thoroughly enjoyed;—who turn con-

fused from scientific and perplexing combinations of sound, to some more simple strain which they can feel, and understand, and remember—whose taste is the taste of nature, and therefore the true one.

Coleridge's "*Lines composed in a Concert-Room*" are a host in my favour. Truly, indeed, does he say

of the crowds who ordinarily fill those receptacles, "these feel not music's genuine power;" and beautifully does he long to change the "long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain," for the melodies of the unnoticed minstrel, who

"Breathes on his flute sad airs, so wild and low

That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears."

—"The home
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray Highlands,
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands;
The calentures of music, which o'ercome
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands
No more to be beheld but in such visions!"

Yes! it is not the grand crash of the orchestra, or the painful effort of the concert-room—it is not your "Babylon's bravuras" that stir the heart of the wanderer who roams "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," among strangers in a strange land; but the honest simple strains of the people—homely things which sink deep into the home-sick heart—strains which have cheered his evening hours among friends far away—remembrances of all that man holds dearest—of friends, of kindred, of love, of home. There is many a hardy Swiss heart that melts at the *Ranz des Vaches*, to which the overture to *Guillaume Tell* would be an unintelligible and powerless congregation of sounds.

"Music," says Addison, "is to deduce its laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of the art itself; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed

Byron is on my side, notwithstanding he asserts himself to be "a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music." The clever stanza which dashes off the "long evenings of duets and trios," wants the feeling—marred as its effect is by the jingling rhyme—which characterises the following one, in which he speaks of

to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from agreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing."

To these "chromatic ears" it is the fashion now-a-days for John Bull to pretend—and he seems determined to wear them long enough in all conscience: but, though he has forsaken the national muse to attach himself with all the fervour of a renegade to her foreign sisters, I cannot help thinking, and hoping, that we shall yet see the day when he will be pleased to resume the more "ordinary" organs which naturally belong to him—when the strains "which pleased of yore the public ear" shall once more claim their ancient place in his estimation; and the manes of the exasperated mayoress be appeased by the restoration of the long-exiled "simple ballat."

THE COURT—THE CABINET—THE COUNTRY.

REFORM has now completed the first term of its apprenticeship, and, become of legal age, is fast ripening into the unbridled manhood of revolution. To the achievement and practical establishment of the ten-pound suffrage has succeeded the theory of the household brigade, propounded *à la galopade* by the free-and-easy constitution-mongers of the Molesworth manufactory, shored up by the ballot-box of the mild and miscalculating Grote, and both brought up in the rear with the Anti-Church and Anti-Corn cries, in full concert, of the Hume and O'Connell reserves. Below the deep, however, there is even a lower deep; before the blazing oriflamme of Chartism, the cobweb banner of patch-work Liberals less daring but more dishonest, torn into rags and tatters, has been swept away for ever into the chaos of frauds flimsily fabricated, and impostures palpably detected, by the resistless tempest of popular indignation, lashed into raging madness through the mercenary treachery, yearly repeated, of leaders, by whom a confiding people were goaded and cajoled into the outrageous assertion of the wildest extravagances of "right" supposed, —by whom basely sold and abandoned when the hard money-and-place bargain had been wrung from the terrors of a recreant government. Vainly do pretending patriots now whirl with artful aim the well-known *lasso*; dear-bought experience has warned against the calculated devices of political fortune-hunters and philosophical charlatans; and a people is now no longer entrapped, entangled, and carried unsuspectingly to sacrifice and the shambles, whether of Whig or quasi-Radical venality and ambition.

But, with experience so wholesome in the one sense, the very foundation of national morals has been sapped in another, a larger, and a more vital sense, the dry rot of which is invading, corrupting, and threatening to undermine and disorganize the whole framework of society. Politically, the confidence arising out of the conviction, and the reality of the existence of patriotism and honesty in public men,

has been the keystone of public morals; but the people, so often betrayed and basely bartered away, are at length becoming deeply impressed with the disastrous conclusion, that public virtue and patriotism is no more than a dream of the olden time, the modern and wholly opposite reading of which they have become profoundly imbued with, by their more intimate intercourse of late with ostentatiously professing patriots and philanthropists, in whom they have ultimately discovered only sophists, selfish and heartless public plunderers, and time-serving traitors. Is there cause for wonder, then—with proofs so patent, and belief so rooted, in the profligacy of principle, and the egotism, absorbing as unfeeling, of the classes above them; of their disdainful disregard for, their utter want of sympathy, or their scandalous traffic, with the interests of the masses—that popular faith should be staggered, and popular traditions scouted? That the masses, thrust almost without the social pale, like outcast Pariahs of the East, should themselves seek to sever the last remaining bond of relationship—should, justly mistrustful, resolve for the future to concentrate their confidence alone in leaders selected from their own condemned caste? The singular spectacle has been presented, in these our times, of an organized Association so vast and comprehensive as to embrace millions in its affiliated ranks, in which the jealousy of an intruder from other classes, thus assumed to be hostile, has been carried to the length of earnest debate and angry discussion, under his eyes and in his presence, whether one of the middle classes could be accepted as a trustworthy member—whether, in fact, goodly raiment and a respectable exterior were not the characteristics indisputable of a possible spy and a prospective Judas. In vain Feargus O'Connor subscribed his hundreds of pounds to the large joint-stock composed of individual pence; the glitter of gold profusely proffered had lost its charm, for the people had before been betrayed by Iscariots for gold, and

tempted into confidence with gold, as prodigally lavished in their cause. The three hundred pieces tendered by O'Connor might be a bidding more magnificent to the National, than the five pounds' subscription of Mr Joseph Parkes to the Birmingham Union—the former with perhaps the same rapacious intent as the latter—both carrying their various wares to the same market; with the difference only, that the more free and open-hearted Irishman by temperament, could be no match in driving the most economical bargain with the more wary and worldly-wise Utilitarian-Unitarian, who had learned that, if you “take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves.” The people had before them the magical transformation of the wreck of the Birmingham Union, which, under the pilotage of Joseph, was scuttled, and had foundered into the west-end palace, the glittering equipages, the Pactolean splendours of the once humble Birmingham attorney;—they feared lest the National Association should be as faithlessly steered on to the same rocks, and the same Oriental creations founded at its cost and on its ruins. Long they hesitated ere Feargus O'Connor was accepted as a member, or trusted as a chief of the league; and even at the last, he owed the distinction, less to the metropolitan than to the overpowering voices of the provincial and manufacturing districts. But the line is not the less rigorously drawn by the operatives betwixt themselves and the other classes, but more broadly still against the middle class; and it will require demonstrations of much more sterling worth, and reparation of past treasons much more signal and sincere, to remove the barriers of excommunication, than the ostentatious hypocrisy of a delegation to Lord John Russell, composed of such liberal deserters and patriotic delinquents as Messrs Warburton, Hume, Scholefield, C. Buller, O'Connell, Hawes, &c., to beseech mercy for the condemned Birmingham Chartists, their own dupes and victims, two days opportunely *after* it was fully known that mercy had been vouchsafed for life, by a Government as deeply compromised, morally, as the deputation and the convicted culprits themselves, in the mournful events by which life had become forfeit to the laws.

How, indeed, could the sentence of death have been consistently enforced against the more humble instruments of crime, whilst the criminals in chief, seated in the high places, remain, not unscathed only by the terrors of the law for their misdeeds, but elevated amongst those whom Royalty, or the Ministers of Royalty, delight to honour? If it were legal for Lord Fitzwilliam, and the party acting with him, to “stop the supplies” unless the Reform bill, or Charter of the middle classes, as pretended, was passed—if threats of physical force in the Commons' House, and actual resort to physical force out of it, in Bristol, Birmingham, Newcastle, and elsewhere, were justifiable means to the end; why should resort to physical force be less defensible in support of the “People's Charter”—as a people, not less deluded now than on the Reform Bill, have been taught to view it? Were the pikes and bludgeons of the Birmingham Union less formidable, and more according to law, than the staves, daggers, and arson of the Birmingham branch of the National Association? Are Feargus O'Connor, Bronterre O'Brien, and other Chartist chiefs, greater treason and sedition-mongers than their elder, factious, and fire-breathing brethren of the Reform time?—than the Fitzwilliam, whose stoppage of the supplies would have been tantamount, as none better knew, to a civil war?—than the Attwood and Scholefield, M.P.'s now, who then paraded their masses and flourished their weapons of offence?—than the Baines, M.P., who urged on his furious Reform battalions with frantic shouts of “three groans for the Queen?”—than the Muntz, not a Reform leader before only, but a member of the National Association, and its elected Birmingham delegate to the National Convention, since and now, but now also a worshipful justice of the peace—he, the first to counsel an appeal to force, and to recommend the people, according to his own boast, to arm—he, the first cowardly bully to desert the ranks, and flee from the perils of the conflict so wantonly provoked—he, holding her Majesty's commission of the peace on the nomination of Lord John Russell himself, with full knowledge of his notorious antecedent—and his then incendiary courses—who, on proposing the health of his gracious Sovereign at a public dinner, prefaced

it with, "Well, gentlemen, as the farce must be gone through, I give you the Queen?" We are told, indeed, in the *Leeds Mercury*, by that dainty critic Mr Baines, now M.P., and still of that paper, in an address to the Chartists, that the National Convention is a "rabble of vulgar, unprincipled, designing demagogues—who have been for six months spending your money, only to illustrate how far ignorance, impudence, folly, ay, and cowardice too, can extend. Why, half the Convention has *deserted*, and the rest are at daggers-drawing among themselves." Truly to speak, this is highly wrought impudence and something more of the journeyman printer that was, and—thanks to the purse and the liberality of the Wentworths—proprietor, editor, and M.P. that now is. The imputation of vulgarity comes with winning grace, too, from the smutty-faced compositor that was, and the greasy-gloved, puritanical, pretending democrat of a member that is. There is something particularly edifying in the exhortations of this sanctimonious person—who all his former life has lived, breathed, and had his being, by agitation and revolution—who abetted Luddism covertly if not openly—whose "three groans for the Queen" are on record—who regarded pikes and bludgeons as integral and legitimate accessories towards a Reform revolution;—it is edifying, we say, to find him now so furbund against "violence," "confusion," "civil war," and all that; and exhorting the Chartists "that, *if their cause be really a good one, it is certain to be carried by peaceable and constitutional means*, and therefore the resort to violence is wholly without excuse."

We uphold not Chartism or the Chartists; we are but referring effects to causes, consequents to antecedents. Chartism is the spawn of the Reform mania—Chartists are the offspring, in a right line and by legitimate descent, of Whigs and Radicals; more thorough-going and desperate if you will, but more straightforward and intelligible than either. Chartist pikes and bludgeons, openly brandished, are, after all, less to be dreaded than the silent stab, and the skulking step, of the stiletto-armed Whig-Radical Destructive of appropriation-clauses and freethinking education schemes. Less fortunate than Mr Baines, the Chartist chiefs have as yet accomplished no jobs for

themselves and friends; more honest, they have volunteered no pledges, and broken none—that for themselves or kindred place and pelf they would accept never! The religion of Mr Baines, all fervent and radiant as it may be, would seem but of the skin-deep sort; it does not, we suppose, however, in his creed, require much Jesuitic craft to prove that the public pledge of official abjuration was binding only so long as office was unoffered. The son is actually recorder of Hull; and therein lies the commentary on the broken pledge, and the thrifty conscientiousness of a prudent parent.

Was there one sane and sober-minded man out of the ranks of the infatuated Whigs, who doubted that Reform, once let loose on a field so wide as that of which the gates were unlocked by the Reform Bill, could then, and within the bounds of its dry ditches, be restrained from running riot? There were practicable and prudent modes of reform—there were ways and means of enlarging the constituency—of infusing a more direct and popular action into the representative system, and bringing the weight of public opinion, not of one, but of all orders of society, to bear more urgently and irresistibly upon it—other and far more safe than tampering capriciously and recklessly with the quality of the elective franchise. The new-fledged statesmen of 1831 made it their idle boast, that by the wide and comprehensive scheme of an universal ten-pound suffrage, they had so satiated the voracious cravings of Reform, that appetite farther was for ever stayed—that before the Reform Bill, planted like Canute on the shore, should recede the revolutionary surges, never more to approach and overflow the landmark. Oh, conceit! false, frivolous, and self-applauding! Harken to the inspirations of the truly wise and philosophic De Tocqueville, when treating of changes and constitutions among a younger offshoot of the great Anglo-Saxon race on the other side of the Atlantic:—

"When a nation modifies the elective qualification, it may easily be foreseen that sooner or later that qualification will be entirely abolished. There is no more inviolable rule in the history of society; the further electoral rights are extended, the

more is felt the need of extending them ; for after each concession the strength of the democracy increases, and its demands increase with its strength. The ambition of those who are below the appointed rate, is irritated in exact proportion to the great number of those who are above it. The exception at last becomes the rule ; concession follows concession, and no stop can be made short of Universal Suffrage."

Let us not delude ourselves : to this "complexion we must come at last." The greater or less gradation of velocity in the descent, is altogether purely contingent on the continuance of the governing power in its present, or in a modified shape. The pressure from without compelled Lord Grey to leave hold, after provident forecast for his family. Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, the one all voluptuous abandon and thoughtlessness, as the other all bladder-blown of self-presuming infallibility, Phœbus-like, seized the reins, in blind assurance by first giving head, more readily after to curb in the unruly half-jaded steed of Reform—in reverse of the French saying, *sauter pour mieux reculer*. They have not been long to learn the—

"Facilis descensus averni ;
Sed revocare gradum, superasquæ evadere
ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est."

Their doom is fixed—the fiat has gone forth against them as *homines usès*—they fall, like Lucifer, never to rise again. They may, indeed, be replaced for a moment by the impotent virility of a Normanby *roué*, and the gangrenous humours of a bile-diseased Durham—for a moment only. The breed of aristocratical democrats is a cross too unnatural for long life and endurance ; it is a *lusus nature*—a monstrosity, moral and social—a race born only to see the light and become extinct.

The Melbourne and Russell system of administration and attempted retrogression, if founded in corruption the most extensive on the one hand, was as deeply based in the most atrocious tyranny on the other. It has been sustained by the wholesale bribery of agitators and incendiaries, both of the higher and among the more hungry middle-class section of popular leaders. Confederate with

them, it has sought to raise iron-bound ramparts of safety against the vengeance of the people at large, on whose rights it has trampled, whose hearths it has invaded, with whose wellbeing and lives it has wantonly sported. Scared with their own work of the Reform Bill, and more affrighted still by the hordes and combined vagabondage of the metropolis, through whose ready aid it was mainly carried, means were anxiously sought by the Grey Cabinet to get rid of allies no longer useful, who were troublesome and must be dangerous. The real question was to let out the bad blood without an inquest for murder. French ingenuity had forestalled and resolved the difficulty. We were present when, after the Revolution of July, 7000 superfluous heroes of the Three Glorious Days of rapine and murder, were mustered and paraded in the Place Vendôme, round the pillar of Napoleon ; from whence the scape-gallows wretches, all whiskered and ghastly, were packed off by diligence and post, amidst cries of *Vive la Révolution*, to the frontiers of Spain and the interior of Belgium—the soil of which they fertilized with their bones, for return they did not, could not, and were not intended. The example was not lost. Some thousands of British vagrant Reformers were dispatched with Don Pedro to Portugal, and those who escaped the sword of the Miguelites perished more ingloriously afterwards of starvation. Some ten or twelve thousand of surplus Reform heroes were banded afterwards for Spain ; of whom Colonel Evans, baton in hand, returned with the muster-rolls marked all dead, mutilated, or missing, shamefully slaughtered in the field, or disgracefully left to perish in a strange land. The incapacity of Evans justified the penetration with which, for the special object, he was selected ; by his rashness and routs, thousands of unruly agitators were disposed of as efficiently as if by letter of instructions and plan of campaign, drawn out for the special end. It was KILLING NO MURDER : the Brevet Colonel for the exploit has been rewarded with and wears a riband as deeply, glowingly red as if dyed in the blood-stained fields of Hernani, or in the purple gore of his defeated and massacred

mercenaries before the walls of St Sebastian. Hume and the Radicals Utilitarian for once were overreached. They anticipated the glorious return of a disciplined and victorious army, ready to achieve such further reform or revolution as might suit the exigencies of party, however distasteful to the Ministry, with another Wellington in the shape of laurel-browed Evans, to frown or fight down opposition. Alas! how fall the mighty;—Evans went out a triumphant Radical to return a discomfited Whig!

Had the new principle of KILLING NO MURDER stayed here its desolating progress, the country might have been consoled as by deliverance from a pestilence, however humanity must shudder over the long array of unhappy victims. But the millions remained unthinned—the millions, revelling in ideal rights, rife, unruly, and boisterously clamouring for entry and possession of their share in the land of promise—the land flowing with milk and honey, newly conquered under the Reform Bill. The Solemn League and Covenant between Unions and Liberals was there—the seal could not be railed from off the bond—Whig performances, in no measured tones, were demanded of Whig promises. But performance was out of the question with a prodigality so wild of spendthrift promises. The reapers would infinitely have outnumbered the ears of the golden harvest, reserved exclusively, within a ring fence, for a chosen class and for the Whig sickle, if all who had helped to plough, sow, and harrow in the seed, and were therefore bid, had come to the feast of the harvest moon. But the masses pressed—and danger was imminent. The deep-mouthed voice of discontent, that could not be satisfied, must be silenced. So the *coup d'état* was resolved upon: against new rights, asserted by the people, old rights were presented as grievances by the Whig Grand Jury; the claim of a Reform Bill was answered with a New Poor-Law Bill—*coup* and *contre coup* were the order of the day—the ayes had it, in the so-said people's house, against the people—the Poor-Law Abolition Bill was carried triumphantly—dungeons supplanted workhouses—pauperism, declared felony by Act of Parliament, was made punishable with imprisonment for life—the iron hoof of

exulting Whiggery was at length fixed firmly on the neck of a prostrate nation. Let us, however, be just: there is one crowning charity in the new law at least—the pangs of lengthened incarceration are spared to the hapless pauper, by the summary mercies of starvation diet and rigorous separation from kith and kind. The portals of the living tomb, once closed on the wretch condemned, to him open no more, unless, if then even, to the passage of his mortal remains to that “bourne from whence no traveller returns.” The passage from time to eternity has not, however, alone been shortened, but that also from the bed of death to the grave. The poor and broken-hearted may enjoy the sad consolation of sleeping with their fathers no more; for the Bastile in which they are immured contains also within its own precincts the dark and dreary dungeons of the earth, where buried, as medically hurried, by contract with the lowest competing undertaker, he sleeps till that day when all wrongs shall be redressed—when the oppressor and the oppressed shall stand side by side, equal in all things save desert, before the Great Judge of all—when Lord John, the New Poor-Law placeman, shall change place with poor John, the parish pauper.

Description of the horrors of the Bastile system—of the havoc it has worked, and is working—of the mortality which, more surely, more largely, although more silently than plague, pestilence, and famine conjointly, it has accomplished and is producing—description, we say, is beyond the powers of language, and will be, until a New Poor-Law vocabulary shall be constructed expressly of signs appropriate to the practical atrocities and the theoretic conjurations of which it would be the harrowing and disgusting record. A hundred volumes would not suffice the annals of its five years' career of fraud, falsehood, and infamy. Efficiently, for diabolically, does it work out the ends of its projectors and philanthropic superintendents; and whilst it spares not the aged, and spends not on the able-bodied, who are economically and indiscriminately disposed of where no more heard of, at the railway-speed of short commons and close confinement, not less tender is the New Poor-Law in its cares for infant life, or

its prompt facilities for the ready dispatch of that life to any world but this. Take the following out of ten thousand cases similar: the good people and the excellent Lord Mayor of the city of London were, as men, magistrates, and Christians, grievously shocked and outraged in their feelings. Kind but simple-hearted souls, they have studied not the New Poor-Law—they know not its authors!—

“MANSION-HOUSE. — Yesterday, a young woman, named Eliza Chandler, was brought before the Lord Mayor under the following circumstances:—

“Mr Cloake, of No. 3, Liverpool Street, stated that the prisoner had been servant in his family about eight or ten days before the 30th of July, when it was found that she had delivered herself of a child, and thrown it into the water-closet. She did not look at all like a person in the family way before the discovery was made, and had an excellent character. Upon being spoken to by her mistress, she admitted that the child had been born on the Saturday, the 27th of July. The porter found the child dead. Witness did not appear to charge her with having committed any offence.

“The beadle of the ward stated that the infant appeared to be a full-grown child. He attended the inquest, which was to the effect, that ‘the child was found dead in the privy, but there was not sufficient evidence to determine whether it was born alive or not.’

“The Lord Mayor—Have you received any direction from any one to prosecute?

“Beadle—No. It was stated before the coroner that the person of whom the child was born was in custody, and the coroner said it was such a case as ought to be brought under your lordship’s notice.

“The Lord Mayor—Did she make any statement before the coroner?

“Beadle—She was not brought before him, as it was considered that it might prove dangerous to her health to be exposed.

“The Lord Mayor—Has she made any communication as to who the father of the child is?

“One of the inspectors of the police stated, that she said at the station-house that the father was a journeyman baker.

“Mr Hobler observed that somebody ought to take the matter up, and that it seemed to be looked upon very lightly indeed.

“The Lord Mayor—Since the passing of the New Poor-Law, it seems to be con-

sidered that children when they are born are to be *treated as kittens are treated*. Unfortunate women, who are in a way to become mothers, seem to think that they are to deliver themselves as they can, and to get rid of their infants as soon as possible. This is a most frightful impression.

“Mr Hobler said that many women certainly appeared to be influenced by that opinion.

“The Lord Mayor—They deliver themselves as they please, and throw their infants into the privy or into the river, and no prosecutor appears. Is this woman to be sent to the Central Criminal Court, or to be set at large?

“The beadle said that he had received no instructions on the subject.

“The Lord Mayor—Prisoner, have you any thing to say?

“Prisoner—Nothing, my lord.

“The Lord Mayor—Is the surgeon here to give evidence?

“Beadle—No, I am not aware that he is.

“The Lord Mayor—Nobody appears to think any thing of the business, serious as it is. I, however, consider it to be my duty to commit the woman to take her trial at the Central Criminal Court. In *past times the parish officers used to prosecute in cases of this kind—now it seems there are no funds with which to prosecute*, and desperate offences of this description may be committed with comparative impunity. If the New Poor-Law is to be revised and altered, surely power ought to be given to the parish officers to prosecute persons guilty of disposing of their offspring in so shocking a manner. If the lives of children are to be preserved, a change of this sort must take place.

“Mr Hobler agreed with his lordship, that an important change should be made as regarded illegitimate children. It appeared to be very extraordinary that so much money should be expended in paying those who worked the bill, and that 40s. or 50s. should be grudged where human life was concerned.

“The Lord Mayor—It is most extraordinary that commissioners, and assistant-commissioners, and clerks, should have L.54,000 per annum amongst them for carrying the New Poor-Law into effect, and yet that a parish should not be allowed as much as 20s. to prosecute, in order to prevent the practice of flinging poor children into destruction the moment they are born. There have been many destroyed since this law came into operation, more than we have ever heard of, I am convinced. Now, the matter seems to be of ordinary occurrence. In this case, if the prisoner had not been very ill, and the

mistress had not entertained suspicion of her, we would never have heard a word about it. The parties never would have thought of looking into the place where it was found. The effect of the example is really frightful; we must have the surgeon's evidence, and I shall commit the prisoner for trial, and the Court, I am sure, will, under such circumstances, most readily pay the expenses.

"His lordship then ordered that the surgeon who examined the body of the infant should be required to attend and give evidence."

It might have occurred, we think, to the Lord Mayor, that as no *funds* were provided by the New Poor-Law to prosecute for infanticide, it must be clearly intended by its authors that new-born children should be treated exactly as *kittens are treated*. There would seem something personal and unfriendly in the sneer of Mr Hobler, than whom, however, a better and more respected functionary breathes not, about the extravagant rate at which people are paid for *working* the New Poor-Law, whilst the merest trifle was *grudged* where human life was concerned—personal and unfriendly, we say, because Mr Hobler must be supposed to know that one of the chief, if not the chief, *workers* and projectors of the law, is the identical individual of penny-a-line notoriety, who heretofore figured at his elbow, and was his debtor in many pence for *lines* of information charitably furnished to the *quasi*-pauper, then himself the slave of a serving-man, and barely existing upon reports of rapes and robberies, last dying speeches and confessions at the gallows. Infanticide, although not specially pronounced legal, is clearly as much part and parcel of the New Poor-Law as pinch-pauper diet, and the salary of the commissioners, or of Edwin Chadwick, Esq., barrister-(!!!)-at-law.

Infanticide is the wholesale practice in China, if not the law of Confucius. More advanced in the arts and sciences of civilized life than that world of antediluvians, here the successors of a mission apostolic and almost of divine origin are found (Oh! shame) colleagued with Utilitarians, Unitarians, and Nothingarians, in a legislation by which infanticide is indirectly legalized by the absence of the customary provision for its prevention or

punishment. The profit-and-loss cash-account is, however, cited—the balance-sheet appealed to triumphantly, in vindication of the New Poor-Law and Whig principle of—KILLING NO MURDER. Perish for ever the wretches, who—debited on the debtor side with human life coolly immolated in rueful numbers—would salve the public as their own seared conscience, and interest public avarice by credit on the other sheet for one or more millions sterling of savings. Theirs is the infernal system of the Thugs, who affect hospitality, and sympathetically press assistance and asylum to unsuspecting travellers, in whose murder they afterwards exult exactly in proportion to the purse and the prize balance resulting. But, were the Poor-Law Abolition Commissioners honestly desirous, as they are capable, of rendering true accounts, how would the balance stand? In their reports on various Unions in which imposture was attempted, as imposture is systematically practised throughout, it has not only been shown, but the disgraceful fact has by themselves, on compulsion, been openly admitted and published, that credit was taken for hundreds or thousands saved under the new system, and for rates reduced, where on the contrary thousands expended and rates laid and paid had been in excess; or where, as in Southwark, the thousands had been saved and the rates reduced solely by defying their orders and excluding their system. So flagrant have been their falsehoods—so self-convicting their forced, yet still incomplete admissions, that we stand entirely acquitted of a judgment too harsh, when we assert our conscientious impression that, in their own case, they are not worthy of credence when unsupported by testimony of a less suspicious and more unimpeachable character.

From this hateful exhibition of depraved principle and ossification of heart, let us hasten to escape. Fortunately, we have now only to request attention to figures, and to leave the New Poor-Law Commissioners to fill up the blanks. Against their wilfully deceptive account of savings effected, let them furnish a bill of particulars of the charges shifted now on parish rates, other than poor's rates as before, or rendered necessary to carry the

New Poor-Law into effect, or there-
 out resulting.

1. Amount of coroner's and jury's
 fees and expenses formerly charged on
 poor's rates.

2. Expenses of criminal trials re-
 sulting from inquests.

3. Savings by the toleration of in-
 fanticide.

4. Commissioners' salaries and ex-
 penses.

5. A levy of 5000 regular troops to
 enforce the law.

6. A standing Rural Police of
 25,000 men, with commissioners, &c.,
 to overawe the people, and guard work-
 house prisons.

7. The cost of new barracks, to
 be constructed against Union work-
 houses.

For the end will be, that every Union
 workhouse must have its barracks,
 so that the country will at length pre-
 sent something in appearance like the
 Owenite parallelograms of social life,
 with the difference, that the barrack
 fortress is built to keep in check the
 workhouse prison and pauper felony.

Such is the state of the country, as
 represented in the special department
 of Lord John Russell. We shall con-
 clude with requesting the earnest at-
 tention they are well deserving of, to
 the illustrations so apposite and hap-
 pily afforded by Mr D'Israeli of the
 latent objects of the intended work-
 ing, or the destructive tendency of the
 Rural Police Bill to constitutional li-
 berty. There is nothing speculative
 about his observations;—official docu-
 ments prepared under the eyes of the
 Government, and by its own paid of-
 ficials, are referred to, and his argu-
 ment is founded upon the system as
 now practically, although partially, in
 operation in Cheshire and elsewhere.

“ Mr D'Israeli rose and said,—He had
 opposed this bill on its original stages, al-
 though he had offered no factious opposi-
 tion. Now that the measure had arrived
 at its last stage, he thought he was justified
 in entering his protest against it, and di-
 viding the House against its passing. Her
 Majesty's Government, and those who sup-
 ported this measure, seemed to have taken
 up the view that the first and sole duty of
 a police was to maintain order; but he
 (Mr D'Israeli) apprehended that in a free
 country like England, there was a co-ordi-
 nate duty for a police, and that was not
 merely to maintain order, but to respect
 liberty. He could not bring himself to be-

lieve that the rural police, as it was pro-
 posed to constitute the body by this bill,
 and as it had been brought into operation
 in some districts already, could fulfil both
 these duties. He wished to call the at-
 tention of the House to a document which
 seemed to have been studiously kept out
 of sight in the course of the discussion on
 this bill—the Report of the Commissioners
 of Enquiry into the State of the Constabulary
 Force of the country. There were some
 curious details in the evidence annexed to
 that report, which he thought it was the
 duty of the House not to overlook, clearly
 showing what must be the character of a
 rural police formed upon the principles of
 this bill. It was proved that the prac-
 tice of the police, in those rural dis-
 tricts where the force had been called
 into existence, was *to enter cottages and
 order lights to be extinguished*, because,
 according to one of the witnesses ex-
 amined, cottagers had no right to have
 lights to serve as signals to poachers and
 marauders. It was also proved to be their
 practice in other districts to *enter cottages
 in the daytime*, and *see if there was mutton
 boiling in the pot on the fire*, because a
 sheep might have been killed in the neigh-
 bourhood. He asked the House if these
 practices were sanctioned, what would be-
 come of the celebrated national dogma, that
every Englishman's house was his castle?
 It might be said that these were very salu-
 tary regulations, and referred only to the
 labouring classes; but he (Mr D'Israeli)
 looked upon their rights as equally sacred
 with those of the rest of the community.
 Another part of the evidence was to the
 effect that the magistrates of Chelmsford
 regretted extremely that trampers, as they
 were called, were not exposed to be ar-
 rested for hiring beds in lodging-houses,
 whereas, if they only slept in the open air,
 they might be apprehended; but they con-
 gratulated themselves that the police under
 their direction had entered houses and
 examined beds to ascertain the character
 of the occupants. How was this to be re-
 conciled with the sanctity of private dwell-
 ings, which had always been considered
 a very important principle of our social
 arrangements? He could not support this
 bill when he looked to the hurried and
 unsatisfactory manner in which, at the end
 of the session, this and other measures of
 police had been introduced. Although
 there might be a variation in the circum-
 stances of the cases to meet which they
 were brought forward, yet when he con-
 sidered the manner in which they had
 been introduced, he must believe that there
 was an identity of purpose and a similarity
 of principle in all. The Birmingham Po-
 lice Bill, on its introduction, was founded

on a popular principle ; in a very few days that was changed, and the principle of centralization adopted. The present bill was founded on a report which recommended centralization."

The rights of Englishmen—"every Englishman's house his castle," indeed!! Where, we ask with the liberal and lofty-minded author of *Vivian Grey*—where are now those "rights"—where that "castle," sacred and inviolate so long against the profanations of despotism, and the detested intrusion of an all-pervading espionage? Proclaim the law of the curfew at once, like the wily Norman tyrant, when the noble Saxon race of a former epoch were to be ground down into villanage, and decimated of their numbers, to allay the restless fears, and swell the booty of the band of griping economists of those days. Proclaim rather the curfew, we say, at whose sullen toll fires may be raked, and lights put out, by the submissive serfs; for the despotism of William was enlightened and constitutional by comparison with the more refined malice of Lord John, whose blue-bottle myrmidons are appointed to outrage the cottager's fireside, indecently to intrude upon the sanctity of the bedchamber, and recklessly to lord it in the cottage, once inviolable and inviolate as the proudest and the strongest castle.

No man, of the slightest powers of observation and ratiocination, can doubt that the Poor-Law Abolition Bill is the root of all evil—the fretful blister-plaster by which the body politic has been gradually excoriated and inflamed into the mass of maddening humours, which at length have exasperated the unhappy patient wildly to rush into rebellion—to fire with blazing brand his neighbour's house—to flourish the dagger athirst for his blood. The conflagration and sanguinary conflicts at Birmingham—the organized outrages in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Northumberland, are but counterpart demonstrations of popular fury against the New Poor-Law Bill—of the Bristol and Nottingham burnings, and ferocious bandings of the Birmingham Union, so lauded and patronised at the time in aid of the Reform Bill. The difference—how striking that difference!—is, that the Poor-Law movement being anti-Whig, must be put down *vi et armis*; and, if constable and cutlass fail, by cannon

and cavalry. The Reform movement, essentially Whig in its character, and conservative of Whig places, was, on the reverse, headed in its furious freaks, and palliated in its incendiary outbreaks, by the Whig Ministers themselves. They corresponded, from Downing Street, with revolutionary agitators, by despatches, as regular and as officially franked as orders to Lords-lieutenant of counties, or mandates to the colonies. Thus, in eight years—the first eight years—of Whig ascendancy, the country has been brought to the very verge of two sanguinary revolutions; the one revolutionary bantling being of its own begetting, to secure office—the other a Frankenstein of its own creation no less, seeking its dispossession and destruction. All other causes of popular discontent and disloyalty sink into insignificance compared with the deep-seated and ineffaceable abhorrence of the Bastille law. All other causes of grievance, real or alleged, are but accessory, and contribute only to enlarge the overshadowing proportions of this upastree, poisoning the social atmosphere, and blighting the vegetation of kindly feeling all around. Armies may march to enforce the law deformed—rural police, staff and cutlass in hand, may threaten recusancy or execute vengeance—Sir Robert Peel may throw himself more rashly than gallantly into the breach for its defence, and fancy it chivalry—the Great Duke himself may interpose his sevenfold shield, and wave his till now invincible truncheon, in its defence—but vainly all! The fiat has gone forth—the mind, stubborn and immovable, of the land, has pronounced and sealed its doom—the peasantry and the operatives of England say, and are entitled to say, with the proud barons of old, "*Notumus leges Angliæ mutari.*" If now the New Poor-Law, in all the nakedness of its atrocious principle, cannot, and dare not, be more than partially carried out, how shall it be when the half million of unskilled workmen, now temporarily absorbed by railway enterprise, shall return to overlay the common labour market, where their absence has tended to maintain wages, keep down the redundancy of competition, and facilitate the working of the odious law? We assume to know, and from long intercourse and experience ought to know, quite as much

of the middle classes, and infinitely more of the labouring classes, than either the Great Duke or Sir Robert; and presume, therefore, to tell them, that, while the first may be perhaps somewhat equally divided in sentiment, influenced by high authority, and therefore apathetic either way, there exists no such division of opinion—no such torpidity of feeling among the labouring classes. Never were they on any given question so unanimous. With them the New Poor-Law is the question of life and death: they will have it not—they will brave all the pains and penalties of disobedience. Is the Great Duke equally prepared to encounter all the consequences of their resistance? Let him, we beseech him, listen no more to the Richmonds and the Salisburys, disqualified witnesses as they are in the mighty cause at issue. Red-herring diet is not too luxurious for parish paupers, as by the one conceived; nor are they enamoured of their Bastille cages, or fattened and overfed to sauciness with their pork-water soup, as earnestly insisted on by the other, a noble guardian and chairman of a Sussex Union. Some people have strange fancies. Thousands will crowd on a hanging-day to the gallows, and feast on the agonies of the dying wretch, from the sight of which tens of thousands flee with horror. Some noble lords, there may be, who have morbid appetites, and grave-digging propensities, only for human suffering and mortal putrescences. Let them indulge: they may ransack churchyards, when Newgate felony has been gloated on to satiety, and new rigours have been imagined, and torments feasted on. There they may be in their proper sphere; but let them refrain from the workhouse; there, if the tenants are paupers, they are not felons. It is one, and not the least curse of the New Poor-Law, that even professing Conservatives are to be found among its hardened advocates.

How various and inconsistent the policy of the Cabinet! Whilst Lord John was carrying starvation and imprisonment among the honest labouring classes of England, because work they cannot get, and to beg they are ashamed, Lord Normanby, the Viceroy of Ireland, was making royal progresses, and evacuating jails of all their criminals and assassins. In the

course of one single jaunt, during one single summer, his Excellency discharged no fewer than 240 of these ruffians, with a light-heartedness and nonchalance adding peculiar grace to the clemency. He referred not for character or circumstances of mitigation to the judges who tried, but to the jailer in whose custody they were; and in the jail of Clonmel, fifty-seven felons were thus discharged in one hour, as, it may be supposed, not fitting company for the 200 more honest men left behind. Not only were the sacred functions of judges invaded, but venerable judges themselves, and the chief judges above all, grossly outraged before the eyes of the whole people, with all the reckless levity of a pampered buffoon. We shall not dwell on the disgusting compost of farce and fraud, of perjury direct and prevarication constant, which were the only distinguishing features of the Normanby Viceroyalty, and the Secretaryship of Lieutenant Drummond, as brought out in the highest judicial court in the land; where the latter was cited and compelled to become the reluctant evidence, not alone of his own doings, but of the misdemeanours approaching to treason, and the lesser impeachments of falsehood, folly, and perfidy of his own chief. Excellent was the rebuke of Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, on occasion of the contempt of these men for the forms of justice, of their insult towards the persons, and scornful reversal of the decisions of judges.

“Whoever had practised in our courts, whoever had presided over them, whoever had observed the mode in which the judicial business was carried on, whoever had meditated on the constitution of these realms, as regarded its executive, legislative, and judicial branches, must be prepared to say with him, that of all the branches of that constitution, the pure, correct, and inflexible administration of justice was by far the most material, (hear, hear.) It was this great power, this prodigious clamp, which bound society together. It was this great solar belt which guided and strengthened the whole system, formed as it was of discrepant materials, of various sizes, from the lowest to the most exalted. As long as that great belt continued firm and strong, and retained its binding force, he utterly disregarded all perils with which the constitution might be threatened. Give the Crown all the desire to tyrannize imagin-

able—give it an obsequious House of Commons, a venal House of Lords, and a corrupt Court—allow it all the wish to overstep the bounds of the people's freedom—and he fairly made his appeal from the King's Court at Windsor to the King's Court at Westminster—there, in that temple of justice, he knew he should find imperishable the palladium of the constitution. Let the danger come from any quarter—let there be a vacillating House of Commons—a Parliament in which the people's representatives knew not their own minds, but voted one day this way by a narrow majority, and the next day voted in another way by an equally narrow majority—let the force of the constitution, thus left without equipoise, reside entirely in the House of Lords, and let the mixed monarchy of this country, the balance being destroyed, be converted into an aristocratical government—still, against all that the corruption of courts and the domination of the aristocracy could effect, he fled for protection to the judges, who would protect the subjects of the Crown against every oppression. Or, if the danger should come (as we might live to see it, though he thought the event not likely) from the fury of democracy—if the pressure should proceed from the lower region of the body politic—and if the outrages of the multitude threaten to demolish the walls of the constitution, then he opposed to them as an impregnable bulwark the judicial system, against which, as against a rock, all the surges of popular fury would dash, but would dash in vain," (hear, hear.)

And so also De Tocqueville and Chevalier, in their respective and unrivalled works on the United States.* Public liberty, the integrity of the union, and the preservation of the constitution, are safe—they remark—so long as the independence of judges, and the consequent purity of justice, are not invaded and tampered with. Of late years the judges, in various of the states of the Union, have been made removable at pleasure, have been constituted *durante bene placito*, or for a term of years; and in this dependency of the judicial power, and consequent pliability or corruption, those profound observers discern, with

the increasing power and encroachments of the democracy, the subversion of the Union, the overthrow of free institutions, and the final establishment of a despotic authority. Of the Supreme Court of Judges of the Union, yet untouched in its high attributes, De Tocqueville says—"Their power is enormous; but it is clothed in the authority of public opinion. They are the all-powerful guardians of a people which respects law; but they would be impotent against popular neglect or popular contempt." And such is the precise character of the position to which the administration of Lord Normanby degraded the judges and the justice of Ireland, and of whom his system, fairly followed out, would perpetuate the degradation.

Lord Normanby is now transferred to the Colonial Office, from whence, after but a short probation, he is about to be somewhat unceremoniously deported, if report speak true, to a place more analogous to both heels and head—that of dancing attendance on the court, in a household capacity. He is dismissed as incapable, by Mr Under-Secretary Stephen of the same office, of whom Sir Francis Head has recorded, in an official despatch to Lord Glenelg, that he is a "rank republican:" an accusation sufficiently borne out by extracts from certain evidence of his before a Committee of the Commons on the affairs of Canada, not necessary to quote here, in which colonial revolution and separation are beforehand advocated. That Mr Stephen, like most of the anti-slavery jobbers, is a renegade in politics and consistency, we can both believe and testify. But our generally well-informed contemporary of the *Newcastle Journal*, is incorrect in stating that Mr James Stephen, junior, now Colonial Under-Secretary, was ever Member of the Committee of the famous Constitutional Association of 1821 or 1822, in Queen Caroline's days. He was, we believe, a subscribing member of that association; but his brother

* It is extraordinary that to two French writers the world is respectively indebted for the most comprehensive, accurate, and philosophical account and examination of the institutions and statistics of the United States. There is not one English work on America worthy to be named in the same page with those of these two distinguished savans.

George it was, now, if we are not mistaken, Sir George Stephen, attorney-at-law, who was a member, and one of the most zealous, of that fire-eating and liberal press-prosecuting committee, which decreed and had entered on its minutes, duly affirmed according to form, *orders for about twenty-four prosecutions for libel at one time against various journals*, of which not far from one-half were against the *Times* alone, some half-dozen against the *Chronicle*, and the rest various. That they were abruptly stayed, and never proceeded with was owing, not to the after scruples or improved liberalism of Sir George Stephen, Knight, the committeeman, or Mr James Stephen, the associator, whose loyal rage was unbounded at the check; but to the admonitions, the threats even, of one who, himself then of the press, chief defender of the association in the press, and once high in the *Times* himself, but then at bitter strife with it, held the rights of the press—those of his order—to be sacred, and its excesses to be leniently construed—a noble oblivion of party feelings and private animosities in the common cause. It has been with no small astonishment, therefore, that we have since witnessed the sudden transformation of the zealous anti-slavery Tory, Mr James Stephen, into a “rank republican” under-secretary, and of his equally thorough-going Tory brother into a Whig knight or baronet, and most obsequious correspondent and supporter of that same *Times*, formerly by him devoted to the vengeance of the harpies of the law. The elevation, as the conversion, of Mr Under-Secretary Stephen was, we presume, influenced by the same policy which has uniformly prevailed under the sway of the Whigs. They have ever preferred to pay off the foe, as the Romans in their decay bought off the Hun and Vandal, with gold instead of the steel of Camillus. In Canada we have seen the policy in operation on every nomination to office—in the elevation of Bedard and Vallières to the bench, treason-mongers both, less dangerous, only because inferior in talent to the arch-traitor Papineau, to whom, moreover, as to his great compeer in Ireland, the highest judgment-seat was likewise proffered, but honestly and consistently, at least, refused. So also in

the cases of Lord Durham, Turton, Buller, Chapman, and a host of other subordinate agitators—the weakly Cabinet has been found ever as prompt to offer terms as the patriots at market to close a bargain. To *independent* members like Mr Hawes, the grant of L.170,000 for his father-in-law, Brunel, in aid of the Thames Tunnel, of which Mr Hawes himself is a large proprietor, has not been deemed a bribe too magnificent; Mr Hawes could tell besides of other unpublished, because more private obligations. After liberality so splendid, Mr Spring Rice may surely be pardoned the Shannon grant of L.250,000 for improving his lands on that noble river, into a majorât worthy the peerage of which he is to be the founder, seeing that the Parliamentary allocation of the former L.250,000 had made his fortune only by half.

Among the memorable mementos of his passage through the Cabinet, and existence in the chrysalis state in the Commons House, previous to the expansion into the gaudy butterfly of the peerage, Mr Spring Rice has bequeathed to the country an empty exchequer, and leaves it a bankrupt in credit. His last, and one year's, exploits, have been to increase the permanent debt by four millions sterling; to present a budget of deficiency in income below expenditure of nearly one million, non-inclusive of charges for the augmentation of the army voted since, of provision for further Canadian invasions, of reinforcements for the navy, which the complications of foreign affairs would seem to render inevitable, and of other contingencies for the repair, fortification, and defence of our coasts, which, from the following mysterious paragraph, would appear somehow, and from some quarter, to be menaced with invasion.

“Dover, August 13.—Sir James Gordon, and the other naval and military officers and civil engineers, named in the Parliamentary commission for an inquiry into the state of the harbours on the south-eastern coast of England, having completed their survey of this port, proceeded in a Government steamer, this morning, to the westward, to continue their labours.”

As if the deficiency under such heads were not sufficient evidence to warrant a fiat of insolvency, Mr Spring Rice has further proposed and carried a resolution for the abolition of post-

age duties, which clears off one million and a-half sterling more of revenue at one fell swoop. Yet the last year of Tory financial management left the Whigs with nearly three millions of surplus means in the National Chest, available for the reduction of debt, which, as per the following accounts current contrasted, has now disappeared:—

“The last budget of a Tory Administration was brought forward on the 15th of March 1830. Its totals of receipt and expenditure were as follow:—

Income	£50,480,000
Expenditure	47,812,000
Actual surplus towards reduction of debt	2,668,000

The budget for the present year is brought forward on the 6th of July, and its totals are—

Income	£48,128,000
Expenditure	£47,988,954
Do. for Canada	1,000,000
	48,988,954

Deficiency	£860,954
------------	----------

To which add the postage and other contingent defalcations, as before noted.

With all the elements of confusion in full chaotic action in the country—with Chartists in open revolt, or waiting the propitious moment for open revolt, in scores of thousands—with distraction and dissensions in the Cabinet, where the cry of *saue qui peut* has been raised—how fares the palace and the court? Is that peace so ruthlessly affrighted from the cottage, reposing its silken wings, adjusting its downy plumage, and nestling more happily in the bosom serene of a brightly fair and maiden sovereignty? Alas, no! the palace is no more exempt from cares and crosses than the humblest of cots; misery, which disdains not the lowest, mounts also into the highest places; civil and kindred strife may rage as rifely, and inflame as remorselessly, in the splendid abodes of the mightiest and most glorious of royalties, at the same moment that social and civil wars may desolate the meanest of huts. Intrigues and factions may create as much deep-seated wretchedness in the court as New Poor-Laws in the country; they may act, as they do act, with spell more malign upon the interests and the happiness of a great empire, than all its concentrated wisdom and patriotism are equal to counteract, although

never in the proudest annals of its glory can one epoch be found, when in Parliament and in the nation the union and array of both were so grandly pre-eminent. Never, also, were they more needed; for in times of revolution it is not fields that have to be won, Talleyrands baffled, or Napoleons overcome. Genius and talent are not required to infuriate the masses and demoralize the people, but the meaner souls and the vulgar attributes of Robespierres and Marats. Whatever and wherever else the bizarre, the frightful, heads of the hydra of revolution, its heart's blood is ever in the court, and from the court circulates to its extremities and vivifies its energies. For good or for evil; for weal or woe; for conservation or disorganization; for commanding respect or inspiring contempt abroad; for ensuring contented obedience to the laws and the powers that be, or assisting their subversion and promoting insubordination—for all these the court is all-powerful—for all these tremendous is the responsibility lodged there. Causes however trivial, however apparently contemptible, thence originating and therein fermenting, may come to affect the future destinies of half a globe. The graces and grimaces of a flaunting, fly-away bedchamber woman, sufficed for the overthrow of a Wellington and Peel. Sully in his memoirs observes, that “the most grand, magnificent and serious affairs of state, derive their origin, and their most violent movements, from the sillinesses, jealousies, envy, and other whims of the court; and are rather regulated by these, than by meditation, or by considerations of honour and good faith.” Who shall pretend to say what mishaps may flow from early tastes and habits, imbibed, we may say, from the maternal breast, and sedulously fostered by the prejudices of education! That is, if we are to believe Lord Melbourne, who has not scrupled to declare that Queen Victoria “hates the Tories by education and the Radicals by nature.” According to this grave, and, as many may consider, undoubted authority, the Queen was educated for a party and not for her people. The policy suited doubtless the mercenary views and the ambitious aspirations of Leopold, its author, with whom the interests of the empire were subordinate to the

aggrandizement of the Coburgs; for the Whigs, as well he knew, were the most pliant of tools and the most prodigal of paymasters. But that this mighty realm should come to be sacrificed, or made to pander to the pounds shillings and pence calculations of a huckstering sovereign of its own elevation—that its power, wealth, and resources, should be made subservient only to the profit of a cabbage-garden like Coburg—monstrous the conviction, more monstrous still the reality; yet so is the fact!

We dwell not—we loathe to dwell—on the deadly perils, the baleful intrigues, the officials corrupt and depraved, which environ and pervade the Court of a youthful Queen, unsuspicious because guileless, confiding because inexperienced, pure and spotless herself as the freshness of opening spring. Nor will we enter on the history of the wrongs, and of the untimely fate of that lady of high descent, of royal blood, and of fame

spotless as the unsullied nobility of her lineage, who fell the melancholy victim of Court calumny and courtly malignity—of the noble Lady Flora Hastings, and that dreadful business, we would only say, *requiescat in pace*; she sleeps in that peace which has fled for ever from the pillows of her persecutors.

But what confusion—what dissensions—what disorganization every where, and in all departments, from the Court to the Cabinet, and from both to the Country! Well might that enlightened statesman and that eloquent orator, the ornament of his own, and the admiration of other countries—Daniel Webster—say to the assembled *élite* of the Whigs at Holland House.* “There never was but one England—there never will be but one England—there never can be but one England! Ye, oh Whigs, have done your best to spoil and ruin this grandest of all the creations of the Almighty!”

* At a great dinner there given him, when all the Ministers were present.

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Vol. XLVI.

Contents.

	PAGE
TORQUATO TASSO; OR THE PRISON AND THE CROWN. BY THE BARON VON ZEDLITZ,	431
ON THE FEIGNED MADNESS OF HAMLET,	449
CASUISTRY,	455
PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.—NATIONAL GALLERY—BRITISH INSTITU- TION,	467
GOETHE'S LIFE AND WORKS. No. I.,	476
WHIG AND TORY FINANCE,	494
TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR. PART I.,	505
HENRY GRATTAN. PART II.,	529
STATE TRIALS. SPECIMEN OF A NEW EDITION,	548

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TORQUATO TASSO ; OR, THE PRISON AND THE CROWN.

BY THE BARON VON ZEDLITZ.

It is the custom for many of the liberal writers, both of Germany and of our own country, to depreciate the literary character of Austria. It is spoken of as a German Bœotia—a soil wherein the fine arts, with the exception of music, can take no root; and where poetry, in particular, has never displayed any vigour or originality of character. In all this there is, with some truth, also much exaggeration. It is true that Austria has produced no Goëthe or Schiller; but, when we descend to writers of a respectable though lower order of genius, we can perceive, at the present moment, but little difference between her position and that of the other states of Germany. In none can any writer of commanding ability in poetry be pointed out; while in all there are many who respectably support its pretensions, both in the lyrical and dramatic departments: the epic being left very much in the same state of abeyance in Germany as it is among ourselves. In the drama in particular, Austria will not suffer by a comparison with any or all of its German rivals; and the names of Grillparzer and the Baron von Zedlitz may safely be opposed to those of Immermann and Raupach, who, though not an Austrian, has composed all his best dramas for the Vienna theatre. Grillparzer was at first

led into a wrong direction by his imitation of the vulgar fate school of Mullner, who seems himself to have been led astray by a misconception of the principle on which Schiller had composed his *Bride of Messina*. But of the tragedies constructed on that unhappy model, the *Ancestress* of Grillparzer was certainly the best.* He effected all that could be done for such a subject; for he contrived to infuse a true supernatural grandeur into a legend which in ordinary hands would have been simply ludicrous. This Castle-Spectre style, however, he soon exchanged for one of a higher and purer character. His *Sappho*† and his *Golden Fleece*‡ are classical plays in the best sense of the word; and his *King Ottocar's Prosperity and Death*,§ (Konig Ottocar's Gluck und Ende,) and his *True Servant of his Master*, (Treuer Diener Seines Herrn), are historical plays of great dramatic beauty and interest.

None of the plays of the Baron von Zedlitz have as yet been translated into English, though many of them have been successful on the German stage. The author has distinguished himself in more than one capacity. He was originally in the army, and served in the war of 1809 under the Prince of Hohenzollern; was present at the battles of Ratisbon, Aspern, and

* Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. vi. p. 247.

† Id. Vol. xxiv. p. 155.

‡ Id. Vol. xix. p. 404.

§ Id. Vol. xxii. p. 300.

Wagram; was afterwards appointed Imperial chamberlain, and, marrying in 1810, withdrew from the army, and devoted himself to literature. His lyrical poems soon attracted attention, although the best of these, entitled *Todten Kränze*, (Garlands for the Dead,) did not appear till 1831, and after his reputation as a dramatist had been established. One little ballad of his, written with much force and originality, entitled *Napoleon's Midnight Review*, has been translated into several languages, and has appeared, we believe, more than once in English.

The first of his plays, *Turturell*, appeared in 1825. It was followed by *Two Nights in Valladolid*, (1825;) *Master and Slave*, a tragedy; and *Love will find a Way*, a comedy, (1827;) *The Star of Seville*, (1830;) *The Prison and the Crown*, and *The Queen's Honour*, (1834.) Of these, we should say, *The Star of Seville*, the *Two Nights in Valladolid*, and the *Prison and the Crown*, are the best. In the first of these, which is an adaptation from a play of *Lope de Vega*, he has caught with much success the spirit of the Spanish romantic theatre, as in his comedy of *Love will find a Way*, he has very gracefully imitated the manner of Calderon's pieces of intrigue. *The Star of Seville* had the strange fortune to be attacked equally by Liberals and Absolutists. While the maxims of devoted loyalty which the dramatist had put into the mouth of Don Sancho Ortis, drew down on the head of the Baron the charge of advocating a servile submission to authority, the tone of the play, in other respects, appeared to some of the critical authorities of Vienna far too liberal to be safe; and it is even said that its representation was prohibited.

While it may be said of all the plays of Zedlitz, that in knowledge of dramatic effect, and probably also in the delineation of character, he is inferior to Raupach; yet in fertility of imagery, beauty of reflection, and harmony of versification, he is fully his equal. His diction has indeed been generally and justly admired throughout Germany. How far we may succeed in conveying any idea of these merits by our translation, we know not. But, at least, the translation is executed line for line, and as nearly as possible word for word—even the disposition of the pauses in the original being generally copied.

The subject of *Tasso* has been rendered popular in Germany, by the play of Goëthe on the subject. Raupach, in *The Death of Tasso*, has furnished as it were a second part to Goëthe's, to which he has endeavoured, in all respects, to conform the tone of his own play. That of the Baron Von Zedlitz is a more independent creation, though, as usual, Raupach's knowledge of stage effect renders his play more effective in representation. It must be admitted, however, that all these plays labour under one defect—that the subject is not dramatic. Deeply interesting as is the character of Tasso, that interest is not of a tragic nature. The picture of a poetical temperament at war with the conventional restraints of its position, at first indulging in the dream that the nobility of genius must counterbalance rank, and then taught by a cruel and unexpected reverse the folly of such expectations, though an affecting picture in itself, affords but little room for development either in sentiment or action. Still less does the closing portion of Tasso's career—his imprisonment in St Anne's, or his restless wanderings from one Italian court to another, after his liberation—afford the materials of strong dramatic interest. The uniformity of melancholy becomes monotonous. Any play which deals with this period of fretfulness, and complaint, and despondency, assumes almost unavoidably a lyrical rather than a tragic tone. Tasso himself, in a beautiful chorus in his (almost unknown) tragedy of *Torrismond*, has concentrated the whole spirit of his own feelings and situation as he approached the close of his course, more effectually than could be done by any attempt to develop them in dramatic action.

Come alpestre rapido torrente,
Come acceso baleno,
In notturno sereno,
Come aura o fumo, o come stral repente,
Volan e nostre fame, ed ogni onore
Sembra languido fiore.

Che plu si spera, ò che s'attende omai?
Dopo trionfo e palma,
Sol qui restano all' alma,
Lutte e lamenti e lagrimosi lai;
Che piu giova amicizia o giova amore?
Ahi lagrime! ahi dolore!

Zedlitz has done as much, we think, impart interest and variety to the

subject as its essential uniformity would admit of, by placing beside the poet, as the companion of his wanderings, a young and innocent being, Angioletta, the niece of the keeper of the Hospital, whose heart has unconsciously become devoted to him in his cell at St Anne's; and by throwing around the last scene of his life the consoling impression derived from the general acknowledgment of his greatness, and the preparations for his coronation in the Capitol. His play opens with the seventh year of Tasso's imprisonment in the Hospital of St Anne's, after many attempts had been made in vain to induce Alfonso to relax the rigour of his confinement. The arrival of the

Duke's sister, Lucretia, the Duchess of Urbino, determines Leonora to make another and a last appeal to the compassion of her brother, through the Duke of Urbino, the Duke of Mantua, and the Countess Sanvitale Scandiano, who are expected at the court of Ferrara. Meantime she announces her resolution of seeing Tasso once more—though without speaking to him—in his cell; which she is informed by the keeper is possible, by placing herself in an upper gallery surrounding the cells, whence she could see without being seen by the object of her interest and pity. The fourth scene introduces us to the Hospital of St Anne's and Tasso's cell.

A high vaulted room with two side-doors. Above, in the background, a large Gothic glass door, leading out upon the gallery that surrounds the cells.

TASSO and **ANGIOLETTA**, (the keeper's niece,) who sits at one side occupied with some female work, which she from time to time lays down and looks at **Tasso**.

Angioletta. It is a mild and lovely day of spring,

The birds are twittering, and the flowers exhale

Sweet scents : soft airs come breathing through the window.

Tasso. Why speak to me of spring—of flowers—perfumes

For me there comes no spring—there comes no autumn ;

The wheels of time stand still above my head,

Year follows year, and still immovable

Upon the brazen dial of my sorrows

The index seems to stand !

I have forgotten the sweet scents of spring,

The tints which deck the swelling breast of autumn,

While stretch'd upon my torturing rack I lie,

A Titan fetter'd to the ground, and feel

A universe of suffering lies above me.

Ang. O sir, be patient, be composed : you know

How much this agitation injures you.

Tas. O would it did ! O would it could destroy me

But 'tis not so : Alas ! of sevenfold steel

This frame is fashion'd, sickly as it seems :

Blows fall with giant force upon my head,

But cannot shatter it. O ! 'tis pitiful !

Ang. Here comes my uncle.

He comes to announce that the Signor Montecatino, the bearer of a message from the Duke, is without, and demands admittance to the poet. Tasso refuses to see him, and bursts out into a strain of invective against his mingled pride and baseness, as a being who crawls in the dust before his superiors, and looks as if he disdained to breathe the same air with those beneath him. The Keeper replies—

This touches you not. For you are his equal—

A noble like himself.

Tas.

You rave, methinks ;

These veins I would lay open on the spot

Were there one drop of blood within them which

Resembled him ! What ? I like him—no—never !

Thanks be to Heaven, that I am not his like !

Keep. I meant not that ; I only meant that you,
Like him, were noble.

Tas.

Understand me rightly.

In sooth I am not proud. How should I be ?

I have indeed but little cause to be so.

I know myself, and to my God 'tis known

I look not with indulgence on my failings.

My faults are more than I have breath to utter;
 Seven weary years of sad imprisonment
 Are but the just atonement of my sins—
 God lays the load on me, and I will bear.
 But my tormentors may not be my judges,
 To their tribunal I will never bend;
 For were I black—black as a stormy night—
 Yet, placed beside them, I were pure as snow.

Keep. Shall I admit the messenger?

Tas. The what

The whisperer, the calumniator—him
 Who still has been my bitterest enemy!—
 Oh! had he been an open foe, who face
 To face, and sword to sword confronted me,
 Though I had felt his steel within my breast,
 I could have press'd his hand and pardon'd him:
 But when I think how he has ever labour'd
 To steal from me my honourable name,
 By poison'd sneer, by malice, and by cunning—
 No! by the devil! No!—I will not see him—
 I will not, though ten Dukes had sent him thither.

Ang. Torquato!

Tas. Well?

Ang. Be calm, I pray. Is this
 The promise that you made me yesterday?

Tas. Sweet creature! I am wrong. But be not angry
 It was my ancient waywardness o'ertook me.
 Angioletta, you are right: I *will* be calm,
 Were it for nothing but my promise to thee.
 Now go—and let the—scoundrel come.

[*The Keeper retires.*]

Ang. (rising and approaching Tasso.) Tasso! with patience bear
 this stranger's visit:

Remember, hate you as he may—he bears
 His master's message. Then receive him well.

Tas. Thou gentle flower! sure some propitious being
 Sent thee to be my prison's comforter;
 Looking on thee, I seem to breathe again
 The mountain air fresh blowing—see once more
 The wood, the fount, the field, the flower, the sunshine;
 While the soft echo of thy gentle voice
 Sounds to me like the wood-note of a bird,
 That through the forest's verdant covering rings,
 And “Freedom! Freedom!” is the song it sings.

SCENE V.

The same. MONTECATINO. *The Keeper.*

Mont. So, Tasso!—in God's name, how goes it with you?
 You made me wait a little, worthy sir—
 A friend like me might enter unannounced.

Tas. Your pardon: I am sickly, as you know—
 So it is said at least—and it *is* possible
 A visit may be unexpected—even

From friends like you. But to the point, so please you:
 What happy chance confers on me the honour
 Of seeing you within my prison walls?

Mont. Your prison walls!—there now is another
 Of your diseased imaginations. Prison!
 The Duke, believe me, is your wellwisher;
 And seeing that your present sickly state
 Strict survey needs, and even present aid,
 Has sent you hither to promote your cure,
 Moved by the best advice of all your friends,
 And wishing but your good,

Tas.

A thousand thanks

Unto the gracious Duke.

Mont.

You are pale, my friend—

'Tis plain you are far from well. At court

They tell us you are often troubled with

These fits of melancholy.

Tas.

How! my Lord?

Mont. Yet the expression of your face has not

That frightful air such patients often have.

Tas. My Lord, I am not so mad as they may think

At court. At least I can distinguish still

The worthy man from—— But proceed—your errand?

Mont. See now, I always told his highness, when

We spoke of your misfortune, it was nothing

But some corporeal malady that springs

From bile diseased, and which at times breaks out

In fancies.

Tas. (aside.) Patience!—grant me patience, Heaven!*Mont.* Yourself are much to blame for your condition.

In many good gifts you are not deficient—

Gifts that are known and praised as they deserve ;

But, pardon me, you have indulged too much

A vain and overweening fantasy,

And hopes, which, if they were not criminal,

At least were foolish.

Tas. (Sighing.) That is true!*Mont.*

You poets

Are, it is said, an irritable race—

All things offend you. Now, confess it fairly,

The Della Crusca's censure of your poem

Has given you more vexation than it ought.

Tas. Not so, fair sir! If what I write be good,

'Tis not the critic's voice can make it ill.

Try it, indeed, they may! A voice within

Tells me to trust the spirit that inspires me.

I have given delight to many a feeling heart ;

I've seen the tear in many an eye, which, raised

Above this low existence by my strain,

Soar'd on my fancy's wing, and many thanks

From worthy men and noble dames were mine—

What care I for the Crusca or its censure!

Mont. Ha! ha! I give you joy, good friend.*Tas.*

Laugh on.

The art which God has given me, is to me

A blessing, which for none on earth I'd barter.

Not folly, dulness, envy, persecution,

Not even imprisonment, can tear it from me.

The rescued treasure rests within my breast,

And sleeps secure against a better time.

The gift of God I never have degraded—

I never courted mean applause ; my strain

Has sounded only for the great and good.

Humble me—persecute me :— Be it so :

Laugh at my dreams, if laughable they seem—

I leave you your advantage in the world ;

But leave me mine, which you need little envy.

Mont. I grudge it not, Torquato ; nor desire

My dreams should ever lead me to St Anne's.

Tas. Right! very right! And yet, Montecatino,

Far as you stand in fortune's light before me,

At court so favour'd, so esteem'd ; so much

Of honour gain'd, and hoping more to win,

In all the sunshine of a master's favour—

While I am banish'd by his wrath, to dwell

Forsaken, sick, calumniated, here ;

I cherish this persuasion, when my spirit
O'erlooks the future with prophetic eye ;
That immortality shall yet surround me,
And Tasso's name live on in other times,
When yours with all its pomp shall be forgotten.

Mont. In this, methinks, your dreams go something far !

Tas. It may be so ; I am, they say, at court
Not always master of my perfect mind,
Construe my words, then, as the place suggests
In which you hear them. And now, once for all,
Explain the message which his Highness sends.

The message is far enough from being consolatory. In answer to a letter which the poet had addressed to the Duke, the courtier bears a verbal answer, strictly prohibiting every such application in future, under the penalty of having his imprisonment rendered more close and rigorous than before ; the letters which he may write to others are to be submitted to Montecatino's inspection, and those only for-

warded of which he approves. Last comes the unkindest cut of all—even the Princess returns his letter unopened. Montecatino retires, accompanied by the keeper ; a scene of passionate explosion on the part of Tasso, followed by exhaustion, succeeds. Angioletta sings him to sleep, and retires into the side apartment. Leonora and the keeper appear in the gallery above.

Keep. He sleeps, so please your Highness ;
Now you may see him undisturb'd. He slumbers.

Leon. (*contemplating Tasso—after a pause.*)

O God, how pale ! how sadly he is alter'd—

Ah ! what a melancholy tearful look !

Is that Torquato ? O, Eternal Powers !

Who knows if this be slumber—or be death ?

Keep. Ah ! lady, he is worthy of your pity—

Far worthier of compassion than all these

That round about lie prison'd in their cells.

They are unconscious of their wretched lot,

For their brain wanders, and their eye is clouded

With phantoms of their own creation. They

Dream on, and happier often are their dreams

Than the reality ; his suffering

Is doubled, for he feels how much he suffers.

Leon. Oh ! treat him well. Do for him what you can—

Alleviate as you may his destiny—

I will reward you for it.

Keep. None is needed,

For we already love him ; and my niece,

A child when he came here, and motherless,

Is always near him, bears him company,

And tends him lovingly. He loves the child too,

Has grown accustom'd to her, teaches her,

And she has grown beneath his eye. But see,

He wakes, he moves.

Leon. O God ! one glance alone !—

My knees give way.

Tas. (*looking up, exclaims, with a wild cry.*) Ha !

[*At the same moment the Keeper closes the glass door, and Angioletta rushes in from the side-room.*]

Ang. What is this, good Heaven ?

Tas. 'Twas she—'twas she herself ! It was no dream,

I am myself—my senses do not wander—

That was herself— [*Sinks on his knee, and stretches out his arms.*]

That was my Leonora !

Act Second opens in Tasso's chamber, as before. The Keeper is attempting to persuade Tasso that the appearance of the Princess was a mere delu-

sion of the imagination. The poet tells him his efforts are in vain ; that he knows it was the Princess herself who had visited his cell ; he infers that his

death had been resolved on by the Duke, and that her visit was a parting one. At this moment, Montecatino is again announced. Tasso believes he comes to announce his sentence, and tells him he is prepared to die. A striking scene follows.

Mont. Dismiss these idle visions from your brain!
Who wishes for your death? Whom would it profit
The Duke has kept you prisoner here, because
He thought it dangerous to set you free—
Because, in truth, you had abused your freedom.
Enough—the Duke would have you at St Anne's,
And here you *have* been; had he wish'd your death,
Your execution had been just as easy.
But of such themes we speak not now. At present
Prepare yourself to hear more joyous news.
This gate is barr'd for you no more: No lock,
No bolt remains to keep you prisoner.
Torquato, you are free!

Tas. Oh, God!

Mont. Yes, free!

Tas. Free! Stop—be silent.

Mont. Take this note, and read.

Tas. My eyes are dazzled.

Ang. Tasso! be composed.

Tas. (*after a pause.*) Be firm, my heart: O, break not yet! What?—free!—
Free after seven imprison'd years of bondage!

Ah, me!—within the whole wide realm of speech

What term exists that so enchanting sounds?

O give me words, O give me tones, kind Heaven,

To vent the exulting music of my soul,

That to the winds I may proclaim the joy

That fills my heart too full; for which no name

Is found in all the range of human feeling!

Mont. But only on conditions you are free.

Your stay within this court, within this city,

Within the territories of the Duke,

In future is forbidden. Should you dare

Once more to come within Ferrara's walls,

A darker doom awaits you. You are banish'd

Hence—and for ever. You depart to-night—

No more delay is granted. See to that.

Tas. It is enough for me. Let me go forth

But as a beggar, clad in sackcloth rags,

Not on my feet, but on my knees, to wander

Like one in penance—only let me go.

Mont. Do as you will; but be it done to-day.

Tas. Oh! death is nothing, life is nothing, freedom
Is all in all!

Free from this dark imprisonment to rove

From place to place, through mountain, wood, and vale—

To see the day and night, and light and colour—

To drink the air into the gasping soul,

That were existence, that indeed were life

That I might sweep as freely as the eagle

Along the earth, and gaze—and gaze my fill!

Ang. Now, God be praised, Torquato! that you can.

Tas. I could not have believed that I should ever

Know liberty again—that I should live

To hear that sentence—"Tasso, you are free!"

Yet free I am. Oh! in that weary time,

If I had seen but once my father's house,

Had seen but once Vesuvius' smoke ascend,

Curling far off into the azure sky,

Methinks I should have died of happiness!

Now I *shall* see them—see my home again,

And tread the soil with childish reverence,

Like an enfranchised slave. I shall behold
My sister's face—my kind, beloved sister's.

Keep. Joy makes your senses wander just like grief.

Tas. Montecatino, bear the Duke my thanks—
Deep thanks, the offspring of a deep-touch'd soul.
Say to him, all I suffer'd is forgotten,
And nothing but his kindness is remember'd.
Say to the Princess, that—(*pauses*)—
But whose entreaty moved the Prince to grant
The boon, when former prayers had proved in vain?
To whom am I indebted? For I would not
In such an hour as this appear ungrateful,
Or towards God or towards man: I would not
Appear ungrateful even to my foes.

Mont. To many: yet methinks your chiefest thanks
Are due unto the noble Duke of Mantua,
Who answers for you.

Tas. God reward him for it!

Mon. And now, farewell, we will not see you more,
But hear of you—and that, I hope, for good:—
That you with gratitude repay the Duke's
Indulgence, that you use your freedom wisely,
And give the Duke no reason to repent
The gift which he has granted. Fare you well!

Tas. To you the same: Good wishes to you all!

SCENE III.

TASSO. ANGIOLETTA.

Tas. I feel so happy, that methinks the gall
At once has vanish'd from my joyous breast,
Since not a word even from *his* mouth offends me.
For the last time I do behold you, then,
Ye walls, which seven long years environ'd me.
Ye witnesses of all my sufferings,
My sorrow, my despair—to-day I quit ye!
And yet, so strange a riddle is man's heart,
I almost might imagine loth to go.

Ang. You go, Torquato—you return no more,
And I shall never, never more behold you.

Tas. Thou, too, my child—and must I part with thee!
A bitter drop within the cup of joy
That fires me thus. Much thou hast been to me,
More than thou could'st believe, or I express;
That I still live, perchance, I owe to thee.

Ang. And must we separate?—I cannot bear it.

Tas. Yes, I have rock'd thee on these knees of mine;
A lovely child, at first, thou play'dst around me,
And thou hast grown a maiden by my side
Unmark'd; methinks, to-day I first observe it.
By custom's thousand soft-endearing ties,
I clung to thee—my stay, my consolation.
Thy voice, the gentle breathings of thy lute,
Have, like the harp of David, oft infused
Soft peace and balm into my wounded breast—
May God's best blessing go with thee!

Ang.

Torquato,

O take me with you! for I cannot leave you.

Tas. What moves you thus?

Ang.

Take me with you, Torquato!

Alone in this wide house, no more to see you;

No more to hear—I cannot bear it. Take,

Oh take me with you! I will follow thee,

Guide you, where'er it be—tend you elsewhere
As I did here.

Tas. But whither would you go ?

Ang. You are so ill—you need another's care ;
So weak—in truth, much weaker than you think ;
And can I send you forth into the world
Alone, forsaken, without me, Torquato ?

Tas. Ay, so it is. I am a mouldering trunk ;
If the storm spare it, of itself it falls ;
And, in the wither'd top of such a tree,
Where should my gentle dove a shelter find ?
No, Angioletta, no ! You are a child,
Your life is in the bud, mine in the sere :
How could I bear to pluck this youthful rose
From off the stem on which it bloom'd so fair,
To lay it on my coffin-lid ?

Ang. Till now
I was a child : I am a child no more.
How this has been, what change is wrought within,
I cannot tell ; but all is changed within me.
I feel as I have never felt till now :
My world is where you are. You are my light,
The air I breathe : I bloom but by your side—
At your departure I must droop and die.
I have not learn'd to live without you yet,
Torquato. Be not—be not, then, so cruel
As to repulse me—me—who am your own !

Tas. Angioletta !

Ang. Yes, I love you, Tasso. I
Dreamt not of this before—not till this moment :
For, with my growth, did my affection grow
Part of myself ; it was the atmosphere
Which I till now unconsciously inhaled.

Tas. Oh ! speak no more of this ! May God forbid
That the dark tissue of my evil days
Should cross thy young and blooming thread of life !
Let youth wed youth, let pleasure seek for pleasure ;
The spring for flowers, for happiness the happy—
Within my breast these feelings dwell no more.
I have no wreaths to braid these locks of thine,
Not even a branch that I can offer to thee.
The present and the future are *thy* portion ;
But the short sunny hours of my existence
Lie stretch'd behind me in remotest distance :
Extinguish'd are the stars that lighted me,
And all is vanish'd now save memory !
May Heaven, then, in its mercy grant my prayer,
What I have borne, oh, may'st thou never bear !

[*Kisses her on the forehead, and exit.*]

The next scene is in front of the ducal palace at Ferrara. The palace is lighted up : masks in festal dresses are coming and retiring. Tasso enters to take a last look at the residence which contained Leonora. He asks of a nobleman who is about to enter the palace, what is the occasion of the festival, and is told that it is in honour of the intended espousal of Leonora to the Duke of Mantua. In despair, he resolves to set at defiance the prohibi-

tion of the Duke, to make his way into the palace, and to learn the truth from the Princess herself, before he leaves Ferrara for ever. He procures the garb of a pilgrim, and in that disguise mingles with the masqueraders : not unobserved, however, for the watchful eye of Montecatino has detected his entrance. He communicates the intelligence to another mask, and they retire together, while Tasso and Leonora approach.

TASSO, (*in a pilgrim's dress and masked*.) LEONORA.

Leon. What would you ?—wherefore do you follow me ?

The pilgrim still should wend his way alone :
He shuns society—he seeks it not.

Tas. But ere he parts upon his weary journey,
He bends once more before the holy shrine,
And mans himself for his uncertain route,
As one no more expecting to return.

Leon. O God ! what voice was that ? O Heaven ! You are —— ?

Tas. A buried being from the grave uprisen,
And soon returning to a deeper grave,
Should I remove the mask that hides my face,
You'd start before that sight of terror.

Leon. Yes !

Yes ! you are Tasso.

Tas. Tasso ! I am he.

Leon. Unfortunate ! Oh, what a recognition !
Must Leonora meet you thus again ?

Tas. That which I could not hope for has been granted
Once more my glance can lose itself in yours—
Within those deep unfathomable stars,
Within whose ray my soul dissolved like gold,
That grows more pure and sparkling in the fire.

Leon. And know you what you risk ?

Tas. I know it well.

Nothing I risk, for nothing can I lose.
I go from hence, and something here within me
Whispers, I go to find a better freedom
Than what the Duke's indulgence can accord.
Then, since the moments are already number'd,
Let me arrest them in their flight, and revel
In the remembrance of my vanish'd bliss.

Leon. Oh, that you knew all that I feel and suffer

Tas. I bore within my heart a heavenly image
Of all that brightest was in love and life,
And held it fast in sorrow and in joy.
I clung to it in deepest misery ;
It was the light that cheer'd my darken'd soul—
Upheld me when the tide of evil fortune
Rose swelling to my very head :—for this
I thank you, Leonora, even in death.

Leon. Nothing have you to thank me for, but grief.

Tas. And if the work I destined for the world
Won for me the applause of worthier spirits,
For that too must I thank you, Leonora.
Then chide me not, if on those days I linger,
Which you perchance would labour to forget.
You have no cause to blush for them, nor I :
That I have lived within your heaven of love,
And tasted of ambrosia ; that thus
Divinely charm'd, I deem'd myself a god—
I thank thee for it, and till death will thank thee,
Even were I plunged, as was Ixion, when
He raised his eyes unto the bride of Jove,
From bright Olympus down to Tartarus.

Leon. Oh, could I in one word condense my feeling,
Lay bare my being and my life before you !

Tas. To see you once—to loose the bands that held
The lips and heart in sad imprisonment ;—
That was the spell that press'd upon my soul—
That was the madness that o'ertook me—that
The longing unto death that wasted me !
A milder power has granted me the favour :
I part not now without a last adieu.
And now no more of me. Farewell ! and if
You can, forget me. Let me be as buried,
And turn your glance where better days appear.

God make them many—make them happy. Princess,
To-night, I hear, is fix'd for your betrothing.

Leon. Betrothing? Tasso, what a word from you!

Tas. What say you? Not betrothed!

Leon. I am not betrothed,
And never will be so—accept my oath.

Tas. O now—support me now, ye heavenly powers!

Leon. So hear me, then, and let my words be taken
As if I spoke them in my dying hour.

Yes! my Torquato, I have loved thee much,
I love thee now, and I will ever love thee!

SCENE X.

The same.—*LUCRETIA* (*entering abruptly, seizes LEONORA's hand, and draws her out.*)

Luc. Your mask before your face. Fly, fly from hence.
(*To Tasso.*) And fly *you* quickly, if you value life.

Tas. Oh, one word more! By all the saints—remain!

Luc. Dare not to follow. If you love her—Hence.

[*Hurries out with Leonora.*]

Tas. O fall and cover me, ye lofty pillars,
And hide at once my sorrows and my bliss.
But follow her I must. But once more.

SCENE XI.

TASSO. (*A MASK meeting him.*)

Mask. Stay!

Tas. What would you? Leave me—I must go.

Mask. A word!—

I see you are a pilgrim, who unthinking
Have lost your way; let me then lead you to it.
This house is not the goal to which you travel—
Your course lies far apart indeed. Begone,
And venture never more to cross this threshold.
A giant here keeps watch beside the gate,
Whose club can crush the pilgrim at a blow;
Thank his good-nature that he spares you now.
But let him find you—as he does to-day—
And by my head, your head shall answer it.
Thou miserable fool, will nothing cure thee?
Wilt thou for ever cherish this delusion,
That princes' daughters are fit brides for one
Whose heritage on earth is nothing more
But a crazed brain, a harp, and pilgrim's staff?

[*Exit.*]

Tas. It was my evil spirit's voice that spoke:
Unless my senses wander, 'twas the Duke.

The Third Act introduces us to a wild and woody country in the neighbourhood of Sorrento. Tasso and Angioletta enter. The poet is on his way to his sister's residence, to seek repose beside the only relative that remains to him, and in the expectation—

“That the same earth

Should give him burial which first gave him birth.”*

A very beautiful scene takes place between the poet and his devoted companion, in which he pours out his gratitude for the kindness with which she had tended him so far, and urges her to leave him and to return to her home. Angioletta tells him that his entreaties are in vain—that her destiny and his are indissolubly linked together; and that where he goes she must follow. Tasso resumes—

* Sylvester.

Tas. I stand upon the threshold of Sorrento.
 A youth I left it—how do I return?
 A beggar, sick—scarce master of my mind;
 Rejected by the master I had served
 And glorified; for with that strain of mine
 His fame arose, and with that strain it dies!
 By envy stung—disparaged by the Crusca—
 My work by plunderers mutilated. So
 Returns Torquato Tasso to his home.

Ang. There you will see again your faithful sister;
 She loved you ever—she will love you still.

Tas. My heart indeed longs for her; 'tis a comfort—
 'Tis a refreshment to my weary soul,
 That, when my sun of life shall set at last,
 And my day's work is done, one kindred being
 Survives, that will consign me to my rest;
 Else were it not unlikely that my country—
 Which to the living could afford no room—
 Might grudge an unpaid grave unto the dead.

Ang. O Tasso—you are bitter!

Tas. Bitter! True:
 You were companion of my course; you saw
 'Twas like to Bacchus's triumphant march:
 As he in triumph moved through India,
 So I through Italy. The difference
 Was only this—that me no panthers drew,
 No gay attendants danced before my car.

Ang. If on your way you felt distress—what then?
 Was not the fault your own? Have you not still
 Disdain'd to ask assistance from another?

Tas. That have I done; and, by my father's head,
 I die the happier that it has been so—
 That I have pined in want, and all but perish'd,
 Ere I would claim their pity or their gold.
 They have no feeling for the pride that dwells
 Within a noble breast; and think that all
 For gold and glitter may be sold and barter'd.
 What prince's court, from *Ætna* to the *Po*,
 Where I was not of yore an honour'd guest—
 Where I was not invited and caress'd
 In days gone by! And who now cares for me?
 Who asks for Tasso? Yet they knew full well,
 What time I trod the threshold of their states.
 The Poet of Jerusalem no more—
 For them I was the madman of *St Anne's*.
 Even as men shun the contact of the infected,
 So did they shrink from mine, and all because
 I was no more the favourite of *Ferrara*.

Ang. If not the great, at least the people loves you;
 Have you not found your strains on every lip
 Far as *Italia's* speech extends? Did not
 The boatman chant them to the labouring oar?
 Through rock and woodland did they not resound,
 Beguiling on his path the muleteer,
 As through the mountain clefts he wound his way?
 And, would the man that thus their hearts enchanted
 Have fail'd to meet a hospitable roof
 In every cottage when he knock'd for shelter?
 Who bade you knock alone at princes' doors?
 The poet's art seeks hearts that feel its power;
 And hearts, O Tasso! you have found already,
 In princely halls, as in the lowly hut.
 Where hearts did beat—by Heaven! they beat for you;
 Where hearts beat not—'tis vain to seek for feeling.

Tas. Yes! *Angioletta*!—Yes! I found a heart—

Found it in prison, where I sought it not—
 Found it in madness, when my senses wander'd—
 I found it on the brink of th' opening grave!

In this part of the play Zedlitz has, dexterously enough, introduced an incident which is said to have actually occurred to Ariosto, while acting as the Duke of Ferrara's commissary in clearing the territory of Garfagnana of banditti. Tasso is attacked by robbers: he draws his sword, and, weak as he is, defends himself with his usual courage. But, at the mention of the name of Tasso, which Angioletta utters in despair, the sword of the captain drops; he asks the forgiveness of Tasso, for having raised his sword against such a man, whose strains had penetrated

even into the fastnesses of the Abruzzi, and found an echo in the rude hearts of banditti. The robbers retire on seeing a group of peasants approaching: they, too, have heard from his servant that the poet of the *Jerusalem* is approaching, and they come with simple kindness and reverential humility to greet his return to his home. Angioletta asks whether he does not now feel that he is revered by Italy, and that his name is not to pass away into forgetfulness, as he had despondingly anticipated. Tasso replies,—

Tas. I own my error. Man is good and noble
 When with himself conversing, and with nature;
 As pure as when from her pure hand he came,
 His essence unconstrain'd and unperverted,
 Untouch'd by the corroding rust of life.
 Yes, I will hie me where the heart is fresh,
 As in its first young moment of creation;
 There where the blood, a pure and living spring,
 In joyous free pulsation beats and circles!
 Far will I dwell from all the pomp of courts—
 Far from the busy nothingness of fools—
 Far from the influence of low desires—
 From envy, hatred—even from love afar!
 There, in the midst of Nature's mighty garden,
 Vesuvius with its smoking peak before me,
 The sea's broad mirror glittering at my feet,
 Where far-off isles like sparkling jewels gleam,
 Heaven's azure canopy above me spread—
 There from the stream of poesy I'll drink
 Once more, ere from my lips the cup be dash'd
 For ever—there, once more, I'll conjure up
 The spirits with the wizard's wand, and try
 If they obey me, as they once obey'd.
 There, like a prince within my realms, which all
 The might of all the mighty takes not from me,
 I'll be the being God and nature meant:
 My heritage—my crown—shall be my song!"

The Third Act terminates with a touching scene between Tasso and his sister Cornelia, in which he compares the relief from his sufferings, which he experiences in her society, to the respite which Orestes obtains from the attacks of the Furies, when encircled by the arms of Electra.

In the Fourth Act his situation, after a residence of some time at Sorrento, is thus described in a conversation between Cornelia and Angioletta.

Cor. He is gentle now,
 And calm. All his complaints are hush'd: his breast
 Seems by a gentler glow at last inspired,
 And, from a stormy sea, he has taken refuge
 Within a safer haven.

Ang. As the pilgrim,
 Returning from his weary travel, shakes
 The journey's dust off at his house's door,
 So he, on this long-looked-for threshold casts
 The dust of earth away; and, half transfigured,
 Seems but a passing stranger in this world.

Cor. He moves with strange composure tow'rd's the grave,
And like a man who sets his house in order,
Before he sails upon a distant voyage,
With care and zeal incessant, he essays
To leave unto the world, in worthiest shape,
His work—his lasting legacy of fame.

Ang. The sun's last rays, that soon will set for him,
Already gild the evening of his life.
His fame is heard, far as our tongue extends,
Wide o'er Italia's borders, far and near.
The cloud which envy, malice, calumny,
And party spirit cast around his fame
Is dissipated ; and his shining form
Stands wrapt in glory for eternity.

A parting gleam, however, is destined to be shed upon the close of his troubled life. The arrival of Cardinal Aldobrandini at Sorrento is announced. He comes to communicate to Tasso the invitation of Clement the VIII., that the poet would repair to Rome, and receive the laurel crown in the Capitol, in token of the respect and gratitude of his country. His persecutions from Alfonso and from the Della Crusca are at an end ; and all unite in proffering to the poet their tardy reparation for the sufferings he had undergone.

Tas. Am I awake ? or does the ancient night,
That once enveloped me, return again ?

* * * *

The sacred laurel shall surround my head—
" The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors," *
And kings and heroes ? How can I believe it ?
Shall that which floated in bright dreams before me
Unfold itself in fair reality ?
That the world deems me worthy of such honour,
And that the after-world should recognise
Their sentence—this, I own, appears an object
Worthy a man's whole life, a cast whereon
To stake the whole revenues of the soul.
And I—where thousands fail'd—I have attain'd it
My solitary head stands out in light !
Call me not vain, if images like these
Float by, like light and many-coloured clouds
Before the glowing spirit's inner eye !

Ald. Fear it not, friend ! How should I not conceive
That you are conscious of your own deserving ?
That is not vanity, and pride becomes you.

Tas. He is no poet whom reward inspires ;
But he, who casts not looks of eager longing
Towards the star of fame that shines above him,
He, too, my honour'd lord—he, too, is none.

Ald. Alas ! it shines not always on the worthy.
Oft merit meets not fortune—fortune merit :
But here, at least, the fitting man is found.

Tas. I've been so long estranged from princely favour,
So long unused to aught of outward honour,
Its beams fall on me, as upon the blind
Falls the unwonted light—it dazzles me.

Ald. A prince—I speak of one, my worthy Tasso,
In disposition princely—one who wears
His crown within his heart—he knows full well
That all the pomp that may surround his name
Dies with his dust. The fairest of renown,
Perhaps the only one that can survive,
Is when he spreads the light of mind throughout

His kingdoms ; for where *light* is there is *right*.
 So thinks the sovereign head, whose messenger
 Am I. Prepare to-morrow to depart,
 So please you—I myself will be your guide,
 With this array of worthy noblemen :
 The festival is order'd and arranged,
 And truly guests will not be wanting there—
 No narrower circle, Tasso, than the world.

We shall give the Fifth Act, which takes place in Rome, almost entire. The first scene is a conversation between Lucretia, the Duchess of Mantua, and her sister Leonora, who, by the permission of Alfonso, had been allowed

to be present at the coronation of her former lover. It is comparatively unimportant to the progress of the play. The scene then changes to the Convent of St Onofrio, where Tasso had taken up his residence.

St Onofrio in Rome. A Balcony, from which a Colonnade leads.

Tas. (at the window.) How rich the scene before the eye. There lies
 The silent convent garden at my feet,
 With all its rosy-blooming oleanders,
 And walks of dusky-shaded cypresses ;
 There stands the oak where I have often rested,
 And close beside the noiseless churchyard spreads,
 Sown thick with crosses and with monuments ;
 Beyond the walls the distant city rises
 With thousand towers, and domes, and palaces,
 With all its fountains, all its obelisks,
 With all the monuments of pomp and glory,
 That centuries upon centuries have collected.
 And through it rolls and flows in restless current,
 The people, shouting forth the name of Tasso ;
 Head pressing head to catch a glance. The while
 So worn, so weary unto death am I,
 That for the churchyard's peace I rather long
 Than for the garland on the Capitol.

TASSO. ANGIOLETTA (*richly dressed.*)

Tas. My Angioletta, in this rich attire !

Ang. 'Tis for your day of honour that I wear it.

Tas. Thou fond and faithful heart !

Ang. Already many
 Princes, and lords, and dames in garbs of splendour,
 Are in the hall assembled, to conduct you
 Unto the Capitol. This is the day
 That wakes my Tasso to a second life.

Tas. It is, indeed : Not for this outward glitter—
 Not for the laurel wreath that binds my brow—
 Not that the people shout, or that in triumph
 I enter to the lofty Capitol :

It is not these—with these I could dispense ;
 'Tis that I stand here as a *worthy* man !

That this acclaim bears witness that my labour
 Has not been vain ; that God who gave the pleasure
 In poetry's creations, gave the power ;
 That for the pain *one* being laid upon me—
 Prince as he was—THE WORLD atonement makes
 That I shall not descend to after times
 As a chained maniac ; that posterity
 Shall see the poet's picture undistorted ;—
 Such is the comfort that this day conveys.
 And—let me own my weakness—which for one
 So near the grave perchance sits ill upon me.
 Like rain that falls upon a thirsty land,
 Long look'd for, does my soul drink in this day,

Grows green, and blooms again. All I have suffer'd
 This hour wipes out; but oh! no *second* day
 Would I survive, after a day like this!
 Yes, Angioletta, yes! I will to rest;
 As on the nurse's arm a child that sees
 The meadows green, the many-tinted flowers,
 With restless longing eyes their colours fair,
 And through the lattice shoots his little hands,
 So stretch I forth my arms towards the grave.
 Ah me! what treasure has the world to give,
 Which she hath not vouchsafed me—and denied?
Ang. Yes, Tasso! yes—I feel as much as you,
 That you have closed your reckoning with the world:
 But when you go—O, hear me! take me with you;
 What were my life then:—what were I myself?
 For I was Tasso's shadow, nothing more:
 Where should the shadow be when he is gone?
 For me as well as you, to-day I feel
 Life's goal is gain'd, and come what may hereafter,
 'Tis but a faint reflection of this day—
 The distant echo of its choral song.
 Life I might miss, had I belong'd to life.

Tas. It is no fond conceit that poets fable,
 Through nature's web a magic tissue runs—
 A charm, a spell—that to congenial spirits,
 Congenial spirits binds. It is not choice
 That heart to heart attracts, 'tis Destiny:
 Not now I feel it first—I oft have felt it—
 You are no being foreign to myself,
 You are a portion of my own existence.

Ang. O speak those words again: it is too sweet
 That you should feel what I have felt so long.

Tas. Now listen, girl, for something I could say,
 I know that you can hear it without fear;
 Poets and dying men, you know, are prophets,
 And I, my faithful maid, am both in one:—
 Your pilgrimage without me will be short—
 Earth will not hold you long. When once my spirit
 Shall call to yours from out another star,
 You will not make me linger long for you:
 These roses that are blushing on your cheeks
 Are of a darker crimson than the hues
 That youth diffuses on thy face of spring:
 Theirs is a deeper glow—the glow of death!

Ang. My Tasso! you have said—I follow soon.

Tas. And now enough. No pining, no impatience—
 Let me go first. When once the fruit is ripe,
 In God's good time, by its own weight, it falls.

SCENE V.

The Same.—LUCRETIA. LEONORA.

Luc. Tasso, some friends of old are come to greet you.

Tas. Ha! what? You, princess—and your highness too—
 You here in Rome! How shall I thank you for it?
 Too much of happiness for one short day.

Leon. We stood so near, and saw your merit's growth;
 Could we be absent when such worth was crown'd?

Luc. In Italy you have but wellwishers
 And friends—your enemies have disappear'd.
 That even Alfonso now repents his rigour,
 The presence of my sister may convince you.

Leon. What joy, beloved friend, it brings to me,

That the world knows you now as I have known.
Now is my heart at rest ; and whatsoever
Of good or evil life hereafter brings,
I'll bear it with tranquillity. For you—
That peace which came so late, but came at last,
My noble friend, O ! may you long enjoy.

Tas. You wish me rest, and yet would have me live.
No, princess ! Heaven, alas, has made me restless !
Even in this my hour I feel it so.
So long as I inhale the breath of earth
My element is conflict ; and the flames
That smoulder here, though hills should stifle them,
One blast of wind would blow them up anew.

Leon. This is a gentle hour, which, after long
And devious wanderings, reunites us thus.
Let us enjoy it calm and undisturb'd ;
Let not the tempests of the past stir up
A sea that scarce has sunk into a calm,
Even to its very deeps, and bring to light
The fragments of the shipwrecks it conceals.

Luc. No ! rather let the morning breath of hope
Blow fair, and swell the sails of life anew.

Tas. The smiling future that I long for, lies
Beyond this world, and fast I steer for it—
I feel it well—with full and swelling sails.
Then, while I may, let me retrace the past,
The present soon will be the past to me !
But fear not thou that any wild commotion
Shall call up ghastly relics from the deep
Which there should sleep conceal'd. No ! like the diver
I'll plunge into its depths, and pearls of price,
And jewels of remembrance, rich, uncounted,
I'll bring to light. Let me recall the days,
When, in the paradise of Buon-Retiro,
I walk'd beside you, happy as a god !
My heart with images of glorious deeds,
With visions of a fair futurity,
Expanding—while the world for my sensations
Too narrow seem'd—too narrow for my bliss !

Leon. O peace !—

O peace ! enough of this—'twas but a dream.

Tas. No dream ; it was the plenitude of life :
There was no wish, no hope, no thought, which I
Did not impart to thee :—no gentle feeling
But found an answering echo in thy heart.
I lived as blessed deities live on,
Within those haunts where storms are never heard,
And everlasting sunshine lights the sky !
What happen'd then—what lot was mine thereafter—
Let me in silence and oblivion hide.
And now I stand beside you as I did
Of old ; and feel it is for the last time.
Yes, Leonora—yes, our parting's near !
Reach me your hand, reach me your hand again,
As you have done of yore.

And for a token
That ancient faith no time can alter—that
I trust in you for ever, and for ever—
I place this treasure in your cherish'd hand,
A rich and precious legacy of mine,
Well worthy to be cherish'd in your bosom—
My Angioletta.

Ang. Tasso, what means this ?

Tas. Receive this heart, and, when I am no more,
Preserve and value it on my account.
She will love you, even as she loved myself.

Luc. O Tasso! what is this? Heavens! what has happen'd,
You grow still paler?

Leon. For the sake of Heaven—

Ang. Oh, rouse yourself!

Tas. Be calm, 'twill pass away.

Luc. Oh, listen!—what an uproar!

Leon. What means this?

Ang. The bells are knelling loud from every tower—

Luc. The cannon thunder from St Angelo's—

Leon. The hour is come. Here comes Aldobrandini.

[*The sound of bells is heard, and from time to time cannon shots in the distance.*]

SCENE VI.

The Same.—ALDOBRANDINI.

Ald. Pardon me, princess, that I must withdraw
Our friend from such a sweet environment.
The hour has struck, the guests are all assembled,
So, please you, follow me into the hall,
Where you are stay'd for, to conduct our Tasso,
In solemn state, unto the Capitol.

Luc. We are prepared to go.

Ald. You, too, my friend?

Come, then, and let the moment of our joy
No longer be delay'd. Let us be gone.

Tas. Now, then, proceed! I was prepared to drop
Into my opening grave, unknown, unhonour'd—
By few beloved, by few bewail'd—to lay
My wearied head unto its latest sleep!
But from the very churchyard comes the dance
Of giddy life to meet me! It returns,
And lures me onward with its richest treasures,
And bids me crown me with its fairest boughs.
It is the voice of God that speaks to me,
And I obey. It is his hand that brings
These changes—life, and death, and grief, and glory;
That bows me first, that crowns me at the last,
And brightens even the margin of the tomb
With light, that cheers and dissipates the gloom.

[*Exeunt through the colonnade.*]

Ang. What feeling's this? my senses sure deceive me—
I never saw him thus. That glance of his
Was not his glance—it was another fire
That sparkled from within; and all his features
Seemed to me changed and altered.

(*Shrieks.*) Woe is me!

O God! He sinks! They throng around him! Hence—

O he is dead!

[*She rushes out through the colonnade.*]

[*Louder cries are heard without of "Long live Tasso," accompanied by the music, the sound of the bells, and the cannon beyond the scene.*]

SCENE VII.

A large Hall, filled with Ladies and Nobles richly attired. Musicians, Pages, (one of whom holds a Laurel Garland on a satin cushion.) Halberdiers in the background.

In front, TASSO dead on a couch. At his feet, ANGIOLETTA kneeling. CORNELIA and the Princesses standing round him. Behind, MONTECATINO and other Strangers. In the extreme front, ALDOBRANDINI.

Ald. Yes, he has finish'd. Let the triumph cease—
Let all these joyous melodies be hush'd;

In mournful measures let the music wail—
 The pride of Italy is gone ! For him
 This trying day of joy was all too much :
 His race is run. Not to the Capitol
 The knolling bell invites him now ; his God
 Has call'd the glorious spirit to himself—
 Be ours to give his body to the tomb.
 He had not reach'd those lofty halls, wherein
 The laurel should his temples have encircled—
 He sank o'erwearied at the Temple door.
 Thus then I place the wreath, with which so gladly
 I would have deck'd the living poet's head,
 In silence on departed Tasso's brow.

Leon. With rich reward the poet lays him down !
 In life a Prison, and in death—a Crown !

[*The curtain falls.*]

ON THE FEIGNED MADNESS OF HAMLET.

If it be allowable to entertain towards any writer that partial and affectionate admiration, which, if it does not altogether deny, yet refuses to take cognisance, of any blemish or defect—that writer is Shakspeare. From verbal criticism he seems to enjoy an immunity. His faults of style are so obvious, and of a kind so little likely to obtain imitators in the present age, that there appears to be no necessity for dwelling on them. Having once admitted that he has a hasty, headstrong way of entangling a plain meaning in abstruse and elliptical expressions, of huddling and crushing together all kinds of metaphors, with no sort of respect for their delicate fabric ; and that he has an obstinate habit of sporting in the strongest conjunctures with riddling conceits—having once settled and allowed all this, which dulness itself could discover, and dulness is least likely to forgive—we care not to have it repeated, but pass on to that endless fund of every species of poetic enjoyment which his works afford. Criticism, moreover, is disarmed by the intimate persuasion we feel, that, in the dramas of Shakspeare, there are many things not his, and which never came there by any legitimate process of authorship. His plays, unpublished and unprinted, were lying for some time amidst others, the *property* of a theatre ; and from this agitated mass they seem to have acquired a certain *alluvial deposit*, which the detergent care of the critic can never entirely remove. The players and the playwright have made sad com-

mixtures and confusion amongst them. Who can read the play of *Julius Cæsar* without a conviction that the character of Cæsar has received damage at the hands of these gentry ? It is out of nature that the same man who drew Cassius and Brutus, and gave to Mark Antony an eloquence surpassing any the Roman forum ever echoed with, should have set down in the same play that pompous and starched puppet, that rodомontade figure, which stalks through it under the name of Julius Cæsar. This portrait of the Dictator, if it were at all like the original, would decide for ever the famous question of the propriety of his assassination. Such a Cæsar assuredly deserved extermination, but hardly by the hand of the noble Brutus. Besides which, some few of Shakspeare's plays were themselves adaptations of old pieces, belonging, like its wardrobe to the theatre for which he was engaged to write, and which, by additions of his own, and touches throughout of his pencil, he seems to have fitted for reproduction. Such is the conjectural account given of *Pericles*, *Titus Andronicus*, and some others ; and this account, we think, might be extended to some plays of a still higher order than these. There is one which abounds in passages of poetic beauty, which nevertheless, if we might venture to deal in such conjectures, we should pronounce to have been fashioned on the stock or framework of some older piece. In *Troilus and Cressida* we see remnants, if we are not mistaken, of some previous work.

There was, we suspect, an older drama, written on the tale of Troy, and having for its chief subject, in imitation of the *Iliad*, the wrath of Achilles, which Shakspeare made the groundwork of his own;—adding, or greatly enlarging, the parts of Troilus and Cressida, re-writing that of Thersites, and mingling throughout his own genius. He built upon and around the original edifice till he quite obscured it; but here and there a portion of the old wall is visible, and its existence may be traced in the want of unity which the whole plan betrays. There is no keeping between the events of the plot and prominence given to the characters of Troilus and Cressida. Compare the style of the language, and the movement of the verse, where the love tale is carried on with some other portions of the drama—especially with that part (act 2, sc. 2) where a debate is held before Priam on the propriety of continuing the war. If the whole of this play were written by the same man, it was certainly not written by the same man at the same period of his life.

Considerations such as these, make us unwilling listeners to any severe criticism on the style and language of Shakspeare. Though all is not admirable, we feel that we have nothing to do but to admire; and may here leave behind, as too easy, or ungenerous, or altogether needless, the less grateful and less profitable task of censure. In this feeling we so far partake, as to think that a verbal criticism of Shakspeare (unless to elucidate his meaning, or point out felicities of expression) would be wasted labour. So far we acquiesce; but we beg to enter our protest against those who, not satisfied with this abstinence from censure, strive to convert his very vices of style into a species of excellence, and to excuse and justify all manner of writing, on the plea of its dramatic propriety. A style unpardonable in itself, cannot become laudable on the ground of dramatic propriety. If a contrary rule, if an opposite canon of criticism is to be laid down—if that which manifestly shocks our taste is afterwards to be approved of, on the reflection that just such extravagances occur in real life—then the drama is at once given over to whatever bombast or folly, the ignorance and passion of men, are likely to blurt forth.

The beauty of the art is entirely sacrificed. The distinction between farce and the serious drama is obliterated. When Juliet talks of her Romeo being cut up into little stars, and so making the heavens wonderfully bright, the absurdity of the passage is not to be excused; nor is it to be transmuted into good writing, because it is notorious that a lovesick girl talks all imaginable nonsense. The task of the poet is indeed to depict the character of the lovesick personage, but so as to give pleasure by his delineation, and to enlist our sympathies in its behalf. Unless he intends to throw ridicule on the passion of the lover—to treat it as a subject of comedy or burlesque—he must confine it within such limits of folly or caprice as the majority of mankind can tolerate, excuse, or commiserate.

With regard to the style of Shakspeare, it is a more just observation and more conciliatory, to remark the connexion that subsists between that license he allowed himself in composition, and which the times and his position in the literary history of this country enabled him to take, and the peculiar ease and dramatic excellence of his dialogue. We could hardly have had the one without the other. Shakspeare wrote for a people whose ears were not yet accustomed to finished models of composition—to whom thought was fresh—whose minds had been informed and incited, but not encumbered by what had transpired to them, chiefly through translations, of the revived literature of the ancients, and who were not a little prompted to intellectual exertion by the religious revolutions of the period. While, therefore, there was no lack of knowledge in the country—while there existed much matter for reflection and poetry, and much aptitude for mental excitement—there was yet in the writer a natural boldness and hardihood, which, in more settled periods of literature, it is impossible for him to retain. This spirit of freedom—this daring to say all—to appropriate all—was indispensable to the production of that surprising dialogue of Shakspeare, which so frequently unites the utmost beauty of poetic utterance with the very carelessness of unpremeditated speech, the very impetuosity of passion itself. When the work, with its mingled tissue of

most diverse materials, is accomplished, the reader of correct taste may separate what is crude and preposterous from what is singularly and daringly excellent; but he must acknowledge that the same boldness which seduced into the first was necessary to the creation of the second. A dialogue so faithful to the passions, humours, and caprices—and, what is more, to the common sense of mankind—must have been written without the perpetual fear of critical censure, and with a freedom from the dreaded charge of plagiarism. When models of correct composition have formed the taste of the people, the poet becomes bound by them; even the very struggle to throw off his restraint leads him into artifice, and converts courage into bravado; nor can he who comes after others, afford to let his characters say that which is most natural and probable, but must find for them sentiments, which, in proportion as they are new, will in all likelihood be forced and constrained. The genius of Shakspeare, so singularly dramatic, was developed under circumstances as singularly favourable to dramatic composition—so favourable, that some of his contemporaries, merely by sharing in them, have earned a celebrity as dramatists which is due only to their *manner*, not to their *genius*. His lifelike drama, mingling all the characters and all the faculties of man as the world mingles them, could not be repeated unless the same genius could again write with the same fearlessness, the same spontaneous movement, the same utter abandonment to its own great and varied powers—could again write as if it stood apart, unseen and irresponsible, in its mimic work of creation. But why speak of a repetition? Such great national writers as he so entirely preoccupy their ground, that there is no room in the same language for an equal to themselves. You must overthrow them by one of those revolutions that sink the language itself in which they stand—you must bury them, like huge fossils, in their own buried soil—before the earth is free, and the air open, for such another outgrowth. There must come a second deluge over all literature, and a second time the green earth must appear above the waters, before another Shakspeare can have place.

But our veneration for our great dramatist has not only led us to an utter oblivion in his favour of verbal criticism, it has disposed us to look with a marvellous pertinacity for nature and consistency in all the characters he portrays. We study the creatures of his imagination with the same faith that we investigate the character of a historical personage, confident that, however intricate or self-contradictory they may appear, we shall find, if we do but ponder steadily enough, that all is true and appropriate. It is made quite a study of, this investigation of Shakspeare's characters; and, as an exercise for powers of discrimination in the field of human nature, it has this advantage over an examination of the real characters of history—that the facts on which we are to form our judgment are here all given, are settled *data*; whereas, in solving any difficulty in the historic personage—in accounting for the apparent inconsistencies of his conduct—a doubt is always ready to arise, whether the facts themselves are all stated, whether all the circumstances are before us, whether the story might not be so told as to explain the whole difficulty; and thus the mind is perpetually called off from the investigation of character to the completion or moulding of the narrative. This study has doubtless led to some super-refinement, and to speculations somewhat wide of the sober realities of the case. The poet's freedom, the poet's necessity—at one time his unfettered utterance, at another his adherence to a plot given to him by his story—have betrayed the obsequious critic into no little difficulty, as he laboured with devoted zeal to make a crooked path look straight. But, in the main, we agree here also with the more enthusiastic admirers of Shakspeare. The consummate art which he has displayed in his masterpieces, justifies a patient study of his characters; and there is, in the more mature productions of his genius—such as his *Othello* and *Macbeth*—so full and complicated a development, that there is full scope for some subtlety of interpretation. His *Othello* is not only the jealous man and the jealous soldier, but the jealous Moor. You could not transplant his passion from that Eastern bosom in which it grew, without destroying in great measure the propriety of the description.

His Macbeth, pausing, reflective, but, once committed to his course, of desperate courage, exhibits no less distinctly the ambition of the northern chief. The climate hangs over them both. As you could not transplant the jealousy of Othello to the north, so neither could you divorce the ambition of Macbeth from the cold air it breathed, and the wild solitary heath on which it was fostered. There being this exquisite propriety in some of his portraitures, if a difficulty should arise in understanding others, it is allowable to look for the solution with a little curiosity of research. And, in doing this, it is not always an answer to the critic to say—you are suggesting for the poet an idea, which from its very merit, or the importance you attribute to it, could not have been present to his mind; for, if it had, he would not have failed to make better use of it, and to give it distinct expression. This remark would be more applicable in the case of any other author than of Shakspeare, who, partly perhaps from his freedom from such critical inquisition, rarely thinks of explaining what he is about. The *reason why* he does this or that may not always have been even distinctly reflected on by himself, although it passed through his mind, bringing with it a sense of sure conviction. With him the design and execution seem to have been almost simultaneous; he thought with the chisel in his hand, and wrought out his conceptions as they arose; and thus it is not impossible that an idea which really guided him, might yet have received a very imperfect enunciation, and might fairly admit of a fuller development from the critic, than it had even met with in the mind of the poet himself.

Amongst those discrepancies which have exercised the patience and ingenuity of criticism, the feigned madness of Hamlet is one of the most remarkable. It has been a stumbling-block to several commentators on the play. Let us see whether it will not bear such a representation, as not only to be intelligible, but to add something to our vivid appreciation of the character of Hamlet. We are not about to enter into a complete analysis of that character;—after the many brilliant criticisms which have been lately written on the same theme, this would be

a hazardous attempt, and for the most part superfluous;—we shall touch merely upon one point, and shall, as much as possible, avoid the repetition of remarks made familiar to all, by the eloquence of a Schlegel, a Goëthe, and a Coleridge.

“For this feigned madness,” writes Dr Johnson, “there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity.” The feint is not quite so unconnected with the plot as the worthy doctor would here represent it. One very manifest purpose of adopting such a disguise, was to obtain access to the king in some moment of unguarded privacy, when Hamlet could with certainty accomplish his revenge, or task of retribution. The rambling of a maniac over all parts of the palace, and at all hours, would excite no suspicion; and thus an opportunity might be afforded him of striking the fatal blow. And this end is in some measure answered; for we may attribute to this counterfeit of insanity, that he actually lights upon the King in his chamber while he is kneeling alone and at his prayers; and thus an opportunity is given of executing his revenge, which may not the less advance the piece because it is not taken advantage of. But, though not altogether unconnected with the plot, this pretended insanity effects so little, and is so carelessly sustained, that it might be censured as a bungling contrivance, if it had not a still more intimate connexion with the character and temper of Hamlet himself. It is in him rather than in the plot that the sufficient reason of this disguise is to be detected. A very slight prospect of advantage, or show of policy, was enough to lead him to adopt a stratagem which accorded well with the over-excited and turbulent condition of his thoughts. For these some disguise was at all events to be found—some concealment from the observation of men; and to wear the wild mask of insanity was not more toilsome to his spirit, more burdensome and oppressive, than to support that other counterfeit of a smooth, unruffled, and contented aspect.

To Hamlet, a reflective, wayward, melancholy man, the spirit of his father had appeared from the tomb—had revealed the secret of his murder,

and committed the task of retributive justice. After this intercourse with the other world—after having received thus supernaturally a commission so fearful—he who had never been closely knit to society, would feel himself chosen out and separated by an impassable chasm from all other men. His mind was unceasingly agitated by thoughts he could not communicate to others; and he was surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and politicians, with whose interests, and schemes, and projects, his could no longer assume even the ordinary show of participation. A father murdered, a mother wedded to the murderer, himself commissioned to revenge this crime, as yet a profound secret to the world—with these subjects fastened on his mind, and stinging him perpetually to all moody, and sarcastic, and hostile reflections, he would naturally avoid society—would escape, if possible, into solitude; but, if he must mingle with the crowd of courtiers—if he must hold communion with them—we feel that an overstrained levity, a wild, bitter, uncertain, variable speech, would be the manner and style of conversation into which he would spontaneously fall. The ordinary tone of social intercourse, would be the last he would willingly or successfully support. Now this feint of madness, while it promised to advance his project in the obvious manner already hinted at, offered a disguise to himself more welcome, and which called for less constraint, than the laboured support of an ordinary, unnoticeable demeanour. The mimicry of madness was but the excess of that levity and wildness which naturally sprung from his impatient and overwrought spirit. It afforded some scope to those disquieted feelings which it served to conceal. The feint of madness covered all—even the sarcasm, and disgust, and turbulence, which it freed in some measure from an intolerable restraint. Nor was it a disguise ungrateful to a moody spirit, grown careless of the respect of men, and indifferent to all the ordinary projects and desires of life. The masquerade brought with it no sense of humiliation—it pleased a misanthropic humour—it gave him shelter and a sort of escape from society, and it cost him little effort. That mingled bitterness and levity which

served for the representation of insanity, was often the most faithful expression of his feelings. And we need hardly add, that a great portion of the beauty of the play would be lost, if we looked upon his extravagant speeches as cold inventions to support a fictitious madness, and did not keep in view their intimate connexion, and the connexion of the counterfeit of madness itself, with the real temper of the man.

It bears out this description, that we find his imitations of lunacy, and the spontaneous expression of his perturbed and over-excited feelings, to be at times scarce distinguishable, so naturally do they flow the one into the other. He deals unsparingly his wild and whirling speech in parts of the play where he cannot be suspected of counterfeiting madness—where he is addressing his confidential friends, and where he is in the most solemn and tragical situations of the drama. After the appearance of his father's spirit, and the horrible disclosure it had made, when he is swearing Marcellus and the rest to secrecy as to what they themselves had witnessed, the ghost from beneath adds his voice, and calls on them to "Swear!" What says Hamlet, fresh from the very converse with the dead? "Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage!" And again, when, by the artifice of the play acted before the King, he has confirmed the testimony of the ghost, and satisfied himself of his uncle's guilt, and he is left alone with his friend Horatio, who is privy to the stratagem, what is the tragedy-speech which Shakspeare has put into his mouth? He repeats some doggerel verses—

"Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play," &c. ;

and then asks his friend, "Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with two Provençal roses in my raised shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?" Is it surprising that one who spoke in this vein in his most confidential moments, should in his intercourse with courtiers and coxcombs—

———— "think it meet
To put an antic disposition on?"

Did he fall in with a Polonius, what greater relief than to be allowed, un-

der the license of this counterfeit, to break from and utterly confound the mortal garrulity of that old courtier? Did he encounter an Ophelia, whom he had loved, but whose image he had obliterated, or meant to obliterate, "with all trivial fond records," from the tablet of his memory, what more accordant to his vexed and troubled spirit, than, under the same disguise, to indulge the mingled feelings of regret and renunciation, tenderness and sarcasm, and all the bitter contradictions that were struggling together in his bosom?

It is not to be supposed that the state of mind we have been attempting to describe as prompting to the choice of this disguise, would be one of long continuance; and accordingly we find, towards the close of the piece, that the feint of madness, which has never in fact been very sedulously supported, is laid aside, and that without any seeming embarrassment. As the excitement of his mind wears itself out, Hamlet assumes an ordinary tone. He jests with the courtier, Osric, as he would have done in his gayer days; and, from that time to the conclusion of the drama, he presents to us the aspect of one exhausted by the violence and intensity of his feelings. The Ghost might appear to him now, we think, and have been seen without a start—the tragedy of life was becoming as indifferent as its pleasures—and the secrets of another world would soon have been as little exciting as they had previously made the interests of this. The bidding of his father's spirit is still remembered; but we might almost doubt whether it would have been fulfilled, if the treachery of the King had not suddenly rekindled his wrath, and called upon him to revenge his own as well as his father's death.

If Shakspeare had not written the play of *Hamlet*, his critics might, perhaps, have said that, although he had portrayed to admiration the marked and obvious passions of mankind—love, and ambition, and jealousy—there was one region into which he

had not entered—a region of more difficult conquest than that airy kingdom of spirits and of fairies which he had subdued and rendered tributary. They might have said that he had never seized upon those deep yet wayward feelings which have no origin in the common objects and notorious purposes of life, but are the changeful creatures of the mind alone—on that reflective melancholy which appears so very causeless to those whom it has never visited—that aspiration which has no aim—that discontent which frames no wish—that profound indifference and meditative vacancy which disregards and rejects the actual detail and personal interests of human existence, but is never weary of looking at it from aloof, as a thing, upon the whole, of strangest and perpetual mystery. But all this, and more, Shakspeare has shadowed forth in his *Hamlet*. Whatever had been the fate of the young Prince of Denmark, he would still have been one of those who are ever musing, with perplexed thought, upon themselves—their own inscrutable nature—and on mankind at large, and the little good that the great world answers:—one of those who find all action struck with futility, yet recognise that repose without action is impossible—whose mind feeds upon itself—and who never have a passion or purpose but the next moment they turn it into a subject of mere reflection. Thus constituted, he is plunged in circumstances of supernatural horror—the tomb has yielded up its dead, that he might be sent upon a mission of blood—the reflective spirit of the man is overwhelmed—he seeks relief in bursts of extravagant and fictitious levity—and, in this mood, he picks up the mask of idiotism, and brandishes it not unwillingly; assuming to himself, at the same time, a crafty purpose, which, being little suited to his nature, is but loosely adhered to. Such is our reading of the feigned madness of Hamlet. A mind unhinged, vexed, tortured, and bewildered, adopts as a scheme of action what, after all, is more impulse than policy.

CASUISTRY.

It is remarkable, in the sense of being noticeable and interesting, but not in the sense of being surprising, that Casuistry has fallen into disrepute throughout all Protestant lands. This disrepute is a result partly due to the upright morality which usually follows in the train of the Protestant faith. So far it is honourable, and an evidence of superior illumination. But, in the excess to which it has been pushed, we may trace also a blind and somewhat bigoted reaction of the horror inspired by the abuses of the Popish Confessional. Unfortunately for the interests of scientific ethics, the first cultivators of casuistry had been those who kept in view the professional service of auricular confession. Their purpose was—to assist the reverend confessor in appraising the quality of doubtful actions, in order that he might properly adjust his scale of counsel, of warning, of reproof, and of penance. Some, therefore, in pure simplicity and conscientious discharge of the duty they had assumed, but others, from lubricity of morals or the irritations of curiosity, pushed their investigations into unhallowed paths of speculation. They held aloft a torch for exploring guilty recesses of human life, which it is far better for us all to leave in their original darkness. Crimes that were often all but imaginary, extravagances of erring passion that would never have been known as possibilities to the young and the innocent, were thus published in their most odious details. At first, it is true, the decent draperies of a dead language were suspended before these abominations: but sooner or later some knave was found, on mercenary motives, to tear away this partial veil; and thus the vernacular literature of most nations in Southern Europe, was gradually polluted with revelations that had been originally made in the avowed service of religion. Indeed, there was one aspect of such books which proved even more extensively disgusting. Speculations pointed to monstrous offences, bore upon their very face and frontispiece the intimation that they related to cases rare and anomalous. But sometimes casuistry pressed into the most hallowed

recesses of common domestic life. The delicacy of youthful wives, for example, was often not less grievously shocked than the manliness of husbands, by refinements of monkish subtlety applied to cases never meant for religious cognisance—but far better left to the decision of good feeling, of nature, and of pure household morality. Even this revolting use of casuistry, however, did less to injure its name and pretensions than a persuasion, pretty generally diffused, that the main purpose and drift of this science was a sort of hair-splitting process, by which doubts might be applied to the plainest duties of life, or questions raised on the extent of their obligations, for the single benefit of those who sought to evade them. A casuist was viewed, in short, as a kind of lawyer or special pleader in morals, such as those who, in London, are known as Old Bailey practitioners, called in to manage desperate cases—to suggest all available advantages—to raise doubts or distinctions where simple morality saw no room for either—and generally to teach the art, in nautical phrase, of sailing as near the wind as possible, without fear of absolutely foundering.

Meantime it is certain that casuistry, when soberly applied, is not only a beneficial as well as a very interesting study; but that, by whatever title, it is absolutely indispensable to the *practical* treatment of morals. We may reject the name: the thing we cannot reject. And accordingly the custom has been, in all English treatises on ethics, to introduce a good deal of casuistry under the idea of special illustration, but without any reference to casuistry as a formal branch of research. Indeed, as society grows complex, the uses of casuistry become more urgent. Even Cicero could not pursue his theme through such barren generalizations as entirely to evade all notice of special cases: and Paley has given the chief interest to his very loose investigations of morality, by scattering a selection of such cases over the whole field of his discussion.

The necessity of casuistry might, in fact, be deduced from the very origin and genesis of the word. First

came the general law or rule of action. This was like the major proposition of a syllogism. But next came a special instance or *case*, so stated as to indicate whether it did or did not fall under the general rule. This, again, was exactly the minor proposition in a syllogism. For example, in logic we say, as the major proposition in a syllogism, *Man is mortal*. This is the rule. And then "subsuming" (such is the technical phrase—*subsuming*) Socrates under the rule by a minor proposition—viz. Socrates is a man—we are able mediately to connect him with the predicate of that rule, viz. *ergo*, Socrates is mortal.* Precisely upon this model arose casuistry. A general rule, or major proposition, was laid down—suppose that he who killed any human being, except under the palliations X, Y, Z, was a murderer. Then, in a minor proposition, the special case of the suicide was considered. It was affirmed, or it was denied, that his case fell under some one of the palliations assigned. And then, finally, accordingly to the negative or affirmative shape of this minor proposition, it was argued, in the conclusion, that the suicide was, or was not, a murderer. Out of these *cases*, *i. e.* oblique deflexions from the universal rule (which is also the grammarian's sense of the word *case*) arose *casuistry*.

After morality has done its very utmost in clearing up the grounds upon which it rests its decisions—after it has multiplied its rules to any possible point of circumstantiality—there will always continue to arise cases without end, in the shifting combinations of human action, about which a question will remain whether they do or do not fall under any of these rules. *And the best way for seeing this truth illustrated on a broad scale, the shortest way and the most decisive, is—to point our attention to one striking fact, viz. that all law, as*

it exists in every civilized land, is nothing but casuistry. Simply because new cases are for ever arising to raise new doubts whether they do or do not fall under the rule of law, therefore it is that law is so inexhaustible. The law terminates a dispute for the present by a decision of a court, (which constitutes our "*common law*,") or by an express act of the legislature, (which constitutes our "*statute law*,") For a month or two matters flow on smoothly. But then comes a new case, not contemplated or not verbally provided for in the previous rule. It is varied by some feature of difference. This feature, it is suspected, makes no *essential* difference: substantially it may be the old case. Ay—but that is the very point to be decided. And so arises a fresh suit at law, and a fresh decision. For example, after many a decision and many a statute, (all arising out of cases supervening upon cases,) suppose that that great subdivision of jurisprudence called the Bankrupt Laws to have been gradually matured. It has been settled, suppose that he who exercises a trade, and no other whatsoever, shall be entitled to the benefit of the bankrupt laws. So far is fixed: and people vainly imagine that at length a station of rest is reached, and that in this direction, at least, the onward march of law is barred. Not at all. Suddenly a schoolmaster becomes insolvent, and attempts to avail himself of privileges as a technical bankrupt. But then arises a resistance on the part of those who are interested in resisting: and the question is raised—Whether the calling of a schoolmaster can be legally considered a trade? This also is settled: it is solemnly determined that a schoolmaster is a tradesman. But next arises a case, in which, from peculiar variation of the circumstances, it is doubtful whether the teacher can technically be considered a schoolmaster. Suppose that case settled: a

* The ludicrous blunder of Reid (as first published by Lord Kames in his *Sketches*.) and of countless others, through the last seventy or eighty years, in their critiques on the logic of Aristotle, has been to imagine that such illustrations of syllogism as these were meant for specimens of what syllogism could perform. What an elaborate machinery, it was said, for bringing out the merest self-evident truisms! But just as reasonably it might have been objected, when a mathematician illustrated the process of addition by saying $3 + 4 = 7$, Behold what pompous nothings! These Aristotelian illustrations were *purposely* drawn from cases not open to dispute, and simply as exemplifications of the meaning: they were intentionally self-evident.

schoolmaster, sub-distinguished as an XY schoolmaster, is adjudged to come within the meaning of the law. But scarcely is this sub-variety disposed of, than up rises some decomplex case, which is a sub-variety of this sub-variety: and so on for ever.

Hence, therefore, we may see the shortsightedness of Paley in quoting with approbation, and as if it implied a reproach, that the Mussulman religious code contains "not less than seventy-five thousand traditional precepts." True: but if this statement shows an excess of circumstantiality in the moral systems of Mussulmans, that result expresses a fact which Paley overlooks—viz. that their moral code is in reality their legal code. It is by aggregation of cases, by the everlasting depullulation of fresh sprouts and shoots from old boughs, that this enormous accumulation takes place: and, therefore, the apparent anomaly is exactly paralleled in our unmanageable superstructure of law, and in the French supplements to their code, which have already far overbuilt the code itself. If names were disregarded, we and the Mahometans are in the very same circumstances.

Casuistry, therefore, is the science of cases, or of those special varieties which are for ever changing the face of actions as contemplated in general rules. The tendency of such variations is, in all states of complex civilisation, to absolute infinity.* It is our present purpose to state a few of such cases, in order to fix attention upon the interest and the importance which surround them. No modern book of ethics can be worth notice, unless in so far as it selects and argues the more prominent of such cases, as they offer themselves in the economy of daily life. For we repeat—that the name, the word casuistry, may be evaded,

but the thing cannot: nor is it evaded in our daily conversations.

I. *The Case of the Jaffa Massacre.*

—No case in the whole compass of casuistry has been so much argued to and fro—none has been argued with so little profit; for, in fact, the main elements of the moral decision have been left out of view. Let us state the circumstances:—On the 11th of February 1799, Napoleon, then and for seven months before in military possession of Egypt, began his march towards Syria. His object was to break the force of any Turkish invasion, by taking it in fractions. It had become notorious to every person in Egypt, that the Porte rejected the French pretence of having come for the purpose of quelling Mameluke rebellion—the absurdity of which, apart from its ludicrous Quixotism, was evident in the most practical way, viz. by the fact, that the whole revenues of Egypt were more than swallowed up by the pay and maintenance of the French army. What could the Mamelukes have done worse? Hence it had become certain that the Turks would send an expedition to Egypt; and Napoleon, viewing the garrisons in Syria as the advanced guard of such an expedition, saw the best chance for general victory in meeting those troops beforehand, and destroying them in detail. About nineteen days brought him within view of the Syrian fields. On the last day of February he slept at the Arimathea of the Gospel. In a day or two after his army was before Jaffa, (the Joppa of the Crusaders,)—a weak place, but of some military interest,† from the accident of being the very first fortified town to those entering Palestine from the side of Egypt. On the 4th of March this place was invested; on the 6th, barely forty-eight hours after, it

* "To absolute infinity."—We have noticed our own vast pile of law, and that of the French. But neither of us has yet reached the alarming amount of the Roman law, under which the very powers of social movement threatened to break down. Courts could not decide, advocates could not counsel, so innumerable was becoming the task of investigation. This led to the great digest of Justinian. But, had Roman society advanced in wealth, extent, and social development, instead of retrograding, the same result would have returned in a worse shape. The same result now menaces England, and will soon menace her much more.

† "Of some military interest."—It is singular that some peculiar interest has always settled upon Jaffa, no matter who was the military leader of the time, or what the object of the struggle. From Julius Cæsar, Joppa enjoyed some special privileges and immunities—about a century after, in the latter years of Nero, a most tragical catas-

was taken by storm. This fact is in itself important; because it puts an end to the pretence so often brought forward, that the French army had been irritated by a long resistance. Yet, supposing the fact to have been so, how often in the history of war must every reader have met with cases where honourable terms were granted to an enemy merely on account of his obstinate resistance? But then here, it is said, the resistance was wilfully pushed to the arbitration of a storm. Even that might be otherwise stated; but, suppose it true, a storm in military law confers some rights upon the assailants which else they would not have had—rights, however, which cease with the day of storming. Nobody denies that the French army might have massacred all whom they met in arms at the time and during the agony of storming. But the question is, Whether a resistance of forty-eight hours could create the right, or in the least degree palliate the atrocity, of putting prisoners to death in cold blood? Four days after the storming, when all things had settled back into the quiet routine of ordinary life, men going about their affairs as usual, confidence restored, and, above all things, after the faith of a Christian army had been pledged to these prisoners that not a hair of their heads should be touched, the imagination is appalled by this wholesale butchery—even the apologists of Napoleon are shocked by the amount of murder, though justifying its principle. They admit that there were two divisions of the prisoners—one of fifteen hundred, the other of two thousand five hundred. Their combined amount is equal to a little army; in fact, just about that army with which we fought and won the battle of Maida in Calabria. They composed a force equal to about six English regiments of infantry on the common establishment. Every man of these 4000 soldiers, chiefly brave Albanians—every man of this little army was basely, brutally, in the very spirit of abject poltroonery, murdered

—murdered as foully as the infants of Bethlehem; resistance being quite hopeless, not only because they had surrendered their arms, but also because, in reliance on Christian honour, they had quietly submitted to have their hands confined with ropes behind their backs. If this blood did not lie heavy on Napoleon's heart in his dying hours, it must have been because a conscience originally callous had been seared by the very number of his atrocities.

Now, having stated the case, let us review the casuistical apologies put forward. What was to be done with these prisoners? There lay the difficulty. Could they be retained according to the common usage with regard to prisoners? No; for there was a scarcity of provisions, barely sufficient for the French army itself. Could they be transported to Egypt by sea? No; for two English line-of-battle ships, the *Theseus* and the *Tiger*, were cruising in the offing, and watching the interjacent seas of Egypt and Syria. Could they be transported to Egypt by land? No; for it was not possible to spare a sufficient escort; besides, this plan would have included the separate difficulty as to food. Finally, then, as the sole resource left, could they be turned adrift? No; for this, was but another mode of saying, "Let us fight the matter over again; reinstate yourselves as our enemies; let us leave Jaffa *re infectâ*, and let all begin again *denovo*"—since, assuredly, say the French apologists, in a fortnight from that date, the prisoners would have been found swelling the ranks of those Turkish forces whom Napoleon had reason to expect in front.

Before we take one step in replying to these arguments, let us cite two parallel cases from history: they are interesting for themselves, and they show how other armies, not Christian, have treated the selfsame difficulty in practice. The first shall be a leaf taken from the great book of Pagan experience; the second from Mahome-

trophe happened at Joppa to the Syrian pirates, by which the very same number perished as in the Napoleon massacre, viz. something above 4000. In the 200 years of the Crusades, Joppa revived again into military verdure. The fact is, that the shore of Syria is pre-eminently deficient in natural harbours, or facilities for harbours—those which exist have been formed by art and severe contest with the opposition of nature. Hence their extreme paucity, and hence their disproportionate importance in every possible war.

tan: and both were cases in which the parties called on to cut the knot had been irritated to madness by the parties lying at their disposal.

1. *The Pagan Decision.*—In that Jewish war of more than three years' duration, which terminated in the destruction of Jerusalem, two cities on the lake of Gennesaret were besieged by Vespasian. One of these was Tiberias: the other Tarichæ. Both had been defended with desperation; and from their peculiar situation upon water, and amongst profound precipices, the Roman battering apparatus had not been found applicable to their walls. Consequently the resistance and the loss to the Romans had been unexampled. At the latter siege Vespasian was present in person. Six thousand five hundred had perished of the enemy. A number of prisoners remained, amounting to about 40,000. What was to be done with them? A great council was held, at which the commander-in-chief presided, assisted (as Napoleon) by his whole staff. Many of the officers were strongly for having the whole put to death: they used the very arguments of the French—"that, being people now destitute of habitations, they would infallibly urge any cities which received them into a war:" fighting, in fact, henceforward upon a double impulse—viz. the original one of insurrection, and a new one of revenge. Vespasian was sensible of all this; and he himself remarked, that, if they had any indulgence of flight conceded, they would assuredly use it against the authors of that indulgence. But still, as an answer to all objections, he insisted on the solitary fact, that he had pledged the Roman faith for the security of their lives; "and to offer violence, after he had given them his right hand, was what he could not bear to think of." Such are the simple words of Josephus. In the end, overpowered by his council, Vespasian made a sort of compromise. Twelve hundred, as persons who could not have faced the hardships of captivity and travel, he gave up to the sword. Six thousand select young men were transported as labourers into Greece, with a view to Nero's scheme, then in agitation, for cutting through the isthmus of Corinth; the main body, amounting to thirty thousand, were sold for slaves; and all the rest, who happened to be subjects of Agrippa, as a mark of cour-

tesy to that prince, were placed at his disposal. Now, in this case, it will be alleged that perhaps the main feature of Napoleon's case was not realized, viz. the want of provisions. Every Roman soldier carried on his shoulders a load of seventeen days' provision, expressly in preparation for such dilemmas; and Palestine was then rank with population, gathered into towns. This objection will be noticed immediately: but, meantime, let it be remembered that the prisoners' personally appeared before their conquerors in far worse circumstances than the garrison of Jaffa, except as to the one circumstance (in which both parties stood on equal ground) of having had their lives guaranteed. For the prisoners of Gennesaret were chiefly aliens and fugitives from justice, who had no national or local interest in the cities which they had tempted or forced into insurrection; they were clothed with no military character whatever: in short, they were pure vagrant incendiaries. And the populous condition of Palestine availed little towards the execution of Vespasian's sentence: nobody in that land would have bought such prisoners: nor, if they would, were there any means available, in the agitated state of the Jewish people, for maintaining their purchase. It would, therefore, be necessary to escort them to Cæsarea, as the nearest Roman port for shipping them: thence perhaps to Alexandria, in order to benefit by the corn vessels: and from Alexandria the voyage to remoter places would be pursued at great cost and labour—all so many objections exactly corresponding to those of Napoleon, and yet all overruled by the single consideration of a Roman (viz. a Pagan) right hand pledged to the fulfilment of a promise. As to the twelve hundred old and helpless people massacred in cold blood, as regarded themselves it was a merciful doom, and one which many of the Jerusalem captives afterwards eagerly courted. But still it was a shocking case. It was felt to be so by many Romans themselves: Vespasian was overruled in that instance: and the horror which settled upon the mind of Titus, his elder son, from that very case amongst others, made him tender of human life, and anxiously merciful, through the great tragedies which were now beginning to unroll themselves.

2. *The Mahometan Decision.*—

The Emperor Charles V., at different periods, twice invaded the piratical states in the north of Africa. The last of these invasions, directed against Algiers, failed miserably, covering the Emperor with shame, and strewing both land and sea with the wrecks of his great armament. But six years before, he had conducted a most splendid and successful expedition against Tunis, then occupied by Heyradin Barbarossa, a valiant corsair and a prosperous usurper. Barbarossa had an irregular force of fifty thousand men; the Emperor had a veteran army, but not acclimatized, and not much above one-half as numerous. Things tended, therefore, strongly to an equilibrium. Such were the circumstances—such was the position on each side: Barbarossa, with his usual adventurous courage, was drawing out of Tunis in order to fight the invader: precisely at that moment occurred the question of what should be done with the Christian slaves. A stronger case cannot be imagined: they were ten thousand fighting men; and the more horrible it seemed to murder so many defenceless people, the more dreadfully did the danger strike upon the imagination. It was their number which appalled the conscience of those who speculated on their murder; but precisely that it was, when pressed upon the recollection, which appalled the prudence of their Moorish masters. Barbarossa himself, familiar with bloody actions, never hesitated about the proper course: “massacre without mercy” was *his* proposal. But his officers thought otherwise: they were brave men; “and,” says Robertson, “they all approved warmly of his intention to fight. But, injured as they were to scenes of bloodshed, the barbarity of his proposal filled them with horror; and Barbarossa, from the dread of irritating them, consented to spare the lives of the slaves.” Now, in this case, the penalty attached to mercy, in case it should turn out unhappily for those who so nobly determined to stand the risk, cannot be more tragically expressed, than by saying that it *did* turn out unhappily. We need not doubt that the merciful officers were otherwise rewarded; but for this world and the successes of this world the ruin was total. Barbarossa was defeated in the battle which ensued;

flying pell-mell to Tunis with the wrecks of his army, he found these very ten thousand Christians in possession of the fort and town: they turned his own artillery upon himself: and his overthrow was sealed by that one act of mercy—so unwelcome from the very first to his own Napoleonish temper.

Thus we see how this very case of Jaffa had been settled by Pagan and Mahometan casuists, where courage and generosity happened to be habitually prevalent. Now, turning back to the pseudo-Christian army, let us very briefly review the arguments for *them*. First, there were no provisions. But how happened that? or how is it proved? Feeding the prisoners from the 6th to the 10th inclusively of March, proves that there was no instant want. And how was it, then, that Napoleon had run his calculations so narrowly? The prisoners were just 33 per cent on the total French army, as originally detached from Cairo. Some had already perished of that army; and in a few weeks more, one-half of that army had perished, or 6000 men, whose rations were hourly becoming disposable for the prisoners. Secondly, a most important point, resources must have been found in Jaffa. But thirdly, if not, if Jaffa were so ill provisioned, how had it ever dreamed of standing a siege? And knowing its condition, as Napoleon must have done from deserters and otherwise, how came he to adopt so needless a measure as that of storming the place? Three days must have compelled it to surrender upon any terms, if it could be really true that, after losing vast numbers of its population in the assault, (for it was the bloodshed of the assault which originally suggested the interference of the aides-de-camp,) Jaffa was not able to allow half rations even to a *part* of its garrison for a few weeks. What was it meant that the whole should have done, had Napoleon simply blockaded it? Through all these contradictions we see the truth looming as from behind a mist: it was not because provisions failed that Napoleon butchered 4000 young men in cold blood; it was because he wished to signalize his entrance into Palestine by a sanguinary act, such as might strike terror far and wide, resound through Syria as well as Egypt, and paralyse the nerves of his enemies. Fourthly, it is urged

that, if he had turned the prisoners loose, they would have faced him again in his next battle. How so? Prisoners without arms? But then, perhaps, they could have retreated upon Acre, where it is known that Djeddar the Turkish pacha had a great magazine of arms. That might have been dangerous, if any such retreat had been open. But surely the French army, itself under orders for Acre, could at least have intercepted the Acre route from the prisoners. No other remained but that through the defiles of Naplous. In this direction, however, there was no want of men. Beyond the mountains cavalry only were in use: and the prisoners had no horses, nor habits of acting as cavalry. In the defiles it was riflemen who were wanted, and the prisoners had no rifles; besides that, the line of the French operations never came near to that route. Then, again, if provisions were so scarce, how were the unarmed prisoners to obtain them on the simple allegation that they had fought unsuccessfully against the French?

But, finally, one conclusive argument there is against this damnable atrocity of Napoleon's, which in all future Lives of Napoleon one may expect to see noticed, viz. that if the circumstances of Palestine were such as to forbid the ordinary usages of war, if (which we are far from believing) want of provisions made it indispensable to murder prisoners in cold blood—in that case a *Syrian war became impossible to a man of honour; and the guilt commences from a higher point than Jaffa*. Already at Cairo, and in the elder stages of the expedition, planned in face of such afflicting necessities, we read the counsels of a murderer; of one rightly carrying such a style of warfare towards the ancient country of the assassins; of one not an apostate merely from Christian humanity, but from the lowest standard of soldierly honour. He and his friends abuse Sir Hudson Lowe as a jailer. But far better to be a jailer, and faithful to one's trust, than to be the cut-throat of unarmed men.

One consideration remains, which we reserve to the end; because it has been universally overlooked, and because it is conclusive against Napoleon, even on his own hypothesis of an absolute necessity. In Vespasian's case it does not appear that he had

gained any thing for himself or for his army by his promise of safety to the enemy: he had simply gratified his own feelings by holding out prospects of final escape. But Napoleon had absolutely seduced the 4000 men from a situation of power, from vantage-ground, by his treacherous promise. And when the French apologists plead—"If we had dismissed the prisoners, we should soon have had to fight the battle over again"—they totally forget the state of the facts: they had not fought the battle at all: they had evaded the battle as to these prisoners: as many enemies as could have faced them *de novo*, so many had they bought off from fighting. Forty centuries of armed men, brave and despairing, and firing from windows, must have made prodigious havoc: and this havoc the French evaded by a trick, by a perfidy, perhaps unexampled in the annals of military man.

II. *Piracy*.—It is interesting to trace the revolutions of moral feeling. In the early stages of history we find piracy in high esteem. Thucydides tells us that *λειτουργία* or robbery, when conducted *at sea*, (*i. e.* robbery on non-Grecian people,) was held in the greatest honour by his countrymen in elder ages. And this, in fact, is the true station, this point of feeling for primitive man, from which we ought to view the robberies and larcenies of savages. Captain Cook, though a good and often a wise man, erred in this point. He took a plain Old Bailey view of the case; and very sincerely believed (as all sea-captains ever have done,) that a savage must be a bad man who would purloin any thing that was not his. Yet it is evident that the poor child of uncultured nature, who saw strangers descending as it were from the moon upon his aboriginal forests and lawns, must have viewed them under the same angle as the Greeks of old. They were no part of any system to which he belonged; and why should he not plunder them? By force if he could: but, where that was out of the question, why should he not take the same credit for an undetected theft that the Spartan gloried in taking? To be detected was both shame and loss; but he was certainly entitled to any glory which might seem to settle upon success, not at all less than the more pretending citizen of Sparta. Besides

all which, amongst us civilized men the rule obtains universally—that the state and duties of peace are to be presumed until war is proclaimed.

Whereas, amongst rude nations, war is understood to be the rule—war, open or covert, until suspended by express contract. *Bellum inter omnes* is the natural state of things for all except those who view themselves as brothers by natural affinity, by local neighbourhood, by common descent, or who make themselves brothers by artificial contracts. Captain Cook, who overlooked all this, should have begun by arranging a solemn treaty with the savages amongst whom he meant to reside for any length of time. This would have prevented many an angry broil then, and since then: it would also have prevented his own tragical fate. Mean-time the savage is calumniated and misrepresented for want of being understood.

There is, however, amongst civilized nations a mode of piracy still tolerated, or which *was* tolerated in the last war, but is now ripe for extinction. It is that war of private men upon private men, which goes on under the name of privateering. Great changes have taken place in our modes of thinking within the last twenty-five years; and the greatest change of all lies in the thoughtful spirit which we now bring to the investigation of all public questions. We have no doubt at all that, when next a war arises at sea, the whole system of privateering will be condemned by the public voice. And the next step after that will be, to explode all war whatsoever, public or private, upon commerce. War will be conducted *by* belligerents and *upon* belligerents exclusively. To imagine the extinction of war itself, in the present stage of human advance, is, we fear, idle. Higher modes of civilisation—an earth more universally colonized—the *homo sapiens* of Linnæus more humanized, and other improvements must pave the way for *that*: but amongst the earliest of those improvements, will be the abolition of war carried into quarters where the spirit of war never ought to penetrate. Privateering will be abolished. War, on a national scale, is often ennobling, and one great instrument of pioneering for civilisation: but war of private citizen upon his fellow in another land, is always demoralizing.

III. *Usury*.—This ancient subject of casuistry we place next to *piracy*, for a significant reason: the two practices have both changed their public reputation as civilisation has advanced, but inversely—they have interchanged characters. Piracy, beginning in honour, has ended in infamy: and at this moment it happens to be the sole offence against society in which *all* the accomplices, without pity or intercession, let them be ever so numerous, are punished capitally. Elsewhere, we decimate, or even centesimate: here, we are all children of Rhadamanthus. Usury, on the other hand, beginning in utter infamy, has travelled upwards into considerable esteem: and Mr “10 *per shent*” stands a very fair chance of being pricked for sheriff next year; and in one generation more, of passing for a great patriot. Charles Lamb complained that by gradual changes, not on his part, but in the spirit of refinement, he found himself growing insensibly into “an indecent character.” The same changes which carry some downwards, carry others up; and Shylock himself will soon be viewed as an eminent martyr or confessor for the truth as it is in the Alley. Seriously, however, there is nothing more remarkable in the history of casuistical ethics than the utter revolution in human estimates of usury. In this one point the Hebrew legislator agreed with the Roman—Deuteronomy with the Twelve Tables. Cicero mentions that the elder Cato, being questioned on various actions, and how he ranked them in his esteem, was at length asked, *Quid fenerari?*—how did he rank usury? His indignant answer was, by a retorted question—*Quid hominem occidere?*—what do I think of murder? In this particular case, as in some others, we must allow that our worthy ancestors and forerunners upon this terraqueous planet were enormous blockheads. And their “exquisite reason” for this opinion on usury, was quite worthy of Sir Andrew Aguecheek:—“money,” they argued, “could not breed money: one guinea was neither father nor mother to another guinea: and where could be the justice of making a man pay for the use of a thing which that thing could never produce?” But, venerable blockheads, that argument applies to the case of him who locks up his borrowed guinea. Suppose him

not to lock it up, but to buy a hen, and the hen to lay a dozen eggs; one of those eggs will be so much per cent; and the thing borrowed has then produced its own *fenus*. A still greater inconsistency was this: Our ancestors would have rejoined—that many people did not borrow in order to produce, *i. e.* to use the money as capital, but in order to spend, *i. e.* to use it as income. In that case, at least, the borrowers must derive the *fenus* from some other fund than the thing borrowed: for, by the supposition, the thing borrowed has been spent. True; but on the same principle these ancestors ought to have forbidden every man to sell any article whatsoever to him who paid for it out of other funds than those produced by the article sold. Mere logical consistency required this: it happens, indeed, to be impossible: but that only argues their entire non-comprehension of their own doctrines.

The whole history of usury teems with instruction: 1st, comes the monstrous absurdity in which the proscription of usury anchored; 2d, the absolute compulsion and pressure of realities in forcing men into a timid abandonment of their own doctrines; 3d, the unconquerable power of sympathy, which humbled all minds to one level, and forced the strongest no less than the feeblest intellects into the same infatuation of stupidity. The casuistry of ancient moralists on this question, especially of the scholastic moralists, such as Suarez, &c.—the oscillations by which they ultimately relaxed and tied up the law, just as their erring conscience, or the necessities of social life prevailed, would compose one of the interesting chapters in this science. But the Jewish relaxation is the most amusing: it coincides altogether with the theory of savages as to property, which we have already noticed under the head of Piracy. All men on earth, except Jews, were held to be fair subjects for usury; not as though usury were a just or humane thing: no—it was a belligerent act: but then all foreigners in the Jewish eye were enemies, for the same reason that the elder Romans had a common term for an enemy and a stranger. And it is probable that many Jews at this day, in exercising usury, conceive themselves to be seriously making war, in a privateering fashion, upon

Christendom, and practising reprisals on the Gentiles for ruined Jerusalem.

IV. *Bishop Gibson's Chronicle Preciosum*.—Many people are aware that this book is a record of prices, as far as they were recoverable, pursued through six centuries of English History. But they are not aware that this whole enquiry is simply the machinery for determining a casuistical question. The question was this:—An English College, but we cannot say in which of our universities, had been founded in the reign of Henry VI., and between 1440 and 1460—probably it might be King's College, Cambridge. Now, the statutes of this college make it imperative upon every candidate for a fellowship to swear that he does not possess an estate in land of inheritance, nor a perpetual pension amounting to *five pounds per annum*. It is certain, however, that the founder did not mean superstitiously so much gold or silver as made *nominal*ly the sum of five pounds, but so much as virtually represented the five pounds of Henry VI.'s time—so much as would buy the same quantity of ordinary comfort. Upon this, therefore, arose two questions for the casuist: (1.) What sum did substantially represent, in 1706, (the year of publishing the *Chron. Preciosum*), that nominal L.5 of 1440? (2.) Supposing this ascertained, might a man with a safe conscience retain his fellowship by swearing that he had not L.5 a-year, when perhaps he had L.20, provided that L.20 were proved to be less in efficacy than the L.5 of the elder period? Verbally this was perjury: was it such in reality and to the conscience?

The *Chronicle* is not, as by its title the reader might suppose, a large folio: on the contrary, it is a small octavo of less than 200 pages. But it is exceedingly interesting, very ably reasoned, and as circumstantial in its illustrations as the good bishop's opportunities allowed him to make it. In one thing he was more liberal than Sir William Petty, Dr Davenant, &c., or any elder economists of the preceding century: he would have statistics treated as a classical or scholarlike study; and he shows a most laudable curiosity in all the questions arising out of his main one. His answer to *that* is as follows: 1st, that L.5 in Henry VI.'s time contained forty ounces of silver, whereas in Queen Anne's it contained only nine-

teen ounces and one-third : so that, in reality, the L.5 of 1440 was, even as to weight of silver, rather more than L.10 of 1706. 2d, as to the efficacy of L.10 in Henry VI.'s reign : upon reviewing the main items of common household (and therefore of common academic) expenditure, and pursuing this review through bad years and good years, the bishop decides that it is about equal to L.25 or L.30 of Queen Anne's reign. Sir George Shuckburgh has since treated this casuistical problem more elaborately : but Bishop Gibson it was, who, in his *Chronicon Preciosum*, first broke the ice.

After this, he adds an ingenious question upon the apparently parallel case of a freeholder swearing himself worth 40s. per annum as a qualification for an electoral vote : ought not he to hold himself perjured in voting upon an estate often so much below the original 40s. contemplated by Parliament, for the very same reason that a collegian is *not* perjured in holding a fellowship, whilst, in fact, he may have four or five times the nominal sum privileged by the founder ? The Bishop says *no* ; and he distinguishes the case thus : the college L.5 must always mean a virtual L.5—a L.5 in efficacy, and not merely in name. But the freeholder's 40s. is not so restricted ; and for the following reason—that this sum is constantly coming under the review of Parliament. It is clear, therefore, from the fact of not having altered it, that Parliament is satisfied with a merely nominal 40s., and sees no reason to alter it. True, it was a rule enacted by the Parliament of 1430 ; at which time 40s. was even in weight of silver equal to 80s. of 1706 ; and in virtue or power of purchasing equal to L.12 at the least. The qualification of a freeholder is, therefore, much lower in Queen Anne's days than in those of Henry VI. But what of that ? Parliament, it must be presumed, sees good reasons why it *should* be lower. And at all events, till the law operates amiss, there can be no reason to alter it.

A case of the same kind with those argued by Bishop Gibson arose often in trials for larceny—we mean as to that enactment which fixed the minimum for a capital offence. This case is noticed by the Bishop, and juries of

late years often took the casuistry into their own hands. They were generally thought to act with no more than a proper humanity to the prisoner ; but still people thought such juries incorrect. Whereas, if Bishop Gibson is right, who allows a man to swear positively that he has not L.5 a-year, when nominally he has much more, such juries were even technically right. However, this point is now altered by Sir Robert Peel's reforms. But there are other cases, and especially those which arise not between different times but between different places, which will often require the same kind of casuistry as that which is so ably applied by the good and learned Bishop.

V. *Suicide*.—It seems passing strange that the main argument upon which Pagan moralists relied in their unconditional condemnation of suicide, viz. the supposed analogy of our situation in life to that of a sentinel mounting guard, who cannot, without a capital offence, quit his station until called off by his commanding officer, is dismissed with contempt by a Christian moralist, viz. Paley. But a stranger thing still is—that the only man who ever wrote a book in palliation of suicide, should have been not only a Christian—not only an official minister and dignitary of a metropolitan Christian church—but also a scrupulously pious man. We allude, as the reader will suppose, to Dr Donne, dean of St Paul's. His opinion is worthy of consideration. Not that we would willingly diminish, by one hair's weight, the reasons against suicide ; but it is never well to rely upon ignorance or inconsideration for the defence of any principle whatever. Donne's notion was, (a notion, however, adopted in his earlier years,) that as we do not instantly pronounce a man a murderer upon hearing that he has killed a fellow-creature, but, according to the circumstances of the case, pronounce his act either murder, or manslaughter, or justifiable homicide ; so by parity of reason, suicide is open to distinctions of the the same or corresponding kinds ; that there may be such a thing as self-homicide not less than self-murder—culpable self-homicide—justifiable self-homicide. Donne called his Essay by the Greek name *Biathanatos*,* meaning

* This word, however, which occurs nowhere that we remember, except in Lampridius, one of the Augustan historians, is here applied to Heliogabalus ; and means,

violent death. But a thing equally strange, and a blasphemy almost unaccountable, is the fancy of a Prussian or Saxon baron, who wrote a book to prove that Christ committed suicide, for which he had no other argument than that, in fact, he had surrendered himself unresistingly into the hands of his enemies, and had in a manner caused his own death. This, however, describes the case of every martyr that ever was or can be. It is the very merit and grandeur of the martyr, that he proclaims the truth with his eyes open to the consequences of proclaiming it. Those consequences are connected with the truth, but not by any natural link: the connexion is by means of false views, which it is the very business of the martyr to destroy. And, if a man founds my death upon an act which my conscience enjoins, even though I am aware and fully warned that he will found my death upon it, I am not, therefore, guilty of suicide. For, by the supposition, I was obliged to the act in question by the highest of all obligations, viz. moral obligation, which far transcends all physical obligation; so that, whatever excuse attaches to a physical necessity, attaches, *à fortiori*, to the moral necessity. The case is, therefore, precisely the same as if he had said—"I will put you to death if the frost benumbs your feet." The answer is—"I cannot help this effect of frost." Far less can I help revealing a celestial truth. I have no power, no liberty, to forbear. And, in killing me, he punishes me for a mere necessity of my situation and my knowledge.

It is urged that brutes never commit suicide—except, indeed, the salamander, who has been suspected of loose principles in this point; and we ourselves knew a man who constantly affirmed that a horse of his had committed suicide, by violently throwing himself from the summit of a precipice. "But why"—as we still asked him—

"why should the horse have committed felony on himself? Were oats rising in the market?—or was he in love?—or vexed by politics?—or could a horse, and a young one rising four, be supposed to suffer from *tedium vite*?" Meantime, as respects the general question of brute suicides, two points must be regarded,—1st, That brutes are cut off from the vast world of moral and imaginative sufferings entailed upon man; 2dly, That this very immunity presupposes another immunity—

"A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain,"

in the far coarser and less irritable animal organization which must be the basis of an insulated physical sensibility. Brutes can neither suffer from intellectual passions, nor, probably, from very complex derangements of the animal system; so that in them the motives to suicide, the temptations to suicide, are prodigiously diminished. Nor are they ever alive to "the sublime attractions of the grave." It is, however, a humiliating reflection, that, if any brutes can feel such aspirations, it must be those which are under the care of man. Doubtless the happiness of brutes is sometimes extended by man; but also, too palpably, their misery.

Why suicide is not noticed in the *New Testament* is a problem yet open to the profound investigator.

VI. *Duelling*.—No one case, in the vast volume of casuistry, is so difficult to treat with justice and reasonable adaptation to the spirit of modern times, as this of duelling. For, as to those who reason all upon one side, and never hearken in good faith to objections or difficulties, such people convince nobody but those who were already convinced before they began. At present, (1839,) society has for some years been taking a lurch to one side *against* duelling: but inevitably a reaction

not the act of suicide, but a suicidal person. And possibly Donne, who was a good scholar, may so mean it to be understood in his title-page. Heliogabalus, says Lampridius, had been told by the Syrian priests that he should be *Biathanatos*, i. e. should commit suicide. He provided, therefore, ropes of purple and gold intertwined, that he might hang himself imperatorially. He provided golden swords, that he might run himself through as became Cæsar. He had poisons enclosed in jewels, that he might drink his farewell heeltaps, if drink he must, in a princely style. Other modes of august death he had prepared. Unfortunately all were unavailing, for he was murdered and dragged through the common sewers by ropes, without either purple or gold in their base composition. The poor fellow has been sadly abused in history; but, after all, he was a mere boy, and as mad as a March hare.

will succeed; for, after all, be it as much opposed as it may to Christianity, duelling performs such important functions in society as now constituted—we mean by the sense of instant personal accountability which it diffuses universally amongst gentlemen, and all who have much sensibility to the point of honour—that, for one life which it takes away as an occasional sacrifice, it saves myriads from outrage and affronts—millions from the anxiety attached to inferior bodily strength. However, it is no part of our present purpose to plead the cause of duelling, though pleaded it must be, more fairly than it ever has been, before any progress will be made in suppressing it.

But the point which we wish to notice at present, is the universal blunder about the Romans and Greeks. They, it is alleged, fought no duels: and occasion is thence taken to make very disadvantageous reflections upon us, the men of this Christian era, who, in defiance of our greater light, *do* fight duels. Lord Bacon himself is duped by this enormous blunder, and founds upon it a long speech in the Star-Chamber.

Now, in the first place, who does not see that, if the Pagans really *were* enabled by their religion to master their movements of personal anger and hatred, the inevitable inference will be to the disadvantage of Christianity. It would be a clear case. Christianity and Paganism have been separately tried as means of self-control: Christianity has flagrantly failed: Paganism succeeded universally; not having been found unequal to the task in any one known instance.

But this is not so. A profounder error never existed. No religious influence whatever restrained the Greek or the Roman from fighting a duel. It was purely a civic influence, and it was sustained by this remarkable usage—in itself a standing opprobrium to both Greek and Roman—viz. the unlimited license of tongue allowed to anger in the ancient assemblies and senates. This liberty of foul language operated in two ways: 1st, Being universal, it took away all ground for feeling the words of an antagonist as any personal insult; so he had rarely a motive for a duel. 2dly, The anger was thus less acute; yet, if it *were*

acute, then this Billingsgate resource furnished an instantaneous vehicle for expectorating the wrath. Look, for example, at Cicero's orations against Mark Antony, or Catiline, or against Piso. This last person was a senator of the very highest rank, family, connexions; yet, in the course of a few pages, does Cicero, a man of letters, polished to the extreme standard of Rome, address him by the elegant appellations of "filth," "mud," "carriion," (*projectum cadaver.*) How could Piso have complained? It would have been said—"Oh, there's an end of republican simplicity, if plain speaking is to be put down." And then it would have been added invidiously—"Better men than ever stood in your shoes have borne worse language. Will you complain of what was tolerated by Africanus, by Paulus Æmilius, by Marius, by Sylla?" Who could reply to that? And why should Piso have even wished to *call out* his foulmouthed antagonist? On the contrary, a far more genial revenge awaited him than any sword could have furnished. Pass but an hour, and you will hear Piso speaking—it will then be his turn—every dog has his day; and, though not quite so eloquent as his brilliant enemy, he is yet eloquent enough for the purposes of revenge—he is eloquent enough to call Cicero "filth," "mud," "carriion."

No: the reason of our modern duelling lies deeper than is supposed; it lies in the principle of *honour*—a direct product of chivalry—as that was in part a product of Christianity. The sense of honour did not exist in Pagan times. Natural equity, and the equity of civil laws—those were the two moral forces under which men acted. Honour applies to cases where both those forces are silent. And precisely because they had no such sense, and because their revenge emptied itself by the basest of all channels, viz. foul speaking and license of tongue, was it that the Greeks and Romans had no duelling. It was no glory to them that they had not, but the foulest blot on their moral grandeur.

How it was that Christianity was able, mediately, to generate the principle of honour, is a separate problem. But this is the true solution of that common casuistical question about duelling.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS—NATIONAL GALLERY—BRITISH INSTITUTION.

ONE would think that, while private gentlemen are enriching their galleries with new purchases, and others, who never had collections, are making them, there would be no great difficulty in advantageously increasing our National Gallery. There are trustees for the purpose; but we never hear of any competition between them and private purchasers. What is the meaning of this? Cannot the nation afford? Oh, yes!—when they do buy, they give money enough. Are they afraid of the responsibility—of having their knowledge and taste called in question? Then it would be a great virtue in them to retire; and, dismissing them, we would say, as the archbishop said to Gil Blas, we wish you “every success in the world, and a little more taste.” Are the markets shut? By no means; there are numerous, and some most respectable dealers, whose merchandise is pictures; there are auctions of pictures; and only a few weeks ago we saw a smart competition at one, and some good pictures, though not in good condition, sold, when a beautiful Gaspar Poussin was knocked down for L.500. We speak of one of the many auctions—at most there is something worth having; but neither at auctions nor at the collections of dealers are the grand trustees for the National Gallery to be seen or heard of, by themselves or by deputy. We have heard it said that they reject all overtures from professed dealers, most of whom now cease to offer them a view of their galleries. Of whom, then, do they purchase, when they do purchase? We will not attribute to them any jobbing—we will not suppose they wish to favour any one by kindly taking pictures of doubtful character off their hands—we will attribute to them nothing worse than a want of confidence in their own judgment, and that perhaps implies a deficiency in the judgment itself. We say they have not taste to cater for the public; and therefore they take what they conceive to be the only safe way to themselves. There are certain persons to whom the world has given a very large share of reputation for their knowledge of pictures. They are persons of acknowledged taste:

let us then prevail upon them to sell, say the trustees, and we shall be sure to be right. Never mind what we give; the sum given will stamp a value—our *taste* cannot be called in question—we are well backed: and so, with this lion’s provider going before them, they make a few purchases, at prices so exorbitant as to strike all the moderate and professional dealers with instant envy, at the mercantile success of the great man who does but *spare* his treasures. Sometimes, we believe, an ill grace is affected—a disinclination to *spare*, if the purchase is to be for the National Gallery; and then a system of manœuvring is set about, the consequences of which are, that two or three pictures are taken together, “the cheese and the grindstones,” and both parties are wondrously pleased with the transaction, and the taste of the public astonished. Still the public have the valuable information, in a catalogue, that the pictures came from the celebrated collection of Mr So-and-so. But suppose this lion’s provider should, after all, be a person of capricious taste, who so little knows his own mind, that what pleases to-day must be discarded to-morrow; who has alternately fits of his admiration—the grand of art to-day, and the mere bijouterie and littlenesses of it to-morrow; extravagant in his whims, not reckoning cost; whose very parting with good things should make the steadiness of his taste, and consequently its accuracy, questionable. Let him be one who “*diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis*,” in such a case, it is to be feared the trustees may sometimes exhibit the vagaries of that ambling light, and not find themselves upon the most certain footing.

There is another method of making a gallery, which might, under restrictions, be well enough—“the legacy system.” On this we say, let the nation by all means accept good things bequeathed, but let them also have a power to reject, or they may be, and indeed still are, sadly burdened with refuse; but to publish, as they are doing by speeches in the House of Commons, a beggarly petition of the kind, is utterly unworthy

the object and the character of a National Gallery.

We quarrel with the trustees; for they do little, and the little they do is with little judgment, and at extravagant cost; but mostly we complain of what they do not do. It is not of very great consequence if we give double or treble the value for what is excellent; but it is vexatious to see continually admirable works, that might ornament the public collection, either irretrievably going out of the country, or being settled in private collections, to which the public can have no access. There is an anecdote which exemplifies the little reliance these persons, whom the nation has appointed to purchase for the collection, can have, or indeed ought to have, upon their own judgment. Plympton, the native town of Sir Joshua, wishing to pay honour to so great a man, and proud, at the same time, to benefit themselves by the honour meant to be conferred, elected Sir Joshua Reynolds as mayor of the town, hinting, at the same time, that, if his personal attendance was inconvenient, he should send *his substitute*. The great painter did so, and, in time for their feast-day, sent them his own portrait, an admirable picture; we believe Sir William Elford, no bad judge, received it on its arrival, and it was of course honourably welcomed as the substitute. Then "the arts" were "liberal," and bestowed a treasure; but, in process of time, the town became "liberal," and, under the "liberal municipal law," preferred Joseph's arithmetic to Sir Joshua's fame and picture, and their own honour accruing from the possession. The municipal sacrificed the munificent. The gift went to auction with the liberal corporation's other effects. Lord Valletort was the purchaser; and, thinking it a great gain for the National Gallery, offered it to the trustees. They met, not knowing probably the story of the picture, and instantly, as became connoisseurs, they had their misgivings. A nobleman of great influence decided on its being a copy, and a copy it was; and thus they held their inquest over Sir Joshua's person, and delivered in their verdict, "non est inventus." When the originality was ascertained, and the whole history known, they made ample amends by more ample offers, in vain; and the walls of the "Na-

tional" still re-echo the coroner's verdict, "non est inventus." The picture was very pure, in consequence of its having been well preserved in a dry room, and carefully kept from the time it was received from Sir Joshua to the dispersion of the corporation effects of Plympton.

It is universally acknowledged that the building of the National Gallery is a national disgrace—an utter failure. It has no beauty in itself, and it would be difficult to design rooms more unfit, both as to light and dimensions, for the exhibition of pictures. You have perpetually to shift and manage the blinds, and yet can scarcely get a light for any picture; nor do we think the attempt of hanging them forward, for the purpose, at all successful. The pictures, indeed, excepting some few which are improved by varnishing alone, looked infinitely better in the old rooms in Pall-Mall. Nothing can be more absurd than the practice of suiting pictures to rooms. Surely, if it be of moment to the nation to give thousands for a picture, it ought to be worth while to have it seen to the best advantage; and this is, generally speaking, impossible, where many are together, and in evil and incongruous juxtaposition in a large room. How lovely would the Claudes be—and probably they are the finest in the world—were they each in a room with a single and most appropriate light; or, if this may not be practicable, let there be no more than three or four in one apartment. We were surprised, knowing well their real beauties, to see them look so very ill: we will not give their effect epithets, because the fault is not in the works. It is lamentable to see such wonders of art sacrificed. The fact is, long galleries, and large galleries, and high galleries, are all absurd things. There is an architectural difficulty to be overcome, without doubt; but architectural genius should overcome that. We would see pictures and not rooms; and therefore would have a great number and a great variety of apartments. Leave "show-rooms" to milliners and upholsterers—and such show-rooms! There is no end to mounting the "Gradus ad Parnassum," where the Muses are lodged as in an hospital of invalids. And why should Mr Wilkins allow fifty years for filling these rooms? Fifty years! Why, one single collection might be

purchased at once, and so might the building be filled without delay. Such a calculation is most absurd. The whole will, however, doubtless be given up to the Academy, in spite of "Hum and Fum;" and then, as Sir Robert Peel proposed, a proper gallery might be built, and in a proper place.

When such a scheme is entertained, we sincerely hope a few plain hints will be laid before the architect—as, to have variety of rooms of all heights and dimensions—that no picture may be in a bad light—nor hung too high. They should be rather below than above the eye; for not only so are they badly seen, but they are uncomfortably seen. The eye, and the mind through the eye, is offended by the upward position, and by losing the shelter from glare, which the eyelash and brow afford, when pictures are seen below the eye. If there be difficulties in making required arrangements, and at the same time in preserving the beauty of an architectural plan, let at least the pictures be the first consideration; do not let them be sacrificed to external show. Indeed, such a building should avoid, as much as may be, any precise plan for its ultimate effect, because it should be constructed to admit of the most numerous and largest additions.

The catalogue now contains only 172 pictures. We believe that, with due exertions, the trustees might in a few months double the number; before doing which, there should be the preliminary step of weeding the collection. The new rooms contain some additions. The bequest of Lord Farnborough is a great thing. He had not one bad picture. He has enriched the gallery in landscape, which was wanted. The Gaspar Poussin, 161, is one of the very best of the master. It is wonderfully free, and has a very grand simplicity. It is what some may call slightly painted, for there is no elaborate finish, but there is that which is much better—execution. It is painted off at once, with great purity and freshness of colour. It is a lovely pastoral subject: a small town among the mountains, with which distance and foreground are in a masterly manner connected. There is a great variety of lines; but they so assist each other by his peculiar art of composition, which we have elsewhere endeavoured to de-

velop, that the eye is not at all aware at first view of the intricacy of the parts—the one whole is so admirably preserved. It would be unfair to the genius of Salvator Rosa to consider this fine picture by Gaspar as a companion to the "Mercury and the Woodman." The more we see of this picture (Salvator's,) the less are we satisfied with it. We know how highly it has been valued, and that the trustees gave a large sum for it. But it is so dingy, so devoid of real colour, and so opaque, that beyond the design, and that which would be conveyed by a print, it gives us very little pleasure. We suppose, we take it for granted, the originality is undoubted. If so, then it has been wofully treated. Had we seen the picture elsewhere, knowing nothing of its history, we should have said that, independently of the lack of colour, the distance is in execution so weak, and that there is such an affected firmness in other parts that would have led to some doubt. Here is a sweet little picture by Mola, from Lord Farnborough's bequest, "The Repose"—and delightful repose it is. What richness, and at the same time what sobriety of colour! The vividness, freshness, and life of the figures rather makes for the repose of the landscape than lessens it. This is what modern painters call a dark picture; but where shall we seek repose out of shade? Would that our landscape painters, few though they be, would condescend to study two such pictures as these of Lord Farnborough's! Nor would those painters who fancy they can exclusively paint sunshine, do amiss to test their principles by the side of the "Sunset" of Rubens, No. 157, from the same collection. They would find beautiful, mellow sunshine, and as unlike their own attempts as it is possible to imagine. From the same collection is 156, Anthony Vandyke, "a Study of Horses," a highly poetical picture. Storm and thunder seem calling to them as of kin. With what freedom of pencil are the creatures dashed in!—without laborious finish, which would be destructive of the poetic feeling, there is no neglect. Whether it be that the light is unfavourable, or that some damage has been done to the Murillo, "The Holy Family," may be a question; but certainly the upper part of the picture is sadly out of harmony with

the lower—the pink-red cloud catches the eye. How much above most of Murillo's pictures is this of the Holy Family—and how much is it below its subject! Murillo was never equal to sacred subjects. We must not go out of Italy for holy families: and of the Italian, Raphael was alone "Divine." Coreggio was indeed all sweetness, all purified affection—but human affection. Raphael alone was above human affection. In his female saints, and Madonnas, and holy Virgins, all human sense and intellect had passed into the celestial. They are not of an earthly home. But those of the Spaniard are always peasants, never of a high cast of feeling, and sometimes vulgar. What, then, shall we say of the new Raphael—the "St Catharine of Alexandria?"—that it has less of this divine cast of the great painter than is usual with his valuable pictures: yet it is very beautiful. We desire to see more of the face, and more certainly to ascertain the expression. Little as we regret that any price should be paid for a Raphael, we cannot but think seven thousand pounds for the three pictures of Raphael, Mazzolino de Ferrara, and Garofalo, of which say five for the Raphael, quite monstrous—at the utmost but the work of two or three days! Such prices tend to keep up the perpetual jobbing in pictures, and greatly to stand in the way of any future reasonable purchases. As to the Mazzolino and Garofalo, the public might beneficially dispense with the possession of either. They have neither of them any beauty; though, for the age in which they were painted, there is much merit: but it is merit of a kind rather to gratify curiosity than taste. The Mazzolino de Ferrara would be well disposed of in the panel of some old cloister door, with whose quaint carvings it would be of a piece. The colour, which is its great merit, is of that peculiar character, *ancient character*; and brings to mind old stamped, painted, and gilt leather, which is not unfrequently seen in the panels of old carved doors. The draperies in this picture are very curious, quite embossed round the figures, particularly noticeable in the drapery of the figure playing upon an instrument. The Garofalo certainly has more pretensions to beauty; but they are both what may be termed eccentric pictures. Those who pursue art

for its history, may find amusement in collecting such pictures; those who love art for the sake of its higher purposes, will turn from them with painful feeling. We know there is a strong inclination to collect pictures historically, and according to dates; and (for we always too inconsiderately consult foreigners upon such subjects, and pay too great a deference to their judgments) the examination before the Committee of the House, already alluded to, includes such a recommendation. Sorry indeed shall we be if the trustees give it a moment's consideration; it would create a bias difficult to bend to any good purpose, and to prefer *bad* things to complete schools, to good things, when others of the same master are already in the collection. Let us have no curiosity-rubbish, but the genuine works of accomplished genius, whether great or small, whether the value be hundreds or thousands.

The two large Guidos, No. 87 and 90, if they were once genuine, have been so sadly damaged, that it is difficult to ascertain the original painting. They are cracked all over: they had probably, before they came into possession of the King, been thoroughly painted over in varnish, which in a few years must have separated, leaving large gaps on the surface. The pictures appear newly done up, and it is very likely with the same vehicle with which they had been before *restored*; and so in a few years will require a third restoration. If these pictures cracked in this manner in their original paint, they are not by the hand of Guido. The "Perseus rescuing Andromeda" is finely coloured, especially the sea and distance, which are deep and solemn. Sir Joshua Reynolds, West, and Sir Thomas Lawrence are together, and may be considered competitors for a prize. The works of each are important: if West does not overpower by excellence, by stretch of canvass he will certainly bear down all before him. Nos. 131 and 132, "Christ healing the Sick in the Temple," and "The Last Supper." Mr West was the oddest of painters of human flesh; his contrasts are ridiculous, from the whiteness of leprosy to all the copper Indian—chalk and brick-dust. It is astonishing that the former of these pictures should ever have attained any celebrity, even by

the most ardent puffing. It must have been by the extraordinary efforts of Unitarians, who must have been delighted to see the Redeemer totally deprived of all Divinity, and reduced to the weakest of human beings—and this from the hands of the President of the Royal Academy. It is hard to say in which of the two pictures—the chalk or the brick-dust—the degradation is most complete. The two pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence are very unlike each other—the Portrait of Mrs Robinson, presented by her husband (*proh pudor!*)—and the “Hamlet Apostrophizing the Skull.” The latter is in a great degree finely coloured, and appropriately to the sentiment. We are sorry to notice the cracking that is taking place—the effect of painting with varnish. Perhaps the smallness of the head in so large a space of canvass is objectionable as a composition; and as to the sentiment, it might be said that the conception of the poet was that of Thought overpowering Space—in the picture it is the reverse. Of the other picture we would say nothing, if we could abstain. It is *vilissima rerum*. By all means let it be returned to Mr Robinson, with the nation’s compliments.

No. 143, “Portrait of Lord Ligonier.” Admirable! Sir Joshua has the prize. How complete the picture is in itself—the sky a little too light, perhaps, about the head. The execution is as it should be, representing an old soldier, bold and free. There is the very spirit of action, even to the distance, in the well dashed in subordinate figures in the background. If Sir Joshua has the prize, here is another antagonist to West—a lady very unlike an Amazonian, though she faces the President without fear—Angelica Kauffman. We are not sorry to see one of her progeny, though somewhat too big for a niche in the national temple of fame. Angelica, too, has a sacred subject, and, alas! allegorical—“Religion attended by the Virtues.” The poor *weak* Virtues have not, and they ought not to have, any thing to boast of, but naked children with little heads. They are sentimentally rosy. However, there is really considerable skill in the general grouping, and dexterity of handling and colour in

the painting; in these latter respects West is beat out of the field. The trustees would do well to present this to the Lying in, or Foundling Hospital, where they clothe naked children—or the Poor-Law Commissioners may take delight in “Religion,” an allegory, fatherless children, and distressed mothers.

The two landscapes of Wilson, “View of Mæcenas’ Villa,” and the “Story of Niobe,” though in many respects beautiful pictures, are not such specimens of the great English landscape-painter as the nation ought to possess. “Mæcenas’ Villa” is very dark. The best Gainsborough landscape, by far, is the “Watering-Place,” which is very much improved by varnish. It does not now look dingy, but is rich and transparent. It is not very elevated in subject, if the scene be considered as the subject—if evening gloom, it is happy, and with that view poetical. It is worth ten of the “Market-Card,” a detestable piece of vulgarity, purchased at large cost by the British Institution, and presented to the nation. The Gallery ought to have some of Gainsborough’s portraits; he was far better in that walk than in landscape. It was not an injudicious remark of Richard Wilson’s, when Sir Joshua praised Gainsborough as the best English landscape-painter, “Yes,” says Wilson, “and the best portrait-painter too.” We should rejoice to see Ralph Schomberg back again. That is an admirable portrait, full of character—the individual man. Sir Joshua delighted to represent the thinking man—Gainsborough the living, the acting. His portraits are histories—the growth of man out of daily circumstances and transactions—the character formed by the outer world, not that which is abstracted from and independent of it.

We have mostly noticed such pictures as are either new to the public, or that had not come under observation in former remarks. We purposely abstain from going over old ground, and shall therefore conclude this part of our notice, earnestly pressing upon the attention of the public the cause of the National Gallery—that it should not be allowed to be stationary. The honour and benefit of the country are both at daily risk of suffering. Pictures, valuable pictures, may be purchased, if proper

means are resorted to, in this and in other countries. It often happens that an opportunity lost never returns. Many a fine picture has irretrievably gone out of the country, that might have been secured on fair terms; and many a picture has been procured on unfair terms—on absurd terms. The trustees, like most timid people, are quite profligate in expenditure, under the protection of a great name. If individually they think for themselves, and well, collectively they act very badly for the nation.

There remains something to be said upon the purchase of modern pictures. Unquestionably it is a disgrace to a nation to withhold encouragement from modern artists. The gallery has, it is true, the work of one great living artist, Sir David Wilkie; but that they did not purchase. They have recently, likewise, *accepted* a present of one of poor Constable's pictures. If that work be fit for the nation, it might have been purchased *before* the artist's death. Why should an honour, if due to the genius of the man, be kept back until he can receive neither gratification nor pride from it? It is a disgrace to consider the *disputed* possession of the new apartments held by the Academy as a sufficient public encouragement to British art. The very

argument is insulting: British artists require substantial encouragement, and are now deserving it; and a position in a national gallery will surely be a great inducement to exertion. A certain number of modern pictures should be purchased every year, and for these works we would have a separate gallery. We cannot but gladly take every opportunity of urging the importance of Professorships of Painting in our Universities. Again and again do we return to this subject. If the Trustees of the National Gallery consider themselves what they ought to be, trustees of art, guardians of art, it would well become them to bring this proposition before Parliament. Nothing could be more beneficial. It would ensure an education of art, concurrent with general literature and the sciences: it would raise the character of artists, by raising the judgment of the true patrons; and would engraft upon the educated generally a new sense, and therefore a new, and higher, and more safe means of enjoyment, than those which we too often witness and lament. How easy would it be to confer this very great benefit upon art—if *important* persons would take it in hand. None are more proper than the Trustees of the National Gallery.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

There is perhaps no country so rich in private collections as our own. Hence the certainty of an annual exhibition of very fine pictures. That we are year after year to have so great a variety, is a proof of the extent of our private collections. It is very rarely that a positively bad picture is to be found at the Institution. Some there may be to which too much importance has been attached, and an adventitious value ascribed, by a fashion of the day. For instance, we have had by far too many of Murillo's weak, washy, and ill-coloured pictures; nor do we think those by this master that have been in this year's exhibition much above that character. But, generally speaking, the pictures are good; and some are always to be found very good. And surely if *one* really fine picture be exhibited for months, such an Institution deserves the public thanks. The Institution is the best exhibition in London.

It is thought this last has had fewer very fine pictures than many preceding: and it may be so. Still, it is good. We shall not extract from our note-book more than a few observations, and upon a few of the pictures. The large Altar-piece, No. 1, by Guido, appears to have been painted for a peculiar light. In that light the effect must have been very wonderful. Now, the lights are a little too strong—yet, when the eye is accustomed to this, the parts in half-tone show themselves, and with great power. The lower part is in perfect harmony of colour, and is very rich and solemn. Nos. 2 and 5, are both curious and beautiful—"From the History of Joseph," by Francesco Ubertini. At first glance one is inclined to turn from these pictures, as eccentricities of art, rather than pictures: but they are much more, and contain many exquisite beauties, of form, of expression, and of colour. We say, of colour

—though the very strong colours are too predominant, and are not very judiciously arranged, so that they melt into each other pleasingly. Yet some of the tones are very mellow, and so pure that it is difficult to imagine any medium so pure as that with which these pictures are painted. The attitudes are, some of them, very graceful, and would do honour even to Raphael, together with whom, Ubertini was pupil under Perugino. It is not difficult, therefore, to trace the peculiarities which Raphael brought to so great perfection, arising from this more antiquated and quaint school. The heads seem all to have been studies from nature, and are some of them very fine. The child riding on the ass is very lovely—these pictures are finished like miniatures. Are they in oil? We noticed, two years ago, a very finely coloured picture by a master whose pictures are not in general much valued—Bassano—"Moses and the Burning Bush." This year has exhibited another of the same master, of similar power, No. 13. It is a pastoral scene, treated with great vigour. The effect of light is very surprising. The sky, drapery of a woman in the foreground, and dog, are very strikingly illuminated. There is here none of that crowding which is so common in his pictures. We suspect much of this picture is either copied or imitated from Titian—certainly the general style of the whole background, and positively the figure of the man coming down the road, is from Titian, of which we have the print. For the effect of light this picture is very well worth studying. We were disappointed with the Titian, "Diana surprised by Actæon." The brown is so predominant that it takes away the clearness and richness of colour for which that great master is so remarkable. This dulness is the more striking from the contiguity of the splendidly coloured Paul Veronese, "Susanna and the Elders," No. 17. There are some who very greatly admire No. 16, "Rembrandt's Mill." But, surely, we in vain look for the brilliancy, and variety, and clearness, of colouring of the master. The sky is heavy, and even dirty—and the whole landscape devoid of local colour. Is the picture in a bad state? or—It is difficult to believe the Angel—the luminous Angel—in No. 18,

"Tobit," to be by the same hand. "The Paul Potter," No. 20, is one of the very best of this master. In its kind it is perfect. There is poetry in the conception of this common subject. "The Young Buck," perfectly natural, is yet a noble and dignified fellow, inhaling the air, whose "clouds drop fatness," and make the pastures spring for his pleasures. There is much management to elevate the creature; he bears his head into the sky; and the low horizon at his feet gives him large measure. The burst of light over his back, as if to announce his presence, brings him nobly forward. He is worth a whole Georgie upon the nature of the animal. We delight in such noble beasts: but who can delight in such beasts as "Brauwer's Musical Boors," No. 39? The subject should condemn this, and all other pictures of the same stamp, to the pothouse. This picture has been engraved in "Forster's Gallery," which work it deteriorates, being among Italian pictures. Taste is like the delicate hand, that should not handle pitch. Nos. 44 and 50, Landscapes, Ruysdael, are as beautifully clear and transparent pictures as ever came from the easel of the master. Though dark, there is perfect air in every part, and separating part from part. They are carefully painted, and with all his fascinating execution. We greatly admire Ruysdael's and Hobbima's wood scenes—the former particularly, however homely the scene, is never vulgar. They are the haunts of a habitable neighbourhood, and, above all, Nature looks satisfied with her own homes and works. We must not pass by 45, "St Catharine," Guido. Faint as the figure appears at first, we are satisfied she is purposely so represented; and the sweetness of expression is not ill suited to the almost aerial presence. If here the earthly nature of flesh is ideally undergoing a change from inward celestial thought, his "Virgin and Child," No. 49, assume too much the substance of marble, yet is there much good in the picture. But what loveliness have we in No. 53, "Virgin and Child and St John—Raphael!" It is rather dark, and cannot be seen so well under its glass, yet is it most fascinating.

We now pass to quite another school. Here are two portraits near each other, as it should seem purposely so

placed, as if to show the peculiar merits of two opposite styles. No. 28, "Head of an Old Woman," by Denner; and No. 90, "Man's Portrait," by Vandyke. Nearly viewed, the finish and positive nature of Denner is surprising; the Vandyke a mere hasty sketch, with splashes of paint without apparent meaning. Retire a few paces; the Vandyke comes out with the appearance of great finish, and the Denner seems to be the imperfect and weaker picture, requiring, too, that which it certainly does not need, the finishing touches. The Denner is not a disgusting picture, though more minute than we should have thought practicable with any materials. Nor is it without freedom; and is even pleasing in expression. One naturally asks the question—How is it painted? A more perfect representation of life (a very near view) can scarcely be conceived. Denner was born in 1685. Was this the wonderful specimen he carried about with him in this country, and for which he refused five hundred guineas? At the proper distance, nothing can be more true than the Vandyke. That which, seen near, is nothing but a dab or two of lighter colour about the temples, at a distance appears a highly finished lighting up of the whole character—the mental energy brightening up the whole region of vigorous thought. And this, we suspect, could not have been effected by Denner; and may therefore determine which manner is, upon the whole, best. Here are four of Murillo, Nos. 101, 104, 105, 108, 109—in not one of which do we see any thing to admire. If Diana was as ugly as Rubens has painted her, (No. 141,) "Going to the Chase," she never hunted a greater beast than herself—and none could doubt her chastity. No. 145, "Les petites Marquises"—Watteau. A very singular

picture—quite a history. Fashion, character, every thing belongs to the day in which these portraits were taken—they are very natural and powerful—unlike any other master, and the "petites Marquises" unlike any specimens of humanity out of France, and these only of that day. As Watteau has shown how to paint "Les petites Marquises," so, in as new a way, has Velasquez, in No. 157, shown how a lapdog should be transferred to canvas. Gainsborough, then, as a portrait-painter, has become an old master. His portrait of the "Late Duke of Norfolk," (146,) is probably as good a portrait as any in these rooms. It is luminous and powerful—if we must criticise, we should say the washy varnish is too apparent. We have already fully spoken of Gainsborough as a portrait-painter. There are some pleasing landscapes by Gaspar Poussin, but not in his best style. There are, too, in this branch of art, good specimens of Both and Berghem. Here is a modern German—Stilbe. His "Joan of Arc" occupies a conspicuous station. The face is very expressive, and evidently an imitation, and, so far, a successful imitation, of the school of Raphael; but the detail of the picture is too conspicuous, and even vulgar, the colour cold and uncomfortable, without any mellowness or effect. The sentiment is not assisted either by colour or chiaro-scuro. The attempt to illuminate, by thickening the lights, fails, because all glazing seems to have been avoided. Yet the expression of the countenance is such as to redeem the picture from its other disagreeable qualities. We have here noted but a few of the pictures. Had we gone through our note-book at greater length, we should have occupied more space than would be convenient.

GOETHE'S LIFE AND WORKS.

No. I.

It is a secret to no one interested in books, that the name of Goethe has for several years been spoken of among us with increasing frequency and eagerness. Nor, even on a distant and external view of the case, is this surprising. He is reputed the greatest author in the most lettered of modern nations. The most philosophic race of contemporary critics, the Schlegels for instance, Tieck, and Göschel, regard him as the greatest European poet of the last two centuries. Besides this, men who have observed the ways and thoughts of others, have often been led to remark, that his hold is strongest over the best minds; that his influence is still more peculiar by the depth to which it works, than by the space it covers. Add, that this author lived for more than eighty years, and was, from his boyhood, not merely a sweet singer of his own feelings and fancies, but a laborious student of philosophy, and of many kinds of natural science, without ceasing to be a man of the world, and the friend and counsellor of a prince; and, above all, a keen and patient observer of events and of mankind. We have thus an obvious combination of advantages in his character and story, such as the life of no one else, at least in recent times, appears to present. Indeed, were it only that he had lived through, and noted all the portentous and bewildering changes of European society during the latter half of the last century, and the first quarter of this, the impression of such a series of facts on any sensitive and clear mind could not be other than remarkable. Were there nothing else, it is enough to say that among these events was the rise of democracy in France, feeding its conflagration by the old and stately system which it destroyed. Then the headlong course over the world of its new master, upsetting so many thrones and churches, and awakening by sympathy and antipathy so much new life. And contemporary with, or introductory to these political changes, the burst out of the eighteenth century of a literature totally fresh and unprecedented in its aims and spirit, and consequently, both in its laws and influences, including the whole course of German philosophy, from Kant to Hegel. Of the intellectual life of mankind, in the age which thus displayed itself, Goethe has been held by many, and those not unthinking men, the highest and most complete representative. Whether this be, or be not, a true estimate, must be decided after, not before, the study of his works. But, at all events, what he was, and what he thought, has become a common topic of enquiry, even in England. And among us it has hardly been as much remembered as it deserved, that he has told us his own story, and, by implication, that of the world during his time, with the utmost plainness and sincerity; and that the books, of which this is the purpose, are printed in his works, and may be read by all who understand German. There is, indeed, a novel English version, from a novel French one, of a part of these *Memoirs*, which has been advertised for some years among us. But probably a charitable silence is the only humane mode of treating the fabricators of this performance. The translation, now offered, of a portion of the poet's narrative, is free from all intentional omissions and interpolations. That it is greatly inferior in ease, clearness, elegance, and vivacity, to the original composition—that it may possibly contain some mistakes of the meaning, can be neither doubtful nor wonderful. But it has been the writer's wish that Goethe should speak for himself in English, precisely as he has spoken in German.

FROM MY LIFE.

POETRY AND TRUTH.

PART I.

As preface to the present work, which may perhaps require one more than most, I place here the letter of a friend, by which so serious an undertaking was occasioned.

"We have now, my dear friend, the twelve parts of your Poetical Works together, and find in reading them through much of known, much of unknown; nay, much also of forgotten, which this collection brings back to freshness. These twelve volumes standing before us, of the same size, one cannot but consider as a whole, and one would willingly draw from them a sketch of the author and his talent. Now, it is not to be denied, that for the vigour with which he began his literary career, and for the long period which has since elapsed, a dozen volumes must appear too little. Moreover, as to the single works, one cannot conceal from one's self that particular occasions have mostly given rise to them; that they express both particular outward objects, and distinct inward steps of cultivation; and that no less do certain temporary moral and æsthetic maxims and convictions prevail in them. On the whole, in fine, these productions still remain unconnected; and often one can hardly even believe that they have arisen from the same writer.

"In the mean while, your friends have not abandoned the enquiry, and seek, as being better acquainted with your way of life and thought, to unriddle many an enigma, to solve many a problem. Influenced by an old liking, and a long-established connexion, they even find an attraction in the apparent difficulties. Yet here and there it would be not unpleasant to us to have that assistance which you cannot well refuse to our friendly regard.

"That, therefore, which we first ask of you, is, that you would range in chronological order your Poetic Works, distributed in the new edition

according to certain inverse relations. And not less do we desire that you would communicate, in some kind of connexion, the states of life and feeling which supplied you the materials, as well as the examples which have influenced you, and also the theoretical principles you have followed. If you take this trouble for the sake of a narrow circle, perhaps something will spring from it which may be agreeable and useful to a larger one. The author ought not, even in his advanced age, to give up the privilege of conversing, though at a distance, with those whom affection binds to him. And if it cannot be granted to every one, at a certain time of life, to come forward anew with unexpected and strongly effective productions; yet precisely in the time when knowledge is most complete, and consciousness most distinct, it must be a very entertaining and re-animating task to treat those old results as new material, and to work them into a last labour, serving once more to cultivate those who have before received their cultivation with and from the artist."

The desire, thus kindly expressed, instantly excited in me the wish to comply with it. For if in earlier times we travel eagerly our own way, and, in order not to swerve, impatiently reject the urgencies of others; yet in later days we cannot but strongly wish that any such interest in us may rouse us anew, and cordially determine us to fresh exertion. I therefore undertook at once the preparatory labour of distinguishing the greater and smaller poems of my twelve volumes, and of arranging them by years. I tried to bring before me the time and circumstances in which I produced them. But the task soon became more difficult, because detailed notices and explanations were necessary, in order to fill up the gaps between those already published. For, in the first place, all that is wanting in which I began to practise myself, and much that was begun and not

completed. Nay, even the outward aspect of much that is complete has entirely disappeared, it having been afterwards entirely rewrought, and cast into another form. Besides this, I had also to consider how I had worked in the sciences and in the other arts than my own, and what in such apparently foreign branches, whether singly or in union with friends, I had partly accomplished in silence, partly made public.

All this I wished, for the satisfaction of my wellwishers, to introduce gradually; but these endeavours and reflections led me on further and further. For, while I desired to comply with that very deliberate request, and strove to present in succession the inward promptings, the outward influences, the steps of theory and practice which I had mounted—I was forced out of my narrow private life into the wide world; the forms of a hundred important men, who, from nearer or farther, had acted on me, came forward; even the enormous political movements of the world at large, which had exerted the greatest influence on me as on the whole mass of my contemporaries, required to be specially regarded. For this seems

the chief problem of biography—to exhibit the man in relation to his time, and to show how far the whole opposes, how far it favours him—how he shapes for himself from it a view of the world and man—and how, if an artist, poet, author, in turn, he outwardly reflects it. But in order to this, something almost unattainable is needed, namely, that the individual should know himself and his age; himself, so far as he has remained the same under all circumstances—his age, as that which drags along with it, and determines, and shapes, both the willing and the unwilling; so that one may well say, any one born only ten years sooner or later, must, as to his own formation and his influence on others, have been entirely different from what he was.

In this manner, from such reflections and attempts, from such recollections and thoughts, arose the present delineation; and from this point of view as to its origin, will it be best enjoyed and used, and most justly estimated. Whatever, in addition, particularly as to the half-poetic half-historic treatment, may require to be said, will often, doubtless, find its opportunity in the course of the narrative.

Book I.

On the 28th of August 1749, at noon, on the stroke of twelve, I came into the world at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The constellation was lucky; the Sun stood in the sign Virgo, and culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus beheld it amicably, and Mercury was not adverse; Saturn and Mars remained indifferent; only the Moon, which was just then full, exerted the strength of its reflection so much the more, because, at the same time, its planetary hour had begun. It opposed itself, therefore, to my birth, which could not take place until this hour was past.

These good aspects, which the astrologers afterwards took care to reckon highly in my favour, may perhaps have been the cause of my preservation; for, by the awkwardness of the midwife, I came for dead into the world, and only by efforts of many kinds did they succeed, so far, that I ever saw the light. This circumstance, which had brought my friends

into great distress, turned, however, to the advantage of my fellow-citizens; for my grandfather, the chief magistrate, (*Schultheiss*) John Wolfgang Textor, took occasion from it to have an accoucheur established, and the instruction of midwives introduced or revived, which may probably have turned to good for many a one born after me.

When one tries to recollect what happened to us in our earliest youth, it often happens that we mix what we have heard from others with that which we really possess by our own immediate experience. Therefore, without attempting an accurate enquiry on this point, which at all events could lead to nothing, I am conscious that we lived in an old house, which consisted really of two houses opened into one. A tower-like staircase led to rooms that did not accord together; and the inequality of the floors was remedied by steps. For us children—a younger sister and me—the

favourite part was the lower spacious floor, which had, near the entrance-door, a wooden lattice-work coming out close upon the street and the open air. Such a bird-cage, which many houses were furnished with, was called a frame. The women sat in it to sew and knit—the cook picked her salad—thence the female neighbours talked to each other; and thus the streets had, in the fine season of the year, a look of the south. One felt one's self free, by familiarity with the open air. By means also of these frames, the children were brought into connexion with the neighbours; and three brothers Von Ochsenstein, sons of the deceased chief magistrate, gained my fondness, and employed and amused themselves with me in many ways.

My friends used gladly to relate all manner of fooleries to which these otherwise grave and solitary men encouraged me. I shall introduce only one of these tricks. There had just been the crockery-fair, and not only had the kitchen been supplied for a while with such ware, but the like vessels in small had also been bought as playthings for us children. On a fine afternoon, when all was quiet in the house, I busied myself in the frame with my platters and cups; and when I found that I could do nothing better with them, I threw one into the street, and rejoiced that it smashed so finely. The Von Ochsensteins, who saw me so delighted that I even clapped my hands for joy, called out, "Again!" I did not delay with a basin; and as they kept on calling out "Again!" by-and-by all the platters, pipkins, and mugs were dashed upon the pavement. My neighbours continued to express their approbation, and I was greatly rejoiced to give them pleasure. My stock, however, was all gone, and they still called out, "Again!" I therefore ran straight to the kitchen, and brought the delf plates, which indeed produced in breaking a still finer effect; and so I ran backwards and forwards, brought one plate after another, as I could get at them where they stood in order on the shelf; and, because my spectators still showed themselves unsatisfied, I flung at last all the ware that I could lay hands on into the same ruin. It was only afterwards that any one appeared to stop my proceedings and save the property. The mischief was done, and, instead of so much

broken earthenware, there was at least a pleasant story, in which more especially its roguish authors delighted to their lives' end.

My father's mother, whose house it was, properly speaking, and not our own, that we lived in, occupied a large room behind, and at the outside, on the ground floor; and we carried on our games even up to her chair, and, when she was unwell, up to her bedside. I remember her as it were a spirit—a handsome, thin woman, always in a clean white dress; soft, friendly, benignant is her image in my memory.

We had heard the street in which our house lay called the Stag Ditch, (*Hirschgraben*;) but as we saw neither ditch nor stags, we wished to have this name explained. We were told, then, that our house stood upon a space which once lay outside the city, and that where the street now ran there was formerly a ditch, where a number of stags were kept. These stags were confined and fed here, because, according to ancient custom, the senate every year feasted publicly on a stag, which was therefore always kept at hand here in the ditch for this festival, in case of princes or knights disturbing and hindering the city's right of chase beyond the walls, or of its enemies holding it blockaded or besieged. This pleased us much, and we wished that such a place for hunting tame animals had still been within reach in our day.

The back of the house had, particularly from the upper floor, a very pleasant prospect over an extent of the gardens of our neighbours almost immeasurable by the eye, and which spread to the city walls. But unfortunately, in the change of the public ground, formerly open here, into private gardens, our house, and some others lying towards the corner of the street, had been much stinted, the houses between us and the Horse-market (*Rossmarkt*) having obtained for themselves spacious back buildings and large gardens, while the rather high wall of our court shut us out from these paradises that lay so near us.

In the second floor there was a room which was called the garden-room, because it had there been attempted, by means of a few plants before the window, to supply the want of a garden. There, as I grew older, I loved to make, not indeed a sorrowful, but a

longing stay. Away beyond these gardens, over the city walls and ramparts, one saw a fair and fertile plain, that which extends towards Höchst. There, in summer time, I commonly learned my lessons, watched for the storms; and, when the sunset directly opposite the windows, I could never fill myself with gazing. But as, at the same time, I saw the neighbours walking in their gardens and tending their flowers, the children playing, companies enjoying themselves, nine-pin balls rolling, and could hear the ninepins fall, this early awakened in me a feeling of loneliness, and thence of longing, which, corresponding to the earnestness and awe given me by nature, very early showed its influence, and afterwards did so still more plainly.

The old, many-cornered, in several parts dark arrangement of the house, was moreover fitted to excite alarm and fear in childish hearts. Unhappily people had still the maxim of education, early to deprive children of all fear for the awful and invisible, and to accustom them to the alarming. Therefore we children were compelled to sleep alone; and when we felt this intolerable, and softly escaped from our beds and sought the society of the servants and maids, our father, in his dressing-gown turned inside out, and so for us disguised enough, placed himself in the way, and frightened us back to our sleeping-places. Every one will understand how bad an effect resulted from this. How is he to become freed from fear who is pent between two kinds of frightfulness? My mother, always cheerful and gay, and wishing others to be so, found out a better pedagogic resource. She contrived to gain her object by rewards. It was the time of peaches, the plentiful enjoyment of which she promised us for every morning, in case we had overcome our fear during the night. This succeeded, and both parties were satisfied.

Within the house, my eyes were most attracted by a series of Roman views, with which my father had ornamented an anteroom. They were engraved by some skilful forerunners of Piranesi, who had a sound knowledge of architecture and perspective, and whose execution is very clear and good. There I saw daily the Piazza del Popolo, the Colosseum; the Piazza of St Peter's, St Peter's within

and without, the Castle of St Angelo, and much else. These forms impressed themselves deeply in me; and my father, who in general was very laconic, had even the kindness often to give me a description of the object. His love of the Italian language, and of every thing relating to that country, was very plainly pronounced. He also often showed us a small collection of marbles and of natural objects, which he had brought with him from thence; and he employed a large part of his time on the narrative of his travels, composed in Italian, the copying and completion of which he carried on himself, in separate portions, slowly and accurately. An old cheerful Italian language master, named Giovinazzi, gave him help. The old man also sang not badly, and my mother was obliged to make the best of daily accompanying him and herself on the harpsichord. Thus I soon learned the *solitario bosco ombroso*, and knew it by rote before I understood it.

My father was generally of a vivacious nature, and, in his freedom from business, he was eager to impart to others whatever he himself knew and could succeed in. Thus he had employed my mother, during the first years of their marriage, in diligent writing, or in playing the harpsichord and singing. By this she had found herself compelled to gain some knowledge and scanty expertness in the Italian language.

We commonly spent all our play-time with my grandmother, in whose spacious parlour we found room enough for our games. She knew how to occupy us with all sorts of trifles, and to refresh us with all sorts of nice eatables. But one Christmas evening she put the crown on all her kindnesses, by having a puppet-show exhibited before us, and so created a new world in the old house. This unexpected drama powerfully attracted our young hearts. On the boy especially it made a very strong impression, which continued to produce a great and lasting effect.

The little stage, with its dumb personages, which had in the beginning only been shown, but was afterwards given to us for our own use and dramatic excitation, was the dearer to us children, as the last bequest of our good grandmother, who soon after was

first withdrawn from our sight by increasing illness, and then for ever torn away by death. Her departure was of the greater importance to the family, because it drew after it an entire change in our condition.

As long as my grandmother lived, my father had avoided making the smallest change or renovation in the house; but it was well known that he had determined on a great deal of building, which was now immediately begun. In Frankfort, as in many other old towns, people, in raising wooden structures, had ventured, in order to gain space, to make not only the first, but each successive floor, project beyond the lower one; by which, indeed, the narrower streets especially became dark and confined. At last a law was made, that whoever built a house new from the ground, could make only the first story come out beyond the ground floor, but must build the others perpendicular. My father, in order not to lose the projecting space even in the second floor, little concerned for outward architectural appearance, and anxious only about the good and convenient arrangement of the interior, used the expedient, as many had done before him, of under-propping the upper parts of the house, then taking away one part after another from below, and, as it were, inserting the new, so that when at last almost nothing was left of the former building, yet the whole new one could still pass for having been only a reparation. Now, as the demolition and construction took place gradually, my father determined not to leave the house, that he might the better carry on his inspection, and give his orders, for he understood perfectly the technical part of building; and moreover he did not wish his family to leave him. This new epoch was very surprising and extraordinary to the children. The rooms, in which they had often felt themselves narrowly confined, and had been wearied with unjoyous learning and labour—the passages they had played in—the walls, for the cleanness and preservation of which so much pains had always been taken—to see all this fall before the mason's pick, the carpenter's axe, and this from below upwards, and all the while supported on propped beams above, as it were to hover in the air, and still to be kept at some precise

lesson, some definite labour—all this produced a confusion in the young heads, which could not very easily be put to rights again. But by the young ones the discomfort was the less felt, because they had somewhat more room for play left them than before, and had many opportunities of balancing on beams and seesawing on boards.

At first my father obstinately carried through his plan. But when at last even the roof was partly taken off, and in spite of the tarpaulins, made of worn-out carpets, that were stretched over, the rain got to our beds, he determined, though unwillingly, that the kind friends, who had before offered it, should have charge of the children for a time, and that they should go to a [daily] public school.

This transition had much in it that was unpleasant. For when children, who at home had been kept apart in purity and refinement, though with strictness, were thrown down into a rude mass of young creatures, they had quite unexpectedly to suffer every thing from the vulgar, the malicious, even the base, because they had neither weapons nor skill to protect themselves.

Precisely at this time it was that I first gained a knowledge of my native city. And so gradually, with more of freedom and less of hindrance, sometimes alone, and sometimes with merry playfellows, I made my way up and down it.

In order at all to convey the impression which that grave and dignified object made on me, I must here at once introduce a description of my birthplace, as in its different parts it successively unfolded itself before me. I liked best to walk upon the great Maine Bridge—[Bridge of the Maine.] Its length, its solidity, its handsomeness, made it a remarkable building. It is also almost the only monument from earlier times, of that care which the civil government owes to its citizens. The fine river above and below attracted my eyes; and when the golden cock upon the bridge-cross glittered in the sun, it always gave me a pleasant feeling. Then I commonly walked on through Sachsenhausen, and for a farthing [*Kreuzer*, one-third of a penny] I was ferried comfortably across the stream. Now, being again on this side, one went to the wine-market, and admired the me-

chanism of the cranes where goods were unloaded. But there was peculiar amusement in the arrival of the market-boats, when one saw so many, and among them such strange figures, step on land. When within the city itself, the Saalhof, which occupied at least the site where the Castle of Charlemagne and his successors stood, was always reverently honoured. One liked to lose one's-self in the old trading town, and especially on market-days, in the midst of the crowd that gathers round the Bartholomew Church. Here, from the earliest times, the throng of venders and shopkeepers had pressed together; and, on account of such a seizure of the place, it was difficult in later days to find room for a spacious and clear arrangement. The booths of the so-called Pfarreisen, were very important for us children; and we took thither many a half-penny to buy us sheets of paper stamped with golden animals. But seldom, however, could one push across the small, crammed, and dirty market-place. I remember, too, that I always hastened with horror past the narrow and odious meat-stalls which bordered on it. But the Roman-Hill, [*Römer-Berg*,] on the contrary, was pleasant for walking. The way to the New Town, through the new shop quarter, was always animating and pleasant; only it vexed us that there was not a straight street near the Church of the Virgin, [*Lieb Frauen Kirche*,] and that we were always compelled to make the great round by the Hare Street, [*Hasengasse*,] or the Catharine Gate. But that which most attracted the notice of the child was the many small towns within the town, the fortresses within the fortress; that is to say, the earliest monastic enclosures, and the precincts still remaining from earlier ages, more or less resembling castles, such as the Nuremberg Court, the Compostella, the Braumfels, the ancestral house of the Stallburgs, and several strongholds, turned in later times into dwellings and warehouses. No architecture that could elevate the mind was then to be seen in Frankfort. All pointed to a period long gone by, when both town and district were much disquieted. Gates and towers, which marked the bounds of the old city; then again, farther off, gates, towers, walls, bridges,

mounds, ditches, by which the new city was surrounded—all told but too plainly that these arrangements had been caused in disturbed times, by the necessity of securing the common existence; so that the squares, the streets, even the new, the broader, and handsomer, owed their origin only to accident and caprice, and not to any methodizing mind. A certain liking for the ancient fixed itself in the boy, and was particularly fed and favoured by old chronicles and woodcuts—for example, those of Grave—representing the siege of Frankfort. Along with which, another and different taste developed itself—for observing the states of human life, in their variety and naturalness, without any further care for their importance or beauty. Thus, it was one of our favourite walks, which we tried to indulge in some twice a-year, to follow the circuit of the path inside the city walls. Gardens, courts, back-buildings, run up to the foot of the ramparts; and one sees several thousand men in their domestic, small, separate, concealed holes. From the ornamental and show-gardens of the rich, to the herb-gardens of the citizen intent upon his comfort; from thence to the manufactories, bleaching-grounds, and similar establishments, and even to the burial-ground—for a little world lay within the precincts of the city—one passed by the most varied, most wondrous spectacle, changing at every step, so that our childish curiosity could never be satiated with enjoying it; for, in truth, the well-known limping devil, when he lifted off the roofs of Madrid for his friend at night, hardly did more for him than was here accomplished for us under the open sky, and in bright sunshine. The keys, which were required in this walk, in order to pass through many a tower, stair, and postern, were in the hands of the official authorities, and we did not fail to do our best in coaxing their subalterns.

Still more important, and in another sense more fruitful for us, continued to be the Council-house, called from the Romans. In its lower vault-like halls, we very willingly lost ourselves. We obtained the means of entrance into the large and extremely simple session-chamber of the council. The walls, wainscoted up to a certain height, were otherwise white, as was

the arched ceiling; and the whole was without a trace of painting or any kind of carved work. Only high on the middle wall was read the short inscription,—

“One man's word
Is no man's word:
They should both alike be heard.”

After the most ancient fashion, benches for the members of this assembly were placed around against the wainscoting, and raised a step from the floor. Then we easily perceived why the order of ranks in our senate was arranged in benches. From the left hand of the door on to the opposite corner sat the councilmen, [*Schöffen*]; in the corner itself the chief magistrate, [*Schultheiss*], the only one who had a small table before him. To his left, as far as the wall in which were the windows, sat those of the second bench. Along the window ran the third bench, which the handicraftsmen occupied. In the middle of the hall stood a table for the Registrar.

Once within the Roman-house, [*Im Römer*], we even mixed in the crowd at the audiences of the burgomasters. But all which related to the election and crowning of the Emperor, had a greater charm. We contrived to gain the favour of the keepers, so as to be allowed to mount the new, gay, fresco-painted imperial staircase, which was generally closed with a grating. The election-chamber, with its purple hangings and wonderfully-fringed gold borders, filled us with reverence. The representations of animals, on which little children or genii, invested with the imperial ornaments and sustaining the insignia of the empire, played a wondrous part, were observed by us with great attention; and we even hoped that we might live to see one day a coronation with our own eyes. We could be moved only with much trouble out of the great imperial hall when we had once succeeded in slipping in; and we reckoned him our truest friend, who, while we looked at the half-lengths of all the emperors painted around at a certain height, would tell us something of their deeds.

We listened eagerly to many a legend of Charlemagne. But that which was historically interesting for us, began first with Rudolph of Hapsburg, who, by his manhood, put an end to such prodigious confusions. Charles

the Fourth also attracted our notice. We had already heard of the Golden Bull, and the Law of Criminal Judicature, and also that he had not made the Frankforters suffer for their adhesion to his noble rival Emperor, Gunther of Schwarzburg. We heard Maximilian praised as a friend to mankind, and to the townsmen, his subjects, and were also told that it had been prophesied of him he would be the last emperor of a German house; which unhappily proved true, as after his death the choice remained only between the King of Spain, Charles V., and the King of France, Francis I. With some anxiety, it was added, that now once more a similar prophecy, or rather prognostic, was abroad; for it was obvious that there was room left for the portrait of only one more emperor—a fact which, although it appeared accidental, filled the patriotic with concern.

Having once begun this kind of walk, we did not fail to betake ourselves to the cathedral, and there to visit the grave of that brave Gunther so valued both by friend and foe. The door close by, which leads into the conclave, remained long shut against us, until we at last managed, through the higher authorities, to gain access also to this important place. But we should have done better had we continued as before to paint it in our imagination; for we found this room, which is so remarkable in German history, where the most powerful princes used to meet for an act of such weightiness, by no means worthily adorned, but disfigured, even within, by beams, poles, scaffolding, and similar lumber, which people had wanted to put out of the way. So much the more was the imagination excited, and the heart raised, when, soon after, we received permission to be present in the Council-house, at the exhibition of the Golden Bull to some distinguished strangers.

The boy heard afterwards, with much eagerness, what his family, as well as other older relations and acquaintances willingly told and repeated namely, the histories of the two last coronations which had followed fast on one another. For there was no Frankforter of a certain age who would not have reckoned these two events, and their accompaniments, as the pinnacle of his whole life. Splen-

did as had been the coronation of Charles VII., at which the French ambassador especially had displayed both expense and taste in his magnificent feasts, the more sorrowful was the result for the good Emperor, who could not preserve his capital, Munich, and was obliged, in a sense, to implore the hospitality of his imperial towns.

If the coronation of Francis I. was not so strikingly splendid as the former one, yet was it dignified by the presence of the Empress Maria Theresa, whose beauty seemed to have made as great an impression on the men, as the grave and dignified form and the blue eyes of Charles VII. on the women—at least, both sexes rivaled each other in giving to the attentive boy a highly advantageous conception of those two persons. All these descriptions and narrations occurred in the midst of easy and tranquilized feelings; for the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had for the moment put an end to all contention; and, as if speaking only of those former solemnities, people talked with satisfaction of the past warfare, and of the battle of Dettingen, and the other chief events belonging to the bygone year; and all of important and dangerous seemed, as is usual after the conclusion of a peace, to have happened only for the amusement of the prosperous and unconcerned.

When one had passed through scarcely half a year in this patriotic narrowness of interest, the time of the fairs returned, which always produced an incredible fermentation in the heads of all children. A new town springing up suddenly within the town itself, by the erection of so many booths—the roll and crush, the unloading and packing up of goods—continued to excite, even from the first moments of consciousness, an unconquerable busy curiosity, and a boundless longing for childish property, which the boy with increasing years endeavoured to satisfy, now in one way, now in another, as the powers of his little purse permitted. But at the same time, also, an image was formed of all that the world produces, all its needs, and all that the inhabitants of its different regions exchange with each other.

These great epochs, happening in spring and autumn, were announced

by strange solemnities, which appeared the more dignified because they vividly brought before us, as present, the ancient time, and what had descended from it to us. On escort-day [*Geleitsstag*] the whole people were on their legs, thronged to the *Fahrgass*, to the bridge, and away beyond Sachsenhausen, and all the windows were filled. Yet throughout the day nothing particular took place. The crowd appeared to be there only for the sake of the crush, and the spectators only that they might look at each other; for the matter really in hand did not occur till night was closing in, and was rather believed than seen with eyes.

This was the affair: In those old restless times, when every one did wrong at his own pleasure, or according to his liking helped the right, the traffickers going to the fair were arbitrarily infested, and harassed by waylayers of noble or vulgar birth, so that princes and other great powers had their people escorted to Frankfort with the armed hand. Now, the burghers of the imperial city would yield nothing of the privileges belonging to themselves and their district. They went out to meet the comers; and many a dispute arose how far the escorts should advance, and even whether they had a right to claim entrance into the city. But as this occurred not only with regard to the traders and the fairs, but also when high personages came, in times either of war or peace, and especially at the elections of emperors; and as even violence was frequently resorted to when any retinue, which the citizens would not permit to enter, tried to force its way along with its lord, many negotiations, therefore, had long been carried on, and many treaties had been concluded on the subject, though always with reservation of rights on both sides. Nay, the hope had not been abandoned of at last settling, once for all, a quarrel which had lasted for centuries, when the whole institution, on account of which it had been so long and often very passionately carried on, might be regarded as nearly useless, and at all events superfluous.

Meanwhile, the city cavalry, in several parties, with the commanders at their heads, rode out on those days to different gates, and found, at a certain place, some troopers or hussars of the

powers entitled to send escorts, who, together with their leaders, were well received and entertained. They waited till towards evening, and then rode back into the city, hardly visible to the expecting crowd, many a city trooper being by that time unable to hold his horse, or to hold himself upon it. The most important bands came in by the Bridge-gate, and so the throng was thickest there. Quite at the last, and when night was closing, arrived the Nuremberg post-coach, similarly escorted, and people persuaded themselves that, according to custom, it must always contain an old woman. For this reason, on the arrival of the coach, the street boys used to break out in a long-resounding shout, although it was no longer at all possible to distinguish the passengers sitting within. Incredible, and really enough to confuse the brain, was the press of people who at this moment crushed in after the coach through the Bridge-gate. The nearest houses to it were therefore those the most frequented by spectators.

Another, and even a far more peculiar solemnity, which occupied the public in broad daylight, was the piper's sitting, [*Pfeifergericht*.] This ceremony recalled those early times when important trading cities sought, if not to abolish entirely, yet at least to diminish the tolls which increased in the same degree as trade and industry. The Emperor, who had need of the towns, granted them this immunity when it was in his power, but commonly for only one year, and therefore it needed to be annually renewed. This was done by symbolic gifts, which were presented before the opening of the St Bartholomew Fair, to the imperial magistrate, who was also, perhaps, sometimes the chief toll-master; and it was done, for the greater dignity, when he was sitting in judgment with the councilmen; as when the chief magistrate was afterwards no longer appointed by the Emperor, but was chosen by the city itself, he still preserved these privileges, and both the immunities of the cities, and the ceremonies with which the deputies of Worms, Nuremberg, and Old-Bamberg acknowledged this primitive concession, had descended to our times. The day before Lady-day an open court was proclaimed. In an enclosed space in the great Imperial

Hall, the councilmen sat on high, a step higher the magistrate in the midst of them, and below, on the right hand, the lawyer, who represented the litigating parties. The registrar begins to read aloud the important decisions which had been postponed until this day; the lawyers ask for copies, appeal, or do whatever they find requisite.

Suddenly an extraordinary music seems to announce the entry of other ages. It is three pipers, one of whom blows an ancient *shawm*, the next a *bure*, the third a *pommer* or hautboy. They wear blue mantles bordered with gold, and have the music-notes fastened on their sleeves, and their heads covered. In this guise they had left their inn, followed by the ambassadors and their attendants, precisely at ten o'clock, to the admiration of natives and foreigners, and so they come into the hall. The law business stops, the pipers and their train stay before the railing, the ambassador steps within, and places himself in front of the chief magistrate. The symbolic gifts, which were required to follow most accurately the ancient custom, consisted usually of those wares in which the city presenting them was chiefly wont to deal. Pepper passed in a manner for every thing else, and thus even here, the ambassador brought a handsomely turned wooden goblet filled with pepper. Upon it lay a pair of gloves strangely slashed, stitched, and tasselled with silk, a token of a concession granted and accepted, such as the emperor himself employed in certain cases. Along with this was a white rod, which formerly could not well be omitted in legal and judicial proceedings. Some small pieces of silver money were added; and the city of Worms brought an ancient felt hat, which was always redeemed again, so that the same one had been for many years a witness of these ceremonies.

After the deputy had made his address, delivered his present, and received from the magistrate the assurance of continued favour, he left the enclosed circle, the pipers blew, the train departed as it had come, the court pursued its business, until the second, and at last the third deputy had been introduced. For they came the one some time after the other; partly that thereby the pleasure of the public might last the longer, partly

because they were always the same antique virtuosos, whom on its own behalf and that of the other cities, Nuremberg had undertaken to maintain, and to produce them annually at the appointed place.

We children were particularly interested in this festival, because it flattered us not a little to see my grandfather in so honourable a post; and because commonly on the very same day we used to visit him very modestly, that when my grandmother had poured the pepper into her spice-box, we might make prize of a cup and small rod, a pair of gloves, or an old silver coin.* One could not have these symbolic ceremonies, which reproduced antiquity as if by magic, explained to one, without being again carried back into past ages, and seeking information about the manners, customs, and feelings of our remote ancestors, who were made present to us by pipers and deputies risen from the dead, and even by gifts that we could handle and ourselves possess.

Such venerable solemnities were followed, in the fine season, by many a festival most delightful to us children, which took place outside the city, in the open air. On the right bank of the Maine, down the stream, about half-an-hour's walk from the gate, rises a sulphureous spring, neatly enclosed and surrounded with lime-trees of a great age. Not far from thence stands the *Hof zu den guten Leuten*, [house of good people,] formerly an hospital, built on account of this spring. On the common pastures round about, the herds of cattle from the neighbourhood were assembled on a certain day of the year, and the herdsmen, together with their young women, celebrated a country festival with dance and song, and with much enjoyment and clownishness. On the other side of the city lay a similar but larger common green, adorned in the same way by a spring, and still more beautiful lime-trees. Thither the flocks of sheep were driven at Whitsuntide, and at the same time the poor sickly orphans were let escape out of their walls into freedom. For the thought did not occur to people till later than this time, that these deserted creatures, who have

to make their own way through the world, should early be brought into connexion with it; instead of being fostered with a melancholy kind of care, ought rather to be trained from the first to serve and suffer; and, for the best reasons, should even from the cradle be both physically and morally strengthened. The nurses and maids, who were always glad of gaining themselves a walk, did not fail to take us from our earliest days to such places; so that these country festivals remain among the first impressions which I can now recall.

In the meantime the house had been finished, and that in a tolerably short time, because every thing had been well considered and prepared, and the requisite money provided. We now found ourselves all collected again, and felt comfortable. For a well-contrived plan, when it stands completely executed, makes us forget all the inconveniences of the means that have been used in order to the end. The house, for a private residence, was spacious enough, throughout bright and cheerful; the staircase easy, the sitting-rooms pleasant, and that view over the gardens could be freely enjoyed from several windows. The inner completion, and what relates to finish and ornament, was gradually done, and served at once for occupation and amusement.

The first business of its kind was the arrangement of my father's collection of books, of which the best in calf or half-calf binding were to furnish the walls of his business-and-study room. He possessed the handsome Dutch editions of the Latin authors, which, for the sake of outward uniformity, he had endeavoured to have all in quarto. And there was also much relating to Roman antiquities and the more elegant jurisprudence. The most eminent Italian poets were not wanting, and he showed a great preference for Tasso. The best recent travels were also there; and it was one of his pleasures to correct and complete from them the books of Keyssler and Nemeiz. Further, he had surrounded himself with the most necessary books of reference, with dictionaries of different languages, and of

* *Bäder-Albus*, a small silver coin stamped with a wheel—a name like our Rose-Noble, &c.

arts and sciences, [*Reallexikon*,] which could thus at pleasure be consulted, as well as with much else for use and entertainment.

The other half of this collection of books in clean vellum bindings, with very fairly written letterings, was placed in a particular attic room. The acquisition of new books, as well as the binding and arrangement of these, was carried on by him with great composure and orderliness. In this, the critical notices which attributed particular merit to this or that work had great influence upon him. His collection of juridical dissertations was increased annually by some volumes.

Next the pictures, which had before been hung promiscuously about the old house, were now symmetrically placed together on the walls of a favourable room near the study, all in black frames, ornamented with gilt mouldings. My father had a principle, which he often and even vehemently expressed, that it was right to employ the living masters, and to spend less upon the dead, in the value for whom, moreover, much prejudice was mingled. He had the notion that the case is exactly the same with pictures as with Rhenish wines, which, although age gives them a superior value, yet may in any succeeding year be produced of as excellent quality as in those gone by. After the lapse of some time, the new wine also becomes old, quite as precious, and perhaps even more delicious. He confirmed himself in this opinion, particularly by the remark, that many old pictures seem to gain their chief value for lovers of art from becoming darker and browner; and that the harmonious tone of such a picture is often celebrated. My father asserted, on the other hand, that he had no fear that the new pictures would not also become black. But that they would actually gain by this he would not acknowledge.

On these principles, he continued for many years to employ all the Frankfort artists—the painter Hirt, who was skilful in animating with cattle his oak and beech forests, and other so-called landscape scenes; likewise Trautmann, who had taken Rembrandt as his model, and had so well succeeded in enclosed and reflected lights, and also in striking confa-

grations, that he was once asked to paint a companion to a picture of that master. Besides these, Schutz, who, in the manner of Sachtlevén, painted laboriously subjects from the Rhine country; and also Junker, who executed with great purity, in the manner of the Dutch flower and fruit pieces, still life and persons quietly employed. But now, by the new arrangement, by the more convenient space, and still more by the acquaintance with a skilful artist, the taste for pictures was again freshened and enlivened. This man was Seckaz, a pupil of Brinkmann, the Darmstadt court painter, whose talent and character will hereafter unfold themselves before us more minutely.

In this way, the finishing of the other rooms, according to their several destinations, was carried forward. Cleanliness and order prevailed throughout; large panes of fine glass especially contributed their aid to a perfect lightness, which had been wanting in the old house from many causes, but principally from the roundness of most of the window-panes. My father showed himself cheerful, because all had succeeded with him: and, if the good-humour had not often been interrupted by the inferiority of the workmen in industry and accuracy to what he required, no happier life could have been imagined, particularly as much good had partly arisen in the family itself, and partly had been added to it from without.

But an extraordinary public event deeply shook the boy's peace of mind. On the first of November 1755, happened the earthquake of Lisbon, and spread a prodigious alarm over the world which had already accustomed itself to quiet and repose. A great and splendid capital, which is also a trading port, is suddenly struck with the most dreadful calamity. The earth quakes and wavers, the sea roars up, the ships dash together, the houses fall, and over them the churches and towers; the royal palace is in part devoured by the sea, the gaping earth appears to spit out flames, for smoke and fire show themselves every where in the ruins. Sixty thousand men, a moment before quiet and in comfort, are destroyed together; and he must be called the happiest for whom neither feeling nor thought of the calamity is possible. The flames rage

out, and along with them rages a multitude of criminals before concealed, or set at large by this occurrence. The unhappy survivors are exposed to robbery, murder, and every kind of violence. And thus Nature asserts, in all directions, her boundless capriciousness.

Intimations of this event had spread through wide regions faster than the accounts of it. In many places slight tremblings were noticed. In many springs, particularly the mineral ones, an uncommon subsidence took place; and so much the greater was the effect of the accounts themselves, which diffused themselves at first generally, and afterwards with terrible details. Hereupon the devout abounded in reflections, the philosophic in consolations, the clergy in warnings. So much coming together, turned for a long time the attention of the world on this point. And the minds excited by the misery of others, were more and more disturbed by anxiety for themselves and their friends, as further and more minute accounts arrived from every corner, of the far-spread influence of this explosion. Nay, perhaps the demon of alarm has never so swiftly and powerfully spread his terrors over the earth.

The boy, who had frequently to hear all this repeated, was not a little struck. God, the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, whom the explanation of the first article of belief presented to him as so wise and gracious, in abandoning the righteous and unrighteous to the same destruction had manifested no fatherly love. The young heart tried in vain to restore itself against these impressions. This, indeed, was the less possible, as the wise and biblically-learned themselves could not agree as to the way in which such a phenomenon was to be regarded.

The following summer gave a nearer opportunity of directly knowing that wrathful God, of whom the Old Testament declares so much. A hail-storm came unexpectedly, and in the midst of thunder and lightning violently broke the new panes of glass in the back of the house, looking to the west. It injured the new furniture, spoiled some valuable books and other costly things, and was the more frightful for the children, as all the bewildered household hurried them into a dark passage, and there, on their knees, endeavoured to appease the

angry Deity by fearful howls and shrieks. Meanwhile my father, who alone was self-possessed, took down and removed the window-frames, by which, indeed, he saved much glass, but also cleared a broader way for the rain that followed after the hail, so that, when at last we were tranquilized, we found ourselves in the rooms and on the stairs surrounded by flowing and streaming water.

Such events, however troublesome, yet interrupted but a little the progress and course of the instruction which my father had himself undertaken to give to us children. He had passed his youth at the Coburg Gymnasium, which held one of the first places among the German educational establishments. He had there laid a solid ground in the languages, and whatever else is considered part of a learned education, had afterwards studied jurisprudence at Leipzig, and lastly taken his degree at Giessen. His careful and laborious dissertation, *Electa de Additione Hereditatis*, is still cited with praise by jurists.

It is a natural wish of all fathers to see whatever has failed with them realized in their sons, much as if they thus could live a second time, and so at last use rightly the experiences of their earlier existence. With the sense of his acquirements, and with distrust of the teachers of the day, my father proposed to teach his children himself, and only so far as necessary to have particular lessons given by special masters. Already a certain dilettantism in instruction had begun to show itself generally. The pedantry and heaviness of the masters at the public schools, was probably the first occasion of this. People sought for something better, and forgot how defective all teaching must be, except that of persons making it their profession.

My father's own career had hitherto succeeded fairly according to his wish. I was to pursue the same road, but more easily, and to a greater length. He valued my natural gifts the more, as himself wanting them; for he had gained every thing only by indescribable labour, perseverance, and repetition. He often assured me, early and late, in jest and earnest, that, with my powers, he would have acted very differently, and would not have been so careless in his employment of them.

By quick apprehension, by practice,

and by retention, I very soon outgrew the knowledge which my father and my other teachers could give me, and yet I was not grounded in any thing. Grammar displeased me, because I regarded it only as an arbitrary law. The rules appeared to me ridiculous, because they were nullified by so many examples, all of which again I was obliged to learn singly. And, had there not been a rhymed book of Latin for beginners, it would have gone ill with me. But I liked to drone this over, and chant it to myself. We had, in the same way, a geography in such verses for the memory; and the most absurd rhymes best fixed the recollection of that which was to be retained, *c. g.* :—

“ Ober-Yssel's watery fen,
Is a bad abode for men.”

I easily learned the inflections and constructions, and soon got to understand what is the conception of a thing. In rhetorical exercises, themes, and so forth, no one surpassed me, although I was often turned back for faults of grammar. It was such compositions, however, which particularly pleased my father, and on account of which he rewarded me with many a gift of money, not inconsiderable for a boy.

My father taught my sister Italian in the same room in which I had to learn Cellarius by heart. Now, as I was soon ready with my task, and was still obliged to sit quiet, I turned my attention away from my book, and very readily learned Italian, which struck me as a pleasant variety of Latin.

Other precocities, as to memory and combination, were common to me with those children who have thus obtained an early renown. On this account, my father would hardly wait for the proper time of my going to the college.

He very early intimated that I was to study law in Leipzig, a place for which he had a great preference, and then visit some other university and take my degrees. As to this second, it was indifferent to him which I might select; only, against Gottingen he had, I know not why, some dislike—to my sorrow, for it was precisely in it that I had much confidence and high hopes.

Further, he told me that I was to go to Wetzlar and Ratisbon, and also to Vienna, and thence to Italy, though he frequently maintained that it was necessary to see Paris first, because, after

enjoying Italy, nothing else could give one pleasure.

This vision of the future wanderings of my youth I liked to hear repeated to me, particularly as it used to end in an account of Italy, and lastly in a description of Naples. His general seriousness and dryness seemed always in this way to dissolve and grow animated; and thus the passionate wish arose in us children that we also might share in the paradise he spoke of.

Lessons of private teachers, which gradually multiplied, were shared with neighbouring children. This common instruction did not advance me. The teachers followed their routine; and the rudenesses, nay, often ill-humours of my companions, brought disquiet, vexation, and disturbance into the scanty hours of lesson. Chrestomathics, by which the teaching becomes pleasant and varied, had not yet reached us. Cornelius Nepos, who for young people is so stiff—the New Testament, which was much too easy, and which, by preaching and religious instruction, had even become trivial—Cellarius and Pasor, could excite no interest in us. On the other hand, through the reading the German poets of that day, a certain fury of rhyme and verse had taken possession of us. It had seized me even earlier, as I found it pleasant to pass over from the rhetorical treatment of subjects to the poetic.

We boys had a meeting on Sunday, at which every one was to produce verses of his own making. And here I was struck by something strange, which long disquieted me. My poems, such as they were, I could not but hold for the best. But I soon made out that my competitors, who produced very lame things, were alike in this, and thought no less of themselves. But what seems still more suspicious, one boy, good, though quite unfitted for such labours, to whom indeed I was kindly disposed, but who had his rhymes made by his tutor, not only considered them the best of all, but was fully persuaded that he had made them himself. And in the familiar relation in which I stood towards him, this he always frankly asserted. Now, as I saw this error and delusion plain before me, it one day occurred to me to ask whether I might not myself be in the same case; whether those poems were not really better than mine; and whether I might not justly appear to

those boys as mad as they to me? This disturbed me much, and for a long time; for it was quite impossible for me to find an outward sign of truth. At last, I even stopped in my productions, until at length I was quieted by levity and self-reliance, and at last by a trial which our teachers and parents, who had noticed our amusement, set us on the spur of the moment, and in which I came off well, and obtained general applause.

At that time people had not as yet established any libraries for children. In earlier times, men had themselves childish ways of thinking, and found it easy to impart their own knowledge to posterity. Except the *Orbis Pictus* of Amos Comenius, no book of this kind came into our hands; but we often turned over the great folio Bible, with plates, by Merian. Goltfried's *Chronicle*, with engravings of the same master, instructed us in the most remarkable events of general history. The *Acerra Philologica* added all kinds of fables, mythologies, and singularities; and, as I very soon became acquainted with Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and studied laboriously the earlier books in particular, my young brain was quickly enough filled with a mass of images and events, significant and wondrous forms and occurrences; and I could never feel the want of employment, as I constantly occupied myself in working up, repeating, and reproducing these acquisitions.

A better moral effect than that of those somewhat rude and dangerous antiquities, was produced by Fénelon's *Telemachus*, which I first read only in Neukirch's translation, and which, however, even thus imperfectly transmitted, had a delightful and beneficial influence on my feelings. That *Robinson Crusoe* was soon added, is a matter of course; and it may easily be supposed that the *Isle of Felsenburg* was not wanting. Lord Anson's *Voyage Round the World* combined the dignity of truth with the fancifulness of legend; and while in thought we accompanied this excellent seaman, we were led far away over the world, and tried to follow him with our fingers on the globe.

But now a still richer harvest was to lie before me, when I lighted on a mass of writings, which certainly in their present form cannot be called admirable, but the contents of which

innocently bring nearer to us many a merit of former times. These books, which were afterwards known and even renowned under the name of *Books for the People*, had their place of publication, or rather their manufactory, in Frankfort itself; and, on account of the great sale, they were kept in standing types, and printed almost illegibly on the most frightful blotting-paper. We children, therefore, had the luck to find every day these precious remains of the middle ages on a little table before the door of a dealer in cheap books, and to obtain them for a penny a-piece. The *Eulenspiegel*, the *Four Sons of Haimon*, the *Fair Melusina*, the *Emperor Octavian*, the *Fair Magelona*, *Fortunatus*, with the whole race down to the *Wandering Jew*, all were at our command, whenever we had a fancy for these works, rather than for any kind of dainty sweet thing. In this the greatest advantage was, that when we had worn out such a pamphlet by reading, or otherwise damaged it, we could buy another copy again, and consume it anew.

As a family party into the country in summer is disturbed in the most vexatious way by a sudden storm, and a cheerful state of things thus changed into the most unpleasant, so the illnesses of children happen without warning in the fairest season of early life. With me also this was the case. I had just bought myself *Fortunatus*, with his *Purse* and *Wishing-Hat*, when I was seized with an uneasiness and fever that announced the small-pox. Inoculation was still considered among us as very problematical, and although it had already been clearly and zealously recommended by popular writers, yet the German physicians hesitated about an operation which seemed to forestall nature. Speculating Englishmen came therefore on the Continent, and inoculated for a large fee the children of the opulent and unprejudiced. The majority, however, were still exposed to the old mischief. The disease raged in families, killed and disfigured many children; and few parents dared to seize an expedient, of which the probable success had nevertheless been already established by many trials. This misfortune now befell our house, and attacked me with extraordinary violence. My whole body was sprinkled

with spots, and my face covered with them; and I lay for many days blind and in great pain. They tried the only possible alleviation, and promised me golden mountains if I would keep myself quiet, and not increase the mischief by rubbing and scratching. I prevailed so far over myself, while, according to the ruling prejudice, I was kept as warm as possible, and the evil was thus only increased. At last, after a sorrowful time, there fell as it were a mask from my face. The spots had left no visible mark upon the skin, but the features were observably altered. I was myself contented with merely seeing again the light of day, and gradually losing my spotted skin. But others were inhuman enough to remind me often of my former state; especially a very vivacious aunt, who had before made me her idol, could even in after years seldom look at me without exclaiming—"O, the devil! coz—how ugly he is grown!"

Then she would relate to me circumstantially how I had formerly been her delight, and what attention she excited when she took me about with her; and thus I early learned that people very often make us do severe penance for the pleasure which we have afforded them. I neither escaped measles, nor small-pox, nor other the like torments of youth. And always I was assured that it was a happiness to have now suffered each successive misfortune, once for all. But, alas! there was still another in the background, and moving forward. All these things increased my tendency to reflection; and as, in order to escape the pain of impatience, I had already often exercised myself in endurance, the virtues which I had heard praised in the Stoics appeared to me highly deserving of imitation, and the more, as the like was recommended by the Christian doctrine of patience.

On occasion of this family affliction, I will also make mention of a brother about three years younger than I, who was similarly seized by that infection, and suffered not a little from it. He was of a tender nature, quiet, and capricious, and we never had a real intimacy with each other. Moreover, he scarcely survived the years of childhood. Among several other children born afterwards, who similarly did not live long, I only remember

one very pretty and pleasing little girl, who also, however, soon passed away; so that, after the lapse of some years, I and my sister found ourselves the only survivors, and therefore the more inwardly and affectionately united.

Those maladies and other unpleasant vexations were in their consequences doubly burdensome. For my father, who seemed to have laid down for himself a certain calendar of education and instruction, was resolved to make good again immediately every loss, and imposed double lessons upon the young convalescents. It was not difficult to me to accomplish these; but was in so far annoying, as it hindered, and in some degree repressed, my inward development, which had taken a decided bent.

From these didactic and pedagogic afflictions we commonly took refuge with my grandfather and grandmother. Their house stood in the *Friedberg* Street, and appeared to have been formerly a castle; for on approaching it nothing was seen but a large gate with battlements, which joined on each side the two neighbouring houses. On entering, one reached at last, through a narrow passage, a tolerably wide court, surrounded by dissimilar structures, which were now all united into one dwelling. We usually hastened at once into the garden, which stretched with considerable length and breadth away behind the buildings, and was very well kept. The walks were mostly bounded by vine-trellises; a part of the space was used for vegetables, and another for flowers, which from spring till autumn adorned in rich succession the borders and the beds. The long wall looking to the south was employed for well-grown peach-trees, of which the forbidden fruit ripened temptingly before us through the summer. Yet we rather avoided this side, because here we could not satisfy our longings; and we turned to the opposite, where an endless row of currant and gooseberry bushes furnished our greediness with a series of harvests on till the autumn. Not less interesting to us was an old, high, wide-spreading mulberry-tree, both on account of its fruits, as also because we were told that the silk worms fed upon its leaves. In this peaceful region my grandfather was found every evening pleasantly busy in forwarding with his own hands the

growth of the finer fruits and flowers, while a gardener did the ruder work. He never let himself be vexed with the manifold pains required in order to preserve and propagate a beautiful pink. He himself carefully tied the branches of the peach-trees in a fan shape to the espaliers, in order to promote an abundant and proper growth of fruit. He trusted to no one else the sorting of the bulbs of tulips, hyacinths, and similar plants, and the care for the preservation of them. And I still like to remember the diligence with which he employed himself in budding the different kinds of roses. In this work he put on, to escape the thorns, those antique leathern gloves, of which three pairs were annually given him at the pipers' sitting, so that he never was without them. He wore, also, a robe-like dressing-gown, and on his head a folded black velvet cap, so that he might have passed for an intermediate person between Alcinous and Laertes.

He pursued all these garden labours as regularly and accurately as those of his office; for, before he came down, he had always arranged the list of causes for the following day, and read the legal papers. In the same way he went in the morning to the Council-house, dined on his return, then nodded in his great chair; and went through every day as he had gone through the day before. He spoke little, showed no sign of passion, and I do not remember that I ever saw him angry. Every thing about him was old-fashioned. I never saw any innovation in his wainscoted room. His library contained, besides juridical works, only the first travels, voyages, and discoveries of countries. On the whole, I remember no state of life which could so well as this have produced the feeling of an inviolable peace, and an eternal duration.

But that which raised to the highest point the reverence we felt for this excellent old man, was the persuasion that he possessed the gift of prophecy, especially in things concerning himself and his own destiny. He expressed himself, indeed, decidedly and circumstantially to no one, except my grandmother. But we all knew, however, that he was instructed by significant dreams in that which was to happen. Thus, for example, he assured his wife, at the time when he

was still among the younger members of the Court, that, at the next opportunity, he would obtain the vacant place on the bench of the councillors; and as, in fact, one of the councillors died soon after of apoplexy, he commanded, on the day of the choice and decision by lot, that all should be quietly prepared in the house for the reception of the guests and congratulating visitors. And the decisive golden ball was actually drawn in his favour. The simple dream which gave him this knowledge, he confided to his wife as follows:—He had seen himself in the full ordinary assemblage of the court, where all went on according to custom. Suddenly, the now deceased councillor had risen from his seat, stepped down, begged of him in an obliging way to take the vacant place, and so had gone out through the door.

Something similar occurred on the decease of the chief magistrate. On such an occasion there is little delay in filling up this office, because there is always a fear that the Emperor will take some opportunity of reviving his old right to the appointment of the chief magistrate. This time an extraordinary sitting for the following day was notified about midnight by the court messenger. Now the light in his lantern was going out, and he therefore asked for a candle's end, which would enable him to proceed upon his way. "Give him a whole one," said my grandfather to the women; "for, after all, his trouble is on my account." The result also corresponded to this expression. He actually became chief magistrate; in which event this circumstance also was particularly remarkable, that although his representative in drawing the balls, which served for lots, was the third and last to draw, the two silver balls came out first, and therefore the golden one remained for him at the bottom of the bag.

The other dreams that we heard of were also quite prosaic, simple, and without a trace of the fantastic or wonderful. Further, I remember having rummaged as a boy among his books and notes, and found there, among other remarks on gardening—This night came N. N. to me, and said . . . —the name and revelation being written in cipher. Or in the same way—This night I

saw —the remainder again being in cipher, except the conjunctions and other words, from which nothing of the meaning could be conjectured.

As to this matter, it still is remarkable, that persons who showed in general no trace of any mysterious power of foresight, obtained for the moment in his company the presentiment, through means of sensible signs, of certain events of disease and death taking place at the same time, but locally distant. But no such gift has descended to any of his children or grandchildren. For the most part they have rather been sturdy people, full of the enjoyment of life, and resting only on the actual.

This leads me to recall them with gratitude, for much kindness which I received from them in my youth. Thus, for instance, we were employed and amused in very many ways when we visited the second daughter, married to a drug-dealer, Melbert, whose house and warehouse lay in the market, in the midst of the liveliest and most crowded part of the town. There we could look very pleasantly from the windows at the crowd and crush, in which we feared to lose ourselves. And although at first, among the many different articles in the warehouse, only liquorice, and the small brown stamped cakes made from it, had any great interest for us, yet we gradually became acquainted with the profusion of objects which pass in and out in such a business. This aunt was the liveliest of that generation of the family. While my mother, in her earlier years, liked to be nicely dressed, and engaged in some pretty female work, or in reading a book; the other went about the neighbourhood to take charge of neglected children, to attend to them, comb them, and carry them about, which, indeed, she had practised for a good while with me. At a time of public solemnities, or at coronations, she could not be kept at home. Even as a little child she had grasped at the coins scattered on such occasions. And it used to be related, that once when she had got together a good share, and looked at them complacently in the palm of her hand, some one had struck them away, and so she had lost at once the well-won spoils. She took also much pride in the fact, that standing on a stone-post while

the Emperor Charles VII. was going by, at a moment when all the people were silent, she cried into the coach an eager *Vivat!* and so caused him to take off his hat to her, and even to thank her graciously for this bold compliment. In her house, too, every thing about her was in movement, joyous and brisk, and we children were indebted to her for many a pleasant hour.

A second aunt was in a more quiet state, but also one suited to her character as the wife of the minister Stork, incumbent of St Catharine's Church. He lived, suitably to his disposition and employment, much alone, and possessed a fine library. Here I first became acquainted with Homer, and that in a prose translation, as it is found in the seventh part of Herr Von Loen's new collection of the most remarkable travels, under the title, *Homer's Description of the Conquest of the Kingdom of Troy*, which is ornamented with engravings in the theatrical French taste. These designs corrupted my imagination in such a degree, that for a long time I could represent to myself the Homeric heroes only under the like forms. The incidents themselves unspeakably delighted me. Only as to the work itself, I had much complaint to make that it gives us no account of the capture of Troy, and ends so abruptly with the death of Hector. My uncle, to whom I expressed this reproach, referred me to Virgil, who then completely satisfied my demand.

It will be taken for granted, that we children had, among our other lessons, a continued and progressive instruction in religion. But the Church Protestantism imparted to us was properly nothing but a kind of dry morality. Of lively exposition there was no thought; and the doctrine suited neither the understanding nor heart. Thus, there were many kinds of dissent from the Established Church. There arose the Separatists, the Pietists, the Moravians, the Quiet-in-the Land, and others, however named or characterised, who all, however, had only the one purpose of approaching the Deity, especially through Christ, more nearly than seemed to them possible under the form of the Established religion.

The boy heard these opinions and propensities unceasingly spoken of; for the clergy as well as the laity divided

themselves into the *for* and *against*. Those more or less dissenting were always the minority; but their mode of thinking was attractive by originality, heartiness, steadiness, and independence. Many stories were told of their virtues and the expression of them. There was especially much talk of the answer of a pious tinman to one of his own trade, who tried to shame him by the question—who then, in truth, was his confessor. With cheerfulness and confidence in his good cause, the other answered—I have a very distinguished one, no meaner than the confessor of King David.

This and the like might easily make an impression on the boy, and excite a similar disposition in him. In short, he fell upon the thought of directly approaching the great God of Nature, the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, whose earlier displays of wrath had long been effaced from memory by the beauty of the world, and the manifold blessings which are bestowed on us in it. But the way to accomplish his purpose was very peculiar.

The boy had, in the main, confined himself to the first article of belief. The God who stands in immediate union with nature, and owns and loves it as his work—this seemed to him the true God, who no doubt can enter into a closer relation with man, as with every thing else, and will care for him as well as for the movement of the stars, for days and seasons, for plants and animals. Some passages of the gospel said this expressly. The boy could not assign a form to this being, he therefore sought him in his works; and, in the true Old-Testament manner, would raise an altar to him. Natural productions were figuratively to represent the world. Over these a flame was to burn, and dignify the heart of man aspiring towards his Maker. Now the best ores and specimens were taken out of the cabinet of natural objects which he possessed, and which had been accidentally increased; but how to range and pile up those was the next difficulty. His father had a handsome red-lacquered gold-flowered music-desk, in the shape of a four-sided pyramid, with different stages, which was very convenient for

quartetts, although it had latterly been but little used. The boy possessed himself of this, and built up in steps the representatives of nature, one above another, so that the whole looked agreeable, and at the same time expressive enough; so, at an early sunrise, the first adoration was to be performed—only the young priest had not settled with himself how he was to produce a flame which should give at the same time a pleasant smell. At last the thought struck him of combining the two, as he had some pastils of incense, which, if not with a flame, yet with a glimmer, diffused the most agreeable fragrance. Nay, this gentle burning and exhalation appeared to express what passes in the heart still better than an open flame. The sun had long risen, but neighbouring houses concealed the east; at last it appeared above the roofs. Immediately a burning-glass was taken up, and by means of it the pastils were lighted, which stood upon the summit in a handsome china basin. All succeeded according to the wish, and the devotion was complete. The altar remained as a peculiar ornament of the room which had been granted to him in the new house. Every one saw in it only a well-decorated collection of natural objects, but the boy knew better what he did not tell; he longed for the repetition of that solemnity. Unhappily when the most suitable sun rose, the china cup was not at hand. He placed the pastils immediately upon the top of the music-desk; then they were lighted, and the devotion was so great that the priest did not observe what damage his offering caused, until it was too late, for the pastils had burned mercilessly into the red lacquer and the fine golden flowers; and, as if it were an evil spirit that had disappeared, they left behind their black indelible foot-steps. This threw the young priest into the most extreme perplexity; he was able, indeed, to hide the mischief by the largest and showiest pieces of ore, but he had lost the spirit for new offerings. And this accident might almost be regarded as a hint and warning how dangerous it always is to try to draw near to God by such proceedings.

WHIG AND TORY FINANCE.

AMONG the many subjects of pressing importance and painful interest, which the present state of the empire forces on our attention, there is none which is of more serious national concern than the state of the public finances. It is of the more importance that the subject should be carefully considered and duly pondered, by all persons capable of forming a rational opinion on the existing state of affairs, that it is one which never, till a crisis arrives, attracts the general notice of the people. If, indeed, a suspension of the dividends to the public creditor, or of the regular pay to the army and navy, were to occur, the public terror would know no bounds; and one-half of all persons of property in the empire would soon be ruined by the universal pressure that would take place upon all persons connected with either agricultural or manufacturing engagements. But, till such a calamity occurs, the bulk of the people take very little interest in the financial concerns of the nation; and, when they are roused on the subject, it is generally for no other object but to clamour for a reduction of taxation, or oppose the imposition of any new assessment. General systematic views for the regulation of financial concerns are never embraced by the majority of the people, either in private or public affairs; and the system of living from hand to mouth, unhappily so common in domestic concerns, speedily proves fatal to the financial affairs of any old state, in which the popular voice is rendered paramount in the legislature.

Among the evils which have been brought upon the country by the Reform Bill, and the consequent substitution of the vacillation of multitudinous for the steadiness of patrician rule, it is perhaps the greatest; because it is certainly the most irremediable, that all attempts, even at foresight, or a prospective system in our financial concerns, has been abandoned—that no administration ever thinks of doing more than getting through the session of parliament with as little clamour as possible—and that the imposition of any new taxes, unless under the pressure of some instant national danger, which strikes the senses of

all, is a thing which, by universal consent, is never to be thought of. Future ages will probably concur in the conclusion, that the imprudent and uncalled for remission of taxation, and the wide breaches effected in the Sinking Fund, from 1815 to 1830, are the greatest stain upon the Tory administrations of Great Britain; and that, if a more manly and far-seeing system of financial policy had been adopted, the burden of the debt, and the pecuniary embarrassments of the state, would by this time have almost entirely disappeared. But, disastrous and inexpedient as were the prodigious and uncalled for reductions in indirect taxes which they made, their system of finance was wisdom itself, compared to that which has been adopted by their successors; and, as the nation has now enjoyed four-and-twenty years of profound peace, of which fifteen were passed under Conservative, or semi-Conservative, and nine under Liberal administrations, all classes have had ample materials on which to form an opinion, both as to the probability of the debt ever being materially diminished under the present system of popular government, and of the political party whom they have to thank for the present hopeless financial situation of the country.

It is no easy task even for those most experienced in these matters, to state accurately, upon a retrospect of a considerable part of a century, what progress has been made in the reduction of the debt in every particular year; because so many financial operations take place, by which the stock is apparently affected, and so much translation of the debt is made from an unfunded to a funded state, that the ordinary financial tables, if not examined by a person accurately acquainted with the details, are often more calculated to mislead than to inform. There is one test, however, which, after the lapse of considerable periods, affords a certain criterion by which to judge of the progress which has been made either in diminishing or augmenting the public debt. This is by comparing the sum total of the funded and unfunded debt at the commencement and termination of two

different periods; for, whatever juggles statesmen may engage in to deceive either the public or themselves from year to year, they can by no possible contrivance exhibit a diminution of the debt and its charges of all kinds at the termination of a period, as compared with its commencement, unless a real reduction has taken place. In order to apply these principles, and bring out in an accurate manner our present financial state, and the manner in which it has been effected by nine years of Whig administration, we shall plunge at once *in medias res*, and exhibit a statement of the amount and charges of the public debt at the close of the war, the resignation of the

Tory Government in 1830, and at the present time. The results will probably surprise many persons who are not accustomed to look to the vast influence which an unforeseeing system of financial policy produces in a course of years upon the national fortunes; but their accuracy may be fully relied on, as they are all taken either from Porter's Official Parliamentary Tables, or from the Finance accounts for the year 1838, lately presented to Parliament.

The state of the Public Debt on 1st January 1816, being the commencement of the year after the battle of Waterloo, was as follows:—

Funded debt,	L.816,311,940
Unfunded ditto,	48,510,501
Total,	L.864,822,441

The existing Public Debt on the 1st of January 1831, two months after the Duke of Wellington resigned office, was as follows:—

Funded debt,	L.757,486,997
Unfunded ditto,	27,752,650
Total,	L.785,239,647

Paid off of Public Debt in 15 years, L.79,582,794

The charges of the Public Debt at these two periods exhibit a still more gratifying result.

Interest of funded debt on 1st January 1816,	L.29,924,748	
Ditto of unfunded ditto,	3,014,003	
Total,		L.32,938,751
Interest of funded debt on 1st January 1831,	L.27,657,004	
Ditto of unfunded ditto,	793,031	
Total,		L.28,450,035
Reduction of charges of public debt effected in fifteen years of Tory administrations,		L.4,488,716

The state of the Sinking Fund at these different periods was as follows:—

On 1st January 1816,	L.13,452,096
On 1st January 1831,	2,665,000*

Thus it appears, that during fifteen years, the Conservative party, with all their faults of omission and commission, and they were not few, and almost all rose from one cause, viz. the desire to obtain present popularity at the expense of the ultimate interests of the state, had succeeded in effecting a very great diminution in the public burdens. They had paid off no less than eighty millions of the debt; they had reduced its annual charges by nearly four millions five hundred thousand, and they left a real sinking

fund—a clear surplus of income above expenditure—of above two millions six hundred thousand a-year to their successors. The way in which these benefits were obtained was by keeping the revenue permanently above the expenditure, and yearly applying the excess, whatever it was, to the reduction of debt. The table given below will show the amount of the sums yearly contributed in this manner to the reduction of the funded debt; and the great variation in the yearly amounts, strongly demonstrates how powerfully,

* Porter's Parl. Tables, I. 1, 6; Pebrex's Statis, Tables, 33 and 4.

even then, the short-sighted popular clamour for reduction of taxation had come to break in upon the regular and systematic action of a powerful Government.*

We have said that the Conservative Governments are much to blame for the manner in which they yielded to the popular clamour for a reduction of taxation, and particularly for their immense repeal of the indirect taxes, great part of which, without being any sensible burden upon industry, contributed in a most powerful manner to uphold the public credit, and the removal of which, without benefitting any one but the dealers in the articles taxed, crippled in the most serious manner the operation of the Sinking-Fund, and prevented the three per cents from rising to par, which would at once have enabled the Government to reduce the interest upon it to two and a half per cent. and thereby saved the nation several millions annually for ever. But that their financial operations, upon the whole, notwithstanding this culpable concession to public clamour and delusion, were conducted with wisdom, and directed to great and durable objects, is decisively proved by the fact, that they were enabled to maintain the public credit so high as to effect the vast reduction in the public burdens which was occasioned by paying off the five and the four per cents. The first of these financial operations, which took place in 1818, effected a diminution of seventeen hundred thousand a year on the interest of the debt; the second, which took place in 1824, produced a saving of three hundred and fifty thousand. Between the two, above two millions sterling a year was saved to the nation

in the interest of debt—an astonishing reduction, more especially when it is considered that it could apply only to two kinds of stock, which, taken together, did not amount to two hundred millions of the public debt. And the fact of Government having been able to effect so great a diminution of the public burdens, by the reduction of interest, afforded the clearest possible demonstration of the wisdom with which, so far as they went, their general financial measures were conducted; for it was solely by sustaining the public credit so effectually, as maintained the funds at a high level, that these great financial benefits were obtained to the nation.

The merit of the Tory Administration, in effecting this great diminution in the public debt, was the greater, that two most important circumstances, during almost the whole of their career, contributed most powerfully to cripple the financial resources of the state, and disable the nation from bearing the burdens indispensable for a prudent and effective system of financial administration.

The first of these was the extreme public distress occasioned for several years after the close of the war, by the combination of unusually bad seasons, with the great diminution of general employment, arising from the termination of the vast expenditure and boundless demand for labour occasioned by the war. The seasons of 1816 and 1817, it is well known, were the coldest and most rainy that had been experienced for half a century; and at the very moment that nature was thus denying her usual return to the agricultural labour of man, the transition took place from a state of war to that of peace—the national expenditure sud-

* Sums applied to the reduction of debt, being the real sums of income over expenditure, from 1816 to 1831.

5th Jan. 1817, . . .	L.1,826,814	Brought forward, L.27,317,874	
" 1818, . . .	1,624,606	5th Jan. 1825, . . .	9,900,725
" 1819, . . .	3,163,130	" 1826, . . .	1,195,531
" 1820, . . .	1,918,019	" 1827, . . .	2,023,028
" 1821, . . .	4,104,457	" 1828, . . .	4,667,965
" 1822, . . .	2,962,564	" 1829, . . .	2,760,003
" 1823, . . .	5,261,725	" 1830, . . .	1,935,465
" 1824, . . .	6,456,559	" 1831, . . .	2,673,858
Carry forward, L.27,317,874		L.52,474,449*	

denly sunk from one hundred to fifty millions. Upwards of 300,000 persons—men in the prime of life—were discharged from the army and navy, and all the numerous classes of industry which were directed to the stores or munitions of war, and which had grown up to an unexampled height during the enormous expenditure of its latter years, were at once thrown out of employment. It may safely be affirmed, that a nation never was, without some great external calamity, exposed to more general and searching causes of distress; and their effect was such as completely to obliterate for many years all the benefits that might have been expected to arise from the termination of hostilities, and the general resumption of pacific relations throughout the globe.

The next circumstance which had a most powerful effect in impeding the operations of finance during the last ten years of the Tory Government—and from the effects of which the nation has, perhaps, not yet fully recovered—was, the famous resumption of cash payments by the bill of 1819, followed by that for the extinction of small notes in England in 1826. Without entering into the often-debated and difficult question of the currency, it seems sufficient to observe, that the vast change made by these two bills unquestionably had the effect of permanently lowering prices at least a third, and of consequently throwing a loss to that extent upon all the holders of commodities, and augmenting, in the same proportion, the burden of the whole debt, public and private, in the community. The simultaneous benefit conferred by the same change upon annuitants, and those whose income and money was fixed, afforded but a slender compensation for these manifold evils; for, in a manufacturing country, where so very large a proportion of the people gain their livelihood by buying and selling, to be obliged to buy dear and sell cheap, was the most ruinous of matters: and in a country where the great bulk of the landholders were deeply involved in debt, the combined effect of the diminution of their rents, and the increase of the weight of interest, was such as to produce universal distress, and very general bankruptcy. These facts may be considered as now historically certain; and there is hardly a member, we

have reason to know, of the Committee of 1819, who is not convinced of the disastrous effect, at least for the ten subsequent years, of the measure, which was then lauded by all the philosophers of the age, as the summit of human wisdom. Without entering into this fiercely advocated controversy, whether it was necessary or expedient to make this great change or not, it seems sufficient to observe, that the change, *when made*, was attended with the most disastrous present consequences; and that the power of the Tory Government, from 1820 to 1830, to go on with the reduction of the debt, was in a great measure paralysed by the vast change, which at once added a third to the amount of the national burdens, and took away a third from the means which the people had to pay them.

In both these respects, the situation of the Whig Government, since their accession to power in November 1830, has been so widely different from that of their predecessors, that one is almost tempted to believe that nature had been prodigal of her gifts to them, in order to render utterly inexcusable their misapplication of her bounties. The harvests in the four years from 1832 to 1835, were so uncommonly fine, that the price of wheat in the latter year fell to 39s. a-quarter—less than one-third what it had been during the latter years of the war, and lower than it had been since the days of Oliver Cromwell. The effect of the vast accumulation of the means of subsistence which these fine seasons afforded, was not merely to diffuse plenty and contentment throughout the land, and enable the nation to bear in comparative tranquillity the great political excitement and convulsion which took place in those years, but to induce the more remote, though not the less important, and now thoroughly understood consequence of keeping the mercantile exchanges *generally favourable to this country*, and preventing the occurrence of that ruinous drain of the precious metals, which arises from the necessity of making extensive purchases of grain in foreign parts for domestic consumption. The immense harvests which annually rewarded the labours of the husbandman, produced a vast stock of grain in the country, which soon superseded all application to foreign quarters;

prices fell so low as to render the protection of the corn laws for the time unnecessary; the low cost of provisions unaccompanied, from its recent occurrence, by a corresponding fall in the wages of labour, diffused contentment and ease throughout the labouring classes, and augmented, to a prodigious degree, from the surplus which they found at their disposal, the domestic market for our manufactures; while the favourable state of the foreign exchanges, produced by the non-importation of grain, prevented the recurrence of any drain for *specie* upon the Bank, and averted during five years of sunshine the recurrence of those commercial crises, which in a complicated state of society spread such misery and consternation through the manufacturing classes.

Add to this, the ruinous and distressing transition from high to low prices which had been made before the Whigs came into office;—they were wafted into power by the discontent which that change produced, and they found the effects of the discontent nearly exhausted when they assumed the reins of government. During the twelve years which had elapsed from 1819 to 1831, the change in the currency had done its work, and the great commercial crisis of December 1825 had swept away nearly all the trading establishments which did not possess so strong a foundation of solid capital as to be able to resist the calamitous consequence of a fall of one-third in the average price of all the commodities, and the addition of one-third to every debt in the kingdom. This was a circumstance of almost unparalleled good fortune to the Whig party. They came into office just when the change had completed its effects; the numerous classes whom it had consigned to beggary and ruin were dead, bankrupt, or gone into voluntary exile, and the inexhaustible energies of a free country had produced a new race of active enterprising men, prepared to advance their own and their nation's fortunes with all the advantages of the reduced rate of prices, and the extensive openings to fresh enterprise which the unparalleled bankruptcies of the preceding ten years had occasioned. No one can doubt, that the unprecedented commercial prosperity of 1834, 35, and 36, is mainly to be ascribed to the ex-

traordinary combination of the fine harvests of those years with the termination of the transition from high to low prices. And as if to complete the good fortune of the Liberal party, general peace has been preserved in Europe, notwithstanding their ceaseless efforts to break it in the Low Countries, Spain, and Portugal—the severe depression of the agricultural interest, from the low prices of the five years terminating in 1836, has been relieved by the high prices of the last three years; while, at the same time, such has been the extent of our foreign commerce, in consequence of the continued peace and rapid growth of our colonial settlements, that our manufacturing industry has undergone no diminution from the unfavourable state of the foreign exchanges which arose from the late bad harvests, and the last year exhibited the prodigy of our exports rising to one hundred and five millions, at the time when grain had risen almost to the average price at the middle of the war, and the agricultural classes of all descriptions were reanimated by the vivifying influence of more than remunerating prices.

What, then, during the nine years of such extraordinary, unheard-of good fortune, and external and internal prosperity, have been the financial measures of the Whig Government? Have they taken advantage of this unlooked-for flood of prosperity, arising from the bounty of nature and no wisdom of their own, to effect a great and annually increasing reduction of the national debt? Have they, by the vigour and wisdom of their financial operations, raised the three per cents to par, and been enabled to realise in that way the extraordinary commercial prosperity of 1836, in the reduction of the interest of the three per cents to two and a half, and thereby saved the nation a sixth part of the interest of that portion of the funded debt, or nearly four millions sterling a-year? Have they nursed up and increased the real sinking fund of £2,600,000 a-year, which the Duke of Wellington left them in November 1830, and brought it up now to the standard of five millions, below which the House of Commons, by a solemn and wise resolution in 1821, declared it never should be lowered? They have done none of these things. So

far from having increased the sinking fund, they have entirely extinguished it; nearly ten millions have been added to the public debt during the nine years of their administration; and the clear annual surplus of L.2,600,000 a year, which they received from their predecessors, has been converted, during nine years of unprecedented commercial prosperity, into a deficit of above fifteen hundred thousand a year!

These facts will appear abundantly evident from the following details, exhibiting the contrast between our financial condition on 1st January 1831, when the Whigs were fairly seated in office, and 1st January 1839, when the country had experienced eight years of their almost uninterrupted administration. The public debt of Great Britain, on 1st January 1831, stood as follows:—

Funded,	.	.	L.757,486,997	
Unfunded,	.	.	27,752,650	
				L.785,239,647

Debt on 1st January 1839.

Funded,	.	.	L.763,803,562	
Unfunded	.	.	29,957,321	
				793,760,883

Addition to the debt in eight years of Whig government,	.			8,521,236
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The charges of the debt stood as follows:—

Total annual charge on the funded debt on 1st January 1831,	.	.	L.27,657,004	
Total annual charge of unfunded debt at ditto.	.	.	793,031	
				28,450,035

On 1st January 1839.

Funded,	.	.	L.28,669,332	
Unfunded,	.	.	720,928	
				29,390,260

Increase of charges of debt in eight years of Whig management,				L.940,225
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The amount of the surplus or deficit in the two periods was as follows:—

Surplus on 1st January 1831,	.	.	L.2,600,000	
Deficit on 1st January 1839,	.	.	441,818	
Additional deficit from Canadian insurrection,	.	.	500,000	
Total deficit on 1st January 1839,	.	.	941,818	
Total surplus extinguished, and deficit created in eight years of Whig management,	.	.	3,541,818 *	

Thus it appears, that during fifteen years of Tory profusion and misgovernment, the public debt has been diminished by . . . L.79,500,000
 The charges of the public debt reduced by . . . 4,480,000
 And a clear sinking fund left of . . . 2,665,000

While during nine years of Whig foresight and economy, the public debt has been augmented by . . . 8,500,000
 The charges of the debt increased by . . . 940,225
 The surplus of the revenue *extinguished*, and a *deficit created* of . . . 940,000

* Finance Account, 27th March 1839, pp. 14, 16, 102. Porter's Parliamentary Tables, i. 6; and Progress of the Nation, ii. 290.

And these results are the more remarkable, when it is recollected that the Tory reductions were effected during fifteen years of extraordinary pressure and suffering, arising from the transition from war to peace, bad seasons, and the change of the currency; while the Whig increase of burdens during the last nine years has taken place when the suffering arising from the change in the currency had been got over, and in the midst of unexampled fine seasons during the first five years, and unprecedented commercial and manufacturing prosperity in the last four.

This extraordinary reduction of the revenue within the last few years appears the more extraordinary, when it is considered how vast a sum was raised, with comparative ease, during the war, and how inconsiderable were

the population and resources of the British empire at that time, compared with those upon whom the burden of the supplies is at present to be laid. In order to illustrate this matter, we have compiled, from official and authentic sources, a statement of the population, exports, imports, tonnage, and revenue of the British empire in the years 1815, 1816, and 1839. And the contrast they exhibit is so extraordinary and so strikingly illustrative of the weakness of the Government which, with such resources, has allowed the revenue so miserably to dwindle away, that we here insert it as illustrative both of the elements and national strength which were at the disposal of Government, and the miserable use which they have actually made of them.

	Population.	Exports. Official value.	Imports. Official value.	Tonnage.	Revenue.
1815,	18,800,000	58,624,550	32,987,000	2,681,000	72,210,000
1816,	19,000,000	49,197,850	27,431,604	2,783,933	62,264,000
1839,	27,250,000	105,170,549	61,268,320	2,785,387	47,333,459

Thus, since 1815, the population of the empire has increased nearly a half; our exports have more than doubled, our imports have doubled, our shipping has advanced a sixth, while the revenue has been brought down to little more than *two-thirds* of its former amount. No one can doubt that a great reduction of taxation, upon the termination of the war, was both necessary and expedient; but it is also apparent from these details, that the reduction has been both uncalled-for and excessive, and that the vast increase in the resources of the state in every department would have enabled the nation, under any prudent or rational system of government, to have provided with ease a real sinking fund of ten millions annually, to be applied to the reduction of debt—in other words, to have paid off already four hundred millions of the national debt.

The cause to which this woeful and unexpected result is to be ascribed, is obviously the same with that to which the large encroachments on the sinking fund, and the abandonment of Mr Pitt's admirable system for the reduction of the debt, is to be ascribed, viz.—the undue preponderance of the voice of the unthinking many in the Legislature, and the increasing necessity to

which Government has been reduced ever since the peace, of courting popularity on all occasions, and sacrificing the ultimate interest of the state to the passion for economical reduction on the part of the middle classes of society.

These middle classes possess many admirable qualities; it is in their industry and accumulations that is to be found the source of almost all the wealth of the state, and their vigilant oversight is of the highest importance at all times, to prevent the Government from perverting the national funds to the purposes of Parliamentary interest or patrician corruption. But they are altogether unfitted to assume the direct management of financial concerns, for this plain reason, that present economy and reduction of taxation is with them at all times an *absolute passion*, while their habits of business and station in life prevent them from acquiring those general and systematic views for the regulation of public affairs, which are indispensable to the durable welfare or prosperity of a nation. There is nothing so easy as for any Government, which has no regard for the ultimate welfare of the state, to gain the suffrages and ensure the pre-

sent support of that class of society. They have nothing to do but to go on taking off tax after tax every year, carefully to abstain from ever laying on a new one, and to hold out the prospect of a still greater and boundless relief from burdens, to ensure the support of the great bulk of the shopocracy throughout the empire; and this popularity will continue as long as *present* relief can be purchased by the progressive unwinding of the springs of the state. Doubtless, such a system must ere long come to an end. Present relief and ultimate welfare cannot co-exist for any considerable time in an old state heavily burdened with debt; the day of reckoning must come to the statesmen who thus live on the ultimate resources of the empire. The national security endangered, the national honour will be tarnished—the national resources extinguished by such a disastrous course of proceeding; and certainly many years cannot pass away before these effects are sensibly felt, and the unthinking applause of the moment is converted into the lasting execrations of ages. But still the evil is done, and is irreparable: the precious period of salvation, never to be regained, has passed away; the tide-stop of the flood has permanently changed into ebb; and the means of regaining the former vantage-ground have for ever disappeared. When the Roman legions drew their lines round the devoted city of Carthage, the people saw clearly how egregiously they had been misled by their former demagogues, and lamented, with tears of anguish, their blind insensibility to the counsels of Hannibal; but all that could not recal the days of Cannæ and Thrasymenæ.

The Liberal journals, in opposition to arguments such as these, uniformly exclaim, that to ascribe this devotion to present objects, and insensibility to ultimate consequences, to the middle classes, or the Government whom they support, is to suppose them to be absolute fools or idiots; and that such a supposition is not only contrary to the equal distribution of mental qualities throughout mankind, but is contradicted by the important part which the middle classes have, in all ages, and especially in the present, played in the great drama of human affairs. We answer, that in making these observations, we do not by any means wish to argue that the middle

classes are one iota inferior in mental capacity to the higher, or that there are not to be found men in their ranks perfectly capable of filling the highest offices, and wielding the greatest powers of government. What we say is, that the science of government, like every other complicated art or science in the world, requires *long previous study and preparation*; and that no persons can conduct it well, either directly by taking the lead, or indirectly by governing the leaders, but those who have made it the object of study for a course of years, and devoted their lives to the acquisition of its principles and the mastery of its details. We say that the middle and the lower classes are unfit to be intrusted with the duties of self-government, not because they are inferior in original capacity to the professional statesman, but because they have never learned his art.

Turn to common life, and see how universally the truth of this principle is understood and acted upon in the ordinary concerns of men. The whole of society is divided into different classes, trades, or professions; and no one ever imagines, that because he is master of one profession or handicraft, he is on that account capable of undertaking another. A farmer considers it no opprobrium to be told that he does not understand the business of a merchant—the most profound lawyer pretends to no acquaintance with the medical art, and a first-rate tailor advances no pretensions to the skill in their several departments of a shoemaker, an upholsterer, or a printer. But, unfortunately, all these different trades and professions, though perfectly aware that their skill is confined to their own peculiar line of life, and that they are altogether incompetent to judge of the merits of other professions or workmanship, conceive themselves perfectly qualified to exercise the functions, or judge of the conduct of statesmen—a profession requiring ten times more study than all the handicrafts in the island put together, and at least as much patient assiduity and application as the sciences either of law or medicine.

No one thinks, in civilized or rational society, of proclaiming the principle of self-clothing, or self-furnishing of houses; and every body knows, that the attempt to make every man his own doctor or lawyer, soon becomes

the most prolific source of profit to the apothecary or attorney; but, unfortunately, the principle of self-government is thought to be applicable to the public concerns of the state; all men are supposed by nature to be born ready-made legislators; and the most complicated and difficult subject of human study is held to be capable of instant acquisition by every person who can read a newspaper.

It is in this fatal delusion that the true cause of the present disastrous state of our finances is to be found. The Reform Bill has practically vested the administration of affairs, and especially of the financial concerns of the nation, in the masses of the people; and Schedule A. having effectually closed the gates in future against the whole race of professional and real informed statesmen, the government has had no alternative but to live on from day to day, without ever looking to the future, and to bring forward such measures only as were likely at the moment to prove acceptable to the people, without the slightest regard to their ultimate effects, or the permanent advantage of the state. On no other principle is it possible to account for the facts, that while in 1816, at the close of a war of two-and-twenty years duration, we had a sinking fund of thirteen millions annually to apply to the reduction of debt, we have now, after five-and-twenty years of profound peace, and the duplication of all our national resources, not only no sinking fund at all, but an actual *deficit of a million sterling annually*. Is this a sample of the capacities of the masses for the great duties of self-government? Is this a proof of the great foresight and sagacity of popular administration? If these are to be taken as a specimen of the results of the great democratic changes of the present day, they are certainly more disheartening than any that their bitterest enemy ever ventured to predict.

annually have been repealed since the battle of Waterloo, of which thirty-eight millions were remitted by the Tory Governments, from 1815 to 1831, and about seven millions by the Whig administration since that time. Now, what was required to have kept up the sinking fund at a proper level, and to have rendered Great Britain at this moment almost disburdened of public debt? Nothing but to have kept on about ten millions of indirect taxes above the expenditure. Such a sum, steadily applied with its growing interest to the reduction of debt, would have been now paying off nearly thirty millions a-year, and we would already have paid off above four hundred millions of the public debt. What was requisite to have attained this great and all-important object? Nothing but to have kept on the duties on beer, spirits, inhabited houses, and foreign wines. The aggregate of these taxes, the repeal of which has produced no sensible benefit to the community, is above ten millions sterling a-year.* So far from either the comforts or moral habits of the people being injured by such taxes being kept on, it may safely be affirmed that both would have been greatly improved. The inordinate passion for intoxication would not have taken so fatal a hold as it has now done of the working classes, because ardent spirits would not have been placed so completely within their reach; and, while their innocent and substantial comforts would have been unimpaired, not only would the national burdens have now been reduced to a comparative trifle, but all branches of industry would have been sustained and vivified, by the public securities being permanently kept above par. All these incalculable benefits have now been lost, and the nation reduced, after five-and-twenty years of peace, to the verge of insolvency, not from any real deficiency of funds to put the finances in the most flourishing condition, but from these resources having been thrown away by successive statesmen, in consequence of clamour raised by the Whigs and Li-

* Annual Malt and Hides, repealed 1822,		£2,139,000
Rum and British Spirits repealed 1826,		2,000,000
Beer, Hides, and Sugar, repealed 1830,		4,070,000
House Duty, repealed 1834,		1,200,000
Foreign Wines, repealed 1825,		740,000

£10,149,000

Nearly forty-five millions of tax-
berals, and the culpable habit of look-
ing to nothing but present popularity
and the means of getting over the exist-
ing session of parliament.

We do not deny that the Tory Ad-
ministrations, from 1815 to 1830, must
stand responsible to posterity for some
share of the blame, in consequence
of the deep wounds which they in-
flicted on the sinking-fund, and the
enormous repeal which they made of
indirect taxes, from the desire to obtain
temporary popularity without any re-
gard to ultimate consequences. But
what we rest upon is this, that it was the
*clamour for economy and reduction of tax-
ation raised by the Whigs*, and re-echoed
by the whole Liberal and democratic
party throughout the country for the
last thirty years, which drove the Tory
Government into these ruinous con-
cessions; and, therefore, that it is the
Whig party, and the principle of self-
government, which is really responsible
for all the disastrous changes which
have now rendered the debt a hopeless
burden, and landed the nation in almost
admitted insolvency. The Whigs are
very willing now to blame the Tories
for giving way to the loud and almost
universal cry for reduction of taxation,
raised by them from 1820 to 1830, and
for yielding to which they at the time
praised the liberal Tory ministers to the
very skies. But the justice of history
will dispel the illusion, and hold the
Whig party responsible for the whole
of these reductions, which originated in
the clamour which they raised, just
as it will hold the principle of self-go-
vernment and the Reform Bill respon-
sible for the present woeful condition
of the finances and hopeless state of the
public debt.

The Whig advocates will doubtless
reply, that great part of the public debt
which has grown up under their ad-
ministration, has been owing to the
twenty millions which was paid as a
compensation to the West Indian
proprietors. But here, again, the
same difficulty occurs; and this burden
is found to be directly owing to the
delusive principles of the same political
party. Who was it that raised the cry
for instant negro emancipation, and cut
short the slow and safe progress of
natural restoration to liberty, and pre-
cipitated, in three years, a change
which could hardly have been safely
accomplished in three centuries? Who

but the Whigs, who used that as a
stalking-horse whereon to carry on
their assaults against the Tory Admini-
strations, and went on, year after year,
inflaming the minds of the people by
exaggerated representations of the evils
of servitude, and the blessings of liberty
to savage man, till at last they worked
the nation up to a perfect paroxysm of
philanthropic fervour and benevolent
insanity, until in an evil hour the
fatal act was consummated, and the
ruinous gift of immediate freedom was
conferred upon eight hundred thousand
Africans, not yet reclaimed from savage
life, and wholly unfit to receive it?
It won't do for the Whigs, therefore,
to endeavour now to escape from the
responsibility of their own deeds, and
to throw the blame of the present dis-
astrous condition of the country upon
their political opponents. History has
recorded their efforts, and they must
abide the consequences. They de-
stroyed the sinking fund by the cla-
mour which they raised against in-
direct taxes which injured no one, and
therefore they are responsible for the
present burden of the public debt; they
destroyed the old constitution, and
therefore they are responsible for all
the weakness and imbecility of the one
which they have substituted in its
room; they destroyed slavery in the
West Indies, and therefore they are
responsible for all the burdens and dis-
asters consequent upon premature
emancipation of the negroes; they de-
stroyed the Protestant constitution of
the empire, and therefore they are re-
sponsible for all the blessings of
O'Connell and his tail, and the raising
of a fierce cry for a dismemberment of
the empire by the faction who practi-
cally rule the government.

If any additional proof were want-
ing of the total ruin to the financial
prospects of the empire, which has
arisen from the ascendancy given to the
masses, and the ruinous principle of self-
government, it would be found in the
extraordinary step regarding the Post-
Office, which Government have deem-
ed it necessary to adopt in the last
session of Parliament. The sums re-
ceived from the Post-Office, in the
year ending 5th January 1839, were
L.2,531,217, of which the net profit,
after deducting the charges of collec-
tion, was L.1,656,953. Every body
knows, that although the nation has
enjoyed five-and-twenty years of al-

most uninterrupted peace, yet the political horizon is now in almost every quarter overshadowed with clouds, and that nothing short of a miracle can preserve the continuance of these pacific relations for any considerable time longer. We have recently had a fierce civil war in Canada—the West Indies are in such a state of discontent as to require a large force, civil and military, for their protection—a gigantic and most costly war has been commenced in the East Indies, and the British arms carried up into the heart of Asia—the chances of a contest both in the Baltic and Mediterranean are hourly increasing—while the turbulent state of the country, excited by the experienced failure of the Reform Bill, has rendered it painfully apparent that a large increase of our domestic force is unavoidable. The effect of these approaching difficulties is already felt in the admitted excess of L.950,000 of expenditure last year above the income. And yet, with such a bankrupt exchequer, and such enormous charges staring us in the face, this is the moment that Government have thought fit to throw away at least a million a-year by the substitution of a penny for the ordinary postage, and thereby rendered it a matter of perfect certainty that in the next, and probably in every succeeding year, the annual deficiency will be two millions sterling!

So prodigal and culpable a waste of public money as this, at such a time, and with such necessity for a surplus revenue existing, from so many concurring dangers, is perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world, and can be explained on no other principle than this, that the ascendancy given to the masses by the Reform Bill has rendered any thing like a systematic or real government impracticable in the country, and that the wretched administration which has arisen out of the confusion it produced, has no other resource but to barter a few months of lingering existence against the present solvency and ultimate independence of the empire.

Sir Robert Peel declared, in his place in the House of Commons, that even if he stood alone, he would protest in the loudest manner against this uncalled-for and ruinous dilapidation of the public income; and that he would rather retire altogether from

public life, and spend the next thirty years in retirement, than lend the support of his name, in any shape, to a measure so ruinous to the present security, and fatal to the ultimate public credit of the country. Lord Melbourne said, on the same subject, in the House of Lords, that the experiment was undoubtedly a very dangerous one, and that he really *did not know how the deficiency which would be occasioned in the public revenue was to be made up*; but that the people were impatient for the reduction, and he supposed it was necessary to yield to their wishes. These two declarations may be regarded as tests of the old and new race of statesmen—of those who governed the country in times past, and those who are governed by it in times present. There is no one declaration of Sir Robert Peel's for which we so highly honour him, or which will go so far to redeem his character from the imputation of undue yielding to popular clamour, which attached to the earlier parts of his political career. He may now see what are the consequences of conciliation and concession, and of the vain attempt to disarm democratic hostility by anticipating its wishes, or yielding to its demands. Better, far better for the Conservative party to remain for years out of power, than to tarnish their reputation by any further concessions to a ceaseless demand for a reduction of taxation, which is as intent upon present gain as it is blind to ultimate ruin. The night is far spent, the morning is at hand. They may rely upon it the period is not far distant, when this total disregard of the future, which has characterised all the Governments of Great Britain since 1830, will land the nation in some grievous public calamity; and that when that period does arrive, the light will at once break in upon a benighted people, and the storm of indignation which will fall on the heads of those who have been instrumental in bringing about such misfortunes will be irresistible. The passport to public favour will then be, not to have *supported* but *resisted* these ruinous reductions; and the nation, taught by the experience of suffering, will regard as her only true friends, those who had the courage to oppose them when they were wrong, and disregard their censure when it arose from ignorance.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR !

PART I.

Fortuna, sævo læta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludare pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
 Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et in eâ
 Virtute me involvo, probamque
 Pauperiem sine dote quero.

HOR. CARM. Lib. iii. 29.

[*To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.*

SIR,—If you should be so well satisfied with this, the first part of a short series of papers, as to insert it in your far-famed Magazine, not having been deterred from perusing it by the frank avowal that its writer is utterly "to fortune and to fame unknown," he will gladly transmit you the remainder of the series, as you may desire. If, on the contrary, it should not come up to your mark, your courtesy will, he is sure, induce you to return him the MS., addressed as beneath, to be left at Mr Cadell's in the Strand, where the writer will call for it, after the appearance, without this paper, of your *November* Number.—Z.

—, near London, 14th July, 1839.

* * Our correspondent, whose modest note we have taken the liberty of printing above, as we received it, will, we trust, in good time, send us Part II.; and also enable us to communicate with him *confidentially*.—C. N.]

ABOUT ten o'clock one Sunday morning, in the month of July 183—, the dazzling sunbeams which had for many hours irradiated a little dismal back attic in one of the closest courts adjoining Oxford Street, in London, and stimulated with their intensity the closed eyelids of a young man lying in bed, at length awoke him. He rubbed his eyes for some time, to relieve himself from the irritation he experienced in them; and yawned and stretched his limbs with a heavy sense of weariness, as though his sleep had not refreshed him. He presently cast his eyes on the heap of clothes lying huddled together on the backless chair by the bedside, and where he had hastily flung them about an hour after midnight; at which time he had returned from a great draper's shop in Oxford Street, where he served as a shopman, and where he had nearly dropped asleep after a long day's work, while in the act of putting up the shutters. He could hardly keep his eyes open while he undressed, short as was the time it took him to do so; and on dropping exhausted into bed, there he had continued in deep un-

broken slumber, till the moment at which he is presented to the reader. He lay for several minutes, stretching, yawning, and sighing, occasionally casting an irresolute eye towards the tiny fireplace, where lay a modicum of wood and coal, with a tinder-box and a match or two placed upon the hob, so that he could easily light his fire for the purposes of shaving and breakfasting. He stepped at length lazily out of bed, and when he felt his feet, again yawned and stretched himself, then he lit his fire, placed his bit of a kettle on the top of it, and returned to bed, where he lay with his eye fixed on the fire, watching the crackling blaze insinuate itself through the wood and coal. Once, however, it began to fail, so he had to get up and assist it by blowing and bits of paper; and it seemed in so precarious a state that he determined not again to lie down, but sit on the bedside, as he did with his arms folded, ready to resume operations if necessary. In this posture he remained for some time, watching his little fire, and listlessly listening to the discordant jangling of innumerable church-bells, clamorously

calling the citizens to their devotions. What passed through his mind was something like the following:—

“Heigho!—Oh, Lord!—Dull as ditch water!—This is my only holiday, yet I don’t seem to enjoy it—the fact is, I feel knocked up with my week’s work.—Lord, what a life mine is, to be sure! Here am I, in my eight-and-twentieth year, and for four long years have been one of the shopmen at Dowlas, Tag-rag, Bobbin and Company’s—slaving from seven o’clock in the morning till ten at night, and all for a salary of £35 a-year, and my board! And Mr Tag-rag is always telling me how high he’s raised my salary! Thirty-five pounds a-year is all I have for lodging, and appearing like a gentleman! Oh, Lord, it can’t last; for sometimes I feel getting desperate—such strange thoughts! Seven shillings a-week do I pay for this cursed hole—(he uttered these words with a bitter emphasis, accompanied by a disgustful look round the little room)—that one couldn’t swing a cat in without touching the four sides!—Last winter, three of our gents. (*i. e.* his fellow-shopmen) came to tea with me one Sunday night; and bitter cold as it was, we four made this d—d dog-hole so hot, we were obliged to open the window!—And as for accommodations—I recollect I had to borrow two nasty chairs from the people below, who on the next Sunday borrowed my only decanter, in return, and, hang them, cracked it!—Curse me, if this life is worth having! It’s all the very vanity of vanities, and no mistake! Fag, fag, fag, all one’s days, and—what for? Thirty-five pounds a-year, and ‘no advance!’ Bah, bells! ring away till you’re all cracked!—Now do you think *I’m* going to be mewed up in church on this the only day out of the seven I’ve got to sweeten myself in, and sniff fresh air? A precious joke that would be!—Whew!—after all, I’d as lieve sit here; for what’s the use of my going out? Every body I see out is happy, excepting me, and the poor chaps that are like me!—Every body laughs when they see me, and know that I’m only a tallow-faced counter-jumper, for whom its no use to go out!—Oh, Lord! what’s the use of being good-looking, as some chaps say I am?”—Here he instinctively passed his left hand through a profusion of sandy-coloured hair, and

cast an eye towards the bit of fractured looking-glass that hung against the wall, and which, by faithfully representing to him a by no means plain set of features (dispite the dismal hue of his hair) whenever he chose to appeal to it, had afforded him more enjoyment than any other object in the world for years. “Ah, Lord! many and many’s the fine gal I’ve done my best to attract the notice of, while I was serving her in the shop,—that is, when I’ve seen her get out of a carriage! There has been luck to many a chap like me, in the same line of speculation; look at Tom Tarnish—how did he get Miss Twang, the rich piano-forte maker’s daughter?—and now he’s cut the shop, and lives at Hackney like a regular gentleman! Ah! that *was* a stroke! But some how, it hasn’t answered with me yet: the gals don’t take! Lord, how I have set my eyes and ogled them—all of them don’t seem to dislike the thing—and sometimes they’ll smile, in a sort of way that says I’m safe—but ’tis no use, not a bit of it!—My eyes! catch me, by the way, ever nodding again to a lady on the Sunday, that had smiled when I stared at her while serving her in the shop—after what happened to me a month or two ago in the Park! Didn’t I feel like damaged goods, just then! But, it’s no matter, women are so different at different times!—Very likely I mismanaged the thing.—By the way, what a precious puppy of a chap the fellow was that came up to her at the time she stepped out of her carriage to walk a bit! As for good looks—cut me to ribbons”—another glance at the glass—“no; I an’t afraid *there*, neither—but,—heigh-ho!—I suppose he was, as they say, born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and had never so many thousand a-year, to make up to him for never so few brains! He was uncommon well dressed though, I must own. What trowsers!—they stuck so natural to him, he might have been born in them. And his waist-coat, and satin stock—what an air! And yet, his figure was nothing *very* out of the way! His gloves, as white as snow; I’ve no doubt he wears a pair of them a day—my stars! that’s three and sixpence a-day, for don’t I know what *they* cost?—Whew! if I had but the cash to carry on that sort of thing!—And when he’d seen her into her carriage—the horse he got

on!—and what a tip-top groom—that chap's wages, I'll answer for it, were equal to my salary!" Here was a long pause. "Now—just for the fun of the thing, only suppose luck was to befall *me*. Say somebody was to leave me lots of cash,—many thousands a-year, or something in that line! My stars! wouldn't I go it with the best of them!" Another long pause. "Gad, I really should hardly know how to begin to spend it!—I think, by the way, I'd buy a title to set off with—for what won't money buy? The thing's often done; there was a great biscuit baker in the city, the other day, made a baronet of, all for his money—and why shouldn't I?" He grew a little heated with the progress of his reflections, clasping his hands with involuntary energy, as he stretched them out to their fullest extent, to give effect to a very hearty yawn. "Lord, only think how it would sound!

SIR TITTLERAT TITMOUSE, BARONET.

The very first place I'd go to, after I'd got my title, and was rigged out in Stulze's tip-top, should be—our cursed shop, to buy a dozen or two pair of white kid. What a flutter there would be among the poor pale devils as were standing, just as ever, behind the counters, at Dowlas, Tag-rag, and Co.'s, when my carriage drew up, and I stepped into the shop! Tag-rag would come and attend to me himself. No, he wouldn't—pride wouldn't let him. I don't know, though: what wouldn't he do to turn a penny, and make two and ninepence into three and a penny. I shouldn't quite come Captain Stiff over him; but I should treat him with a kind of an air, too, as if—hem! how delightful!" A sigh and a pause. "Yes, I should often come to the shop. Gad, it would be half the fun of my fortune! And they would envy me, to be sure! How one should enjoy it! I wouldn't think of marrying till—and yet I won't say either; if I get among some of them out and outers—those first-rate articles—that lady, for instance, the other day in the Park—I should like to see her cut me as she did, with ten thousand a-year in my pocket! Why, she'd be running after *me*, or there's no truth in novels, which I'm sure there's often a great deal in. Oh, of course, I might marry

whom I pleased. Who couldn't be got with ten thousand a-year?" Another pause. "I should go abroad to Russia directly; for they tell me there's a man lives there who could dye this hair of mine any colour I liked—egad! I'd come home as black as a crow, and hold up my head as high as any of them! While I was about it, I'd have a touch at my eyebrows"—Crash went all his castle-building, at the sound of his teakettle, hissing, whizzing, sputtering in the agonies of boiling over; as if the intolerable heat of the fire had driven desperate the poor creature placed upon it, who instinctively tried thus to extinguish the cause of its anguish. Having taken it off and placed it upon the hob, and placed on the fire a tiny fragment of fresh coal, he began to make preparations for shaving, by pouring some of the hot water into an old tea-cup, which was presently to serve for the purposes of breakfast. Then he spread out a bit of crumpled whity-brown paper, that had folded up a couple of cigars which he had bought over-night for the Sunday's special enjoyment—and which, if he supposed they had come from any place beyond the four seas, I imagine him to have been slightly mistaken. He placed this bit of paper on the little mantel-piece; drew his solitary, well-worn razor several times across the palm of his left hand; dipped his brush, worn within a third of an inch to the stump, into the hot water; presently passed it over so much of his face as he intended to shave; then rubbed on the damp surface a bit of yellow soap—and in less than five minutes Mr Titmouse was a shaved man. But mark—don't suppose that he had performed an extensive operation. One would have thought him anxious to get rid of as much as possible of his abominable sandy-coloured hair—quite the contrary. Every hair of his spreading whiskers was sacred from the touch of steel; and a bushy crop of hair stretched underneath his chin, coming curled out on each side of it, above his stock, like two little horns, or tusks. An imperial—*i.e.* a dirt-coloured tuft of hair, permitted to grow perpendicularly down the under lip of puppies—and a pair of promising mustachios, poor Mr Titmouse had been compelled to sacrifice some time before, to the tyrannical whimsies of his vulgar em-

ployers, Messrs Dowlas and Tag-rag, who imagined them not to be exactly suitable appendages for counter-jumpers. So that it will be seen that the space shaved over on this occasion was somewhat circumscribed. This operation over, he took out of his trunk an old dirty-looking pomatum pot. A little of its contents, extracted on the tips of his two fore fingers, he stroked carefully into his eye brows; then spreading some on the palms of his hands, he rubbed it vigorously into his stubborn hair and whiskers for some quarter of an hour; and then combed and brushed his hair into half a dozen different dispositions—so fastidious in that matter was Mr Titmouse. Then he dipped the end of a towel into a little water, and twisting it round his right fore-finger, passed it gently over his face, carefully avoiding his eyebrows, and the hair at the top, sides, and bottom of his face, which he then wiped with a dry corner of the towel; and no further did Mr Tittlebat Titmouse think it necessary to carry his ablutions. Had he been able to “see himself as others saw him,” in respect of those neglected regions which lay somewhere behind and beneath his ears, he might not possibly have thought it superfluous to irrigate them with a little soap and water; but, after all, he knew best; it might have given him cold: and besides, his hair was very thick and long behind, and might perhaps conceal any thing that was unsightly. Then Mr Titmouse drew from underneath the bed a bottle of Warren’s “incomparable blacking,” and a couple of brushes, with great labour and skill polishing his boots up to a wonderful point of brilliancy. Having washed his hands, and replaced his blacking implements under the bed, he devoted a few moments to boiling about three tea-spoonfuls of coffee, (as it was styled on the paper from which he took, and in which he had brought it—whereas it was, in fact, chicory.) Then he drew forth from his trunk a calico shirt, with linen wristbands and collars, which had been worn only twice since its last washing—*i. e.* on the preceding two Sundays—and put it on, taking great care not to rumple a very showy front, containing three little rows of frills; in the middle one of which he stuck three “studs,” connected together with two little gilt

chains, looking exceedingly stylish—especially coupled with a span-new satin stock which he next buckled round his neck. Having put on his bright boots, (without, I am sorry to say, any stockings,) he carefully insinuated his legs into a pair of white trowsers, for the first time since their last washing; and what with his short straps and high braces, they were so tight that you would have feared their bursting, if he should have sat down hastily. I am almost afraid that I shall hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that the next thing that he did was to attach a pair of spurs to his boots:—but, to be sure, it was not *impossible* that he might intend to ride during the day. Then he put on a queer kind of under waistcoat, which in fact was only a roll-collar of rather faded pea-green silk, and designed to set off a very fine flowered damson-coloured silk waistcoat; over which he drew a massive mosaic-gold chain, (to purchase which he had sold a serviceable silver watch,) which had been carefully wrapped up in cotton wool; from which soft depository, also, he drew HIS RING, (those must have been sharp eyes that could tell, at a distance, and in a hurry, that it was not diamond,) which he placed on the stumpy little finger of his red and thick right hand—and contemplated its sparkle with exquisite satisfaction. Having proceeded thus far with his toilet, he sat down to his breakfast, spreading the shirt he had taken off upon his lap, to preserve his white trowsers from spot or stain—his thoughts alternating between his late waking vision and his purposes for the day. He had no butter, having used the last on the preceding morning; so he was fain to put up with dry bread—and very dry and teeth-trying it was, poor fellow—but his eye lit on his ring! Having swallowed two cups of his *quasi*-coffee, (eugh! such stuff!) he resumed his toilet, by drawing out of his other trunk his blue surtout, with embossed silk buttons and velvet collar, and an outside pocket in the left breast. Having smoothed down a few creases, he put it on:—then, before him the little vulgar fraction of a glass, he stood twitching about the collar, and sleeves, and front, so as to make them sit well; concluding with a careful elongation of the wrist-bands of his shirt, so as to show their whiteness gracefully beyond

the cuff of his coat-sleeve—and he succeeded in producing a sort of white boundary line between the blue of his coat-sleeve and the red of his hand. At that useful member he could not help looking with a sigh, as he had often done before—for it was not a handsome hand. It was broad and red, and the fingers were thick and stumpy, with very coarse deep wrinkles at every joint. His nails also were flat and shapeless; and he used to be continually gnawing them till he had succeeded in getting them down to the quick—and they were a sight to set a Christian's teeth on edge. Then he extracted from the first-mentioned trunk a white pocket handkerchief—an exemplary one, that had gone through four Sundays' show, (not *use*, be it understood,) and yet was capable of exhibition again. A pair of sky-coloured kid gloves next made their appearance; which, however, showed such bare-faced marks of former service as rendered indispensable a ten-minutes' rubbing with bread crumbs. His Sunday hat, carefully covered with silver-paper, was next gently removed from its well-worn box—ah, how lightly and delicately did he pass his smoothing hand round its glossy surface! Lastly, he took down a thin black cane, with a gilt head, and full brown tassel, from a peg behind the door—and his toilet was complete. Laying down his cane for a moment, he passed his hands again through his hair, arranging it so as to fall nicely on each side beneath his hat, which he then placed upon his head, with an elegant inclination towards the left side. He was really not bad-looking, in spite of his sandy-coloured hair. His forehead, to be sure, was contracted, and his eyes were of a very light colour, and a trifle too protuberant; but his mouth was rather well-formed, and being seldom closed, exhibited very beautiful teeth; and his nose was of that description which generally passes for a Roman nose. His countenance wore generally a smile, and was expressive of—self-satisfaction; and surely any expression is better than none at all. As for the slightest trace of *intellect* in it, I should be misleading the reader if I were to say any thing of the sort. He was about five feet five inches in height, and rather strongly set, with a little tendency to round shoulders:—but his

limbs were pliant, and his motions nimble.

Here you have, then, Mr Tittlebat Titmouse to the life—certainly no more than an average sample of his kind; but as he is to go through a considerable variety of situation and circumstance, I thought you would like to have him as distinctly before your mind's eye as it was in my power to present him. Well—he put his hat on, as I have said; buttoned the lowest two buttons of his surtout, and stuck his white pocket handkerchief into the outside pocket in front, as already mentioned, disposing it so as to let a little of it appear above the edge of the pocket, with a sort of careful carelessness—a graceful contrast to the blue; drew on his gloves; took his cane in his hand; drained the last sad remnant in his coffee-cup; and, the sun shining in the full splendour of a July noon, and promising a glorious day, forth sallied this poor fellow, an Oxford Street Adonis, going forth conquering and to conquer! Petty finery without, a pinched and stunted stomach within; a case of *Back versus Belly*, (as the lawyers would say,) the plaintiff winning in a canter! Forth sallied, I say, Mr Titmouse, down the narrow, creaking, close staircase, which he had not quitted before he heard exclaimed from an opposite window, “My eyes! *an't* that a swell!” He felt how true the observation was, and that at that moment he was somewhat out of his element; so he hurried on, and soon reached the great broad street, apostrophized by the celebrated Opium-Eater, with bitter feeling, as—“Oxford Street!—stony-hearted step-mother! Thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children.” Here, though his spirits were not just then very buoyant, the poor dandy breathed more freely than when he was passing through the nasty crowded court (Closet Court) which he had just quitted. He passed and met hundreds who, like himself, seemed released for a precious day's interval from intense toil and miserable confinement during the week; but there were not many of them who had any pretensions to vie with him in elegance of appearance—and that was a *luxury*! Who could do justice to the air with which he strutted along! He felt as happy, poor soul, in his little ostentation, as

his Corinthian rival in tip-top turnout, after twice as long, and as anxious, and fifty times as expensive, preparations for effective public display! Nay, *my* poor swell was greatly the superior of such an one as I have alluded to. Titmouse *did*, to a great degree, bedizen his back at the expense of his belly; whereas, the Corinthian exquisite, too often taking advantage of station and influence, recklessly both satiates his appetite within, and decorates his person without, at the expense of innumerable heart-aching creditors. I do not mean, however, to claim any real merit for Titmouse on this score, because I am not sure how he would act if he were to become possessed of his magnificent rival's means and opportunities for the perpetration of gentlemanly frauds on a splendid scale. But we shall perhaps see by and by. He walked along with leisurely step; for haste and perspiration were vulgar, and he had the day before him. Observe the careless glance of self-satisfaction with which he occasionally regarded his bright boots, with their martial appendage, giving out a faint tingling sound as he heavily trod the broad flags; his spotless trousers, his tight surtout, and the tip of white handkerchief peeping accidentally out in front! A pleasant sight it was to behold him in a chance rencontre with some one genteel enough to be recognised—as he stood, resting on his left leg; his left arm stuck upon his hip; his right leg easily bent outwards; his right hand lightly holding his ebony cane, with the gilt-head of which he occasionally tapped his teeth; and his eyes, half-closed, scrutinizing the face and figure of each “*pretty gal*” as she passed! This was indeed HAPPINESS, as far as his forlorn condition could admit of his enjoying it. He had no particular object in view. A tiff over-night with two of his shop-mates had broken off a party which they had agreed the Sunday preceding in forming, to go to Greenwich on the ensuing Sunday; and this little circumstance a little soured his temper, depressed as were his spirits before. He resolved to-day to walk straight on, and dine somewhere a little way out of town, by way of passing the time till four o'clock, at which hour he intended to make his appearance in Hyde

Park, “to see the fashions,” which was his favourite Sunday occupation.

His condition was, indeed, forlorn in the extreme. To say nothing of his *prospects* in life—what was his present condition? A shopman, with £35 a-year, out of which he had to find his clothing, washing, lodging, and all other incidental expenses—his board being found him by his employers. He was five weeks in arrear to his landlady—a corpulent old termagant, whom nothing could have induced him to risk offending, but his overmastering love of finery; for I grieve to say, that this deficiency had been occasioned by his purchase of the ring he then wore with so much pride. How he had contrived to pacify her—lie upon lie as he must have had recourse to—I know not. He was in debt, too, to his poor washerwoman in six or seven shillings for nearly a quarter's washing; and owed five times that amount to a little old tailor, who, with huge spectacles on his nose, turned up to him, out of a little cupboard which he occupied in Closet Court, and which Titmouse had to pass whenever he went to or from his lodgings, a lean, sallow, wrinkled face, imploring him to “settle his small account.” All the cash in hand which he had to meet contingencies between that day and quarter-day, which was six weeks off, was about twenty-six shillings, of which he had taken one for the present day's expenses!

Revolving these somewhat disheartening matters in his mind, he passed easily and leisurely along the whole length of Oxford Street. No one could have judged from his dressy appearance, the constant smirk on his face, and his confident air, how very miserable that poor dandy was; but three-fourths of his misery were occasioned by the impossibility he felt of his ever being able to indulge in his propensities for finery and display. Nothing better had he to occupy his few thoughts. He had had only a plain mercantile education, as it is called, *i. e.* reading, writing, and arithmetic: beyond a very moderate acquaintance with these, he knew nothing whatever; not having read more than a few novels, and plays, and sporting newspapers. Deplorable, however, as were his circumstances—

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast.”

And probably, in common with most who are miserable from straightened circumstances, he often conceived, and secretly relied upon, the possibility of an unexpected change for the better: he had heard and read of extraordinary cases of LUCK. Why might he not be one of the LUCKY? A rich girl might fall in love with him—that was, poor fellow! in his consideration, the least unlikely way of luck's advent; or some one might leave him money; or he might win a prize in the lottery;—all these, and other accidental modes of getting enriched, frequently occurred to the well-regulated mind of Mr Tittlebat Titmouse; but he never once thought of determined, unwearying industry and perseverance in the way of his business conducing to such a result.

Is his case a solitary one?—Dear reader, *you* may be unlike poor Tittlebat Titmouse in every respect except *one*!

On he walked towards Bayswater; and finding it was yet early, and considering that the farther he went from town the better prospect there was of his being able, with little sacrifice of appearances, to get a dinner consistent with the means he carried about with him, viz. one shilling, he pursued his way a mile or two beyond Bayswater, and, sure enough, came at length upon a nice little public-house on the roadside, called the Squaretoes Arms. Very tired, and quite smothered with dust, he first sat down in a small back room to rest himself; and took the opportunity to call for a clothes-brush and shoe-brush, to relieve his clothes and boots from the heavy dust upon them. Having thus attended to his outer man, as far as circumstances would permit, he be-thought himself of his inner man, whose cravings he satisfied with a pretty substantial mutton-pie and a pint of porter. This fare, together with a penny to the little girl who waited on him, cost him tenpence; and having somewhat refreshed himself, he began to think of returning to town. Having lit one of his two cigars, he sallied forth, puffing along with an air of quiet enjoyment. Dinner, however humble, seldom fails, especially when accompanied by a fair draught of good porter, in some considerable degree to tranquillize the animal spirits; and that soothing effect

began soon to be experienced by Mr Titmouse. The sedative *cause* he erroneously considered to be the cigar he was smoking; whereas in fact the only tobacco he had imbibed was from the porter. But, however that might be, he certainly returned towards town in a far calmer and even more cheerful humour than that in which he had quitted it an hour or two before.

As he approached Cumberland Gate, it wanted about a quarter to five; and the Park might be said to be at its *acme* of fashion, as far as that could be indicated by a sluggish stream of carriages, three and four a-breast—coroneted panels in abundance—noble and well-known equestrians of both sexes, in troops—and some thousand pedestrians of the same description. So continuous was the throng of carriages and horsemen, that Titmouse did not find it the easiest matter in the world to shoot across to the footpath in the minor circle. That, however, he safely accomplished, encountering no more serious mischance than the subdued “D—n your eyes!” of a groom, between whom and his master Mr Titmouse had presumed to intervene. What a crowd of elegant women, many of them young and beautiful, (who but such, to be sure, would become, or be allowed to become, pedestrians in the Park?) he encountered, as he slowly sauntered on, all of them obsequiously attended by brilliant beaux! Lords and ladies were here manifestly as plentiful as plebeians in Oxford Street. What an enchanted ground!—How delicious this soft crush and flutter of aristocracy! Poor Titmouse felt his utter insignificance. Many a sigh of dissatisfaction and envy escaped him; yet he stepped along with a tolerably-assured air, looking every body he met straight in the face, and occasionally twirling about his little cane with an air which seemed to say—“Whatever opinion *you* may form of me, I have a very good opinion of myself.” Indeed, was he not as much a man—an Englishman—as the best of them? What was the real difference between Count Do-em-all and Mr Tittlebat Titmouse? Only that the Count had dark whiskers, and owed more money than Mr Titmouse's creditors could be persuaded to allow *him* to owe! Would to Heaven—thought Titmouse—that any *one* tailor would patronize *him*, as

half-a-dozen had patronised the Count! If pretty ladies of quality did not disdain a walking advertisement of three or four first-rate tailors, like the Count, why should they turn up their noses at an assistant in an extensive wholesale and retail establishment in Oxford Street, conversant with the qualities and prices of the most beautiful articles of female attire? Leaning against the railing in a studied attitude, and eyeing wistfully each gay and fashionable equipage, with its often lovely, and sometimes haughty enclosure, as it rolled slowly past him, Mr Titmouse became more and more convinced that the only real distinction between mankind was that effected by money. Want of money alone had placed him in his present abject position. Abject indeed! By the great folk, who were passing him on all sides, he felt, well-dressed as he believed himself to be, that he was no more noticed than as if he had been a pismire, a blue-bottle fly, or a black beetle! He looked, and sighed—sighed, and looked—looked, and sighed again, in a kind of agony of vain longing. While his only day in the week for breathing fresh air, and appearing like a gentleman in the world, was rapidly drawing to a close, and he was beginning to think of returning to the dog-hole he had crawled out of in the morning, and the shop for the rest of the week; the great, and gay, and happy folk he was looking at, were thinking of driving home to dress for their grand dinners, and to lay out every kind of fine amusement for the ensuing week, and that was the sort of life they led every day in the week. He heaved a profound sigh. At that moment a superb cab, with a gentleman in it dressed in great elegance, and with a very keen and striking countenance, came up with a cab of still more exquisite structure and appointments, in which sat a young man, evidently of consequence; very handsome, with splendid mustachios; perfectly well-dressed; holding the reins and whip gracefully in hands glistening in straw-coloured kid gloves—and between the two gentlemen ensued the following low-toned colloquy, which it were to be wished that every such sighing simpleton (as Titmouse must, I fear, now appear to the reader) could have overheard.

“Ah, Fitz!” said the former-mentioned gentleman to the latter, who

blushed scarlet when he perceived who had addressed him—“When did you return to town?”

“Last night only.”

“Enjoyed yourself, I hope?”

“Pretty well—but—I suppose you——”

“Sorry for it,” interrupted the first speaker in a lower tone, perceiving the vexation of his companion; “but can’t help it, you know.”

“When?”

“To-morrow at nine. Monstrous sorry for it—’pon my soul, Fitz, you really must look sharp, or the thing won’t go on much longer.”

“Must it be, really?” enquired the other, biting his lips—at that moment kissing his hand to a very beautiful girl, who slowly passed him in a coroneted chariot—“must it really be, Joe?” he repeated, turning towards his companion a pale and bitterly-chagrined countenance.

“Poz, ’pon my life. Cage clean, however, and not very full——”

“Would not *Wednesday*?——” enquired the other, leaning forward towards the former speaker’s cab, and whispering with an air of intense earnestness. “The fact is, I’ve engagements at C——’s on Monday and Tuesday nights with one or two country cousins, and I *may* be in a condition—eh? you understand?”

His companion shook his head distrustfully.

“Upon my word and honour as a gentleman, it’s the fact!” said the other, in a low vehement tone.

“Then—say *Wednesday*, nine o’clock, a.m. You understand? No mistake, Fitz!” replied his companion, looking him steadily in the face as he spoke.

“None—honour I!”—After a pause—“Who is it?”

His companion took a slip of paper out of his pocket, and in a whisper read from it—“Cabs, harness, &c., L.197, 10s.”

“A villain! It’s been of only eighteen months’ standing,” interrupted the other, in an indignant mutter.

“Between ourselves, he *is* rather a sharp hand. Then, I’m sorry to say there’s a detainer or two I have had a hint of——”

“D—n their souls!” exclaimed the other, with an expression of mingled disgust, vexation, and hatred; and adding, “*Wednesday—nine*”—drove off, a picture of tranquil enjoyment.

I need hardly say that *he* was a fashionable young spendthrift, and the other a sheriff's officer of the first water—the genteeldest *beak* that ever was known or heard of—who had been on the look-out for him several days, and with whom the happy youngster was doomed to spend some considerable time at a cheerful residence in Chancery Lane, bleeding gold at every pore the while;—his only chance of avoiding which, was, as he had truly hinted, an honourable attempt on the purses of two hospitable country cousins, in the meanwhile, at C——'s! And if he did not succeed in that enterprise, so that he *must* go to cage, he lost the only chance he had had for some time of securing an exemption from such annoyance, by entering Parliament to protect the liberties of the people—an eloquent and resolute champion of freedom in trade, religion, and every thing else; and an abolitionist of every thing, including, especially, negro slavery and imprisonment for debt—two execrable violations of the natural rights of mankind.

But we have, for several minutes, lost sight of the admiring Titmouse.

"Why," thought he, "am I thus spited by fortune?—The only thing she's given *me* is—nothing!—*D—n every thing!*" exclaimed Mr Titmouse aloud, at the same time starting off, to the infinite astonishment of an old peer, who had been for some minutes standing leaning against the railing, close beside him, who was master of a magnificent fortune, "with all appliances and means to boot;" with a fine grown-up family, his eldest son and heir having just gained a Double First, and promising wonders; many mansions in different parts of England; exquisite taste and accomplishment; the representative of one of the oldest families in England; but who at that moment loathed every thing and every body, including himself, because the minister had that day intimated to him that he could not give him a vacant riband, for which he had applied, unless he could command two more votes in the Lower House, and which at present he saw no earthly means of doing. Yes, the Earl of Cheviotdale and Mr Tittlebat Titmouse were both miserable men; both had been hardly dealt with by fortune; both were greatly to be pitied; and both quitted the Park,

about the same time, with a decided misanthropic tendency.

Mr Titmouse walked along Piccadilly with a truly chapfallen and disconsolate air. He almost felt dissatisfied even with his personal appearance. Dress as he would, no one seemed to care a curse for him; and, to his momentarily jaundiced eye, he seemed equipped in only second-hand and shabby finery—and then he was really such a *poor* devil. Do not let the reader suppose that this was an unusual mood with Mr Titmouse. No such thing. Like the Irishman who "married a wife for to make him *un-aisy*;" and also not unlike the moth that *will* haunt the brightness that is her destruction; so poor Titmouse, Sunday after Sunday, dressed himself out as elaborately as he had done on the present occasion, and then always betook himself to the scene he had just again witnessed, and which once again had excited only those feelings of envy, bitterness, and despair, which I have been describing, and which, on every such occasion, he experienced with, if possible, increased intensity.

What to do with himself till it was time to return to his cheerless lodgings he did not exactly know; so he loitered along at a snail's pace. He stood for some time staring at the passengers, their luggage, the coaches they were ascending and alighting from, and listening to the strange medley of coachmen's, guards', and porters' vociferations, and passengers' greetings and leave-takings—always to be observed at the White Horse Cellar. Then he passed along, till a street row, near the Haymarket, attracted his attention and interested his feelings; for it ended in a regular set-to between two watermen attached to the adjoining coach-stand. Here he conceived himself looking on with the easy air of a swell; and the ordinary penalty (paying for his footing) was attempted to be exacted from him; but he had nothing to be picked out of any of his pockets except that under his very nose, and which contained his white handkerchief. This over, he struck into Leicester Square, where, (he was in luck that night,) hurrying up to another crowd at the further end, he found a man preaching with infinite energy. Mr Titmouse looked on, and listened for two or three minutes with apparent interest;

and then, with a countenance in which pity struggled with contempt, muttered, loud enough to be heard by all near him, "poor devil!" and walked off. He had not proceeded many steps, before it occurred to him that a friend—one Robert Huckaback, much such another one as himself—lived in one of the narrow, dingy streets in the neighbourhood. He determined to take the chances of his being at home, and if so, of spending the remainder of the evening with him. Huckaback's quarters were in the same ambitious proximity to heaven as his own; the only difference being, that they were a trifle cheaper and larger. He answered the door himself, having only the moment before returned from *his* Sunday's excursion,—i. e. the Jack Straw's Castle Tea-Gardens, at Highbury, where, in company with several of his friends, he had "spent a jolly afternoon." He ordered in a glass of negus from the adjoining public-house, after some discussion, which ended in an agreement that he should stand treat that night, and Titmouse on the ensuing one. As soon as the negus arrived, accompanied by two captain's biscuits, which looked so hard and hopeless that they would have made the nerves thrill within the teeth that attempted to masticate them, the candle was lit—Huckaback handed a cigar to his friend; both began to puff away, and chattered pleasantly concerning the many events and scenes of the day.

"Any thing stirring in to-day's 'Flash'?" enquired Titmouse, as his eye caught sight of a copy of that able and interesting Sunday newspaper, which Huckaback had hired for the evening from the news-shop on the ground-floor of his lodgings.

"Not knowing, can't say," answered his friend, removing his cigar with his right hand, and then, with closed eyes and inflated cheeks, he very slowly ejected the smoke which he had last inhaled, and rose and took down the paper from the shelf.

"Here's a mark of a beastly porter-pot that's been set upon it, by all that's holy! It's been at the public-house! Too bad of Mrs Coggs to send it me up in this state!" said he, handling it as though its touch were contamination.—"Faugh! how it stinks!"

"What a horrid beast she must be!" exclaimed Titmouse, in like manner

expelling his mouthful of smoke. "But, since better can't be had, let's hear what news is in it. D—e, it's the only paper published, in my opinion, that's worth reading! Any fights stirring?"

"Haven't come to them yet," replied Huckaback, fixing his feet on another chair, and drawing the candle closer to the paper. "It says, by the way, that the Duke of Dunderhead is certainly making up to Mrs Thumps, the rich Nightman's widow;—a precious good hit that, isn't it? You know the Duke's as poor as a rat!"

"Oh! *that's* no news. It will quite set him up—and no mistake. Seen the Duke, ever?"

"Ye—es! Oh, several times!"—This was a lie, and Tittlebat knew that it was.

"D—d good-looking, I suppose?"

"Why—middling; I should say middling. Know *some* that needn't fear to compare with him—eh! Tittlebat?"—and Huckaback winked archly at his friend.

"Ah, ha, ha!—a pretty joke! But come, that's a good chap!—You can't be reading both of them at once—give us the other sheet, and set the candle right betwixt us!—Come, fair's the word!"

Huckaback, thus appealed to, did as his friend requested; and the two friends read and smoked for some minutes in silence.

"Well—I shall spell over the advertisements now," said Titmouse; "there's a pretty lot of them—and I've read every thing else—precious little there is, *here*, besides!—So, here goes!—One *may* hear of a prime situation, you know—and I'm quite sick of Dowlas'!"

Another interval of silence ensued. Huckaback was deep in the details of a trial for murder; and Titmouse, after having glanced listlessly over the entertaining first sheet of advertisements, was on the point of laying down his half of the paper, when he suddenly started in his chair, and stammered—

"Hollo!—hollo!—Why—"

"What's the matter, 'Tit?—eh?" enquired Huckaback, greatly astonished.

For a moment Titmouse made no answer, but fixed his eyes intently on the paper, which began to rustle in his trembling hands. What occasioned this eloquent outbreak, with its subse-

quent agitation, was the following advertisement.

"NEXT OF KIN—Important.—The next of kin, if any such there be, of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, formerly of Whithaven, cordwainer, and who died somewhere about the year 1793, in London, may hear of something of the GREATEST POSSIBLE IMPORTANCE to himself, or herself, or themselves, by immediately communicating with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, solicitors, Saffron Hill. No time is to be lost. 9th July 183.—*The third advertisement.*"

"By George! Here *is* a go!" exclaimed Huckaback, almost as much flustered.

"We aren't dreaming, Hucky—are we?" enquired Titmouse, his eyes still glued to the newspaper.

"No—by George! Never was either of us fellows so precious wide awake in our lives before! that I'll answer for!" Titmouse sate still and silent, and turned very pale.

"Read it up, Huck!—Let's hear how it *sounds*, and then we shall believe it!"

Huckaback read it aloud.

"It sounds like something, don't it?" enquired Titmouse, his colour a little returning.

"Uncommon!—If this isn't something, then there's nothing in any thing any more!"

"No!—now, do you really think so?" said Titmouse, seeking further confirmation than he had yet derived from his senses of sight and hearing.

"I do, by —! What a go it is! —Well, my poor old mother used to say, 'depend on it, wonders never *will* cease;' and curse me, if she ever said a truer word!"

Titmouse again read over the advertisement; and then relighting his fragment of cigar, puffed earnestly, in silence, for some moments.

"Such things never happens to such a poor devil of a chap as me!" exclaimed Huckaback, with a sigh.

"What *is* in the wind, I wonder?" muttered Titmouse.

"Who knows—hem!—who knows—But now, *really*—" he paused, and once more read over the pregnant paragraph.—"It can't—no, it *can't* be —"

"What, Tit? what can't be?" interrupted Huckaback eagerly.

"Why, I've been thinking—but what do *you* think, eh?—it can't be

a cursed hoax of the chaps in the premises at Dowlas'?"

"Bo!—Is there any of 'em flush enough of money to do the thing? And how should they think it would ever come to be seen by you?—Then, besides, there isn't a chap among them that could come up to the composing a piece of composition like that—no, not for all a whole year's salary—there isn't by George!"

"Ah! I don't know," said Titmouse, doubtfully. "But—honour!—do you really now think there's any thing in it?"

"I do—hanged if I don't, Tit!" was the sententious answer.

"Tol de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol,—diddl'em daddl'em—bough!" almost shouted Titmouse, jumping up, snapping his fingers, and dancing about in a wild ecstasy, which lasted for at least a minute.

"Give me your hand, Hucky," said he, almost breathless. "If I *am* a made man—tol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol, lo!—you see, Huck!—if I don't give you the handsomest breast-pin you ever saw! No paste! real diamond!—Hurrah! I will, by jingo!"

Huckaback grasped and squeezed his hand. "We've always been friends, Tit—haven't we?" said he, affectionately.

"My room won't hold me to-night!" continued Titmouse; "I'm sure it won't. I feel as if I were swelling all over. I'll walk the streets all night: I couldn't sleep a wink for the life of me. I'll walk about till the shop opens. Oh, faugh! how nasty! Confound the shop, and Dowlas, Tag-rag, (especially Tag-rag,) and every thing, and every body in it! Thirty-five pounds a-year! 'See if I won't spend as much in cigars the first month!'"

"Cigars! Is that your go? Now, I should take lessons in boxing, to begin with. It's a deuced high thing, you may depend upon it, and you can't be fit company for swells without it, Tit!"

"Whatever you like, whatever you like, Hucky! I'm sorry to say it, but how precious lucky that my father and mother's dead, and that I'm an only child—too-ra-laddy, too-ra-laddy!" Here he took such a sudden leap, that I am ashamed to say he split his trousers very awkwardly, and that sobered him for a moment, while they made arrangements for cobbling it up as well as might be, with a needle and

thread which Huckaback always had by him.

"We're rather jumping in the dark a-bit, aren't we, Tit?" enquired Huckaback, while his companion was repairing the breach. "Let's look what it all means—here it is." He read it all aloud again—"greatest possible importance"—what can it mean? Why the deuce couldn't they speak out plainly?"

"What! in a newspaper? Lord, Hucky! how many Titmouses would start up on all sides, if there isn't some already! I wonder what '*greatest possible importance*' can mean, now!"

"Some one's left you an awful lot of money, of course."

"It's too good to be true."

"Or you may have made a *smite*; you a'n't such a bad-looking fellow, when you're dressed as you are now." Mr Titmouse was quite flustered with the mere supposition, and also looked as sheepish as his features could admit of.

"E-e-e-h, Hucky! how ve-ry silly you are!" he simpered.

"Or you may be found out heir to some great property, and all that kind of thing. But when do you intend to go to Messrs What's-their-name? I say, the sooner the better. Come, you've stitched them well enough, now; they'll hold you till you get home; but I'd take off my straps, if I was you. Why shouldn't we go to these gents now? Ah, here they are—Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, solicitors."

"I wonder if they're great ones? Did you ever hear of them before?"

"Haven't I! Their names is always in this same paper; they are continually getting people off out of all kinds of scrapes."

"But, my dear fellow—*Saffron Hill*.—Low that; low, 'pon my soul! Never was near it in my life."

"But they live there to be near the thieves. Lud, the thieves couldn't do without 'em! But what's that to you? You know 'a very dirty ugly toad has often got a jewel in his belly,' so Shakspeare or some one says. Isn't enough for *you*, Tit, if they can make good their advertisement? Let's off, Tit—let's off, I say; for you mayn't be able to get there to-morrow—your employers!—"

"My employers! Do you think,

Hucky, I'm going back to business after this?"

"Suppose it all turns out moonshine."

"Lord; but I won't suppose it! It makes me sick to think of nothing coming of it!—Let's go off at once, and see what's to be done!"

So Huckaback put the newspaper in his pocket, blew out the candle, and the two started on their important errand. It was well that their means had been too limited to allow of their indulging to a greater extent than a glass of port-wine negus (that was the name under which they drank the "*publican's* port"—i. e. a decoction of oak bark, logwood shavings, and a little brandy) between them; otherwise, excited as were the feelings of each of them by the discovery of the evening, they must in all probability have been guilty of some piece of extravagance in the streets. As it was, they talked very loudly as they went along, and in a tone of conversation pitched a little too high for their present circumstances, however in unison it might be with the expected circumstances of one of them.

In due time they reached the residence of which they were in search. It was a large house, infinitely superior to all its dingy neighbours; and on a bright brass-plate, a yard long at least, and a foot wide, stood the awe-inspiring words, "QUIRK, GAMMON, & SNAP, SOLICITORS."

"Now, Tit," whispered Huckaback, after they had paused for a second or two—"now for it—pluck up a sperrit—ring!"

"I—I—feel all of a sudden uncommon funky—I think that last cigar of yours wasn't——"

"Stuff, Tit—ring! ring away! Faint heart never wins!"

"Well, it must be done; so—here goes, at any rate!" and with a short nervous jerk he caused a startling clatter within, which was so distinctively audible without, that both of them instinctively *hemmed*, as if to drown the noise which was so much greater than they had expected. In a very few moments they heard some one undoing the fastenings of the door, and the gentlemen looked at one another with an expression of mingled expectation and apprehension. A little old woman at length stood before them with a candle in her hand.

"Who are you?" she exclaimed, crustily.

"Is this Messrs—what is it, Huck?—Oh! Messrs Quirk & Co's.?" enquired Titmouse, tapping the end of his cane against his chin, with a desperate effort to appear at his ease.

"Why, where are your eyes? I should think you might have seen what was wrote on this here plate—it's large enough, one could have thought, to be read by them as *can* read!" What's your business?"

"We want—Give us the paper, Huck!"—he added, addressing his companion, who produced it in a moment; and Titmouse would have proceeded to possess the old woman of all his little heart, when she cut him short by saying, snappishly—"They aren't none on 'em in; nor never is on Sundays—so you'll just call to-morrow, if you wants 'em. What's your names?"

"Mr Tittlebat Titmouse," answered that gentleman, with a very particular emphasis on every syllable.

"Mr *Who*?" exclaimed the old woman, opening her eyes, and raising her hand to the back of her ear. Mr Titmouse repeated his name more loudly and distinctly.

"Tippetituppety!—what's that?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Titmouse, peevishly; "I said, Mr Tittlebat Titmouse!—Will that suit?"

"Tick-a-tick-a-tick. Well, gracious! if ever I heard such a name. Oh!—I see!—you're making a fool of me! Get off, or I'll call a constable in. Get along with you, you couple of puppies! Is this the way——"

"I tell you," said Mr Huckaback, "that this gentleman's name is Mr Tittabat Titmouse; and you'd better take care what you're at, old woman, for we've come on business of wital consequence."

"I dare say it'll keep till to-morrow."

The friends consulted for a moment, and then Titmouse asked if he might go in and write a letter to Messrs Quirk?

"No," said she; "how do I know who you are? There's a public-house close by, where you may write what you like, and bring it here, and they'll get it the first thing in the morning. So that's what you may take away with you!"—with which the complainant old janitrix shut the door in their faces.

"Huck, I'm afraid there's nothing

in it," said Titmouse, despondingly, to his friend—both of them remaining rooted to the spot.

"Oudacious old toad!" muttered Huckaback, indignantly.

"If there *was* any thing in it," said Titmouse, with a deep sigh, "they must have made a deal of talk about it in the house; and this old thing *must* have heard my name often enough. It ain't so common a name, is it?"

"I—I own I don't half like the looks of it," replied his friend, putting his newspaper into his pocket again; "but we'll try if we can't write a letter to sound 'em, and so far take the old creature's advice. Here's the public-house she told us of. Come, let's see what's to be done."

Titmouse, greatly depressed, followed his friend; and they soon provided themselves with two glasses of stout, and implements for writing. That they made good use of their time and materials, let the following epistle prove. It was their joint composition, and here is an exact copy of it:—

"To Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap."

"SIR,

"Your Names being put in an Advertisement in this present *Sunday Flash*, Newspaper of to Day's Date, Mr T. T. begs to inform your respectable House I feel anxious to speak with them on this *truly interesting subject*, seeing it mentions the Name of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, which two last Names of that Deceased Person *my own name is*, which I can any Day (as soon as possible) call and *prove* to you, by-telling you the Same, *truly*. He being Engaged in Business during the week very close, (for the Present,) I hope that if they Have any thing particular to say to Him, they will write to Me without the least Delay, and please address T. T., at Dowlas and Co's, No. 375, Oxford Street, Post-Paid, which will ensure its being duly Taken In by my Employers, and am,

"Gents,

"Yours obediently,

"TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE."

"P.S.—My Friend, that is with me writing This, (Mr Robert Huckaback,) can prove who I am if Necessitated to do so.

"N.B.—Shall have no objections

to do the Liberal Thing if any thing suitable Turns up of it.

"T. T.

("Sunday Evening, 9/7/183—.

"Forgot to Say, I am the only Child of my Honoured Parents, who died; before I knew them in Lawful Wedloe, and was 27 last Birth Day, Never having Seen your Advertisement till this Night, wh, if Necessary can prove.")

This perspicuous and truly elegant performance having been thrice subjected to the critical examination of the friends, was then folded up, and directed to "Messrs Quirk and Co.," a great stragglng wet wafer having been first put upon it. It was safely deposited, a few minutes afterwards, with the old woman of the house, and then the two West-End gentlemen hastened away from that truly plebeian part of the town. Under four different gas-lights did they stop, take out the newspaper, and spell over the advertisement; by which ingenious processes they at length succeeded in satisfying themselves that there *was* something in it. They parted, however, with a considerable abatement of the excitement with which they had set out on their voyage of discovery.

Mr Titmouse did not, on reaching his room, take off and lay aside his precious Sunday apparel with his accustomed care and deliberation. On the contrary, he peeled them off, as it were, and threw himself on the bed as quickly as possible, in order that he might calmly revolve the immense event of the day in his mind, which it had agitated like a stone thrown into a stagnant pool by the road-side. Oh, how restless was he!—not more so could he have been had he lain between horse-hair sheets. He repeatedly got up and walked two or three steps, which were all that his room admitted of, and then sunk into bed again—but not to sleep, till four or five o'clock; having nevertheless to rise at half-past six, to resume his detested duties at Dowlas and Co's., whose shop he assisted in opening at seven o'clock, as usual. When he and his shopmates were sitting together at breakfast, he could not help letting out a little, vaguely and mysteriously, about "something that might happen in the course of the

day;" and thereby succeeded in satisfying his companions that he expected the visit of a policeman, for some *row* he had been concerned in over night. Well, eight, nine, ten o'clock wore away heavily, and nothing transpired, alas! to vary the monotonous duties in which Mr Titmouse was engaged; bale after bale, and package after package, he took down and put up again, at the bidding of pretty capricious customers; silk, satin, bombasins, crapes, muslins, ribands, gloves, he assisted in displaying and disposing of as usual; but it is certain that his powerful understanding could no longer settle itself, as before, upon his responsible and arduous duties. Every other minute, he cast a feverish furtive glance towards the door. He almost dropped, at one time, as a postman crossed from the opposite side of the street, as if to enter their shop—then passing on immediately, however, to the next door. Not a person, in short, entered the premises, that he did not scrutinize narrowly and anxiously, but in vain. No—buying and selling was the order of the day, as usual!—eleven o'clock struck, and he sighed. "You don't seem well," said a pretty young woman, to whom, in a somewhat absent manner, he was exhibiting and describing the qualities of some cambric. "Oh—ye—es, uncommon!" he replied; "never better, ma'am, than when so well employed!" accompanying the latter words with what he conceived to be a very arch, but which was in fact a very impudent look at his fair customer. At that moment, a voice called out to him from the further end of the shop, near the door—"Titmouse wanted!"

"Coming!" he shouted, turning as white as the cambric he held in his hands—which became suddenly cold and clammy; while his heart went thump, thump, as he hastily exclaimed, to the astonished lady, "Excuse me, ma'am, if you please—Jones," to the shopman next him, "will you attend to this lady?" and he hastened whither he had been called, amidst a prevalent grin and "hem!" from his companions on each side, as he passed along the shop, till he reached a middle-aged gentlemanly-looking person, standing near the door, and bowed to him.

"Mr Titmouse?" enquired the stranger, blandly.

"The same, sir, at your service," replied Titmouse, trembling involuntarily all over. The stranger slightly inclined towards him, and—still more slightly—touched his hat; fixing on him, at the same time, an inquisitive penetrating eye that really abashed him.

"You left—you favoured us by leaving a note at our office last night, addressed to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap?" he enquired, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"Yes, sir, hoping it was no"—

"Pray, Mr Titmouse, can we be alone for about five or ten minutes?"

"I—I—don't exactly know, *here*, sir; I'm afraid—against the rules of the house—but—I'll ask. Here is Mr Tag-rag.—May I step into the cloak-room with this gentleman for a few minutes, sir?" he continued, addressing his imperious employer, who, with a pen behind his right ear, his left hand in his breeches pocket, and his right hand impatiently tweedling about his watch seals, had followed Titmouse, on hearing him enquired for in the manner I have described, and stood at a yard or two's distance, eyeing the two with a fussy dissatisfied look, wondering what on earth any one *could* want with one of his young men.

As Mr Tag-rag will figure a little on my canvass by-and-by, I may as well here give the reader a slight sketch of that gentleman. He was about fifty-two years old; a great tyrant in his little way; a compound of ignorance, selfishness, and conceit. He knew nothing on earth except the price of his goods, and how to make the most of his business. He was of middle size, with a tendency to corpulence; and almost invariably wore a black coat and waistcoat, a white neck-handkerchief very firmly tied, and grey trowsers. He had a dull, grey eye, with white eyelashes, and no eyebrows; a forehead that seemed ashamed of his face, it retreated so far and so abruptly back from it; his face was pretty deeply pitted with the smallpox; his nose—or rather semblance of a nose—consisted of two great nostrils looking at you—as it were, impudently—out of the middle of his face; there was a perfect level space from cheekbone to cheekbone; his whiskers, neatly and closely cut, came in points to each corner of his mouth, which was a very large, shape-

less, sensual-looking affair. This may serve, for the present, to give you an idea of the man who had contrived to excite towards himself the hatred and contempt of every body over whom he had any control.

"You know we never allow any thing of the sort," was his short reply, in a very disagreeable tone and manner, to the modest request of Titmouse, as above mentioned.

"May I beg the favour of a few minutes' private conversation with Mr Titmouse," said the stranger, politely, "on a matter of the last importance to him? My name, sir, is Gammon, and I am a solicitor."

"Why, sir," answered Tag-rag, somewhat cowed by the calm and gentlemanly, but at the same time decisive manner of Mr Gammon—"it's really very inconvenient, and decidedly against the rules of the house, for any of my young men to be absent on business of their own during *my* business-hours; but—I suppose—what must be, must be—I'll give him ten minutes—and he'd better not stay longer," looking significantly first at his watch, and then at Titmouse. "It's only for the sake of the other young men, sir. In a large establishment like ours, we're obliged, you know, sir," &c., &c., &c., he added, in a low cringing tone, deprecatory of the contemptuous air with which he *felt* that Mr Gammon was regarding him. That gentleman, with a slight bow, and a supercilious smile, presently quitted the shop, accompanied by Titmouse.

"How far do you live from this place, Mr Titmouse?" he enquired as soon as they had got into the street.

"Not four minutes' walk, sir; but—hem!"—he was flustered at the idea of showing so eminent a person into his wretched room—"Suppose we were to step into this tavern here, sir—I dare say they've a room at our service —"

"Pray, allow me to ask, Mr Titmouse,—have you any private papers—family writings, or things of that sort, at your rooms?"

Titmouse seemed considering.

"I—I think I have, sir—one or two—but they're of no consequence."

"Are you a judge, Mr Titmouse?" enquired Mr Gammon, with a smile; "pray let us, my dear sir, at once to your rooms—time is very short and valuable. I should vastly like to look

at these same insignificant papers of yours !”

In less than two minutes' further time, Mr Gammon was sitting at Titmouse's little rickety round table, at his lodgings, with a sheet of paper, and his pens and portable inkstand before him, asking him a number of questions concerning his birth and family connexions, and taking down his answers very carefully—perhaps almost word for word. Mr Titmouse was quite surprised at the knowledge which Mr Gammon possessed of the family history of the Titmouses. As for papers, &c., Mr Titmouse succeeded in producing four or five old letters and memoranda from the bottom of his trunk, and the fly-leaf of a bible of his father's, which he did not recollect having opened before for very many years, and of which said entries, till pressed on the subject by Mr Gammon, he had been hardly even aware of the existence. With these several documents Mr Gammon was so much struck that he proposed to take them away with him, for better and more leisurely examination, and safer custody, at their office ; but Mr Titmouse significantly hinted at his very recent acquaintance with Mr Gammon, who, he intimated, was at liberty to come and make exact copies of them whenever he pleased, in his (Mr Titmouse's) presence.

“ Oh, certainly—yes,” replied Mr Gammon, slightly colouring at the distrust implied by this observation ; “ I applaud your caution, Mr Titmouse. By all means keep them, and most carefully ; because, (I do not say that they *are*,) but it is quite possible, that they may become rather valuable.”

“ Thank you, sir : and now, hoping you'll excuse the liberty, I should uncommonly like to know what all this means—what is to turn up out of it at all ?”

“ The law, my dear sir, is proverbially uncertain——”

“ Oh, Lord ! but the law can give me a *hint*——”

“ *The law never hints*,” interrupted Mr Gammon, impressively, with a bland smile.

“ Well then, how did you come, sir, to know that there ever was such a person as Mr Gabriel Titmouse ? I suppose he is my great-uncle, and what can come from him if he was only a bit of a shoemaker ?”

“ Ah, yes—exactly ; those are very interesting questions.”

“ Yes, sir ; and them and a great many more I was going to ask long go, but I saw you were——”

“ Sir, I perceive that we have positively been absent from your place of business nearly an hour—your employers will be getting rather impatient.”

“ Meaning no offence sir—bother *their* impatience ; *I'm* impatient, I assure you, to know what all this means. Come, sir, see how openly I have told you every thing.”

“ Why, certainly, you see, Mr Titmouse,” said Gammon, with an agreeable smile—(it was that smile of his that had been the making of Gammon)—“ it is only candid in me to acknowledge that your curiosity is perfectly reasonable ; and I see no difficulty in admitting that *I have* had a motive——”

“ Yes, sir—and all that—I know, sir,”—hastily interrupted Titmouse, but without irritating or disturbing the placid speaker.

“ And that we waited with some anxiety for the result of our advertisement.”

“ Ah, you can't escape from *that*, you know, sir !” interposed Titmouse, with a confident air.

“ But it is a maxim with us, my dear sir, never to be premature in any thing, especially when it may be very prejudicial ; you've really no idea, my dear Mr Titmouse, of the world of mischief that is often done by precipitancy in legal matters ; and in the present step of the business—the present stage, my dear sir—I really do see it necessary not to—do any thing premature, and without consulting my partners.”

“ Lord, sir !” exclaimed Titmouse, getting more and more irritated and impatient as he reflected on the length of his absence from Dowlas & Co's.

“ I quite feel for your anxiety—so perfectly natural.”

“ Oh, dear sir ! if you'd only tell me the *least bit*——”

“ If, my dear sir, I were to disclose just now the exact object we had in writing that advertisement in the papers——”

“ How did you come to know of it at all, sir ? Come, there can't be any harm.”

“ Not the least, my dear sir. It was in the course of business—in the course of business.”

"Is it money that's been left me—or—any thing of that sort?"

"It quite pains me, I assure you, Mr Titmouse—I think, by the way"—added Gammon suddenly, as something occurred to him of their previous conversation, which he was not sure of—"you told me that that Bible was given you by your father.

"Oh yes, sir! yes—no doubt of it; surely *that* can't signify, seeing he's dead; and I'm his only son?" asked Titmouse, quickly and eagerly.

"Oh, 'tis only a circumstance—a mere circumstance; but in business, you know, Mr Titmouse, every little helps."

"Why, meaning no offence, sir, I can't abide being put off in this kind of way. See what I've told you—you've told me nothing at all. I hope you haven't been only making me a cat's-paw of? I hate being made a cat's-paw of, sir!"

"Gracious, Mr Titmouse! how can you imagine it? You are at this moment the object of a considerable share of our anxiety——"

"Not meaning it rudely, sir—please to tell me at once, plainly, am I to be the better for any thing you're now about?"

"That may or may not be, sir," answered Gammon, in the same imperturbable manner, drawing on his gloves, and rising from his chair. "In justice to yourself, and other parties concerned——"

"Oh! is any body to *share* in it?" exclaimed Titmouse, alarmedly.

"I am sure," said Gammon, smiling, "that you will give us credit for consulting your best interests. We sincerely desire to advance them; and this matter occupies a good deal of our time and anxiety. It—it is *really*," looking at his watch, "an hour since we quitted your place of business—I fear I shall get into disgrace with your employers. Will you favour us with a call at our office to-morrow night, when the business of the day is over? When do you quit at night?"

"About a quarter to ten, sir; but, really—to-morrow night! Couldn't I come to-night, sir?"

"Not to-night, I fear, my dear sir. We have a very important engagement. Let us say to-morrow night, at a quarter past ten—shall we say that hour?"

"Well, sir, if not before—yes—I'll be with you. But I *must* say——"

"Good-day, Mr Titmouse." They

were by this time in Oxford Street again: "Good-day, my dear sir—good-day—to-morrow night, as soon after ten as possible—eh? Good-by."

This was all that Mr Titmouse could get out of Mr Gammon, who, hailing a coach off the stand beside them, popped into it, and it was soon making its way eastward. What a miserable mixture of doubts, hopes, and fears, had Mr Gammon left Titmouse! He felt as if he were like a squeezed orange; he had told every thing he knew about himself, and got nothing in return out of the smooth, imperturbable, impene-trable Mr Gammon, but empty civilities.—"Lord, Lord!" thought Titmouse, as Mr Gammon's coach turned the corner; "what would I give to know half about it that that man knows! But, Mr Tag-rag! good gracious! what *will* he say? It's struck twelve. I've been an hour away—and he gave me ten minutes! Sha'n't I catch it?"

And he did. Almost the very first person he met, on entering the shop, was his respected employer, Mr Tag-rag, who, plucking his watch out of his fob, and, looking furiously at it, motioned the trembling Titmouse to follow him to the further end of the long shop, where there happened to be then no customers.

"Is this your ten minutes, sir, eh?"

"I am sorry——"

"Where the devil have you been, sir?"

With that gentleman, sir, and I really did not know——"

"You didn't know, sir! Who cares what you know, or don't know? You know you ought to have been back fifty-five minutes ago, sir. You do, sir! Isn't your time my property, sir? Don't I pay for it, sir? An hour!—in the middle of the day! My God! I've not had such a thing happen this five years! I'll stop it out of your salary, sir."

Titmouse did not attempt to interrupt him.

"What have you been gossiping about, sir?"

"Something that he wanted to say to me, sir."

"Impudence!—do you suppose I don't see your impertinence? I *insist*, sir, in knowing what all this gossiping with that fellow has been about?"

"Then you *won't* know, sir," replied Titmouse, doggedly; returning to his usual station behind the counter.

"You won't!!"

"No, sir, you sha'n't know a single word about it."

"Sha'n't know a single word about it! My God! Do you know whom you're talking to, sir? Do you really know who I am, sir?—whom you are speaking to, sir?"

"Mr Tag-rag, I presume, of the firm of Dowlas, Tag-rag, and Co."—one or two of his companions near him, almost turned pale at the audacity he was displaying.

"And who are *you*, sir, that dare to presume to bandy words with *me*, sir?" enquired Tag-rag, quivering with rage.

"Tittlebat Titmouse, at your service," was the answer, in a glib tone, and with a sufficiently saucy air.

"You heard that, I hope?" enquired Tag-rag, with forced calmness, of a pale-faced young man, the nearest to him.

"Ye-es," was the meekly reluctant answer.

"This day month you leave, sir!" said Mr Tag-rag, solemnly—as if conscious that he was passing a sort of sentence of death upon the presumptuous delinquent.

"Very well, Mr Tag-rag—any thing that pleases you pleases your humble servant. I *will* go this day month, and welcome—I've long wished——"

"Then you *sha'n't* leave, sir," said Tag-rag, furiously.

"But I will, sir. You've given me warning; and, if you haven't, now I give *you* warning," replied Titmouse; turning, however, very pale, and experiencing a certain sudden sinking of the heart—for this was a serious and most unlooked-for event, and for a while put out of his head all the agitating thoughts of the last few hours. Poor Titmouse had enough to bear—what with the delicate raiillery and banter of his accomplished companions for the rest of the day, and the galling tyranny of Mr Tag-rag, who dogged him about all day, setting him about the most menial and troublesome offices he could, and constantly saying mortifying things to him before customers, and the state of miserable suspense in which Mr Gammon had thought fit to leave him; I say that surely all this was enough for him to bear without having to encounter at night, as he did, on his return to his lodgings, his blustering landlady, who

vowed that if she sold him out and out she'd be put off no longer—and his pertinacious and melancholy tailor, who, with sallow unshaven face, told him of five children at home, all ill of the smallpox, and his wife in an hospital—and he *implored* a payment on account. This sufferer succeeded in squeezing out of Titmouse seven shillings on account, and his landlady extorted ten; which staved off a distress—direful word—for some week or two longer; and so they left him in the possession of eight shillings, or so, to last till next quarter-day. He sighed heavily, barred his door, and sat down opposite his little table, on which was nothing but a solitary thin candle, and on which his eyes rested unconsciously, till the stench of it, burning right down in the socket, roused him from his wretched reverie. He then hastily threw off his clothes, and flung himself on his bed, to pass a far more dismal night than he had known for years.

He ran the gauntlet at Messrs Dowlas, Tag-rag, and Co.'s all Tuesday, as he had done on the day preceding. One should have supposed that when his companions beheld him persecuted by their common employer and master, whom they all equally hated, they would have made common cause with their suffering companion, or at all events given no countenance to his persecution; yet it was far otherwise. Without stopping to analyze the feeling which produced it, (and which the moderately reflective reader may easily analyze for himself if so disposed,) I am grieved to have to say, that when all the young men saw that Tag-rag would be gratified by their *cutting* poor Titmouse, who, with all his little vanities and emptinesses, had never offended or injured any of them—they did so; and, when Tag-rag observed it, his miserable mind was more gratified with them by far than it had ever been before. He spoke to all of them with unusual blandness; to the sinner, Titmouse, with augmented bitterness.

A few minutes after ten o'clock that night, a gentle ringing at the bell of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's office, announced the arrival of poor Titmouse. The door was quickly opened by a clerk, who seemed in the act of quitting for the night.

"Ah—Mr Titmouse, I presume?" he enquired, with a kind of deference in his manner that Titmouse had never been accustomed to.

"The same, sir—Tittlebat Titmouse."

"Oh! allow me, sir, to conduct you in to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, who are, I know, in expectation of seeing you. It is very rarely that they are here at so late an hour." With this he led the way to an inner room, and opening a green-baize door in the further side of it, announced Mr Titmouse, and left him—sufficiently flustered. Three gentlemen were sitting at a large table, on which he saw, by the strong but circumscribed light of two large shaded candlesticks, were lying a great number of papers and parchments. The three gentlemen rose when he entered, and Mr Gammon came and shook hands with him.

"Mr Titmouse, let me introduce you to Mr Quirk—(This was the senior partner, a short, stout, elderly gentleman, with a shining bald head and white hair, and sharp black eyes, and who looked very earnestly at him)—and Mr Snap—(this was the junior partner, having recently been promoted to be such after ten years' service in the office of managing clerk; he was about thirty, particularly well-dressed, slight, active, and with a face like a terrier—so hard, sharp, and wiry!—Mr Gammon himself was about forty, very genteel, with a ready bow, insinuating smile, and low tone of voice; his look, withal, acute and cautious.)

"A seat, Mr Titmouse," said Mr Quirk, placing a chair for him, on which he sat down, they resuming theirs.

"Punctual, Mr Titmouse!" exclaimed Mr Gammon, with a smile; "more so than, I fear, you were yesterday, after our long interview, eh? Pray what did that worthy person, Mr Rag-bag, say, on your return?"

"Say, gents?"—(he tried to clear his throat, for he spoke somewhat more thickly, and his heart beat more perceptibly, than usual)—"I'm ruined by it, and no mistake."

"Ruined! I'm sorry to hear it," interposed Mr Gammon, with a concerned air.

"I am, indeed, sir. Such a towering rage as he has been in ever since; and he's given me warning to go on the 10th of next month." He thought he observed a faint smile flit over the faces of all three. "He has, indeed!"

"Dear me, Mr Titmouse—what cause did he allege for dismissing you?" keenly enquired Mr Quirk.

"Yes—"

"What?"

"Stopping out longer than I was allowed, and refusing to tell him what this gentleman and I had been talking about."

"Don't think that'll do; sure it won't!" briskly exclaimed Mr Snap; "no just cause, that," and he jumped up, whisked down a book from the shelves behind him, and eagerly turned over the leaves.

"Never mind that now, Mr Snap," said Mr Quirk, rather petulantly; surely we have other matters to talk about to-night."

"Asking pardon, sir, but I think it *does* matter to me, sir," interposed Titmouse; "for on the 10th of next month I'm a beggar—being next door to it *now*."

"Not quite, we trust," said Mr Gammon.

"But Mr Tag-rag said he'd make me as good as one."

"That's evidence to show malice," again eagerly interjected Mr Snap, who was again tartly rebuffed by Mr Quirk; even Mr Gammon turning towards him with a surprised—"Really, Mr Snap!"

"So Mr Tag-rag said he'd make you a beggar?" enquired Mr Quirk.

"He vowed he would, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr Quirk and Mr Gammon—but such a laugh!—not careless, or hearty, but subdued, and with a dash of deference in it.

"Well—it perhaps may not signify much, by that time;" and he laughed again, followed by the soft laugh of Mr Gammon, and a kind of sharp quick sound, like a bark, from Mr Snap.

"But, gents, you'll excuse me if I say I think it *does* signify to me, and an't any laughing matter! Without being rude, I'd rather come to business, if there's any to be done, without this laughing at me."

"Laughing at you! my dear sir,—no, no!" exclaimed all three in a breath—"laughing *with* you" said Mr Quirk!—By the time you mention, you may perhaps be able to laugh at Mr Rag-bag, and every body else, for—"

[—"Why should we mince the matter?" he whispered, in a low tone, to Mr Gammon, who nodded acquiescence, and fixed his eyes earnestly on Titmouse.]

"I really think we are warranted in preparing to expect by that time an extraordinary change in your circum-

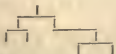
stances." Titmouse began to tremble violently, and his hands were bedewed with a cold moisture."

"I hear, sir," he murmured; and he also heard a faint ringing in his ears.

"In all human probability, Mr Titmouse," continued Mr Quirk, himself a little excited with the important communication that trembled on the tip of his tongue, "you will ere long be put into possession of somewhere about Ten Thousand a-year."

The words seemed to have struck Titmouse blind—as he saw nothing for some moments; then every thing seemed swimming around him, and he felt a sort of faintness or sickness stealing over him. They had hardly been prepared for their communication's affecting their visitor so powerfully. Mr Snap hastened out and in with a glass of water; and the earnest attentions of the three soon restored Mr Titmouse to his senses. It was a good while, however, before he could appreciate the little conversation which they now and then addressed to him, or estimate the full importance of the astounding event Mr Quirk had just communicated. "May I make free to ask for a little brandy and water, gents? I feel all over in a kind of tremble," said he, some half an hour afterwards."

"Yes—by all means, Mr Titmouse. Mr Snap, will you be kind enough to order Betty to bring in a glass of brandy and water from the Jolly Thieves, next door?"—Snap shot out, gave the order, and returned in a trice. The old woman, in a few minutes' time followed, with a large tumbler of dark brandy and water, quite hot, for which Mr Gammon apologized, but Mr Titmouse said he preferred it so—and soon addressed himself to the inspiring mixture. It quickly manifested its influence, reassuring him wonderfully. As he sat sipping it, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap being engaged in an earnest conversation, of which he could understand little or nothing, he had leisure to look about him, and observed that there was lying before them a large sheet of paper, at which they all of them often and earnestly looked, filled with lines, so—



with writing at the ends of each of

them, and round and square figures.

When he saw them all bending over and scrutinising this mysterious object, it puzzled him (and many a better head than his has a pedigree puzzled before) sorely, and he began to suspect it was a sort of conjuring-paper!—

"I hope, gents, that paper's all right—eh?" said he, supported by the brandy, which he had nearly finished. They turned towards him with a smile of momentary surprise, and then—

"We hope so—a vast deal depends on it," said Mr Quirk, looking over his glasses at Titmouse. Now what he had hinted at, as far as he could venture to do so, was a thought that glanced across his as yet unsettled brain, that there might have been invoked more than *mere earthly assistance*; but he prudently pressed the matter no farther—that was all Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's look out; he had been no party to any thing of the sort, nor would he, knowingly. He also observed the same sheets of paper written all over, which Mr Gammon had filled at his (Titmouse's) room, the night before; and many new and more old-looking papers and parchments. Sometimes they addressed questions to him, but found it somewhat difficult to keep his attention up to any thing that was said to him for the wild visions that were chasing one another through his heated brain; the passage of which said visions was not a little accelerated by the large tumbler of brandy and water which he had just taken.

"Then, in fact," said Mr Gammon, as the three simultaneously sat down, after having been for some time standing poring over the paper before Mr Quirk. "Tittlebat's title accrued in 1818?"

"Precisely so," said Mr Quirk emphatically.

"To be sure," confidently added Snap; who having devoted himself exclusively all his life to the sharpest practice of the common law as it is called, knew about as much of real property law as a snipe—but it would not do to appear ignorant, or taking no part in the matter, in the presence of the heir-at-law, and the future great client of the House.

"Well, Mr Titmouse," at length said Mr Quirk, laying aside his glasses—"you are likely to be one of the luckiest men of your day! We may

be mistaken, but it appears to us that your right is clear, and has been clear these ten or twelve years, to the immediate enjoyment of a very fine estate in the north of England, worth some £9000 or £10,000 a year, at the least!"

"You don't say so!"

"We do, indeed; and are very proud and happy indeed to be the honoured instruments of establishing your rights, my dear sir," said Mr Gammon.

"Then all the money that's been spent this ten or twelve years is my money, is it?"

"If we are right, it is undoubtedly as you say," answered Mr Quirk.

"There'll be a jolly reckoning for some one, then, shortly—eh? My eyes!"

"Ah, my dear Mr Titmouse," cried Mr Gammon, with subdued ecstasy, as before his mind's eye rose visions of interminable proceedings at law and in equity—hundreds upon hundreds of portly, red tape-tied 'cases,' 'briefs,' and 'motion-papers,' with *Quirk, Gammon, and Snap*, at the bottom of each of them, and constantly under the eye of the court and the bar, and before the public, (the same kind of thoughts must have passed through Snap's mind, for he rubbed his hands in silence with an excited air.)

"My dear Mr Titmouse, you have a most just regard for your own interests; there *will* be a reckoning, and a very terrible one, ere long, for somebody—but we've time enough for all that! Only let us have the unspeakable happiness of seeing you once fairly in possession of your estates, and our office shall know no rest till you have got all you are entitled to—every farthing even!"

"Oh, never fear our letting them rest!" said Mr Quirk, judiciously accommodating himself to the taste and apprehension of his excited auditor—"Those that must give up the goose, must give up the giblets also—ha, ha, ha!" Messrs Gammon and Snap echoed the laugh, and enjoyed the joke of the head of the firm.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr Titmouse, immensely excited by the conjoint influence of the brandy and the news of the night; "capital! capital! hurrah! Such goings on there will be! You're all of the right sort, I see! Law for ever! Let me shake hands with you all, gents! Come, if you please, all together! all friends to-night!" And he grasped each of

the three readily-proffered right hands of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, with an energy that was likely to make all the high contracting parties to that quadruple alliance remember its ratification!

"And is it all a ready-money affair, gents—or rent, and all *that* kind of thing?"

"Why, almost entirely the latter," answered Quirk, "except the accumulations."

"Then I'm a great landlord, am I?"

"Indeed, my dear Mr Titmouse, you are—(that is, unless we have made a blunder such as our house is not often in the habit of making)—and have two very fine houses in different parts of the country."

"Capital! delightful! I'll live in both of them—such goings on! And is it *quite* up to the mark of L.10,000 a-year?"

"We really entertain no doubt."

"And such as I can spend all of it, every year?"

"Certainly—no doubt of it—not the least. The rents are paid with most exemplary—at least," added Mr Gammon, with a captivating, an irresistible smile, and taking him affectionately by the hand—"at least they *will* be, as soon as we have them fairly in our management."

"Oh, *you're* to get it all in for me, are you?" he enquired briskly. The three partners bowed, with the most deprecatingly disinterested air in the world, intimating that, for *his* sake, they were ready to take upon themselves even that troublesome responsibility!

"Capital! couldn't be better! couldn't be better! Ah, ha, ha—you've caught the goose, and must bring me its eggs. Ah, ha, ha! a touch in *your* line, old gents!"

"Ha, ha, ha! excellent! ah, ha, ha!" laughed the three partners at the wit of their new client. Mr Titmouse joined them, and snapped his fingers in the air.

"Lord—I've just thought of Dowlas, Tag-rag and Company's—I seem as if I hadn't seen or heard of them for Lord knows how long!—but there they are!—fancy old Tag-rag making me a beggar on the 10th of next month—ha, ha, ha!—sha'n't see that d—d hob any more."

"There!" whispered Mr Gammon, apprehensively, in the ear of Mr Quirk; "didn't I tell you that that

would be it? We've been monstrously foolish and premature."

"It won't do to go back to that—ugh!—eh? Will it?—you know what I mean!—Fancy Tittlebat Titmouse standing behind——"

The partners looked rather blank.

"We could venture to suggest, Mr Titmouse," said Mr Gammon, seriously, "the *absolute necessity* there is for every thing on your part and our parts to go on as quietly as before, for a little time to come; to be sure and safe, my dear sir, we must be *secret*."

"Oh, I see gents! I see; mum—mum's the word, for the present! But, I *must* say, if there is any one whom I want to hear of it, sooner than another, its"—

"Dowdy, Rag-bag, and Co., I suppose! ha, ha, ha!" interrupted Mr Gammon, his partners echoing his laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! Cuss the cats—that's it—ha, ha, ha!" echoed Mr Titmouse; who, getting up out of his chair, could not resist capering to and fro in something of the attitude of a stage-dancer, whistling and humming by turns, and indulging in various other wild antics.

"And now, gents, to do a bit of business—when am I to *begin* scattering the shiners, eh?" he enquired, interrupting an earnest low-toned conversation between the partners.

"Oh, of course, some delay is unavoidable. All we have done, as yet, is to discover that, as far as we are advised, and can judge, you are the right owner; but very extensive operations must be immediately commenced, before you can be put in possession. There are some who won't be persuaded to drop L.10,000 a-year out of their hands for the mere asking."

"The devil there are! *Who* are they that want to keep me any longer out of what's my own?—what's justly mine? Eh? I want to know! Haven't they kept me out long enough?—d——n 'em! Put 'em in prison directly—don't spare 'em—rascals!"

"They'll probably, ere long, find their way in that direction—for, however, he's to make up, poor devil, the *mesne profits*!"

"Mean profits?—is that all you call them, gents? It's rogne's money—villain's profits! So don't spare

'em—he's robbed the fatherless, which I am, and an orphan! Keep me out of what's mine, indeed! D——d if he shall, though!"

"My dear Mr Titmouse," said Gammon gravely, "we are getting on too fast—dreadfully too fast. It will never do: matters of such immense importance as these cannot be hurried on, or talked of, in this way."—

"I like that, sir!—I do, d——e!"

"You will really, if you go on in this wild way, Mr Titmouse, make us regret the trouble we have taken in the affair, and especially the promptness with which we have communicated to you the extent of your good fortune."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure, gents, but mean no offence; am monstrous obliged to you for what you've done for me—but, by Jove, it's taken me rather a-back, I own, to hear that I'm to be kept so long out of it all. Why can't you offer him, whoever he is that has my property, a handsome sum to go out at once? Gents, I'll own to you I'm most uncommon low—never so low in my life—d—d low! Done up, and can't get what's justly mine! What am I to do in the mean while? Consider that, gents."

"You are rather excited just now, Mr Titmouse," said Mr Quirk, seriously; "suppose we now break up, and resume our conversation to-morrow, when we are all in better and calmer trim?"

"No, sir, thanking you all the same; but I think we'd better go on with it now," replied Titmouse, impatiently. "Do you think I can stoop to go back to that nasty, beastly, shop, and stand behind the counter?"

"Our *decided* opinion, Mr Titmouse," said Mr Quirk, emphatically—his other partners getting very grave in their looks—"that is, if our opinion is worth offering!"

"That remains to be seen," said Titmouse, with a pettish shake of the head.

"Well, such as it is, we offer it you; and it is, that for many reasons you continue, for a little while longer, in your present situation."

"What! own Tag-rag for my master—and I worth £10,000 a-year?"

"My dear sir, you've not got it yet."

"Do you think you'd have told me what you have, if you weren't sure?"

No, no! you've gone too far! I shall burst, I shall! Me to go on as before!—they use me worse and worse every day. Gents, you'll excuse me—I hope you will; but business is business, gents—it is; and if you won't do mine, I must look out for them that will—'pon my soul, I must, and"—If Mr Titmouse could have seen, or, having seen, appreciated, the looks which the three partners interchanged, on hearing this absurd, ungrateful, and insolent speech of his—the expression that flitted across their shrewd faces; that was, intense contempt for him, hardly overmastered and concealed by a vivid perception of their own interest, which was, of course, to *manage*, to sooth, to conciliate him!

How the reptile propensities of his mean nature had thriven beneath the sudden sunshine of unexpected prosperity!—See already his selfishness, truculence, rapacity, in full play!

"So, gents," said he, after a long and keen expostulation with them on the same subject, "I'm to go to-morrow morning to Dowlas and Co.'s, and go on with the cursed life I led there to-day, all as if nothing had happened!"

"In your present humour, Mr Titmouse, it would be in vain to discuss the matter," said Mr Quirk. "Again I tell you that the course we have recommended is, in our opinion, the proper one; excuse me if I add, what *can* you do but adopt our advice?"

"Why, hang me, if I won't employ somebody else—that's flat! So, good-night, gents; you'll find that Tittlebat Titmouse isn't to be trifled with!" So saying, Mr Titmouse clapped his hat on his head, bounced out of the room, and, no attempt being made to stop him, he was in the street in a twinkling.

"Did you ever see such a little beast!" exclaimed Mr Gammon with an air of disgust.

"Beggarr on horseback!" exclaimed Snap.

"It won't do, however," said Mr Quirk, with as chagrined an air as his partners, "for him to go at large in his present frame of mind—he may ruin the thing altogether."

"As good as £500 a-year out of the way of the office," said Snap.

"Egad, that at least," said Mr Gammon, seizing his hat, "I'll after him,

and bring him back at all hazards; and we must really try and do something for him in the meanwhile, to keep him quiet till the thing's brought a little into train." So out went after Titmouse, Mr Gammon, from whose lips dropped persuasion sweeter than honey; and I should not be surprised if he were to be able to bring back that stubborn piece of conceited stupidity.

As soon as Mr Titmouse heard the street door shut after him with a kind of bang, he snapped his fingers once or twice, by way of letting off a little of the inflammable air that was in him, and muttered, "Pretty chaps those, upon my word! I'll expose them all! I'll apply to the Lord Mayor—they're a pack of swindlers, they are! This is the way they treat *me*, who've got a title to £10,000 a-year! To be sure"—He stood still for a moment, and another moment, and dismay came quickly over him; for it suddenly occurred to him what hold had he got on Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap?—what could he do?—what *HAD* he done?

Ah—the golden vision of the last few hours was fading away momentarily, like a dream! Each second of his deep and rapid reflection, rendered more impetuous his desire and determination to return and make his peace with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. By submission for the present, he could get the whip-hand of them hereafter! He was in the act of turning round towards the office, when Mr Gammon softly laid his hand upon the shoulder of his repentant client.

"Mr Titmouse; my dear sir, what is the matter with you? How could we so misunderstand each other?"

Titmouse's small cunning was on the *qui vive*, and he saw and followed up his advantage. "I am going," said he, in a resolute tone, "to speak to some one else, in the morning."

"That, of course, signifies nothing to any one but yourself. You will take any steps, my dear sir, that occur to you, and act as you may be advised."

"Monstrous kind of you to come and give me such good advice!" exclaimed Titmouse, with a sneer.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said Gammon, coolly; "I came out of pure good nature, to assure you that our office, notwithstanding what has passed, entertains not the slightest personal ill feeling towards you, in thus throw-

ing off their hands a very long, and dreadfully harassing affair."

"Hem!" exclaimed Titmouse, once or twice.

"So good-night, Mr Titmouse—good-night! God bless you!" Mr Gammon, in the act of returning to his door, extended his hand to Mr Tittlebat, who he instantly perceived was melting rapidly.

"Why, sir—if I thought you all meant the correct thing—hem! I say, the correct thing by me—I shouldn't so much mind a little disappointment for the time; but you must own, Mr Gammon, it is very hard being kept out of one's own so long."

"True, very true, Mr Titmouse. Very hard it is, indeed, to bear, and we all felt deeply for you, and would have set every thing in train——"

"*Would have——*"

"Yes, my dear Mr Titmouse, we *would* have done it, and brought you through every difficulty—over every obstacle."

"Why—you don't—hardly—quite—mean to say you've given it all up?—What, already!" exclaimed Titmouse, in evident alarm.

Gammon had triumphed over Titmouse! whom, nothing loth, he brought back, in two minutes' time, into the room which Titmouse had just before so rudely quitted. Mr Quirk and Mr Snap had their parts yet to perform. They were in the act of locking up desks and drawers, evidently on the move; and received Mr Titmouse with an air of cold surprise.

"Mr Titmouse again!" exclaimed Mr Quirk, taking his gloves out of his hat. "Back again!—an unexpected honour." "Leave any thing behind?" enquired Mr Snap—"don't see any thing."

"Oh no, sir! No sir! This gentleman, Mr Gammon, and I, have made it all up, gents! I'm not vexed any more—not the least."

"*Vexed*, Mr Titmouse!" echoed Mr Quirk, with an air sternly ironical. "We are under great obligations to you for your forbearance!"

"Oh, come, gents!" said Titmouse, more and more disturbed, "I *was* too warm, I dare say, and—and—I ask your pardon, all of you, gents! I won't say another word, if you'll but buckle to business again—quite exactly in your own way—because you see——"

"It's growing *very* late," said Mr Quirk, coldly, and looking at his watch; "however, after what you have said, probably at some future time, when we've leisure to look into the thing——"

Poor Titmouse was ready to drop on his knees, in mingled agony and fright.

"May I be allowed to say," interposed the bland voice of Mr Gammon, addressing himself to Mr Quirk, "that Mr Titmouse a few minutes ago assured me, outside there, that if you could only be persuaded to let our house take up his case again——"

"I did—I did indeed, gents! so help me——!" interrupted Mr Titmouse, eagerly backing with an oath the ready lie of Mr Gammon.

Mr Quirk drew his hand across his chin, musingly, and stood silently for a few moments, evidently irresolute.

"Well," said he at length, but in a very cool way, "since that is so, probably we may be induced to resume our heavy labours in your behalf; and if you will favour us with a call to-morrow night, at the same hour, we may have, by that time, made up our minds as to the course we shall think fit to adopt."

"Lord, sir, I'll be here as the clock strikes, and as meek as a mouse; and pray, have it all your own way for the future, gents—do!"

"Good-night, sir—good-night!" exclaimed the partners, motioning towards the door.

"Good-night, gents!" said Titmouse, bowing very low, and feeling himself at the same time being bowed out! As he passed out of the room, he cast a lingering look in their three frigid faces, as if they were angels sternly shutting him out from Paradise. What misery was his, as he walked slowly homeward, with much the same feelings (now that the fumes of the brandy had evaporated, and the reaction of excitement was coming on, aggravated by a recollection of the desperate check he had received) as a sick and troubled man, who, suddenly roused out of a delicious dream, drops into wretched reality, as it were out of a fairy-land, which with all its dear innumerable delights is melting overhead into thin air—disappearing for ever.

[To be Continued.]

HENRY GRATTAN. PART II.

WE resume with pleasure our remarks on these volumes. Every thing connected with Ireland has a powerful interest in our minds. Its history, that of a singularly intelligent, brave, and high-minded race of men, misled by national fantasies, deluded by political artifices, and misruled by virulent faction, perhaps more than any other people of the globe, strongly demands the attention, not less of the philosopher than the patriot. To point out their true friends to such a people, to direct their fine talents and their glowing energies into the path of public prosperity, would be among the noblest services of statesmanship; and though Ireland, papist and partisan, must only rivet her own chains by the fires of her own impure altars, we do not despair of the time when she shall bewhat nature intended her to be—a bulwark to the great empire of pure religion and public virtue.

Among the chief values of these volumes, we have already alluded to their sketches of remarkable men. It is one of the important peculiarities of a free country, that all public necessities immediately raise up a generation of vigorous minds. Public necessity will not create genius, but it turns the general powers of the people into its own direction. Genius is the especial gift of heaven, an intellectual miracle, and therefore rare; but the average ability to which we allude, may be called the child of circumstances, and is as much a matter of succession as the seasons, in which the winds of March are called on to dry the soil after the rains of winter, the sun of summer to warm the bosom of the earth after this drying, and the winter's frost to give the ground at once rest, and new principles of fertility after the exhaustion of the year. But the intellectual process can be relied on only in free countries, for there alone man is enabled to shape himself to the changing shapes of the time. Despotism is a dungeon in which the external influences of things go for nothing; its world is its walls, and its only dwell-

ers the captive and the turnkey. But the free country is the open field, where every aspect of heaven and earth has its influence, and where every man has his individual enjoyment, or is compelled to exert his independent vigour.

The condition of the great continental governments, during the last hundred years, is strongly illustrative of this truth. Spain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, have produced no addition and no change in the forms of individual character. They required soldiers, and they had them; but all the vigour of the national talents was circumscribed within the cabinet, and the king and his ministers were the only names in the kingdom. Among the minor powers of Germany which were partially free, literature gave distinction to some individuals. In France, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the growing license of the people, and the rapid feebleness of the government, the only freedom which France seems ever likely to enjoy, gave a larger and more fatal scope to individual character; until what ought to have been only an illumination, burst into a blaze, and France, like the habitual drinker of ardent spirits, perished of spontaneous combustion.

The case of Ireland was nearly in point. It would be absurd to speak of her as enslaved, for all the efforts of the British Government for centuries had been exerted to give her the faculty of freedom; but Popery, the wars which it produced, and the public exhaustion produced by those wars, had worn out all the natural excitements of public character. For three hundred years Ireland had scarcely produced a name, except of some barbarous chieftain, rendered conspicuous only by crimes, and ascending into historic remembrance only by treading on the neck of his country. But, from the period when the Parliament began to resume its functions, the people to grow opulent with the increasing opulence of England, and the sanguinary feuds of Popery to give way to a general conviction of

the value of peace, a crowd of able men started up at the national summons; practised into moral activity by the labours of the legislature; shaped into the proportions of public manliness by public struggle; and bequeathing to their country the knowledge, that, if Irish talents had been hitherto obscure, it was because they were unsought for; that, like her minerals, they were to be found in every height and depth of the land, and that their uselessness hitherto was like that of her minerals, owing not to the penury of nature, but to the negligence of man.

Among those remarkable men was John Hely Hutchinson, the ancestor of the present Lord Donoughmore. He was a lawyer, and called to the bar in 1748. Hutchinson was a man of great natural ability, but more dishonourably conspicuous for a most extraordinary grasp at public office in every shape. Appointed Prime Sergeant early in the reign of George III., and with all the honours and emoluments of his profession fairly before him, he contrived, as he moved along, to pick up the pay of a major in the army. Another grasp in the opposite direction, equally singular, and not less tenaciously held, was that of the provostship of the Dublin University. His next seizure was one of power and emolument combined: he became Irish Secretary of State. To what he might have reached, if he could have kept death at arm's length, is to be conjectured only from his universal rapacity; but that great disturber of the designs of ambition, who reduces statesmanship to dreams, and puts a veto even on the pension list, grasped the grasper at last, and extinguished one of the ablest, wittiest, most eager and most reckless candidates of the goods of this world, who ever turned a shilling into a guinea. This rapacity was so obvious, as to become the subject of the well-known sarcasm of Chesterfield, that "if Hutchinson had been offered England and Ireland for an estate, he would ask the Isle of Man for a cabbage-garden." He had begun, according to the usual routine of determined placemen, by being a furious patriot. He abused the Government, until in its timidity it proposed to buy him. The rapid changes of Irish viceroys gave peculiar opportunity to these patriot recruitings. As every new viceroy came in under some promise of a

change of measures, the patriot's conscience was salved; he became a placeman without the scandal of a deserter, and had the comforts of salary to reconcile himself to any casual compunctions of honour. Hutchinson's chief personal fault was satire, which he lavished liberally on all characters. He called Flood a "spouter of periods," an "artificer of attitudes;" and, in allusion to his involved and pompous style, "a petty dealer in sevenfold phraseology." Oddly as those expressions sound in our ears, they seem to have been either dexterously conceived or skilfully launched, for they still hang on the fame of the orator. But every thing in Ireland has a touch of oddity. What can be more curious than the answer of the Attorney-General Tisdall to this man? The Prime Sergeant and this high legal officer having been combined in some public operation, Hutchinson said to Tisdall, "Now that we have done the service of the Government, what do you think if we were to do something for the country." Tisdall replied, with his wonted air of gravity, "Mr Hutchinson, if we attempt that, we are undone—ruined, ruined; the Opposition may bear that we should take the emoluments, but if we lay claim to the popularity we are ruined for ever." They came as oddly into collision. Hutchinson, when provost, having quarrelled with Duiguenan, and thinking it beneath his dignity to take notice of him, or more probably unsuitable to his office—for Duiguenan was one of the fellows of the college—the Provost called on Tisdall to make *him* responsible for his friend the Doctor's conduct. He said that one of his retainers had insulted him, that he must make *him* answerable for it, and that therefore he must consider that he, the Provost, now intended to insult *him*."

Tisdall calmly replied, "Mr Provost, I will consider no such thing;" and he instantly walked into the King's Bench, and applied for an information! This was a source of high amusement and excitement to the bar. Seventeen counsel were engaged! Hutchinson defended himself, but the information would have been granted except for his accustomed luck. Tisdall died in the mean time. This event appeared doubly lucky; for the Attorney-General having been mem-

ber for the University, and a vacancy being thus created, the Provost pushed his son into his place. However, the most fortunate have some rubs in their career. His system had been *too precipitate* with the electors, (to use the gentlest phrase;) a scrutiny was demanded, his son was thrown out, and he had the additional mortification to see him succeeded by Fitz-Gibbon, (afterwards Earl of Clare and Lord Chancellor,) and who had been one of Tisdall's counsel.

Hutchinson died in 1795, singularly fortunate in his career, having founded a family, and being the father of two peers, his eldest son possessing the title of Lord Donoughmore, and his second son, General Hutchinson, gallantly earning his peerage by the defeat of the French in Egypt. The fact was, that the only grand mistake of Hutchinson's life was the work of his love of place; the provostship of a learned university was the last situation which a man of his habits should have chosen. The seat was formed for a Churchman, as the head of a college, all whose fellows, with one or two exceptions, were necessarily in holy orders. Having been founded expressly for the maintenance of the Protestant religion in the land, it was evidently unsuited to a layman, and that layman a bustling, intriguing, ambitious man of the world. He besides wanted the exact literature and science which were required to preside at the public examinations, and other essential business of the college. This want, especially, exposed him to scorn among the fellows, and became the source of constant ridicule. A volume by his old enemy Duiguenan, entitled "*Lachrymæ Academicæ*," was a long and bitter burlesque of his literary deficiencies. But the provostship was three thousand pounds a-year, and the college returned *two* members to Parliament. Those were strong temptations. They were evidently too strong for his prudence, and equally so for his peace. The chief discomforts of his latter years arose from them; and, singularly fortunate as his general life had been, his headship of the reluctant university might supply an important lesson to avarice and ambition, if either the one or the other was ever within the reach of experience, or reclaimable by human wisdom.

Grattan's entrance into Parliament is thenceforth an era in the history of his country. He took his seat, for the first time, on the 11th of December 1775, for the borough of Charlemont, in which the death of the earl's brother, who was drowned in the Irish Channel, had left a vacancy. Thus the great Irish Whig, like all the leading English ones, was indebted to the borough system, which they made a hypocritical theme of libel, for the very opportunity of uttering the libel. No popular constituency in Ireland at that time would have received Grattan, simply a young barrister, without fortune or public notoriety. But what the multitude and the Reform Bill never would have done for him, was done by an amiable and intelligent man of rank, possessed of just influence, and exerting it with an honesty and a discrimination which will never be found, to the end of time, in the corrupt and brawling crowd of the ten-pounders of a great town. The members now chosen for London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, the three capitals of the empire, are sufficient proofs of the utter inadequacy of the Reform Bill to provide qualified representatives, and of the sure victory of the vulgar, the time-serving, and the revolutionary. Thanks to the mischiefs concocted by the native virulence and long festering venom of old Lord Grey, aided by the fresh bile of his son-in-law Lord Durham, and put in action by the meagre servility of the menial of both, Lord John Russell!

In 1777, Fox visited Ireland, and happened to hear Grattan in the House. Afterwards, meeting him at dinner at Lord Moira's, (afterwards Marquis of Hastings,) he complimented the young orator on his speech, and quoted some of the passages with compliment. This instance of Fox's habitual politeness made a great impression on him, and probably afterwards constituted one of his strongest links to Whiggism. The newspapers, too, gave him due encouragement; the verdict of one seems to have been adopted by the whole:—"Mr Grattan spoke—not a studied speech, but in reply—the spontaneous flow of natural eloquence. Though so young a man, he spoke without hesitation; and, if he keeps to this example, will be a valuable weight in the scale of patriotism." That Grattan spoke

impressively on an occasion so important as his *début*, we can well believe, for he never spoke otherwise; but that he spoke with spontaneous eloquence, we may as justly deny; for he never did any thing of the kind during the long after-years of his parliamentary life. Of all speakers, he was the most laborious in preparation. All his private hours were said, by those most intimate with him, to be given to the study of speeches. And in this we are so far from blaming him, that we honour the vigour of his application. He had a great object—fame—before him, and he followed it with the ardour of a great mind. We wish that the other pursuit of his private hours were less authentic. Harry Grattan was one of the most capital shots of his time. This, in the atrocious fashion of the day, was regarded as a necessity of public life; and Grattan was said to practise it with his customary vigour. Paragraphs and pistols were his daily employment; and it was not to be easily settled which was the more formidable. Cæsar's character of Brutus, *quicquid vult valde vult*, belonged to this little man of nerve in every thing, whether hitting a mark or sharpening a sarcasm, whether satirizing the Treasury Bench or shooting down a minister; and yet his manners were gentle, his personal conduct was blameless, and his whole course of private life estimable. Such are the melancholy contradictions inflicted on men of public life, by the guilty laxity of the law, the feebleness of public morality, and the presumed rights of fashion. All the leading men of Ireland were duellists: to be ready to fight any one and every one, was as much a recognised faculty as the faculty of speech; and this gross and criminal insult to the spirit of all law, divine and human, was the common perpetration of men of all habits, feelings, and professions.

One of those remarkable men of Ireland, who, though scarcely known beyond it, would have been largely distinguished on a larger sphere, was Mr Denis Daly, an individual singularly gifted by nature and circumstances—of one of the best families in Ireland, a man of fortune, a man of fine ability, and having, in addition to all, the most striking comeliness of countenance and vigour of frame. As a proof of his bodily activity, he was said to have

once, for a wager, run side by side with a race-horse at full speed, for *two hundred yards*. A hundred yards has been sometimes achieved by able performers; but double the distance is a feat which was considered to belong to this strong and handsome athlete alone. Grattan (for we presume that it was his contemporary who has drawn his character) describes him as “noble, liberal, and open-hearted. He had no vanity, but he had pride; he was fastidious, not vain; his pride was that of talent. He had so excellent a manner, that he conciliated every body. Daly was rather a great speaker than a great debater. There were men who possessed more diligence and information, but he surpassed them all in talent. The noble quality of his mind placed him above the level of other men. He made use of the superior genius which nature gave him, to protect the weak: to do so seemed a part of his nature; and if there was a young man in company hardly pressed, he would come forth to his assistance, and throw his shield over him. The positions which he took were generally strong, and his skill in their defence rendered them impregnable. He almost always prepared himself beforehand: no man took more care in writing his speeches, and none so little to preserve them.”

We then have a slight sketch of his private habits—perfectly suited to be popular in the country and the time:—“His hospitality was great, and his entertainments were frequent and agreeable. He was a good classical scholar, and possessed an excellent library; and his books, which were his chief personal expense, lay around in the room where his friends used to meet, and where the resources of his mind vied with the generosity of his disposition.” But another unlucky Irish trait follows: “His liberality was great, and he left his fortune, in consequence, much encumbered.”

A curious instance of his political foresight is recorded. There was a dinner at Mr Hobart's (the Irish Secretary of State) in 1785, in the late Duke of Rutland's viceroyalty, where Grattan, Daly, Fitz-Gibbon, and others, met. The Opposition had gained a party triumph: the “Commercial Propositions,” a subject of violent debate in those days, had been conceded by the English minister; and the party were in high spirits with

their victory. Some of the company alluding to a union, Fitz-Gibbon (then Attorney-General) exclaimed, in an exulting tone, "Who will dare to talk of a union now? If such a thing were proposed to me, I should fling my office in the man's face!" The company were very gay; and when Fitz-Gibbon retired, Daly said, "*That* is the man who would support it—that little man who has talked so big, would vote for a union—ay, to-morrow."

It is highly interesting to us thus to find rescued from oblivion, men whose characters form a part of the character of their country. The vast transactions of England throw the public life of Ireland into littleness; but every example of ability and virtue raises the dignity of the general mind, and the remotest corner of an empire may thus add to its intellectual sovereignty. The great weapon of the Irish House was eloquence—it is the characteristic of the country. Ardour, vividness, and passion, are eminently qualities of the Irish mind. Among the rude habits of the lower people, they degenerate into ferocity; among the half-educated class, their soaring is bombast, and their passion eccentricity; but when cultivated by taste, polished by practice, and invigorated by the realities of public life, they have produced specimens of the noblest oratory since the days of Athens and Rome. Grattan, describing Daly's oratory, strikingly speaks of it as "a succession of electric shocks, which followed each other so quickly, that they not only convinced, but subdued the understanding."

Irish Parliamentary life was all scenes: we shall give one. Hussey Burgh, the prime sergeant, and a man of distinguished elegance of mind, as well as learning in his profession, having begun his career as a Whig, and, like every other Whig, having become a placeman as soon as he could, naturally excited the wrath of those whom he had left behind, equally willing, but less successful. His tergiversation was pursued with a bitterness seldom exercised towards the *pirouettism* of a lawyer. The professional allowance of versatility was harshly refused to the treasury convert; and Hussey Burgh, in the end, was tormented out of the world. On the occasion in question, Burgh, the placeman, had voted against an embargo; Burgh, the pa-

triot, having formerly voted for it. Natural as was this little act of conversion, and ready to be emulated by three-fourths of its impugnors, it brought down severe reprobation on the prime sergeant. Daly closed his speech by pointing a shaft full at the breast of the barrister. "The Treasury Bench," he exclaimed, "resembles the grave; *it levels all distinctions!*" The man of elegance was perhaps the more severely pained by the polish of the sarcasm, and could merely say, "To receive such attacks belongs to my situation; to deserve them, belongs to myself." He was much affected on this occasion, and striking his breast, as he sat down by Grattan, he turned to him, and said, "If I live, I shall answer it." He did so; and, says the narrator, in the noblest manner—not indeed by words, but by the most dignified and patriotic conduct, when, after an eloquent speech in favour of his country, on which occasion he electrified the House by the splendid allusion to the volunteers of Ireland and the laws of England, which he described "*as sown, like serpents' teeth, and springing up in armed men,*"—he resigned his office, and gave up all hopes of preferment.

This is well told; but poor Burgh is only exhibited in the light of that most extraordinary and improbable of all things, a sentimental lawyer. His Whig apprenticeship had evidently been thrown away upon this romancer. We can easily imagine how keenly his former associates must have enjoyed this milkiness of heart, and how unanimously they voted him a simpleton. But with what astonishment must a modern Whig read those records; with what an upturned lip, after his dozen perfidies within half the number of years, must he scoff at the sensibility which could thus be stung by the recollection of a single trip; and, with nothing in his glance but profit at any rate, and place by any tenure, how sincerely must he set down the man for a lunatic, who, on any appeal to his principle, could give up either the one or the other!

The year 1779 was the period of an event remarkable in the history of any country—the arming of the people. The exigencies of the American war had withdrawn more than half the stipulated army from Ireland. That force, by Act of Parliament, had been 12,000

men—it was reduced to 5000. The junction of the French court to the American revolvers—a junction fatal to the treacherous monarchy—made it now necessary to guard against European invasion. A French fleet had put to sea, and its destination was said to be the north of Ireland, which was full of Dissenters, always hostile to the established religion and throne, and now boiling over with sudden zeal for republican America. The magistrates applied for aid to the Government; but the Lord-Lieutenant, with an indolence which argued the most singular blindness to the signs of the times, informed them that he had no troops to spare except *sixty* dragoons! This force for the defence of Belfast, the second city in Ireland, and for a large province, was a burlesque; and applications were next made by the inhabitants for leave to form independent companies for their own protection. The Irish Secretary (Heron) replied to all those applications by a promise of troops, and some laudatory expressions relative to the new and self-armed companies. This half approval was seized on by the enthusiasm of the people, the eagerness of the merchants to secure their property, and the party sagacity of those who saw deeper into the consequences of arming the multitude than either the supine Lord-Lieutenant or his purblind secretary.

There is a malignant spirit in this book. The author sees England continually with an evil eye. All the acts of a country which, since she became Protestant, has alone exercised the sceptre with justice—has alone laboured to spread the sense of freedom—and has alone been guiltless of any one act of intentional oppression in a dominion gradually extending round the world, pass before this prejudiced and bitter partisan as the acts of a tyrant. His angry folly never stops to enquire what object could the superior have in thus ruining the dependent? It is enough for his childish rage that he can declaim on dilapidated revenues, helpless trade, and torpid industry. His headlong ignorance never takes the trouble to enquire by what means a country, exhausted for ages by the war of its own factions, the indolence of its own superstitions, and the inveteracy of its own prejudices, can possibly reap the fruits of national prosperity in the utter abandonment of its

principles. With seiolists like this, government is all things: it is accountable for the wilful laziness of the populace, for the miserable hostility of the peasant to the discharge of his debts, and for the readiness with which the pike and the trigger are resorted to, as the receipt in full of all demands. With equal wisdom such haranguers expect that a rescript from the Council Office can instantly transform beggary into opulence, fill fields with culture, towns with manufactories, and ports with ships.

A wiser research, or a more sober understanding, would tell the writers who ramble on in this labyrinth, that government, as such, can do nothing, or next to nothing; that its true purpose is simply to protect the loyal by putting down the disturbers—to relieve industry from its pressures, and let it labour for itself; that its true province is *negative*; that where it interferes strongly, it interferes fatally; and that the best government is that which is most of the preserver, and least of the meddler; that its beautiful is the watchman, as that of Whiggism is the thief; or, if there be one character more ruinous than another, it is that where it takes the national industry out of the national hands, lavishes the public wealth in bounties to specious idleness or malignant agitation; and making harbours without traffic, and railways without intercourse, pours the purse of the Treasury into the pockets of faction, turns jobber-general, and plunders the empire, to create a *rent* for the hangers-on of party.

He tells us that the Government, in 1779, wanted money, and the army wanted men. This is perfectly true, and this has always been the case in the earlier years of British war. But why? It is the result of British freedom. If England had been the dominion of the Czar, the Treasury would have been full, and the troops have been tens of thousands. But the *country* was not poor. What was the poverty of that country which could, at this very period of clamour, afford to raise and equip a volunteer army of twice the amount of the whole British force—a sudden army of 50,000 men, afterwards raised to 100,000, with guns, tents, and all the necessaries for the field; clothed by themselves, able to serve without pay, and

able to take spontaneously upon their own cost for years the defence of the kingdom. This was *no* evidence of either the poverty with which these windy rhetoricians habitually charge the English Government, nor of the disaffection which they laboured so diligently to create. It is notorious, too, that this army was merely the advanced guard, the field-day force, the showy superfluity of the national strength; that if the enemy had landed, ten times that force would have been ready to oppose them, and that a million of men in arms would have been the significant answer to the libellers of their country. So much for "a beggared nation and an exhausted exchequer."

But the influence of Whiggism, always aristocratical when secure, and always revolutionary when in peril, soon perverted the spirit of the volunteers. From being the national defenders, they were corrupted by faction into Government assailants. On the address for "Free Trade," being carried up by the Commons to the Castle, (the Viceroy's residence,) the Dublin volunteers thought proper to line the streets, and present arms to the Speaker and the Ministers as their carriages passed along. Authorizing this forward folly was the Duke of Leinster, at their head as commander, an honest, but a dull and simple man, whose Whig connexions in England had lately suffered him to fall into the hazardous hands of party in Ireland; which finally brought a great deal of misery on himself and his family, betrayed his unhappy brother, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, to an ignominious death, and rendered the simple Duke powerless for any future good to this disturbed and harassed country.

This interference of the volunteers in matters exclusively political, at length awoke the Government; but the American war, the restless clamours of Whiggism in England, and the impossibility of recovering the downward step which the Secretary had taken, made concession run a race with demand. A sort of annual festival, which takes place on the anniversary of William the Third's birthday, gave an opportunity of further displays. The pedestal of the Protestant King's statue was hung with inscriptions: on one side, "Relief to Ireland," on another, "The Volun-

teers of Ireland, fifty thousand united, and ready to die for their country!" On a third, "A short money bill"—"a free trade, or else,"—and on the fourth, probably by way of finishing the broken sentence, "A glorious *Revolution*." These were expressive enough; but in front were planted, more expressive still, two fieldpieces, with this inscription affixed to each—"A free trade, or *this*." The volunteers of the different corps in Dublin were drawn up round the statue, and fired volleys of musketry; all was acclamation. At night the city was illuminated, and the triumph of the Commons over the Castle was complete. The populace, however, were not content with these demonstrations. Sword and pistol in hand, they stopped the members of the Commons on their way to the House, in order to extort a vote from them for a short money bill. Among the rest they stopped the Speaker's carriage, and tendered an *oath* to vote "for the bill" and "the rights of Ireland." In the spirit of mob law, they attacked the house of the Attorney-General; and a party, determined on making "assurance doubly sure," went to the law courts to put him to death.

We turn from these turbulent and shortsighted follies, to one of those slight biographical sketches which form the true grace of the volumes. The House of Commons, patient while the Government seemed firm, became suddenly impetuous from the moment when it seemed inclined to yield—a capital lesson for Ministers in all ages. The yielding Minister always makes a faction where he does not find one, and enlarges it where he does. The vacillation of the Irish Viceroy instantly unbinged the allegiance of all his placemen, and the Treasury Bench resounded with the strange echoes of Opposition. The melting courtesies which had been passing between the Whigs and the Minister were instantly turned into the most rigid patriotism; and Cato of Utica, with Plato in one hand and the sword in the other, if more sincere, was never more sententious than every puny debater who swelled into a patriot, and swore not to outlive the liberties of his country. If later times had not prepared us for every absurdity of popular harangue, nothing could appear more mischievous and more burlesque than the

affected passion which blazed out in this affected phraseology. They had inflamed their fancies until the most extravagant follies figured before them as solid fact. With them, England was a perpetual oppressor, uniting all the evil qualities of popular prejudice and imperial despotism, an intractable, inexorable compound of mob fury and monarchical malice. No man stopped to enquire whether those things were so; all rushed on, swept down along the same boiling current of rival declamation. With them metaphors were truth, wild rhetoric sound council, and the fogs of a bewildered fancy the light of day; Lord North was Sylla or Nero, Ireland the Capitol, and the petty wranglings of factions, squabbling about short and long money bills, sugar invoices, and flannels, discussions involving the freedom of mankind.

The sense of their victory gave the Whigs new insolence, and they went to the rebel length of "Stopping the Supplies." Grattan proposed, we are thus told, the following short and *decisive* resolution: "That at this time it would be inexpedient to grant new taxes." Well might the Exchequer be "beggared," and the army dismantled, in such times. Yet this vote he carried, by 170 to 47—the Viceroy being thus in the extraordinary minority of 123. All this, however, is to be accounted for by the wavering of his Council, in direct imitation of the feebleness of the North Cabinet. We now find the Prime Sergeant Burgh denouncing the Government that gave him office, as leaving Ireland in a condition of "smothered war," and by her injustice rousing the volunteers into anticipated hostility, the crop of serpents' teeth, which was already starting up into military supremacy. It is true that this speech was followed by his resignation, of which Grattan afterwards said, in his peculiar style, "The gates of promotion were shut, as those of glory opened." The character given of his general life is pleasing and graphic. "Walter Hussey Burgh, whose conduct was thus conspicuous, was a remarkable personage. He was an ardent lover of his country, and a man of incorruptible principles; an excellent speaker, an excellent House of Commons man; he was most polished in his manners, but rather vain. He spoke often, and was perhaps the most brilliant man in the House."

(This touch satisfies us from whose pencil the whole has come; for while Grattan himself was there, no other man would have ascribed superior brilliancy to Burgh.) "He was the best calculator of questions. He knew better than any other man how to collect the sense of all parties, and to shape a motion that would unite their sentiments. His wit was satirical, without being severe. He possessed great knowledge, and was a most powerful member of Parliament; so much so, that he was termed the 'Cicero of the House.' By his superior art, he steered clear of all personal altercation. In reply he was excellent, and he *thought on his legs* better than Daly. When Daly was *prepared*, he would have surpassed Burgh. Daly's *best* speech would have been better than Burgh's; but the everyday speeches of Burgh were better than those of Daly. He had practised much in the courts of law, and been *spoiled* in consequence."

The origin of this spoiling is odd enough. The law courts bordered on one of the great thoroughfares of the city. This compelled him to vociferate, and Grattan tells us that he brought this with him into the House of Commons.—We must dispute neither the cause nor the effect. But all our impression on the subject, from the memory of his countrymen whom we have seen, was totally of another order. We had understood that Burgh's voice was one of his most attractive qualities as a public speaker; that it was of a most singular sweetness; and that in consequence it had procured for him the name of "Silver Tongue."

Burgh seems to have pushed all his qualities to the extreme. He had a fine figure, and he determined to make it too graceful. Thus he got the name of an "attitudinarian." He was a man of fashion as well as figure; and he must have been singularly fond of show, when he was in the habit of driving his carriage with six horses and three outriders. The consequence was, that though his income was handsome, his success at the bar being great, he died poor, and left his family to the chances of a public pension. On the night when the motion for what was then called "Irish independence" came on, Grattan having heard that Burgh's ill health would prevent him from attending, wrote to

him to mention his wish for his support. The answer was, "*I shall attend; and, if it were my last vote, I shall give it for my country.*" When the debate came on, he spoke very well; and after he had finished, he turned to Grattan, and said—"I have now sacrificed the greatest honour an Irishman can aim at." He had lost office before by his speech on the free trade, and now precluded his restoration to it, by his speech on independence. Yet, without desiring to enfeeble this evidence of his merits, it is to be remembered that the party which he now left was virtually the sinking one; that the days of Lord North's Ministry were already sealed; and as a confirmation of the little hazard incurred by a change which instantly gave him all the honours of popularity, and all the prospects too, in less than four years this patriot, who had thus formally shaken hands with office, found himself Chief Baron of the Exchequer. So slight was the fall, and so advantageous the rebound. He had resigned the Prime Sergeantcy in 1779, and died Chief Baron in 1783, after a too short tenure of office, and in the midst of general regret at the loss of such a man at so early an age; for, varied and active as his life was, and high as he had risen in professional rank and public estimation, he died at forty. Flood, in a brief allusion to his death in the House of Commons, eloquently spoke of him, as in his lifetime "dead to every thing but his own honour and the grateful memory of his country—a man over whose life or grave envy never hovered—a man ardently wishing to serve his country himself, but not wishing to monopolize the service—wishing to partake and to communicate the glory. My noble friend—I beg pardon, he did not live to be ennobled by patent, he was ennobled by nature!"

This book is a phantasmagoria; like that white sheet which spreads before the eye of the audience, and on which so many shapes of the departed pass with such vivid colours and such rapid succession, so come these shadows, so depart. Another Irishman, of remarkable intelligence, strength of mind, and statesmanlike knowledge, Foster, afterwards Lord Oriel, next passes across the stage. John Foster was the son of an Irish Chief Judge, and educated in the University of Dublin,

where he distinguished himself, even in boyhood, by the vigour of his diligence and the mastery of every thing which he undertook. Entering Parliament at the close of George the Second's reign, he soon made himself important by his extraordinary assiduity in the business of the House, the extent of his commercial knowledge, and the soberness of his judgment. In a time when it was a sort of fashion to be politically half-mad, he showed his judgment in choosing his side at once, and shrinking from the follies of that Whiggism which, compounded of the meanest craft and the most tinsel ostentation, perpetually intrigued to enlist all the young, in and out of Parliament; and, when once enlisted, urged them forward by every popular extravagance to every public peril. In adopting the side of common sense, Foster served his country more effectually than all the Opposition together. While their oratory was lavished on wild schemes of national independence, never checked by the consideration that they were impossible, and if not impossible, must have been ruinous, this able and laborious man was employed in examining the true sources of public feebleness, and supplying the public frame with vigour. He found that the great want for the peasantry was employment, and for the landlord an increase of revenue, and for the Church, then reduced to extreme penury, also an increase of the actual means of subsistence. By a single measure he made a memorable advance to meet the calamities of the three. He drew up a code of agricultural laws, in which, by the operation of bounties, the cultivation of corn was especially recommended to the country. The coxcombry of our modern philosophers despises the system of bounties, and the clamour of every pseudo-patriot is for the abolition of every thing calling itself a corn law. Yet, while honest men distrust such enlighteners, from the palpable fact, that the pamphleteering economists are mere dabblers in theory, and the haranguing economists are, to a man, advocates for revolution, practical men remember, that from the operation of such laws, dates nearly the whole agriculture of Ireland. Previously, almost the entire surface of Ireland was pasturage. The south,

west, and midland counties were vast extents of desert, dotted at intervals with wretched villages, and producing nothing but the potato for the peasant's food, the pig for his rent, and the bullock for the landowner. Within a few years, this wilderness was turned into tillage. Rents rapidly increased, the incomes of the clergy grew with them, churches were built, and new attempts were made to civilize the people; and within a quarter of a century, the population, the property, and the comforts of the country, made a greater progress than they had made within the three hundred years before. But one grand change was admitted. The Government left the Church unaided. Popery, the perpetual antagonist to industry, intelligence, and peace in every country, was an evil which soured all the growing prosperity of the land. It rendered the increase of population an increase of riot, the additional property a source of personal debauchery and parliamentary intrigue, and consummated the whole by organizing a sanguinary rebellion, which had its natural and fatal fruit in the death of the Legislature.

Foster's financial talents marked him for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, an appointment which had been hitherto exercised by an English functionary, and which he received, with national approbation, in 1784. But in the next year he was placed in the chair of the House, of which he continued Speaker until the House itself was no more.

The Speaker of the Irish House had duties which rendered him a still more important personage than his fellow functionary in England. He was, in a certain degree, a Cabinet minister, assisted at all the most secret deliberations of Government, and held every day that intimate intercourse with the existing ministry, which to have but touched on, so lately roused the ire of all Whiggism, and swept that clever and unlucky official, Manners Sutton, ruthlessly out of the receipt of six thousand pounds a-year! Yet in Ireland, where every thing is anomalous, this connexion was not considered as involving his impartiality, and probably nothing could have been more beneficial to the successive governments, than the advice of a wise man, perfectly well informed in the interest of

the country, clear-headed and far-sighted, and too highly respected for his real services, to require the giddy popularity to be earned only by deluding the people. As the natural result of this soberness of view and vigour of understanding, Foster was a strong Antipapist. He resisted the Popish demands throughout his whole political career. Another of his acts did almost equal honour to his good sense. The gallery of the House had become not unlike what the gallery of the National Assembly was yet to become—the dictator of the debates. A mob regularly took possession of it, who applauded their favourite orators, and for whom, of course, their favourite orators spoke. It is enough to say, that the gallery held no less than *seven hundred* of those critics, more than double the number of the members! Foster, when he became speaker, made a strenuous effort to restrain this very serious evil, by limiting the gallery. Yet, even to the last, this nuisance, equally injurious to free debate and to the legislative character of the House, continued, to a degree which the English House of Commons have never sanctioned. To the last, the gallery admitted a great number of people, and among them females. One result was, that it became a lounge for the idle hours of the wives and daughters of the members, and for other females not less dear to them, but yet not their wives and daughters, training the whole female community into politicians, and embittering every fireside. The public consequence was equally natural: the dignity of debate was wholly lowered by passing under the eyes of those fair spectators. The members were actors upon a stage, the ladies were the audience above. The speeches, repartees, and often the subject of debate, were attuned to the taste of the fair awarders of the palm; and by another consequence, inevitable in Ireland, every trivial dispute, by taking place in the presence of such witnesses, was turned into a point of honour; and what would have been matter of a laugh in the English House, was matter of *pistoling* on the Milesian side of the Channel.

On this subject, the author of the volumes, as might be expected, takes the side of the mob. He tells us that the galleries, in their original

state of repletion, were of peculiar value.

"The House of Commons," says he, "is the property of the people. They attend to observe the conduct of their representatives. In Ireland they applauded the patriot, but did not pay much attention to the courtier. When Mr Burgh put a period to his official existence, by the splendid declaration which he made in favour of the liberties of his country, *the galleries applauded*. In 1782, when Mr Grattan asserted their liberties, they *again applauded*; and their efforts animated the patriot, though they displeased the courtier." Such is the wisdom of the younger patriot of the name, which would transfer the debate from the House to the galleries; and, not content with the check imposed upon the members by the daily publication of their speeches, would either extinguish discussion altogether, by the fear of an irresponsible audience, or, in defiance of common sense and common decorum, stimulate political folly into fever, and give a shelter to treason under the shouts of the rabble.

Foster resisted the Union in 1800, but he resisted it on the ground which the whole body of patriots had been uniformly denying for the last twenty years. His argument was, that the country had prospered with such singular rapidity, that the change was unnecessary, and might be disastrous. But his irritation against the Government which carried that Union, could not have been very vehement; for, immediately after, he appeared in the English Parliament, and took office as Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and First Lord of the Treasury. It was remarkable that this man, who was so adroit, intelligent, and effective in the management of the nation's money, should have been singularly unlucky in the management of his own. With a large rental, and totally free from all expensive habits, he was always one of the most embarrassed men of his time. He was more successful in point of honours, for he obtained a title for his wife, another for himself, and, dying full of years, transmitted his honours to his successor, to whom he left the still better inheritance of his principles.

The year 1780 made Grattan at once the most conspicuous man of his country. He had hitherto distinguish-

ed himself by great personal activity in the general objects of Parliament, by a bold seizure of public questions, and by a rapid, forcible, and pungent eloquence; but he now stepped forward in front of all his contemporaries, and stepped so far forward, that none of them ever reached him again. Having gained what was called "free trade," he determined to demand what was called "free government." The English Privy Council and Cabinet had hitherto possessed the right of putting a veto upon the laws passed in the Irish Parliament. It was Grattan's ambition to abolish this privilege, and demand that Ireland should be bound only by the laws of her King, Lords, and Commons. In this effort he instinctively took the lead. Never was a measure more wholly the work of an individual. He found his whole party hostile to it as a desperate experiment. "Burgh, Daly, Ogle, Perry, and the Ponsonbys, were adverse; they could not be seduced, but they were mollified and afraid. Lord Charlemont, too, was rather timid; but he evinced a delicacy on the occasion, for which he deserved great credit, (Grattan sat for one of his burghs.) He did not, like the rest, seek to dissuade him from bringing forward the motion; he merely recommended him to consider it well—he thought the measure too bold, and the country not yet ripe for it."

In fact, among the whole Opposition, there seems to have been but one man who stood beside Grattan. The Whig principle is the same at all times. An utter absence of sincerity, a desire to agitate exactly to the point in which it can make itself an object of alarm to government, that it may become an object of purchase; and an utter recklessness of the desperate evils which may be produced by this agitation, while they are startling the minister into that degree of fear which is necessary for his dishonour and its corruption. The Whigs of Ireland, after having inflamed the passions of the people into little short of an abhorrence of England, having perverted the spirit of the volunteers into little short of rebellion, and having trod as closely upon treason as they could, without setting their own feet upon the steps of the scaffold, thought proper to pause, that they might see how far those specious

iniquities had brought them within reach of power. But Grattan was of another order : he was sincere, unselfish, and enthusiastic. The delight in his own oratorical success, determined him to follow up the triumphs which he had gained by his eloquence, and follow it up, continually flashing his brilliant weapon in the eyes of the nation, even though he should follow it alone. In the words of the author, "some of the Whigs had offered to oppose the measure of independence, many had yielded, and the Government had nearly softened them all." Flood, the great leader of the party, felt himself reduced to a dilemma which has so often pained the conscience of Whiggism. He had no desire personally to go further at the moment ; but he felt that the impetuosity of his young rival would carry off popularity. This was not to be parted with on any terms, and he therefore advocated the measure. "When it came forward he spoke for it, but in a subdued manner. He lamented that the question had been brought on, and accused the proposer of precipitation, and said that he would address something valedictory to the volunteers."

Whiggism in England was equally willing to try the experiment of suspended agitation. Whether they had disturbed the country enough, has been for the last fifty years the question of Whiggism ; and the question has always been answered by—have we, or have we not, brought ourselves within sight of power? Even the greatest name of men then living had been applied to, and the sanction of Edmund Burke was given to the stoppage of the agitation. But Burke was then in the trammels of Whiggism, and was forced to do its bidding. He wrote a public letter advising a politic tardiness. His language was, "Will no one speak to this madman—will no one stop this madman?"

Grattan was assailed on all sides by the party whom he was now about to throw so utterly into his rear. They applied to Perry, on whose judgment they knew that he had peculiar reliance. Perry, with his old Parliamentary tact, applied to Lord Charlemont, for whose borough Grattan sat. This the old statesman probably thought decisive ; for, as the author

observes, if Grattan was obliged to vacate his seat, he might not have found it easy to get another. Lord Charlemont's delicacy, however, retarded the application, and Grattan took a very peculiar, but very effective mode of escaping from it. "Having discovered the intention of making it," for it appears that his lordship's delicacy had already yielded to the determination of his party ; his nominee left them all behind, abandoned Dublin "to avoid importunities, and secluded himself in Celbridge Abbey." There, with none but his old relation Colonel Marlay, a gallant officer who had seen much of the world, he left his fellow patriots to perplex themselves with wondering what was become of him, and alarm that the game was taken wholly out of their hands. The young orator, whose mind was always of a nobler cast than that of the bustling place-hunters of his party, here strengthened his romance of statesmanship by the romance of nature. The house and grounds of Celbridge had once belonged to Miss Vanhornrigh, Swift's luckless admirer.

"Along the banks of that river," says he, "amid the graves and bowers of Swift and Vanessa, I grew convinced that I was right. Arguments unanswerable came to my mind, and what I then prepared confirmed me in my determination to persevere. A great spirit rose among the people, and the speech which I afterwards delivered in the House communicated its fire, and impelled them on ; the country caught the flame, and it rapidly extended. I was supported by eighteen counties, (out of thirty-six,) by the grand jury addresses, and the resolutions of the volunteers. I stood upon that ground, and I was determined never to yield. I brought on the question on the 19th April 1780. That was a great day for Ireland : that day gave her liberty."

All this is fine language. But what is it more? What but oratorical extravagance could say, or popular illusion believe, that Ireland was without liberty until the year 1780? That a country possessing the habeas corpus act, a parliament, freedom of person and property, and governed by the same laws which constituted freedom in England for a hundred years before, should have then for the first

time tasted of freedom, now stands before us in all the ridiculous nakedness of a party fiction. It was then not truer when clothed in the tissues of unquestionably a most showy eloquence. Grattan's speech on moving for "Irish independence," was one of his most powerful displays; a beautiful composition, full of great ideas and dazzling imagery, the whole polished with all the laborious dexterity of one of the most skilful masters of language that the world has ever seen. But it must be allowed now, that it was all a romance. He creates the colossal oppressors, among whom he goes forth sweeping his two-handed sword. He builds his castles in the clouds, before he launches the thunderbolts that is to scatter them to the winds. He fabricates shadows and scenes with the invention of a great dramatist, and having marshalled and moved the creatures of his fancy onward to an imaginary catastrophe, he sits down, forgetting that the whole is ideal, and that he is the spectator of an empty stage.

In Grattan's famous speech on this occasion, and the series of fine orations which he made before and after on the same topic, if Ireland had been the most helpless and hopeless victim of the most iron tyranny of earth, she could not be painted with a pencil more dipped in colours of despair. If one half of her population were working in fetters, and the other half on the point of exile, he could not have raised a louder wail over the national misfortunes; if her freedom, wealth, learning, and religion had been buried in a common grave, and Grattan had sat alone to perform the national obsequies, and record the national fate, he could not have arrayed himself in a more lugubrious robe, or written a more indignant denouncement of her tyrants on her tomb.

We have lived to see all the folly of this declamation. It was in the midst of all this public ruin that commerce was growing tenfold, that the value of all property was increasing, and that corn was swelling like a surge over the soil. It was in a country where man dared not speak, act, or think, that 100,000 men in arms were actually at that moment menacing the Government and dictating to the Legislature; and it was in a Parliament pronounced to be the slaves of minis-

terial corruption, and the echoes of the British Minister, that a party was hourly declaiming in the most violent terms against the Minister and England, intriguing for place with the most indefatigable effrontery, and proclaiming themselves the true representatives of Ireland, while the Government were but its usurpers.

Far be it from us to undervalue patriotism. But it must not be the patriotism of party—mean, trafficking, and treacherous. Far be it from us, too, to deny the dazzling powers of the great orator. Nothing can be more superb than his abstractions, nothing more sublime than those flashes, which, like meteors, not merely throw a sudden splendour on all below, but fascinate our eyes. Yet, what was their gain after all?—a change of phrase. "The King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland," was substituted for the words, King, Lords, and Commons of the British empire. For Grattan, in his wildest dream, never dreamed of separation. That frenzy in some, and fury in others, and conspiracy in all, was reserved for the time when Popery was to sit in the Parliament, and be enthroned in the councils of Protestant England!

We turn willingly from this most anxious of all existing topics, to the recollection of the better studies of Grattan's day. We were aware that he was romantically touched by the beauties of nature, and we were not unacquainted with his having written verses, the common play of men of fashionable life in his time. Fox, Fitzpatrick, Langrishe, Charlemont, and a crowd of their accomplished associates, were all verse writers. But we were not aware that Grattan was capable of verses so polished as those which we now give. In his retirement at the seat of his uncle, Colonel Marlay, his favourite place of meditation was the "Bower of Vanessa," a little retreat formed on a small island in the grounds of Celbridge, below a picturesque narrow bridge of Irish antiquity, which was overhung with ivy, and stretched its arches across the water to the spot. A mass of evergreens and laurel, mixed with yew, and box-trees, and solemn cypress, shaded the place, and rendered it almost impervious to the sun; roses, jessamine, and honeysuckle entwined the classic bower, and the green around was covered with flowers

of all hues. On the death of the Colonel, the place descended to his brother Dean Marlay, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert. Some alterations having taken place in the grounds, Grattan took unbrage at this invasion of their sanctity, and addressed this remonstrance to their proprietor.

VANESSA'S BOWER TO DEAN MARLAY.

"O thou! too prompt at fickle fashion's call,
For the sloped bank to change the useful wall;
To break those clumps that in meet order stand,
Planted by ancient skill's exactest hand,
To mock the true old beauties of my isle,
With the forced fiction of yon Gothic pile.
Oh! born like Swift, to head this sylvan scene,
Like him to live a wit, and die a Dean,
Check *here*, at least, thy innovating haste,
Stop here, at least, thy fopperies of taste:
Know, more than beauty pleads for thy retreat,
And sacred spirits guard my ivied seat.
Here the stern satirist and the witty maid,
Talk'd pretty love, nor yet profaned the shade:
Here, too, his nobler leisure to attend,
Ierne's genius met her earliest friend,
Long ere she hoped to break her iron chain,
Or dream of freedom's law, or Portland's reign.
Oh! spare those shades, where our first poet sung;
Each vagrant bough with sacred wreaths is hung.
So may each new vicissitude of taste
Spare thy trim lawns, nor leave thy flowers to waste.
May sportive statesmen love the walks you've made,
And more than mortal beauty grace thy shade."

Allusion has been made to one member who supported Grattan in this struggle. He seems to have been almost the only sincere one—John Forbes, "unshaken, unsubdued, unterrified," a second Abdiel; and, like his leader, an enthusiast. "This individual was incorruptible; he was one of the most amiable of men, mild in his mind and manners, but firm of purpose. He was offered place, and refused it. He supported all the questions regarding Irish freedom with great ability. He proposed the Place Bill and the Pension Bill. By the latter he limited the pensions to £80,000. He served the people faithfully, and his name should be

prized by every lover of liberty." All this may be true; yet we may conceive that the sequel of his career is not easily reconcilable with this panegyric. It must have perplexed the author not a little to be compelled to say, that—"Late in life, Mr Forbes accepted a *situation* in New Providence." (The author will not call it a place.) If we cannot see any actual crime in this acceptance, we cannot find any palliation of it, if it be one, in the prudent notice—that "he had refused a more lucrative one at home, offered by Lord Camden in 1796." This shows, only, that he became fonder of public pay when old than when middle-aged, or that he grew wiser as he grew older. The plea is, that abroad, "he could not be asked to act against his principles." But we must leave it to the logic of Jesuitism to disentangle the difficulty. The mover of pension and place bills is not exactly the man who can with impunity accept place under the Government which he has tried to fetter, and whose patronage he has stigmatized with corruption. The line here drawn between doing the work of a corrupt Government abroad and at home, is too delicate for our vision. The withdrawal of a patriot from Parliament, to become a placeman any where, is the subduction of parliamentary force, a negative desertion, a half-way house of character; and the man who hopes thus to screen the practical denial of his principles under cover of his personal escape from the spot where he avowed them, may enjoy a *situation* in New Providence, but will be apt to be remembered only as a hypocrite in England.

We come to a more important character, Yelverton, afterwards Chief Baron. He had begun life a peasant; had distinguished himself by his classical acquirements in the university; and, on his adoption of the bar, had rapidly risen into emolument and fame. On his entrance into Parliament he instantly assumed a foremost rank. "Yelverton was a first-rate speaker, nearly the most powerful one in his day. His style was short and strong; he never wandered from his subject, either to the right or the left. He was endowed with a masculine understanding, and saw the strong point of every thing. But his fire was so ardent, that it quickly consumed the fuel which fed it. He was deficient in his tones and

manner, and he wanted taste. Yet, without these accomplishments, his speeches were superior, and even sublime orations." It is justly observed, as a matter of regret, that almost nothing is preserved of them which can give an adequate conception of their merits. Yet a few sentences may be given, as a specimen of that mixture of argumentative force and poetic beauty which distinguishes the nobler spirit of the often-calumniated Irish style. The subject is the unpropitious one of a Sugar Bill. Yelverton launched out into principle. "Destroy one part of the system of trade, and you destroy the whole—you destroy all trade." He then adverted to the abuse of the past popular acquisitions, "He could not help remarking the prostituted use which had been made of the term 'Free Trade.' When we first received it, an intemperate burst of applause broke forth, like the extravagance of lunacy, or the giddy joy of a child. If a constitutional question was started, if grievances were represented, we were answered—you have got a free trade. If a declaration of our rights was demanded—we should be satisfied with a free trade. If a modification of an oppressive law was attempted, we were stunned with the explanation—you have got a free trade. Your free trade was food and raiment to you; it was the burden of the ministerial song; it was the *lullaby* which hushed your necessities to rest, and the *requiem* which was sung over the perturbed spirit of your poverty! Every struggle for liberty was called sedition—a free trade was thrown out as a bubble, and meant to answer all the ends of those who never meant to grant you any. The people will see too late that they have been amused with a plaything; and, when they have lost it, will sit down like a child, and cry for all that their folly has lost them."

Yelverton had striking qualifications for public life. He was a great lawyer, as well as a man of elegant knowledge. He had alike the physical and mental requisites of the orator: "a great volume of voice, a rich flow of ideas, a rapid imagination, an austere pathos: his speeches were a regular, continued flow of legal reasoning. When he warmed upon a subject, his mind and his eye fixed: he did not illumine his speech by brilliant figures,

like Burgh, nor adorn it with pointed sentences, like Flood, who was a master of the art of oratory; but he came forth with a strength of reasoning, that struck the listener as the finest species of ratiocination. Grattan compared him, and well, to the rolling of the Atlantic wave, a column three thousand miles deep!"

A proof of his prudence is given. Flood had taken the favourite question of the day, Payning's Law, out of his hands. Yelverton, however indignant, suffered it so to remain. He wished to avoid Flood's merciless tongue. He was accustomed to say, "I shall yet ascend the bench; and it is best that I should not ascend it *soiled by the abuse of any individual.*" He ascended it unsoiled. On the death of Hussey Burgh he was made Chief Baron.

His powers at the bar were of the first order. Lord Annesley (Chief Judge) who was certainly not partial to Yelverton, used to say, "that he was the best advocate he ever heard in either England or Ireland." He carried away the court, the hearers, the jury, while listening to him." But, with all his prudence, he could sometimes be furious. On one occasion, Fitz-Gibbon (Lord Clare) had attacked Grattan, who was not then in the House; Yelverton started up, and replied to the charges, concluding with these fiery paragraphs,—“If my friend were present, the honourable gentleman would take some time to consider, before he hazarded an encounter with his genius, his eloquence, and his integrity. My honourable friend did not provoke the attack, equally ungenerous and untrue, and for which no justification can be found in any part of his splendid career. That learned gentleman has stated what Mr Grattan is—I shall state what he is *not*. He is not *styed* in his prejudices; he does not *trample on the resuscitation* of his country, or live, like a caterpillar, on the decay of her prosperity; he does not stickle for the letter of the constitution with the *affectation of a prude*, and abandon its principles with the *effrontery of a prostitute.*"

The true cause which enabled Grattan to advance, against the Government and *without* his party, was the growing force of the volunteers. From a protecting militia they had become a disposing army; from sol-

diers they had become politicians ; and from the servants of the constitution had become the arbiters of Parliament. This state of things naturally excited especial alarm, at a period when America was still at war, and when the example of her revolt was the perpetual topic of all the mischievous and shortsighted tribe that longed to profit by public plunder in an Irish rebellion. Burke alludes to this hazard in his speech to the electors of Bristol. He described it as the establishment of "a military power in the dominions of the Crown, without the consent of the British legislature, contrary to the policy of the constitution, contrary to the declaration of right." "Two *illegal* armies are seen," said he, "with banners displayed at the same time, and in the same country. No executive magistrate, no judicature in Ireland, will acknowledge the legality of the army which bears the King's commission, and no law, or appearance of law, authorizes the army commissioned by itself."

Burke's capacious vision even then contemplated the consequences of putting power into the hands of the multitude. He argued on the natural dangers of force and irresponsibility combined ; the follies natural to great bodies of men guided by the frauds of faction ; the boundless field which popular passion throws open for the demagogue ; and the desperate wickedness into which that demagogue is ready to plunge the nation for the most selfish prize of power. This Burke saw, and this he deprecated, even in 1780 ; a clear evidence that he never was a Whig. If he had been, he might have seen, but he never would have deprecated. He bore the name of a Whig, because, in being thrown a stranger on the great plain of public life, he had first accidentally wandered into the ranks of the Whigs. But when the campaign became real, when the field-day flourishes were over, and he found them hoisting the revolutionary flag, he boldly marched over in front of the two armies, ranged himself under the standard of the monarchy, and stood forth, the noblest champion of law, loyalty, and religion.

The volunteers passed away. They were a brilliant phenomenon, but a formidable one : their light was meteoric, and it was impossible to tell by

what sudden change of course it might not turn to the earth, and crush and consume. But Ireland was fortunately relieved from leaving her ashes as an example. The cessation of the American war brought back the day ; the irregular light was wasted no more, in the return of the sunshine. I waned before the eye, and, after a few wild flashes, vanished below the horizon.

The man who raised Grattan first before the people, ought not to be forgotten. We have already said that this most honest of all Whigs, perhaps the only honest Whig that ever existed, came into Parliament originally as member for a borough, under the patronage of Lord Charlemont. The noble lord was the artist who fashioned the future idol and placed him on the altar, to see the sculptor eclipsed by the work of his hands. Lord Charlemont was the balloon, and Grattan the man in the parachute. When it had raised him high enough to catch the popular gaze, the balloon was cut off and let fly into the clouds or the sea ; while the man in the parachute came down into the popular arms, to be applauded and wondered at, and carried in an ovation. But Charlemont was a memorable man. Without power of any kind, large property, or striking talents, he became suddenly the first nobleman of Ireland. Grattan's description of him is grateful, and yet unexaggerated.

—"He was the most accomplished man of his day ; the most polished and the most agreeable. In these respects he was superior to any person who had yet appeared in Ireland, or probably whom Ireland will ever again behold. His society was charming. He was fond of humour, and occasionally indulged in sarcasm, but never on his company. He was full of spirit, integrity, and public virtue. He possessed ambition, a great love of power, a great contempt for money, the consideration of which never entered into his mind : he was incorruptible. His spirit and integrity would not permit him to yield to Government ; but when the people had triumphed, he strove to reconcile the parties, and would not abandon the Government on a question which endangered it."

It is clear that this man never was a Whig. We have the additional evidence.—"One predominant fea-

ture in his character was a *sacred attachment to the British connexion*. His desire was, to keep well with England, and he worked in favour of Government, not for this or that minister, but for the Government solely, and was not only anxious to have the people supporting him, but to *have the people supporting the Government*." Let libel say what it will, this man was no Whig. He was the antipodes of Whiggism. He might as well be called a negro born in Christendom with a white skin, a Roman nose, and thin lips. He wanted the selfishness, the rashness, the vice, and the *vulgarity* of Whiggism.

We fully agree with the elder Grattan (for it is impossible that the younger should have written the words), that "it was most fortunate that such an individual existed. [The volunteers had chosen Lord Charlemont for their general-in-chief.] His grave and civil character was necessary to restrain the ardour of the volunteers, and rescue them from their own excesses, for he well knew that liberty loses half its value if it is purchased by victory over the people. There are times, and there are occurrences, when a man ought to stop, and *should prefer to break with his party, to going forward*. Yet few men who have acquired popularity possess courage enough to risk its loss."

It is equally impossible to disagree with those sentiments. The command of the volunteers was the command of a vast power, which, in the hands of a political traitor, might have subverted the kingdom. The first extravagance of the volunteers resisted by Government might have brought on a civil war; and the first drop of blood shed in this war might have been the spring-head of torrents. The prejudice of party led some to say, that this noble person was merely a *man with exquisite manners*; but they were mistaken. He was a man of excellent sense. He was at the head of a most powerful national army, supported by the upper classes, and comprising all. He assisted in leading them on to civil liberty. He assisted also in guarding them *against popular excesses*.

His private life was that of an elegant and cultivated mind. "He wrote well; his replies to the addresses of the volunteers were excellent; and

while they encouraged their spirit and formation, they gave a regulated tone to liberty. He was a good Latin scholar, and knew Greek remarkably well; he had travelled much, and was well versed in the continental languages. He was fond of poetry, and composed some light and pretty things; his intimacy with Marley, the Bishop of Waterford, encouraged this pastime, and their mutual taste led them to an epistolary correspondence, partly verse, partly prose, full of humour, raillery, and wit."

We give a slight specimen of this easy courtship of the nine, and in their own country. He had been travelling in Greece—no slight achievement in the year 1749, and for a young noble of twenty-one. At that time the Morea and the Islands were almost a *terra incognita* to the more civilized portions of Europe. "How many times," says his letter to Marley, "I wished that you could have seen us in some of the droll equipages in which we have been during our abode in the Islands, mounted on asses, and glad to get them—paddles, without either bridle or stirrups—seven or eight days without a bed to lie on, encamped on desert islands! My birth-day this year we kept at sea, between the Islands of Crete and Cos—the feast was celebrated with several actings, dutiful and voluntary, firing of cannon, &c. No kind bard being here to write my birth-day ode, and the sea gods being bad poets, I am obliged to cry my own ballad, an extempore as you will easily perceive.

"My Marley! see the rolling years
With certain speed our lives devour;
Each day its due proportion bears,
And nearer brings the fatal hour.

"'Tis one-and-twenty years this day,
Since first I drew my vital breath;
So much the nearer to decay!
So much have I approach'd to death!

"He well hath lived, who, when the sun
Departing yields to low'ring night,
Can say, This day my task is done,
And let to-morrow seize its right.

"No more of that—this festal day,
In harmless pleasure let us pass.
One bumper toast: I'll show the way,
'Tis Marley's health, fill up my glass!"

Don't you think the tossing of the ship is in these lines? I don't think my residence at Delos, the sacred birth-place of Apollo, has much improved me; but if my verses be not good, I am sure they are sincere."

Like all the men of sense in his day, Charlemont was utterly hostile to the encroachments of Popery. So early as 1785, Opposition in Parliament, having worn out all other topics, and, always looking for novelty, let the risk be what it will, took up the Popish question, and proposed to give the Popish peasantry the fatal right of voting for members of Parliament. Against this the argument, and nothing could be truer, was, that the Popish peasantry being wholly in the hands of the priests, to give the franchise to the peasant was in fact to give the priest the power of sending members to Parliament; that though the members thus sent were Protestants, the inevitable result would be, that of engendering a spirit hostile to Protestantism in the legislature, thereby impairing the true liberty of the country, enfeebling its constitution, and ultimately destroying the connexion with England. Those just and forcible arguments prevailed for nearly ten years, but Opposition was active, Protestantism too little aware of its danger, and ministers too eager to purchase popularity by a guilty concession; and, as the result, the privilege of voting was given. The gratitude of Popery for this criminal concession, was a bloody rebellion in 1798. The punishment to the Parliament was the Union, and the product to the nation was a continued increase of faction, until 1829, when the presence of Popery first polluted the English Parliament, after the lapse of a hundred years of freedom. But as Charlemont grew old and feeble, he grew negative. When the elective franchise was proposed in 1793, he neither aided nor resisted, and before he died, was supposed to be favourable to the change, which was to make all the labours of his life in vain.

It is only due to Grattan to say, that, though combined through life with a tribe who jobbed every thing, he never obtained any office from Government. His fortune was small. "I am," said he, "one of the poorest of commoners, as Lord Charlemont is one of the poorest of peers. But

we will take nothing. I have £500 a-year." This self-denial had its reward, and deserved to have it. "As the ministers could not purchase me," said he, on another occasion, "the nation purchased me." In 1782, on the address of the Viceroy to Parliament, communicating the acquiescence of the English Government in the motion for independence, it was determined to make a provision for Grattan. Mr Beauchamp Bagnall, member for Carlow, a man of opulence and weight in the country, moved, spontaneously, that £100,000 should be granted, to purchase an estate for him, as a reward for his public services. "But at the request of Mr Grattan's friends, the mover was induced to alter it to £50,000, to which the House and the minister agreed." The reduction was by Grattan's own delicacy. In the first instance, he had intended to refuse any thing, but his sensible old relative, Colonel Marlay, who knew the world better at that time, advised him to accept it. The money was put into the hands of a commission, who purchased a small estate with it, and, such is the wisdom of many counsellors, were said to have made a very improvident bargain. The original grant would not have been too much. Grattan ought to have been placed beyond all further consideration of money. If the House were sincere in its estimate of his services, they were not to be repaid by any sum. If their calculation was to be formed by the resulting value of those services, any sum would be too much. But it was a time of universal illusion. Ireland imagined that Grattan had broken chains that no other hand could break, lifted her from the ground into an elevation where empire lay before her, and opened the floodgates of a commerce which was to swell with the gold of mankind. Such were the dreams of the hour. But Grattan was a dreamer like the rest, and he deserved to be paid the price of teaching the people how to revel in such magnificent dreams.

Another character of peculiar mould next passes across the stage—Scott, the Attorney-General. Scott was a man of remarkable powers, a clear head, a determined heart, with a large knowledge of law, and a larger knowledge of human nature. Like all the

leading men of his day, principle sat easy on him. Much addicted to regard all public men as scoundrels, his chief resolution was to make his way by clinging to either party as it seemed most suited to his advance; alternately trampling and caressing all parties: he had begun, like all poor aspirants, by being a patriot, allied himself to Lucas, lauded the Opposition, abused the Minister, and exhibited all the thews and sinews of a vigorous democrat. But the new reign of George III. opened new prospects. Townshend the viceroy intimated that his eloquence might be turned to better account, and the lawyer became suddenly enlightened. He cast off the ragged uniform of the populace, and equipped himself in the livery of the Castle. He was a rough, bold-speaking, unblushing retainer from that moment, and no man more unhesitatingly laughed at the affectations of political creeds. "My lord," he used to say to the Viceroy, a man singularly like himself in his contempt for the Phocians of the day—"My lord, you have spoiled a good patriot."

But, notorious as his new conceptions were, no one thought of calling him to account for the change. There is, it is true, a general impunity allowed to lawyers on this subject; they claim largely the privilege of seeing both sides of a public question; and therefore, in England, they run the hazard of swamping the Constitution, as in Ireland they sold the country. But no one ever thought of questioning Jack Scott. His transition to the Treasury Bench was regarded as perfectly natural. If there had been a

Treasury Bench beyond that again, he would have crossed to it. No one would have wondered at it. The species is still professional, there are men among us at whose change no man wonders more than a naturalist wonders at the change of a worm into a dragon-fly—the little creeping, writhing, slippery, subtle thing, into the bold, busy, swift marauder, ever on the wing, glittering in the sunshine, and devouring every thing. But Scott had another important quality. If no great orator, he could bring an orator down by other means than arguments. He was a fearless swordsman and an exact shot. He changed his mode, finding his eloquence not irresistible, and "attempted to terrify. He attacked Flood; he supported Lord Townshend; he vindicated Lord Harcourt; he struck his breast—slapped his hat, appealed to his honour—and laid his hand upon his sword!"

Next, after the actor, we have the democrat reformed. "His principles were arbitrary, his love of liberty cooled after he left the people. And if a question had arisen, he would probably have ordered the soldiers to fire upon the volunteers." In fine, this bold, forward, rude, and vigorous pursuer of power, rose to the Bench, where he was Chief Justice, obtained an earldom, and died, if report be true, worth L.30,000 a-year!

Mr Grattan's work is, on the whole, clever, amusing, and full of anecdote. But it is the work of a Republican degraded into a Radical, and even that Radical degraded into a joint of the tail.

STATE TRIALS.

SPECIMEN OF A NEW EDITION.*

NEARLY a year, we believe, has elapsed since we received from a friend belonging to the profession of the law, a bulky volume, in green boards, rejoicing in the above title, along with a letter expressive of his anxious desire to have our opinion of it, it having, he said, "proved to him a puzzler." As it felt heavy in hand, and appeared to contain, verse—text and prose—notes, about four hundred by no means sparse pages, we placed it in the division of our library marked "JURISPRUDENCE"—purposing immediately after *Box-day* to lay it before the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor-General, whose opinions we thought would be more useful than ours to the Templar. Months on months, however, passed on in their usual hum-drum way, and the volume got its share of cobweb from the indefatigable spider that has grown to such a bulk among our books. More than once our forefinger was on the volume, but retracted on our perceiving the Terror of flies coiled up like a sleeping dragon, whom we felt it best not to waken.

Yesterday we happened to observe that he was off his post, galivanting in a corner of the cieling with a spinster of a very matronly appearance, who, nothing loth, had laid aside her distaff on his approach. Our forefinger did its duty in that neat style characteristic of the assiduous and successful student, and we laid ourselves at length on our settee, with the "State Trials" on our breast. As "it had proved a puzzler" to a person of much perspicacity, we eyed it for a while with a somewhat stern and suspicious aspect—resolved, in spite of all his artifices, to know what the writer was about—and then to transmit to London our private opinion of his work, that our correspondent—for we saw through him—might from our letter get up his article thereon for the Law Magazine.

We began, of course, at the end, and took a glance at the notes. We soon saw, with half an eye, that the author was a man of ingenuity and

learning, and internally prophesied that he was born for the Bench. Thus—

" ' And gashed his throat—while begging space for prayer.' P. 220, line 6.

" Though this avèrment may be sufficiently direct when only certainty to a common intent is required, it clearly would be insufficient for either certainty to a certain intent in general, or certainty to a certain intent in particular. Both the proper and the defective forms may be well exemplified in the deaths of Sir Thomas Holt's cook and of Pandarus the son of Alcanor.

" ' Action on the case for words. " Sir Thomas Holt struck his cook on the head with a cleaver, and cleaved his head; the one part lay on the one shoulder, and another part on the other. The defendant pleaded not guilty, and it was found against him. It was now moved, in arrest of judgment, that these words were not actionable; for it is not averred that the cook was killed, but argumentative. The court was of that opinion, Fleming, C. J. and Williams absentibus; for slander ought to be direct, against which there may not be any intendment: but here, notwithstanding such wounding, the party may yet be living; and it is then but trespass. Wherefore it was adjudged for the defendant."—*Sir Thomas Holt v. Astgrigg*, Cro. Jac. 184.

" ' Et medium ferro gemina inter tempora frontem

Dividit, impubesque immani vulnere malas. Fit sonus; ingenti concussa est pondere tellus:

Collapsos artus atque arma cruenta cerebro

Sternit humi moriens; atque ille partibus æquis

Huc caput atque illuc humero ex utroque pendit.' "

Æneid, 9, 783.

We corroborate the opinion of the Court; and should any one in December choose to say that we, in November, acted towards any Cockney as Sir Thomas Holt is said to have acted towards his cook, we promise not to prosecute him for a groundless slander.

A little further on, we stumbled on an excellent note concerning the law about dogs. Mr Moile had written—

* By Nicholas Thirning Moile, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Special Pleader. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1833.

"An oath for which 'twere hard a dog should die ;"

and he takes occasion to remark thereon, "that a treatise upon the law as it relates to the canine species, is yet to be desiderated in professional literature."

"It is said, in *Ireland v. Higgins*, Cro. Eliz. 126, that the law takes notice of four kinds of dogs—mastiffs, hounds, spaniels, and tumblers ; and that a man may justify a battery in defence of his dog. Yet the existence of property over dogs seems to have been admitted with great doubt and deliberation, see 12 Hen. 8, 3, 4, and now stands upon a very peculiar footing ; for, by one of the nicest and subtlest of distinctions, dogs are a species of property, for which trespass or trover will lie, but in which felony cannot be committed. In this respect, however, they are in no different situation from that of the ancient villeins, which could not be stolen, Sir Edward Coke instructs us, 'because they were in reality' like a box of chartres."

In the reign of Henry VIII., it is stated that a vigorous attempt was made to put all dogs entirely out of the pale and protection of the law. Upon demurrer to a count in trespass, for taking a bloodhound, it was argued for the defender, (we translate the Norman French,) "that no action lay for a dog, for that no man could bring an action about a thing of no value or profit, and that a dog was of no value, but for pleasure." On the other hand, it was argued for the plaintiff, "that though a dog may be a thing for pleasure, yet it is profitable for my hunting or for my recreation. For, if I have a popinjay or thrush that sings and refreshes my spirits, that is a great comfort to me ; and if any one takes it from me, he ought to be punished." The judges were divided in opinion—Brook, Pollard, and Brudnel holding the point good ; while Eliot, who must have been a fool and something more, laid it down "that there could be no action for a dog, for a dog is vermin, and savage by nature, being called in Latin *fera*, and never *jumentum nec armentum*." *Et adjudge fuist que il a vera action par ceo, et 6s. 4d. par damages et costes*." Too little ; but the pursuer did not prosecute vindictively. The dog had not been shot, merely kidnapped. The judgment settled the law as to theft ; as to

murder, it would seem as if some thought the law unsettled even at this day ; at least so late as the autumn of 1837. Mr Moile adds well—"More modern decisions have borne variously with greater or less severity, upon this species, *between which and our own, as may be said with no less truth than Cicero said of between man and the elephant*, or than jurists say of *mankind with each other*, THERE EXISTS SOMETHING LIKE A SOCIAL COMPACT." In shooting a dog—unless he be a sad dog indeed—a man cruelly violates a social compact. Yet you may not illegally tread on a dog's toes. For "in *Smith v. Pelah*, the Chief Justice ruled 'that if a dog has once bit a man, and the owner, having notice thereof, keeps the dog, and lets him go about, or lie at his door, an action will lie against him at the suit of a person who is bit, though it happened by such person's *treading on the dog's toes*, for it was owing to his not hanging the dog in the first instance, and the safety of the King's subjects ought not afterwards to be endangered. The *scienter* is the gist of the action.' 2 *Etrange*, 1263." A housekeeper is justified in shooting a housebreaker ; but hardly so, we should suppose, if at the time the housebreaker be breaking out of the house—say, escaping by the window. But what is to be said of the following judgment ? "In *Morris v. Nugent*, it was ruled that to 'justify shooting another person's dog, he must be actually attacking the party at the time ; therefore, when the defendant was passing the plaintiff's house, and the plaintiff's dog ran out, *and bit the defendant's gaiter*, and on the defendant turning round and raising his gun, the dog ran away, and he shot the dog as he was running away, it was held that the defendant was not justified in so doing."

The decision was right ; for the defendant having been frightened first out of his wits, and then out of his temper, was incapacitated by his own mean passions, to mark the distinction—not surely a very nice one—between his gaiter and the calf of his leg ; and, moreover, was blind and deaf—which no Christian can be—to the strong symptoms, if not of remorse and penitence, certainly of fear and a converted mind in the dog, which ought to have saved him, not from stone or cudgel, but

from ball or even slugs. Nevertheless, as men are but men, just as dogs are but dogs, we should, in such a case, have advised the jury to give moderate damages—say twenty pounds.

Let us now turn from the notes to the preface:—

“To me, sitting in my chambers, and revolving in my mind the advantages and inconveniences of the legal profession, doubts are wont to occur, whether there be more quaintness—or error—in the well-known complaint of Sir Edward Coke—that while the husbandman and mechanic could console their labours with the accompaniment of song, and their work be even prospered by some self-pleasing tune, the law admits of no such assistance or diversion, but requires application of the whole faculties both of body and mind, excluding every expression of cheerfulness or refreshment. To question this remark I was first moved, by the frequent perusal of that great lawyer’s Commentary upon Littleton’s Tenures, done into English metre; the charms of which have been ever grateful to an ear, not adverse in leisure moments to the lighter recreations of the muse, nor insensible to the peculiar melody of our earlier versification. And what student, indeed, has not felt the gravity of the Poor Laws enlivened, and the sterility of settlement cases agreeably refreshed at that flower of poesy, thrown by Sir Jas. Burrows into his report of *Shadwell v. St John’s, Wapping*:—

“A woman, having a settlement

Married a man with none;

The question was—he being dead,

If that she had was gone?

Quoth Sir John Pratt—Her settlement

Suspended did remain,

Living the husband—but, him dead,

It doth revive again.’

Chorus of Puisne Judges.

‘Living the husband—but, him dead,

It doth revive again.’

“The indelible impressions made by those verses on the memory, the pleasing accordance of their rhythm and metre with a grave and useful question of sessions’ law, and the picturesque description of unanimity, which so happily prevailed on the bench at that decision, seem to evince, that, by further pursuing the same device, similar assistance and recreation might be extended to other points, and other divisions, of learning.

“Indeed, the advantages of verse for instruction upon all subjects appear to have been too little regarded in modern education; and the peculiar facility with which rhythm and rote may be enlisted into legal studies, is now made little available, even in

elementary learning, though it was thus that the youth of Rome acquired the laws of the twelve tables—relics of which may prove, not only the antiquity of verse, and even rhyme, but also their peculiar adaptation to jurisprudence.

“Neither in this, nor in any other respect, can the civil law claim superiority to our own. Many of our ancient, and not a few modern, and even some living, writers in the profession have sufficiently shown, that their own genius, as well as their subject, possessed all other qualities of poetry in so eminent a degree, that the absence of verse has not concealed them from the closer observation of a kindred mind. What, for instance, can be more reverend or majestic than Sir Edward Coke’s impersonation of the two grand pronouns, *Meum* and *Tuum*; antagonists, never effete, as the Pope and Pagan, giants of Bunyan, but like the good and evil Principles, still mingling with and perplexing all the actions and passions of man? What can be more beautiful than his tracing the secret affinities of our law with the divine inspirations of the great Latin poet? The many classical citations and allusions of that eminent lawyer, his splendid illustrations, his comparisons, his imagery, his ingenuity in derivations and definitions, and that fervour and vigour of conception and expression, peculiar to the Elizabethan age,—suffice to show, that the compliment of—“How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost”—has been merited by more than one of the profession. For my own part, if I dared say it, I am often struck with the palpable resemblance of the poetry of Comyn’s Digest to the works of some authors, whom it would be invidious here to mention:—but for admission into whose class I avow me to be here offering my humble pretensions;—partly encouraged by, and partly dissenting from, the example set by several of my learned friends, who have transferred to law literature poetical lucubrations, which, there is every reason to regret, were not, like my own, employed in illustrating the doubts, and describing the contests, of *Meum* and *Tuum*.

“The pure poetry of our whole system of pleading has long been a subject of frequent remark, and is scarcely to be accounted for but by the belief that pleas were originally the actual speeches of counsel, while proceedings were *ore tenus*; and being preserved as the choicest specimens of ancient eloquence, became, by no unnatural excess of admiration in after days, the very models of exact imitation, and finally of literal repetition. This will explain that very touching appeal to the passions, which forms the peroration of the ordinary counts in trespass and assumpsit, and which, though often more diffusely, is seldom more moving—

ly, put in the modern addresses of advocates to the jury. This too will explain—(according to the difference of style and character, which may well be supposed to have existed in the serjeant or apprentice by whom such an action was first conceived or perfected to its present form)—the peculiarly business-like view which our pleadings take of the actions for crim. con. and seduction. The conversion of these injuries into a species of property, the value of which is to be ascertained and compensated in the common measure of all prices, is, perhaps, a distinctive characteristic of the most commercial of nations: but the exquisite and refined dissimulation with which the property alleged to have been injured is described—in order to give its appreciation the requisite certainty and uniformity—exhibits the most splendid instance of a continuous figure in obliquity and indirection, which, perhaps, no poetry has ever equalled. Were ever fictions more beautiful or more amiable than those on which are founded the actions of ejectment and of trover? In the former of which the injury done and suffered is entirely transferred to ideal personages; and in the latter, as also is so justly said of the institution of marriage, the law has improved and interpreted for the better the commonest instinct of human nature. What could better exemplify the strong affinity of our laws for poetry, than the fond discretion with which all this and the like imagery has been preserved in the unsparing cutting away of other matters less useful and brilliant? Indeed, the very name given in common to the whole of these proceedings—Forms—in the civil law, *carmina*—sufficiently indicates the faculty of the mind to whose exercise their origin is due, and with whose literary productions their use is to be classed.

“In further illustration of these resources of the law, it may be expected that I should refer to a sometime popular treatise, called the Pleadler’s Guide: but that work, in my opinion, has not always treated its subjects with the gravity they deserve; and tends rather to estrange pupils from the science; upon which, however, the book otherwise must be allowed to contain much profitable instruction. But some of the richest mines of legal poetry remain still to be explored. The strong analogy of criminal trials to tragedy has been ingeniously remarked by my learned friend and competitor, Mr Jardine: and the resemblance of many *nisi prius* cases to comedy can have hardly escaped the most superficial observer; and something of it is curiously preserved by the Reports, for the benefit of posterity. The action of replevin, indeed, has already engaged the labours of both painters and dramatists; under the name of ‘*The Rent Day*,’ it has drawn

tears from thousands at our national theatres; and the pencil of a Wilkie has proved a common-law or statutable distress may become of all others the most pathetic. But though, in both those works, the declaration and avowry are admirably delineated, there can be no doubt that the whole of the pleas in bar would be bad on a general demurrer. Succeeding artists may avoid this fault:—and the design give rise to an emulation no less noble than that of Timanthes and Parrhasius to delineate the trial of the controversy for the arms of Achilles.”

You see that we are introducing to you no common man—a quaint and acute prose writer—and you already anticipate good, perhaps great things in his verse. He goes on to ask, that if the art of painting succeeds so well in judicial subjects, can they prove less congenial to poetry? And where else is the real character, both of individuals and of their age, either better observed than in the proceedings, or better preserved than in the records of a court of justice?

“And, at the same time, what scene is more august, or—except only man’s public endeavours to propitiate and commune with his Maker—what action is more exalted—what more worthy of poetic description, than human labours to supply, what Heaven seems to have omitted, a form of civil government—or than human efforts to execute what the Deity undoubtedly wills, the distinction and retribution of right and wrong—or than human daring to usurp, perhaps, a prerogative which God himself forbears, the solemn adjudication and infliction of the punishment of death?

“But, in order to embellish the commentary, and extend also the sphere of its application, it was difficult to forbear occasional citations from those kindred volumes, which, ever forming part of a lawyer’s library, serve to attest and perpetuate the intimate association of classical and professional literature, feeling, and character. This is an association, however, which the severe taste and rigid style of judicial eloquence among us tends unfortunately to obscure. In this respect the House of Commons is more favourably disposed. How is it, that quotations, which are thought so reverend and graceful in the senate, must appear so puerile and pedantic at the bar? Or by what singularity of factitious taste does it happen that, even in Parliament, citations, though little restricted in length, are in selection to be confined to a single dead language, and commonly to a few of its principal authors? The overwhelming effect of Sheridan’s addition to a Greek quotation

can apparently never be extended beyond that tongue, which the House seems since to have abandoned in despair. But the public require to be undeceived in an opinion, long traditional, and formerly perhaps correct, but, though lately inculcated by some very popular publications, altogether at variance with the universal advancement of the age,—the opinion, that your special pleader is a creature without imagination, refinement, or sensibility; whom no arts delight, no muse illumines, no grace can inspire; who, by the sterility of an intricate and ungrateful profession, that always exhausts and never enriches the intellect, has been placed beyond the pale, alike of polite society and of elegant literature; and being therefore condemned to either an affectation of what he never can attain, or a sullen contempt for what he does not understand, finds a life of study has filled his mind with only a species of learning, which, out of the limits of his own country, or the sphere of his own business and associates, is every where either utterly rubbish, or valuable for the most sordid motive alone. Such is by no means the classic pleader of the present moment. The themes of his reflection and discourse will be found to blend whatever is subtlest in the learning of his profession, or choicest in its phrases, with all that is polite in music, painting, travel, literature, and science; and with all that is elegant in amusements, sports, and fashion,—even to the nicest appreciation of an opera ballet. And I am free to confess, that the older I grow the more do I appreciate that most graceful and refined spectacle, which the youth, beauty, and gaiety of human kind can ever exhibit;—that vague and elegant expression of the relations of the sexes, their desire to please, and pride to display their charms;—that imitation of sentiments, abstracted indeed from their ordinary modes, and impersonated in new phases and combinations, of measured motions, musical attitudes and harmonious positions,—adorned with all that fancy in costume, taste in grouping, cheerfulness in features, health, love, and festivity, can add to the fairest of human forms. The appreciation of this is undoubtedly the more peculiar property of the learned profession, and by traditional right; as the ballet is evidently borrowed from the ancient revels of the Inns of Court, in whose stately dances perhaps the art—now lost—was then practiced, of representing by solemn gestures and measures, and with their feet in walking, the intricacies of law-suits, and the reasonableness of their decision.”

The part of the Preface most puz-

zling to our young Templar, is that which regards the personal identity of the ingenious author. His name, he says, is Nicholas Thirning Moile, and his *habitat* is 11, Crown Office Row, Temple. Our friend, wishing to make his acquaintance—with a view, no doubt, to the crack article—proceeded, one rainy day, to call at No. 11; but, after an hour's hunting, gave it up in despair. He ought not to be dismayed; for how seldom has it happened to any man that he found the desired number on the first day's voyage of discovery, either in the most regular of squares, or the simplest of streets? That 11, Crown Office Row, Temple, exists, why in unmanly despondency disbelieve? See the immediate consequence of such scepticism—that there is no Nicholas Thirning Moile. That gentleman, of whose existence we have no more doubt than our own, attributes the chief authorship of the *State Trials* to a pupil of his now dead. The poor youth was drowned, we are told, on his passage from the Isle of Man, “having first duly made and published his last will and testament, by which I was appointed his executor; an office, for once, of no great trouble, as his assets were small, and his debts less. On receiving this document, together with the keys of his chambers, I found in his library a row of large quartos, ranged under *Wentworth's Pleadings*, and lettered on the back ‘*Precedents*.’ Within, instead of Pleas, I found it entitled ‘*State Trials*,’ nor had I read far before I discovered it was written in metre and rhyme. What was this but my own design of combining the learning of the law with the melody of verse; a design I had before communicated to my late pupil in frequent conversations? It was evident he had been working upon my ideas, which I considered no less my own property than even my very books themselves. Let it not be supposed that these things are now mentioned in any spirit of complaint, or to intimate the charge of plagiarism in my poor friend. He, I doubt not, either always intended to contribute his assistance to my work, or may even have been utterly unconscious of any such trespass; indeed, he has too much mistaken the object, or departed from the conduct of the original design, to leave me any regret, but that I can derive so little

aid from labours which might have been turned to some account, could I have directed their pursuits." There is an air of truth and sincerity in all this which must satisfy, one might think, every not over-credulous mind.

But our friend is not satisfied, and mentions in his letter another cause of disquiet. Mr Moile having spoken of his poor pupil's chambers, says, in a note:—"Now vacant, consisting of three rooms and a dark closet, up four pair of stairs, at a reduced rent—ninety-two guineas and a half. Apply at Danby's, hair-dresser, Cloisters." To Danby's our friend repaired—thinking the chambers would suit his purse and love of privacy—when, to his astonishment, Danby declared that he knew of no such chambers! Many applications, he added, had been made to him about them, within the last six months; and he did indeed most earnestly desire to know where they were situated—and if any body could give any information about Mr Moile. Further, our friend has received letters, he tells us, from the gentlemen respectively inhabiting Nos. 10 and 12, Crown Office Row, Temple, demanding if he be the person who has been perpetually disturbing their doors since the summer of 1833 with enquiries about a Mr Moile—and threatening legal proceedings against the individual guilty of the nuisance. We can only repeat our advice in one word—*Persevere*.*

So much for Notes and Preface—now for the State Trials themselves—reported in verse. They are three in number—Trial of Anne Ayliffe for heresy—of Sir William Stanley for high treason—and of Mary Queen of Scots. They may be called Poems—and three fine ones; and that we may do ample justice to the mind that produced them, we shall give as many long extracts as possible from the first and perhaps the finest—assisting you all—kind friends—to comprehend and feel the spirit of the whole, by means of such connecting links as our own few words may supply. After all, such articles are the most delightful of any—and it may prove more difficult to imitate than to depreciate them, to any moonstruck transcendentalist who may come down from his clouds, somewhat fretful on account of the cold,

to walk in the footsteps—and close at the heels, of some one or other of the ordinary children of men.

The poem opens with a picturesque description of the Sacrifice of the Mass in "St Paul's," which is followed by a Sermon as supposed to have been preached by an eloquent Clerk, in conclusion of the service. The usual effects produced by a sermon on the audience are pithily expressed—at the close,

"And some approved, some censured,
others slept,
Or dreamt awake;"

and so is the "scaln' o' the kirk"—the dismissal of the congregation—

"The poor to labours and the rich to
cares."

But the brethren move out towards the South—in procession—"paired in long order"—vergers, monks, canons, &c. &c.—

"Stern Arundel, their sovereign, follow-
ing all,"

and enter the chapter-house, in which remains to be done the chief business of the day.

But before we proceed to that "stern assize," let us listen to some of the loftier strains in the preparatory sermon. The Clerk does not preach from any specific text, nor does his discourse consist of many separate heads, terminating with "practical conclusions." It is, in truth, the Poet himself who breaks forth into an impassioned address to the surrounding sanctities,

"Before an altar crown'd with every
worth;

The gate of Heaven to suppliants on earth;
Where all the arts reflect their Author's
grace;

Where priests supreme in polity and place,
With solemn march, in robes of radiant
dyes,

O'er sainted relics, dress the sacrifice."

The silence and the song, the whispered and the spoken prayer—flowers, banners, censers, and ascending smoke—the sculptured and the limned design—

"Dread pageantries, for which man's soul
was made,

And every charm that brings devotion
aid"—

* We have just heard that Mr Moile resides—not at 11—but at 111, Crown Office Row, Temple.

by them he is inspired, and to them he speaks—while

“He, THE WORD,
Unseen, yet present to ethereal sight,
Broods o’er the whole, and consecrates
the rite.”

And ere the Poet, in the character
of “a Friar of Orders Grey,” stands
up to preach, the congregation has
been stilled—thus,

“Alone the Friar in accents clear and
lowly
Pursued the chant—‘For only Thou art
holy,
Thou only wise, thou only the Most High!’

“For him, ye columns, rear your brows on high!
Lift up your heads, great portals of the sky!
What fairer dome, save that which heaven expands,
What worthier seat of temples made with hands,
Than builders sage here pillar’d for his throne?
For nature’s God a work like Nature’s own:
Or where unlike the form her hands produce,
Still like in grace, magnificence, and use.
In new designs her fair proportions shown;
Her likeness traced in structures not her own;
Her measure follow’d, harmonies bestow’d
On strange materials, in an unknown mode;
And half her influence o’er the mind imprest
By different means, and thence with livelier zest;
And half her charms to fascinate the heart.
Oh, noblest work of imitative art!
To pile columnar trunks from marble mines,
Embower their boughs and interlace with vines;
Pile higher still, and arch a vault on high,
To shield the storm, and emulate the sky;
Cross aisles to vistas of her sylvan bower;
Rear for the sun in heaven a lantern tower;
Adapt each limb with various height and length,
And bind the whole in unity and strength;
Copying, abstracted, in a different plan,
The grace and order of the world and man:
And scarce with rapture less, and awe, confound
And lift to God the wight who gazes round,
Than who beneath a cliff sees capes and bays
Far tinged with sunset’s red and yellowy rays;
Or nightly wandering hears the hills accord,
And heavens declare the glory of the Lord—
When winds and waves through shadowy woods intone,
And ghastly moonlight chills the glimmering zone.”

What would they in the dust? Ap-
pease offended Heaven. And by what
sacrifice?

“Blood must atone; A SAVIOUR inter-
cedes!”

Away with fruits and fatlings! BE-
HOLD THE HOST! Have faith—do
penance—believe in the intercession

‘Lord God of Sabaoth’—burst the Fane’s
reply.

Then peal’d Hosannahs, Hallelujah rung,
Deep organs shouted with a trumpet’s
tongue;

Through nave and transept roll’d the
bellowing sound,

And swell’d and flooded aisles and arches
round;

Each pillar trembles, kneeling statues nod,
And walls with men re-echo—thanks to
God!

At that moment, when with one heart
all ages and degrees are mingled in
devotion, the Preacher, glorifying
THE WORD, exclaims—

of the Saints—and your souls shall
live. Thus it shall be till the end of
time—thus it has been through every
clime and age. Behold this grand
truth darkly shadowed “in all reli-
gions, liturgies, and codes”—here
only brought to light!

“Hark from on high THE WORD again hath spoken—

‘This is my body, which for you was broken!’

This is my blood! the miracle is done:

The mystery closed: Hosannah to the Son!

God has received his sacrifice for sin,
 And all are ransom'd who partake therein :
 As signs by faith received from Heaven attest.
 Ye, who believe, depart, repentant, shriven and blest."

Thus it has been through every age and clime—said the Preacher—and thus he illustrates the awful meaning, "in each tradition solemnly enshrined."

" Ere shepherds hail'd the choir in heaven descried,
 Or kings to Bethlehem traced their starry guide :
 Alike, where Egypt raised gigantic piles,
 Where Greece with Dorian porches graced her isles,
 Where Tuscan temples crown'd the hills of Rome,
 Or Zion's courts enclosed the holiest dome :
 Where reign'd the God whose service thrills these towers ;
 Or where mankind had analysed his powers,
 Impersonated each, with fancy warm,
 Enshrined, and imaged in an idol's form.
 When fears, or thanks, or man's insatiate love
 To fathom fate and question Heaven above,
 On marble steps bow'd supplicating knees ;
 Where ranks of columns reared on high a frieze,
 Which crown'd the temple with a bossy zone,
 Of white-robed priests and warriors horsed in stone,
 And scenes of opening heaven in pediments were shown.
 In front an altar blazed : and hark ! with drums,
 And clarion's sound, and song, a victim comes :
 Some spotless lamb, or heifer white as milk,
 Or bull with golden horns array'd in silk.
 High peals the choral hymn—responses swell—
 Maids quire with youths ; and, issuing from the cell,
 Stoled in procession, priests descend the stairs,
 With garlands, wands, and sacramental prayers ;
 And compassing the altar, hail, and lead,
 With slacken'd cord, the offering up to bleed.
 Till then the victim seem'd a thing of earth,
 For God's and man's communion nothing worth :
 But, silence, all ! and hence ! profaners, hence !
 The oblation now begins, the rites commence.
 Bright censers swing ! sweet incense mounts the sky,
 Vows follow after—Heaven is summon'd nigh.
 Lo ! when, with ritual works, the girdled priest
 Has veil'd his brow, and fronting toward the East,
 With hands, first bathed, above the victim spread,
 Devoted, hymning as he smites, the head—
 ' I hallow thee by incense, wine, and bread :'
 And mingling blood with incense, bread, and wine,
 Transform'd their essence to a sacred sign,
 And made all consecrate—made all divine :
 Then, then, an expiation came to pass,
 An host was shown, a mystery, and a mass :
 Death's agonies were witness'd—cups imbued
 With blood were tasted, and a feast ensued."

" And thus it was through every clime and age.
 But why ? but whence ? Interrogate the sage !
 Whence these opinions ? Man's ? Who first conceived,
 Where preach'd, how made by other men believed—
 Opinions, man's self-interest so restricts,
 Pity abhors, and reason contradicts ?
 Confess ! each source, each origin, ye trace,
 Is lost in high primordials of our race :
 Devolved from fountains far beyond our reach,
 Profound as matter's—dark as those of speech :
 Yet spread like them, the same in various modes,
 Through all religions, liturgies, and codes ;

Famed through all climates, stamp'd on every breast:
 How came it thither? Why and whence imprest?
 Sprung forth these rites spontaneous from the sod?
 Then whence? Who placed them here? Who made them?—God.
 Yes, these—blest heritage of all mankind,
 In each tradition solemnly enshrined—
 These have come down from human nature's birth,
 Relics of Heaven's first testament to earth;
 Ruins whose structure proves them used to deek
 Some primal temple—fragments of a wreck,
 Which witness, drifting o'er the seas of time,
 A fabric lost,—how spacious, how sublime!"

When time gave Christ incarnate birth, THE WORD wrought a twofold work on earth—revived that lost Apocalypse, and perfected its rites—and thus cries the fervent Preacher—

"And thus it shall be through each clime and age,
 Let scorers mock it, let the scorning sage
 Dispute, let HERESY, let HELL assail
 Against this rock, their gates shall not prevail.
 This shall endure through every age and clime,
 Till the last angel soar and sound the doom of time."

These extracts will, of themselves we think, go far to justify the high opinion we have already expressed of the author's powers, and they will have prepared you to expect something extraordinary in the Chapter-House.

But ere we enter that dark Divan, our attention is directed to one young monk, who, while others approved, or censured, or dozed, or dreamed, during the sermon, *wept*! Who was he, and whence his tears?

"And some approved, some censured, others slept,
 Or dream'd awake; but one there was who wept.
 Alas! young monk, what withering loss or sin
 Has struck that gentle cheek, so pale and thin?
 And oh! what dire misdeed, or dread mishap,
 Yoked to thy neck the collar of La Trappe?
 With vows, on bitterest roots to make thy fare,
 Thy night half vigil, all thy morning prayer;
 With bloody scourge to discipline thy breast,
 To clothe in thorny shirt and steely vest,
 To use no lodging but a darksome cave,
 No labour but to dig thy daily grave,
 And never more give words with man a breath,
 Save these, '*Memento mori*!—think of death!'

"Can this be he whose forehead beam'd as day?
 Whose heart's high sallies Heaven alone could sway?
 Who vied alike to cheer the sport of fools,
 Grace pilgrim choirs, and triumph in the schools?
 At moot, no voice with deeper thought could roll;
 In song, none sweeter thrill to woman's soul,
 Whose snowy breast beat measure to his strain,
 And glancing eyes shot after him, in vain:
 Whether pride fenced his bosom from their dart,
 Or mask'd unworthy flames that wrapt his heart.
 For high his birth, though youth obscurely past;
 Till haughtiest kinsmen own'd his worth at last;
 Earl Esher's towers his nephew's entrance hail'd—
 But, ah! Heaven call'd him, and its voice prevail'd!"

His birth, we are told, was high, though his youth obscurely passed; and in some lines, hardly intelligible, (light is thrown on them afterwards,) we are given to understand that he had been

converted during a night of dreadful and mysterious tempest.

"From that dread night, he changed in voice and brow,
 Christ all his hope, the cloister all his vow:

Whose silent fold shall hence thy sorrows
wrap,
Fitz-Hugh of Merton erst, now Phillip of
La Trappe."

We are made to feel that this Trappist is deeply concerned in what is about to happen—and that is good; but *why* he is here, we are informed in language that to us can only be perplexing, or rather teasing—and that is bad; a mystery should be spoken of mysteriously—and in general terms—whereas in this passage it is partly *de-tailed*—the poet being in possession of certain facts, some of which he cannot help letting out too circumstantially, while, in the pride of superior knowledge, others he keeps provokingly under his thumb.

But we are now on our way to the Chapter House—and you see the procession—"stern Arundel their sovereign" following all—

"Propp'd on a staff, with pomp of cross
and mace,
Pole-axe and pillar borne before his face,
Of hoary locks, but eye that darted fire
From beetling brows, beneath his forky
tire,
In purple robe, with rocket and a cope—
Lord Primate of the realm, Lord Legate
of the Pope."

Great pains have been taken—and successfully—to awaken interest in the business about to be done by the brethren, and that interest now gradually deepens into tragic passion.

"Silent and slow the cloister's court they tread—
The cloister, paved with tombstones of the dead,
And paved with stones, which yet no letters show,
Where they, who muse above, shall mould below.
For them the chapter-house unfolds its gate.
Eight were its walls, and o'er its angles eight,
Eight arches, springing to the zenith, groin'd,
Bow'd to one pillar in the midst, and join'd;
Whose shoulders, towering from the floor, alone
Heaved up and held the firmament of stone.
And pictured saints discoursed from windows seven,
And seers approved their mission graced by Heaven,
Whose beams, thus hallow'd by the scenes they pass,
Told round the floor each parable of glass.

"Through files the primate enter'd tow'rd his chair;
Bow'd to the cross above it, murmuring prayer;
(Lest sin, beleagu'ring sin, the heart surprise,
Corrupt its ward, or pass in virtue's guise;
For subtle are the fiends within to steal,
By reason's proud or pity's kind appeal):
Then gain'd his throne, on oaken steps upheld,
High canopied, and carved with tales of eld:
Low on each side his suffragans had seat;
The rest were rank'd on benches at his feet.
All still'd,—his Grace—brief stating what the cause,
These clerks, profound in Holy Church's laws,
Met to assist,—commanded those who ought,
To bring for doom who waited to be brought.

"Near the west wall, a flag-stone long and wide,
With rings, was roll'd by warders four aside;
A flame was lit; a trap-door upward thrown;
And twain with keys went down a hundred steps of stone.
Scrolls, in the mean, above the bar were spread,
By scribes, before the synod robed in red;
Below, there throng'd, dividing for a way,
Priests of all orders, white, and black, and grey.
The nearest peering down the shaft terrene;
Where torches, lost awhile, again were seen:
Whose bearers, re-ascending, led their charge.

"Young, comely, tall beyond her years, and large,
Yet delicately shaped, and finely nerved,—
Her form, though shatter'd, still that charm preserved,

Which marks a mould and temper well combined
 To lodge all grace and energy of mind.
 With faltering step, and hand held forth to lean,
 Anxious and dark and melancholy mien :
 She, wildly rising from the womb of earth,
 Seem'd not of English, scarce of mortal, birth.
 A robe of woollen, coarse and black, compress'd
 Around her waist, and ample o'er the breast,
 Hung to her feet ; her neck and arms unveil'd ;
 Broad lofty forehead ; cheek depress'd and paled ;
 Nose of an eaglet's daring ; lips beneath
 Curved o'er a wall of strong and pearly teeth—
 Lips curved to sternness, but with angles prest
 In dimples faint to elegance and rest ;
 While, from her brow dividing, flow'd behind
 Her raven hair, uncurl'd, and unconfined,
 Save by—what moved some shudder of surmise—
 Folds of white linen plaited round her eyes."

" *Folds of white linen plaited round her eyes.*" This line gives a dreadful hint ; and her few words are incoherent, as she is led up along the lane of the throng, and takes her stance behind a chain.

Compare this with the celebrated picture of Constance in the penitential aisle.

" When thus her face was given to view,
 (Although so pallid was her hue,
 It did a ghastly contrast bear
 To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)
 Her look composed, and steady eye,
 Bespoke a matchless constancy ;
 And there she stood so calm and pale,
 That, but her breathing did not fail,
 And motion slight of eye and head,
 And of her bosom, warranted
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
 You might have thought a form of wax,
 Wrought to the very life, was there ;
 So still she was, so pale, so fair."

Jeffrey says well, " The picture of Constance before her judges, though more laboured, is not, to our taste, so pleasing ; though it has beauty of a kind fully as popular." It is laboured, but not successfully—its beauty is not without some flaws—and, worst of all, the chief image is fatal to the pathos. What is that ? You might have thought her " a form of wax !" And what then if ye had ? Of all creations of art the most uninteresting to us—and we hope to you—are " wax-works." This at least is certain, that a wax woman is under no imaginable circumstances so interesting as a flesh and blood one—and that to make us feel terror and pity for Constance, the poet had no need to call in the aid of Madame Tussaud. Strange and unaccountable to us how such a poet—with such a vision

before him, evoked so vividly by his own strong imagination, could have suffered the very life and soul of it all to escape, at the time when his own feelings, one would have thought, must have been at the utmost pitch of intensity—how he could have all at once so cooled them down, as to give permission to his fancy to play with an image so poor and passionless !

The passage is not well written—there is no exquisite choice of words. " That, but her breathing did not fail," is very awkward—" and of her bosom, warranted," still more so—" That neither sense nor pulse *she lacks*," is painfully prosaic—and though poetic passion indulges in repetition, not in such repetition as " although so pallid was her hue," " so calm and pale," " so pale, so fair." The last line is in itself good—but how much better had it been without the previous " pallid," and " calm," and " pale !" Had it imaged Constance as she stood there—flesh and blood, about to be buried alive in stone and mortar—and we had not been reminded that there was such a substance as wax in the world !

Byron says in one of his letters :—" I sent for *Marmion*, because it occurred to me there might be a resemblance between part of *Parisina*, and a similar scene in the second canto of *Marmion*. I fear there is, though I never thought of it before. I wish you would ask Mr Gifford whether I ought to say any thing upon it. I had completed the story on the passage from Gibbon, which indeed leads to a like scene naturally, without a thought of the kind ; but it comes upon me not very comfortably." Byron's obliga-

tions—in his poetry—to Scott are innumerable and great—as Mr Lockhart has boldly said in the *Life*—and it needed not “to come upon him not very comfortably,” nor was there the least occasion in the world for him to apply to Mr Gifford. The scene in *Parisina* is, beyond all doubt, imitated, with his Lordship’s usual skill, from that in *Marmion*—inimitable though that is said to be; and is faulty and imperfect.

“She stood, I said, all pale and still,
The living cause of Hugo’s ill;
Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
Not once had turn’d to either side—
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o’er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood
As ice were in her curdled blood;
But every now and then a tear,
So large and slowly gather’d, slid
From the long dark fringe of that fair
lid,

It was a thing to see, not hear!
And those who saw, it did surprise,
Such drops could fall from human eyes.
To speak she thought—the imperfect note
Was choked within her swelling throat,
Yet seem’d in that low hollow groan,
Her whole heart gushing in the tone.”

“The living cause of Hugo’s ill” is a wretched line; “or shade the glance o’er which they rose” is as bad as possible, “glance” being the very reverse of the expression given to *Parisina*’s eye throughout the passage “a glassy gaze;” “as ice were in her curdled blood” is, we think, common-place, and not needed there; “from the long dark fringe of that fair lid” is elaborate, and may be very

“Be silent,” cries the apparitor, “and hear!

And Phillip of La Trappe, press not so near!

Thy hood had better hide those streamy cheeks.

Peace, ho! attend! His Grace the Primate speaks!”

The Primate, we find in Weaver, who follows Godwin, at the age of two-and-twenty years was consecrated Bishop of Ely, “which he laudable governed—considering the greenness of his age—the space of fourteene years, three weeks, and eightene days. In which time he was Lord Chancellor of England; from Ely he was translated to Yorke; leaving for an implement at his house of Ely, a wonderfull, sumptuous, and costly table, adorned with gold and precious

admirable; but why “that fair lid,” and not “those fair lids?” You may think that a trifling question, but a good writer never departs from the natural language of men without a sufficient reason. “Eyes unmoved,” “sweet eyelids,” “orbs of deepest blue,” “that fair lid,” “human eyes,” should not have occurred within so short a compass. “It was a thing to see not hear,” is a most unhappy and ungrammatical plagiarism from *Christabelle*.—“A sight to dream if not to tell;” and those who saw, *it did surprise*,” is true *Sternhold*, and no mistake. And why “it did surprise” them “that such drops could fall from human eyes,” does surprise us; for human eyes were made for weeping, as human hearts for suffering, and the biggest drop that the law of gravitation will let gather there, is but a transient token of the endless misery welling up in a region visible but to God. “The imperfect note” is insufferable—as of one essaying not to speak but to sing; and the two closing lines, though taken on the rough, forcible, are far from being what they ought to be—and if poetry be, as Coleridge called it, “the best words in the best places,” they are not poetry; for what kind of collocation of words is “in that low hollow groan gushing in the tone?”

Turn back then from these celebrated pictures by two of the great masters, to that of Anne Ayliffe by an artist as yet almost unknown, Nicholas Thirning Moile, and tell us if you do not think it equal to either of them in conception—in execution superior?

But the trial is about to begin.

stones, which belonged first to the King of Spaine, and was sold to this Bishop by the Black Prince, for three hundred merks. Hee also bestowed the building of the great gatehouse of Ely-house in Houlborne: during his abode at Yorke, which was about eight years, he bestowed much in building upon divers of his houses, and unto the church. Besides many rich ornaments, he gave two great basons of silver and gilt, two great censers, two other basons of silver, and two

cravetts; he gave to the vicars a silver cup of great weight, and a massive bowl of silver to the canons. From Yorke he was removed hither to Canterbury, and here he sate one month above seventeen years. In which time, at the west end of his church, he built a faire spire steeple, called to this day Arundell steeple, and bestowed a tunable ring of five bells on the same, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity, to the blessed Virgin Mary, to the angel Gabriel, to Saint Blase, and the fifth to St John the Evangelist. This much he effected; howsoever hee was no sooner warm in his seate, than that he, with his brother, the Earl of Arundell, were condemned of high treason, his brother executed, and he banished the kingdom, and so lived in exilement the space of near two yerrs, until the first of the raigne of Henry Fourth. This worthy prelate died of a swelling in his tongue, which made him unable to eate, drink, or speake for a time before his death, which happened February 20, anno 1413." In Fox's *History of the Martyrs*, the Archbishop appears in a different light. "After the decease or martyrdom of these who were executed in the month of January A.D. 1414, in the next month, and in the same year, God took away the great enemy of his word, and rebel to his king, Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose death followed after the execution of these good men, by the marvellous stroke of God, so suddenly, may seem somewhat to declare their innocency, and that he was also one great procurer of their death, in that God would not suffer him longer to live, striking him immediately with death."

And here we may notice, that we have within an hour been reading in Fox's *Martyrs*, "the Examination of William Thorpe, penned with his own hand," of which the *Martyrologist* says well,—“Next comes the history of Master William Thorpe, a valiant warrior under the triumphal banner of Christ, with the process of his examination before Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury. In his examination (A. D. 1407) thou shalt have,

good reader, both to learn and to marvel. To learn, in that thou shalt hear truth discoursed and discussed, with the contrary reasons of the adversary dissolved. To marvel, for thou shalt behold large, in this man, the marvellous force and strength of the Lord's might, Spirit, and grace, working and fighting in his soldiers, and also speaking in their mouths according to the word of his promise." The author of the Poem before us, has well studied the character of the Archbishop's mind, exhibited in that "Examination"—worked most effectively upon the materials he found there—and not with ingenuity only, but with *genius*, transferred the spirit of the persecutor from a real to a fictitious case, of the persecuted from that of William Thorpe, the Protestant Christian, who was indeed given to the fire, to that of Anne Ayliffe, who knew not how to choose between the Cross and the Crescent, and perishes only before our imagination, in these flames.

"Peace, ho! attend! His Grace the Primate speaks!"

And the haughty Churchman speaks well—yea even as if he were a humble Christian. Who shall say that he is not sincere in hatred of heresy, and would fain persuade the heretic to adopt the only creed by which she may save her soul alive? To show her how wicked is her own creed and how wild, would be a fruitless task with her—to him and the brethren a painful one—nay, might haply "taint some less instructed breast" with her unhallowed and sinful delusions. Enough that she has confessed her tenets, and that Holy Church condemns them—therefore the mother of souls must rescue this erring child as from a fascinating serpent—from a slippery cliff and a gulf of fire. Oh! that the poor, dear, infatuated, lost creature would but recant and repent, and how blessed an office would it be for that servant of the Lord of mercy as well as judgment, to save her soul from perdition, and her body from the flames!

For, hear how like a disciple of Jesus the Primate says—

"Taken,—I call to witness you, whose aid
Thereto was lent, and Heaven, for whose we pray'd,
No art was unemploy'd, no time exempt,
No labour spared, unwearied no attempt;
All, wit could compass, zeal and pity gave,

To purify her soul, convince, and save.
 But all in vain! When "Self-conceit and Doubt,
 Those unbelieving spirits, seem'd cast out,
 There entered in two others, near allied,
 But more unclean, Obduracy and Pride.
 To banish these required more sharp research,
 By rigorous means, abhorr'd of Holy Church;
 Means only urged when none beside succeed,
 Then urged with sorrow, nor beyond the need;
 But which, urged here to equal it, have proved
 Less rigid than the soul they have not moved.

"What rests? All human labours know their span:
 Nor will the Spirit always strive with man:
 Apostasies are rife; more odious none;
 Examples needed;—and God's will be done!
 God's and the King's. For having crown'd his brows
 O'er prostrate France, the Fifth King Henry vows
 To wear Christ's cross, his sepulchre restore,
 And lash the apostate tribes from Judah's shore.
 And well must we in England aid our chief,
 And purge his realm of schism and unbelief.
 What therefore rests? but having once more striven,
 Ere that last—dread—anathema be given,
 To save this miscreant, miserable maid,
 Whom Hell has hardened thus, and Heaven betray'd;
 Should these lures fail—the last to be renew'd,
 Should penitence and grace be still eschew'd,
 What rests, my brethren, save—ye all concur,
 To leave the secular arm to deal with her?"

What saith Anne Ayliffe to an appeal so kind, considerate, charitable, Christian? She says not a word—for the Evil one is busy within her—and she smiles. "Smiles, wretched girl, beseem her ill," cries the Primate, shocked at the blindness—not of her bodily eyes—for these he had extinguished—but of her soul; for it he would fain enlighten with gospel truth—

"And on its sightless eyeballs pour the day."

But tolerance must end somewhere—and is near its end. The gates of hell are yawning to receive her. "Penance and pardon still are in thy choice."

"Behold the Book of Life! abjure thy sin,
 And haste, dear child, to write thy name therein;
 Thine shall be all rewards a heaven possess,
 And all this earth retains to make thee blest."

What blessing—she might haply say—pointing to the bandage, can earth now retain for her? Hush—say not—think not so—for the good Bishop, "Lord Primate of the realm, Lord Legate of the Pope," has ready for her a holy retreat, where she may enjoy earthly peace and commune with heaven.

"In Netley Abbey—on the neighbouring isle
 The woods of Binstead shade as fair a pile;—
 (Where sloping meadows fringe the shores with green,
 A river of the ocean rolls between,
 Whose murmurs, borne on sunny winds, disport
 Through oriel windows and a cloister'd court;
 O'er hills so fair, o'er terraces so sweet,
 The sea comes twice each day to kiss their feet:—
 Where sounding caverns mine the garden bowers,
 Where groves intone, where many an ilex towers,
 And many a fragrant breath exhales from fruit and flowers:—
 And lowing herds and feather'd warblers there
 Make mystic concords with repose and prayer;
 Mix'd with the hum of apiaries near,
 The mill's far cataract, and the sea boys' cheer,

Whose oars beat time to litanies at noon,
 Or hymns at complin by the rising moon;
 When, after chimes, each chapel echoes round,
 Like one ærial instrument of sound,
 Some vast harmonious fabric of the Lord's,
 Whose vaults are shells, and pillars tuneful chords,
 Echoes with song far circling hills and bays,
 And heavenward wafting their consent and praise:—
 In either house a corody is mine:
 Submit to Holy Church, her Scriptures sign,
 And name in which retreat you choose to live,
 And learn what blessings life has yet to give.

“ ‘Hard-hearted! canst thou doubt? Bethink thee well!
 I offer life and heaven—or death and hell.
 Ah, how perverse is sin! and how unwise!
 Well, speak thy choice! The book before thee lies;
 Subscribe it, and be bless'd for evermore!
 Refuse,—the feet of those are at the door,
 Who bore thy father, and shall thence return,
 And bear thee also to the stake, and burn;
 With boughs in Holburn yet uncut from treen,
 Whose sap is flowing, and whose leaves are green;
 Burn, and ere evening break thy bones calcined
 On Smithfield flags, and scatter to the wind.
 Come, choose the path thou never may'st retrack.
 Dost hear? Wilt answer?’ ”

The Primate has a fine eye both for nature and art, and the picture he paints is so beautiful, that it might well have softened a less hardened sinner. Yet there is something harsh and grating to the ear in what he says about Anne's father—and he ought not perhaps to have told her so abruptly that the old man had been burnt

alive. “Wilt answer?” “Yes, without the rack.” But—

“I thirst—I faint—for charity some water.”

Drink, daughter—but remember that the damned ghosts howl in vain for one drop to cool their burning tongue. Repent therefore of thy crime!

“ ‘My crime! Whomever have I wrong'd on earth?
 I, inoffensive maid, of humble birth,
 Secluded life, scant means, and manners grave,
 Child of an English leech and Syrian slave,—
 Who for his love escaped the Haram's bound,
 And here sought peace and freedom—here she found,
 And in the grave secured them, blest indeed!
 Ere you denounced or I denied her creed.
 By father left to cherish it or change,
 And bred his books and cottage to arrange,
 His studies aid, and dress his favourite flowers,
 Where willowy Ham the winding Thames embowers,—
 What have I dared could move the realm's alarm,
 The Church's anger, or the secular arm?
 What crime was mine?—Unless ye call it such
 To love some friends too little, some too much;
 Unless a proud conceit of maiden prime,
 And peevish tongue, be such,—what other crime?
 Our books were naught?—we lock'd them in the shelves.
 Our creed accursed?—we kept it to ourselves.
 We never sow'd nor sought calumnious words
 Of Holy Church's lucre, law, or lords;
 We framed no sect, used no forbidden rite,
 Preach'd no reform, desired no proselyte;
 Nor ever jested where our neighbours knelt;
 Nor dared betray contempt—whatever felt;

But held our thoughts aloof, and seldom spoke
 E'en to ourselves, and never to the folk.
 You, you bear witness, question'd I was dumb,
 Till blood o'erflow'd the vice that crush'd my thumb.
 That steel'd my heart; that stirr'd, beyond control,
 My latent pride and bitterness of soul;
 More rapt than pain'd, indignant more than weak,
 I spoke the secrets of my troth, and speak.

But before you hearken to her declaring the "secrets of her troth," remember that Anne Ayliffe is the daughter of an English physician and a Syrian slave. You will hear from her own lips, by and by, of the strange wrongs endured by them all—enough now to know that her mother had died a Christian, but that she herself had early imbibed from her, ere she had

been wholly converted, the doctrine^s of another creed—and had come at last to disbelieve the Revelation of the New Testament. Her father, against whom no heresy had been proved, by wicked machinations had been cast into prison, as she for months had known, and as she now knew, had been put to death. With what power she speaks!

"The Eternal reigns in all through boundless space:
 Unwise! who first design'd him form or face;
 Profane! who shaped that image like our own;
 Impious! who dared adore the stock or stone;
 And thrice accursed! who yoked mankind and trode,
 With prostrate necks while bow'd before his God:
 But what was he, who studied racks and used,
 To bend their necks and spirits that refused?
 Studied the seat of anguish, and degrees,
 Till pangs were found more cruel than disease,
 And used them as a test for thought to search,
 And called the hell-born science Holy Church!
 Oh, Allah akbar! God is great, and right!
 He crown'd man's brow with radiant orbs of light;
 Light, which inspirits all, abstracts, and prints
 On each twin lens all images and tints,
 To contact brings the world beyond our span,
 And makes the farthest star converse with man.
 To read his works—God thus illumed the head,
 But made man's breast no window—to be read.
 Glory to God! Though given to King and Pope
 To seal our eyes, our bosoms none can ope—
 There still shall freedom one asylum find.
 Go to! make creeds, and laws, to scourge mankind!
 Enthral them, hand and foot, and sight and speech!
 Thought, only thought, is barr'd beyond your reach.
 What racks can bend it? What research unveil?
 The soul, with flesh encompass'd as a mail
 Of proof impervious save to God alone,
 Defies your labours, and resumes her own.
 Whether she break communion with the tongue,
 And bid it mock you with the lie ye wrung,
 Or scorning such degenerate use of breath,
 Escape with truth, and leave you dust and death.

Father chose well. But I—Who whispers? Hark!—
 Am I a baby trembling in the dark?
 Give me the volume!—Thank you. Let us read.
 This is, you tell me, Holy Church's creed;
 Which teems with menace of God's wrath and curse,
 But which I must subscribe, or suffer worse.
 Already beasts are driven from the mart;
 Where men, more brutish, flock from every part,
 To make my last their holiday, and see
 The pier of iron, girt with chains for me,

'Mid circling hearth-stones, and a leafy pyre—
 Azreal! oh, spare me agonies of fire!
 What hours are told in such a moment's pain!
 More than I dare confront, or can sustain.
 Oh,—mercy, spare, forgive me kneeling here!
 Am I not like your sisters, brethren dear?
 Still like in substance, and was like in shape?
 You call me daughter.—Is there no escape?
 One Father formed us all of common mould—
 Witness, oh witness here, the Book I hold,—
 His breath inspired, his likeness graced, the clod;
 Respect the work and image of your God!
 Lord Primate, mercy! One, one mercy give!
 I ask not much—I do not wish to live:
 But let whate'er you do be briefly done.
 Oh, mercy! Mercy?—Holy Church has none.
 No. Allah kierim! Anne Ayliffe, rise!
 Mercy dwells with our Prophet in the skies.
 Kneel not to idols, nor implore their priests,
 Who burn God's children in the mart for beasts.
 Mercy, of all his attributes alone,
 No church usurps, no priests would make their own.
 How else were father's age and merits vain?
 Inhuman clerks! all reason who disdain,
 Brook no denial, no deserts respect,
 I will not add me to your bloody sect.
 Not for the heaven ye threaten to forefend;
 The stake, the hell—ye imitate and vend:
 Let fiends for ever tear and spurn me—look!
 As thus I rend, and trample on your book!'"

The conclave are smitten—as well they might be—with horror and consternation, and exclaim, "Wretch, wretch, Paynim, atheist!" as, forgetful of the bloody bandage over her eyeless sockets, she tramples on the Book of Mercy, before the unmerciful, and laughs them all to scorn. "Keep Anselm off—I know his hand," are words that give a horrid hint. And the Primate, who throughout is "pitiful, wondrous pitiful," gives permission to the *Trappist*, and to him alone, to stand near her side. "Oh! what *fiends* possessed thee!—and art thou woman?" cries Thomas Arundel, Primate. And Anne Ayliffe, heretic, gives a dreadful answer.

"THE THREE" she cried, "grim, terrible, and strong,

Whose hand made day so dark, or night so long,
 Made heaven's bright arch as murky as this den,
 And changed the sea to blood—FOR WERE THEY THEN?
 Yet hark! here's something human:
 something sobs,
 As from a heart where still compassion throbs."

The Trappist, you see, is at her side; if any sob there were, it must be his. But who is he?

"Fitz-Hugh of Merton once, now Phillip of La Trappe."

She is ready to be carried out to her doom. But is there no tribunal before whom it may be revised?—If such there be—

"Thither I cite, Lord Legate, thee—to come,
 And answer why you seized and haled from home
 A leech so sage, beneficent, and mild,
 His witless maid, and miserable child:
 And lodged in dungeons, with a rush to shine,
 Books meet for babes, and victual not for swine.
 With God and me how dared you interpose?
 Why ask my creed of what He only knows?
 By what right dared ye ask, and by what work disclose?
 Reveal the secrets of yon blood-stained cell,
 Arch'd under step-stones, half-way hence to hell;
 What engines rack, and who o'erlooks the wheel,
 To add his hand where others flinch,—reveal!

And oh ! what penance last was mine to bear,
 To order—whose ? when three came down the stair,
 Anselm with coals, and Baptist with a rod,
 And who the third bade bind me ?—Allah ! God !
 Whate'er thy name, thy number, one or three,
 Or all in all,—if thou hast justice,—see !
 By Christian saints though Heaven be half possess'd,
 If there thine old assessor, Justice, rest,
 With blindfold brow as idolists invent,
 Rend, rend her bandage down !—as mine is rent.
 What ! Freeze ye now with horror and remorse,
 As brigands shudder at their victim's corse ?
 Yet when, with torture rapt, I burst the bands,
 Leap'd to those knees, and kiss'd his bloody hands,
 Kneeling, and praying, after half was done,—
 Oh, spare the other ! Father, leave me one !
 You answer'd,—you, Lord Hangman Arundel,—
 What for thy soul is echoing since in hell,—
 For miscreant lore,—you answer'd with an oath,—
 E'en one was one too many—out with both !
 Now, with these lids deep withering in their pit,
 I see dismay has seized thee as a fit,
 Pales that thin cheek, dilates those ghastly eyne,
 And smites thy knees, 'mid shadows dark as mine :
 And by thy labouring breast, thy tottering throne,
 Thy jaws that gibber, but can scarce intone ;
 And, by the stillness of these slaves, I see,
 All recognise a voice from Heaven for thee.
 Thy days to-morrow shall have fill'd their sum !
 And now I cite and summon thee to come,
 And answer all this victim shall assign,
 Against thee, then, before her God and thine ! ' ' "

There is something very lofty and terrible in that summons ; but her spirit, unable to sustain itself at such a pitch, almost faints within her, and she cries for water, and deliriously maunders of the horrors in which she is sunk, and surrounded on every side. " Delusions," she mutters, " have abused my tongue ; " and then she cries, " Off, ruffian ! " and beseeches them to spare her father, for that he will recant. All—all is false—

" Flattering and false as hope and early love ! "

No account is taken of her in heaven—

" I seem about to perish like the beasts,
 Whose mart awaits this holocaust for priests. "

Again her spirit is released from its utter despair—and she says,

" " Braid—for my chaplet, braid again the band :
 Your eyes abhor those traces of your hand.
 There !—all is hid below that linen wreath—
 Heaven has no eyes can penetrate beneath.
 One prophet must be false,—and may be both.
 This, for abandoning dear mother's troth ;
 All this, for grasping thoughts beyond my span.
 I stand abandon'd now of God and man.
 My lane of life is darkening tow'rd the close.
 Some paces on, the boundary pillar shows—
 The landmark of existence ; whither brought,
 I shall shrink up and wither into nought ;
 Dissolv'd to elements of fire and clay,
 Extinct—dispersed—forgotten. Let us pray.

" " Too long forsaken, and too ill obey'd,
 Thou ! by whom I and every thing were made ;
 Oh, never blamed, though oft misunderstood,
 Attest !—I loved, I labour'd, to be good ;

Content when poor, submissive when oppress,
 With grief for faults, with gratitude when blest,
 And when in pain not daring to repine,—
 It was thy pleasure, and I made that mine.
 And since 'tis now thy pleasure—wise and just,
 To change this form, and recompose its dust,
 God ! I once more beg pardon for the past,
 And once more offer thee my thanks, my last—
 My boundless thanks, for life so long allow'd,
 So plenteously sustain'd, so well endow'd,
 To contemplate thy works, divine their ends,
 Enjoy thought, passion, and discourse with friends.
 Thanks ! too for death, the term of every grief ;
 Thanks ! even that agonies have this relief—
 The long are moderate, and the acute are brief
 Yet, if it suit thy wisdom, give, oh give
 That, which within me thinks, again to live !
 If this oppose thy providence or power,
 Or ill consist with Nature's general dower,
 Use these materials for whate'er their worth !
 I cast them at thy footstool,—earth to earth !

So saying, with hands upraised she kneels in prayer, and then, falling on her face, lies mute and motionless, as if dead. The Primate is a controversialist, armed at all points—in every sense a formidable polemic—and though Anne in her present posture can hardly be expected to hear distinctly all he says, he rates her sensibly and eloquently, and on some points, perhaps, has the better of the argu-

ment. At the close of his harangue, he more than hints that after one other spiritual effort, he will leave the servants of the crown to deal with the wretched girl with arguments of their own. She again grows delirious, and “has strange powers of speech”—but in the midst of her ravings we hear speaking a being endowed with “discourse of reason.”

“ ‘ Anne Ayliffe ! What ! Anne Ayliffe ! ’

“ Hark ! They call !

Lead me before Saint Thomas, or Saint Paul !
 Though all the rest disown me, and condemn,—
 Saint Paul !—Saint Thomas !—I appeal to them.
 For if they needed, to convince mistrust,
 This, to put fingers where the spear was thrust,
 That, to be call'd from mid-day skies aloud,
 And rest of sight, with sight be re-endow'd ;
 Though both coeval might with men converse,
 Who, palsied left their couch, or dead their horse :
 Either should pardon one so far removed,
 Whose doubt nor sense nor miracle disproved.
 They would,—but—thronging monsters, grim and gaunt—
 'Tis Hyde !—Maud !—Father ! Father, too ?—Avaunt !
 Who grasps ? who holds me ? whom am I among ?—
 Some drink, some drink !—to cool my burning tongue.

“ Thanks, thanks ! I dream'd it. What's the time of night ?
 Lead me one moment to the old man's sight !
 In dust, in dust, beneath his feet, to crawl,
 Own all my faults, and make him pardon all :
 The times I shunn'd obedience, seem'd ingrate,
 Provoked his anger, merited his hate,
 Would not repeat what faintly reach'd his ear,
 Left him alone, or present fail'd to cheer.
 Yet—who expected hell for such complaints ?
 Or him to urge it on those captious saints ?
 What ! thought he I with hypocrites could cower,—
 For all the devil o'erlooks from Esher's tower !

Who sigh'd? who is it groans? whose heart has burst?
 Who art thou of the damn'd? I rave—I thirst!
 Oh, water! Thanks! It calms my nerves and brain.
 Let me sit here, and lean upon the chain.
 What say you,—am I judged and sentenced,—say?
 No respite? no reprieve? not even a day?"

There is deep pathos, surely, in that last line. by his orthodoxy, or yielding to the natural love of life. But all at once,

His Grace plies her weakness with all his strength, and while he is arguing with her, she seems as if overcome excited by some sophism, she breaks forth into a reply.

" ' Reason! '—she cried, and sitting raised her head—
 ' I too have thought of that, and often read.
 Have tried to fathom depths that seem'd profound,
 And link'd the chain of causes round and round;
 Scann'd many a prophet's visionary page,
 And poet's dream, and wildering of the sage:
 Books, that profess'd all human wit could find,
 And all Heaven deigns reveal to lost mankind;
 Yet found in none a verity so great,
 So useful, simple, probable, as—Fate.
 Fate knows no altar. Fate, of Gods alone,
 Adopts no church, nor effigy of stone,
 Where men may vainly beg, or falsely swear;
 She needs no victim, and she heeds no prayer.
 Hers is a car no obstacle may turn,
 A heart, that cannot yield, and will not yearn;
 An arm, that drives where'er her counsels list:
 Great Jove obeys them—how shall man resist?
 Such is the power in whose career I stood
 And perish;—blest! were that for others' good.' "

The Primate meets her calmly and convincingly about fate, but stumbling on the question of evil, says—

" God's gospel makes the doubts of reason plain,
 Faith lightens all——"

whereon Anne attacks him with renewed vehemence in a speech of extraordinary power and beauty.

" ' Then wherefore Sin, and Pain? "

She bounded up with sudden power possess'd,
 As all the demon roused within her breast,—
 ' Yes,—though your Gospel should, methinks, if God's,
 Convince like reason, not by fire and rods,—
 Yet would I kneel to welcome rods and fire,
 Bind the brass bonnet as a bridal tire,
 Hear priests for truth, for slumber hail the gin,—
 Could faith resolve me—wherefore Pain and Sin.
 What says your prophet? Why was evil sent?
 God will redress? Why did not God prevent?
 Would he, but could not?—or would not, yet could?—
 There's nothing bad, and one thing only good,
 One, infinite, eternal Universe!
 Whose parts combine, by changes, and disperse;
 Cloud after cloud succeeding evermore,
 Leaves of the forest, waves along the shore,
 Snows on the mountain, dust in deserts borne,
 Meteors of night, and dews that gem the morn.

Be still! I see it. From the foreland's steep,
 Lo, mists clear up, I see it, o'er the deep,
 Great Nature's will, the universal soul!
 Like heat, or light, diffused from pole to pole;

Through space revolving every starry ball,
 Each atom entering, vivifying all ;
 Varied by various forms wherewith combined ;
 Instinct in brutes, and reason in mankind,
 Life in the plant, and germin in the clod,
 Change, movement, order, cause—and only God !
 Whereof some portion all imbibe with breath,
 Share while in life, and render back at death,
 To mix and merge in God's eternal sum,
 As flesh in earth's. Behold the life to come !

Away ! Why palter with my heart's despair ?
 A voice in vain suppress'd is cavilling there,—
 All, all is darkness, doubt, and ignorance !
 Why search for causes more than change and chance ?
 'Mid chances infinite and endless change,
 Why might not atoms thus themselves arrange ?
 Why not be ruled by uncreated laws,
 And be themselves their self-existing cause ?
 To own such cause, since after all coerced,
 And matter is, own matter such at first !
 Is life to come like life before our birth ?
 I prize but this ; I, earthy, love the earth.
 Oh ! murmuring streams, green valleys, sylvan bowers,
 Ye starry nights, ye golden-footed hours,
 Spring's roseate morn, sweet summer's evening hue,
 Still autumn's noon,—my sisters,—all adieu !
 Your sun-clad forms shall ever beam in youth,
 Nor know time's hand, nor care's corroding tooth.
 And Earth !—whose bosom was my place to dwell,
 Whose milk my nurse,—hail, mother, and farewell !
 Goddess, o'er thee no evil arm has power ;
 Lo, rifted rocks with lichens germ and flower !
 Fire, frost, and flood reanimate thy face ;
 Each dissolution teems with life and grace.
 But woe thy offspring ! woe, whose flesh is grass !
 Organic forms they all dissolve and pass.
 As fades the plant, so withers man and beast.
 All die alike, they look alike diseased,
 O'er all alike the worm usurps its range,
 And gilded flies attest the irremeable change.' ”

The Primate—in one of his addresses
 —had alluded to her sorceries, and
 proofs of her witchcraft found below her
 father's roof—strange forms of wax—
 drugs potent over hell, monstrous

shapes, ban-dogs, owls, skeletons of
 apes, nay, even the skull of a man,
 and more, a clerk's—as *Maud confess-*
ed—and now Anne exclaims—

“ ‘ Fools ! to suppose they served for arts accurst,
 And cite Maud's answers when her nails were burst,—
 That one did errands to the full-eyed moon,
 And one was call'd the Chaplain, one Baboon ;
 One prey'd upon her like an Incubus,
 And, Sabbaths, all took sacrament with us.
 Could not her muttering lips, fantastic air,
 Garb, gesture, pulse, and glassy eye declare—
 Her brain, ere hooded in the beaten drum,
 Was madder e'en than mine has since become ?
 Yet I bethink me, with what mystic doubt
 She shunn'd the study still, and pried without ;
 Till once I chiding drew her through the gate,—
 Greet an old friend, and view the future state !
 Her palm uniting with the bones of one,
 By whose young pressure both had been undone :
 The wretch, hands shaken, prick'd her wrist, and laugh'd,
 And offer'd bonds of blood—to learn the craft.' ”

But who is Maud—and who is Maud's chaplain, whose skeleton Anne confesses was in her father's house? 'Tis not easy to know without reading the whole poem—but listen to Anne Ayliffe.

“ One morning,—years elapsed,—we spied afloat,
Wrapp'd in a gown, a body black and bloat.
Its head droop'd backwards, legs and arms were sunk,
And reflux waters just heaved up the trunk.
'Twas Chaplain Hyde—uncover'd on the sands;
Stones fill'd his hood, a crucifix his hands.
Prayers, tapers, knell, and consecrated earth,
Were forfeit, father thought, whate'er their worth;
Why then should this confession give remorse?—
He did, he did, anatomize that corse.
And I, in wonder gazing, traced his knife,
Through inmost springs of motion, sense, and life;
Limbs, with contractile sinews strung to act,
Nerves, which excite those sinews to contract,
Those nerves excited by the brain I found,
That brain through other nerves by objects round.
That beauteous brain! Man outward moves august;
He lifts his head to heaven, and spurns the dust;
But inward,—oh what work, what art divine!
The shapely bones, the column of the spine,
The conduits laid for blood from chyle derived,
The strange alembics for that chyle contrived;
Like separate creatures, or machines, possess
Of powers distinct, consenting with the rest;—
The rest may mandates from the brain fulfil,
But these disown obedience to the will,
And, self-inform'd, incessant action keep,
Unknown to error, rest, fatigue, or sleep;
Without our reason's guide, or sense's aid:—
I saw, adored, and lauded Him who made.
But ah!—I saw no vestige of a soul:
No place for that, no use—throughout the whole.
With that all parts seem'd fashion'd to dispense,
And act by nerves through impulse on the sense.
Nor saw one token that your creed confirms,
One sign of life hereafter, save the worm's.
There, Faith to Heaven, my guardian angel, fled:
I mourn'd, then jeer'd, and envied next, the dead.
Between two prophets wavering till that day,
I after doubted both, and ceased to pray.”

More she said, and more she is going to say, about Chaplain Hyde, and Maud, and her own strange, wild, and miserable self, when she exclaims wildly,

“ Hark! this moment here

An angel's voice, or devil's pierced my ear!
Orsay, if mortal's, from which side the grave?
Ay, and ere now, methinks, unless I rave,
I have heard sighs, heard moanings, in the room,

Heard accents, like I would forget of whom,
As whispering what might not be louder said.
Again! Fitz-Hugh of Merton! Is he dead?”

She catches him by the arm—and knows his hand. “ But whence this monkish cuff?” Sole answer—“ Memento mori!” Then comes on her impassioned appeal to the monk—once a man she loved—poured in a low

tone into his own ear—a revelation—of necessity broken, and somewhat difficult to understand—but making much clear that till then was dark. We now learn that Fitz-Hugh's father had left his all in charge to hers, who soon found that that all was but debts, and discharged them without complaint. A wicked uncle of Fitz-Hugh's accused the physician of pillage, and a scheme

“ To stain with his the lineage of a lord,
And bait the bastard girl to noose the plunder'd ward.”

To such loose accusations, Fitz-Hugh had basely lent his ear, and at his uncle's instigation, and that of his own false heart, written a letter to his benefactor, threatening to vindicate

his rights. Anne Ayliffe then parted from him for ever—and in a few days their cot was burnt, and themselves dragged to dungeons. And now that in her blindness she has discovered the Trappist, she demands if *he* had betrayed the secrets of her faith. But he is bound to everlasting silence—and “*Jesu,*” “*Memento mori,*” is his only answer. There are some striking

things here, and some perhaps rather extravagant—nor can we think this mode of acquainting us with what it was time we should be beginning to know, a very happy one. Anne Ayliffe talks herself into a passion—but not a vulgar one—with her mute auditor and herself—and surely there is prodigious energy in the declamation of the Heretic.

“ ‘ Oh, for some faith, some prophet—saviour—guide !
Oh ! could I die in hope—as mother died !
Or pray, as when I join’d her latest prayer !
Why leave us, God ! to ignorance and despair ?
Nay, childhood’s lessons, and a nursery tale,
Had lured me right, where lore and reason fail.
I sink, with no one but myself to blame.
Haste ! Mother, help ! She will !—she comes to claim !
Lo ! there ! beneath yon crescent moon she stands,
And o’er Al-Sirat waves to heaven her hands,
Where, with God’s laws, his messengers are set,—
Noah, Abram, Moses, Jesus, Mahomet,—
To weigh my life by mercy’s scale sublime,
Where one good deed shall balance ten of crime.
Come, faith shall wing the soul to heaven, and prayer
Unfolds its gates, and alms admit me there,
And sufferings grace with crowns of martyrdom.
I will ! Yes, Allah Kierim ! I come.
God is my God ! Mohammed is his seer !
And Islamism the faith I die for here !

“ ‘ Defame its precepts, and their progress hate,
But own—his spirit was profound and great ;
His, who when words usurp’d the place of sense,
Penance of virtue, faith of evidence,
And men, in arts and arms degenerate grown,
Adored—a woman some, and some a stone ;
In solitude, the school of genius, bred,
To find by thought the wisdom others read,
Came from the mountain, where he mused sublime
O’er deserts, seas, eternal space and time,
Unnumber’d stars, and each to worlds a sun,
And preach’d,—Ho ! Earth and Mortals,—God is one !

“ ‘ Hail to the truth ! No miracle is here,
To cumber questions it pretends to clear ;
To edge the bigot’s zeal and scoffer’s jest,
No mysteries mock the reason they address.
The natural truth, alone, began its course,
And held, in peace,—till foes appeal’d to force.
Then rose the Arab’s war—whoop long and loud—
For Allah !—Woe to idols !—Woe the proud !

“ ‘ Like that vast wave, which, raised above the main,
By power no sages and no seers explain,
Rolls o’er the deep, and breaks with fearful sounds,
Where rocks oppose, and God appoints the bounds ;
So from the East on earth roll’d far and wide
The Moslem’s creed, a deep and bloody tide.
Lo ! Akbar, when on Afric’s utmost sands
The boundless waters met his conquering bands,
Spurr’d down his horse, and leaping in the flood,
Look’d up to heaven, and raised his arm of blood,

For God to see, and Mahomet attest,—
 'Twas ocean stopp'd and turn'd him from the west ;
 Else had our crescent horns, throughout the world,
 From crowns of kings and domes of temples hurl'd
 The Roman gibbet, spared its victims, thrust
 Its priests to toil, and pagods ground to dust.
 And ye, instructed by a Moslem nurse,
 Had swell'd the cry ye kill me for, and curse,—
 Allah il Allah ! God is ever one !
 God has no father, mother, bride, or son,
 Or ' '—

Not to the Trappist's ear alone had this been addressed—but to the Primate and all the Conclave. With great power of argument and eloquence the Primate refutes the ravings of the unhappy girl—and declares that her hour is come.

“ ‘ Come then, from them, and theirs, and their abyss,
 Come, separate we ourselves, and her dismiss !
 The dread and dismal duty must be done.
 Then—In the name of God, the Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit.’—Speaking thus, he stood.
 All others rose, and sign'd the blessed rood.
 And all, save her whom death was throttling then,
 And him who swoon'd to earth, replied—Amen !
 With firmer tone, by secret prayer endued,
 The Primate raised his hand, and thus pursued :—

“ ‘ Sinful, apostate, desperate, infidel !
 Scoffer, blasphemer, sorceress, child of hell !
 Thou, whom no grace, no penitence, can stir,
 Hence, to the fate you merit, and prefer !
 Go, laden with thy sin, of sins the worst,
 God's Church condemns thee, and thou art accurat !—
 Outcast of nature !—scandal of offence !—
 Anathema Maranatha ! Go hence !
 By power from Heaven, vouchsafed to our control,
 We here give up thy body and thy soul,
 That, to the secular arm, therewith to deal,
 This, to the God to whom you made appeal.
 Depart !—Resistance, doomed wretch, is vain.—
 Lay hands on her !—Is all without in train ? ’

“ ‘ Off ! Mercy ! Stay ! I will recant,—I do.
 Save, save me, Jesu ! Mary ! Save, Fitz-Hugh !
 Let me confess—let me confess, at least :
 Let me confer one moment with a priest.
 Treasures there are, in covert, to reclaim :
 Secrets to show—accomplices to name.
 Ha ! have I touch'd the chord, whose nerves unclasp
 Your iron'd hearts, and hands' devouring grasp ?
 Then, for confession, let the rest stand clear,—
 And, Phillip of La Trappe ! come thou, and hear !
 By him, him only, 'will I be confest.
 Thanks ! Must I kneel ! Stand further off, the rest !
 See none o'erhear thy penitent's discourse.
 One duty yet remains—and one resource.

“ ‘ Bend thee ! Last festival of father's birth,
 I gave thee that,—whose omen made our mirth,
 That,—which thou vowedst still for me to store,—
 Which now I need, and thou canst prize no more :
 Abide occasion while I mimic shift,
 And give me back my ivory-hafted gift.
 These torturers have prepared, and will effect,
 More than I can support, or dare expect.

If e'er we served you, if you wrong'd us e'er,
 Do this,—and all shall be—forgotten here.
 Beware! I hear feet creeping o'er the stone :—
 And our accomplices must next be shown.
 Our cot's two inmates,—Maude, and Chaplain Hyde,
 Who ruin'd her,—alas! and me beside ;
 Seduced my faith, her innocence stole,
 Depraved her reason, and destroy'd my soul.
 Ordain'd a clerk, a falconer's son by birth,
 He read beneath the elms of Isleworth,—
 Where, far o'er meads, from battlements of stone,
 His patron gazed, and vaunted all his own.
 One of whose motherless and haughty daughters,
 The bright-haired Maude, oft stroll'd along the waters,
 When southern winds the whispering arbour shook,
 Where the pale clerk sat musing with his book.
 They met alone, and young, in summer's bower :
 Heaven frown'd ; the clouds for weeping pall'd a shower ;
 Waves murmur'd hoarse, and wailing swell'd the breeze :—
 But woe ! for love—unheeded, save by these !
 Ah, vainly thence she smiled to others' sight,
 And dew'd with tears her pillow night by night,
 Sought sainted shrines, vowed penance for the shame,
 And gathered herbs—less noxious than her aim ;
 Till time surprised her with the snares of hell.
 Pale in their grasp she trembled, shrieked, and fell ;
 “ ‘ E'en while her father charged, what she forswore.
 His curse peal'd sharper than a tiger's roar,—
 ‘ Out with her ! out my gates ! beyond my grounds !
 Cart to the Thames ! no—cast them to the hounds :—
 The Thames !—lest beagles loath the vermin's blood :—
 There let her crime take counsel of the flood ;
 There learn what ocean can her shame immerse,
 And spare her sisters' scorn, and wreak her father's curse.’
 She gain'd a barn, and bore an infant dead,
 Hyde disappear'd : the world believed—he fled.
 We saw him borne the reflux stream along,
 With marks of none but voluntary wrong.
 His foe was mighty : kin, if any, poor :
 And for him none enquired,—not e'en his paramour.

“ ‘ Yet she went forth : through hamlets up and down,
 With naked feet, bare head, and tatter'd gown ;
 For broken food to dance, with high-born grace,
 And sing for lodging, where a barn had place ;
 Read palms for village children,—scream aghast,
 Lest dogs, that bay'd, should rend her as she past ;
 Oft, with low murmur, plaiting rushes dank,
 Oft gathering herbs, by elms along the bank ;
 Yet,—for the steward caned her, shunn'd the spot
 Where frown'd the castle,—whose—she had forgot ;
 So far, that when they shipp'd her sisters three,
 With Richard's queen, to nunneries o'er the sea,
 And Henry Fourth sent down the scroll of fate,
 To hang her father's quarters o'er his gate,
 With crowds she met him on a hurdle train'd,
 And danced, and caroll'd, round the block he stain'd.
 Of late, attach'd by charities we show'd,
 Prejudged a witch, with us she made abode,
 Was with us taken, bound with us, I know—
 And think, lies chanting to her chains below.”

What can we do ? 'Tis impossible to get another page—and you must imagine for yourselves Anne Ayliffe at the stake.

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Contents.

	PAGE
ON THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. PART I.,	573
HERMOTIMUS,	592
GOETHE'S LIFE AND WORKS. NO. II.,	597
THE QUEER STICK,	614
TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR. PART II.,	620
PHILOSOPHY OF ROMAN HISTORY,	644
CURSORY COGITATIONS CONCERNING CATS,	658
MURDER CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS,	661
SAYINGS AND ESSAYINGS,	669
THE TENANTS OF HOLYWELL LODGE,	677
NAPOLEON'S TELEGRAPH ON MONTMARTRE,	689
THE CROWNING OF CHARLEMAGNE,	691
HAVE YOU READ OSSIAN?	693

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VOL. XLVI.

ON THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

PART I,

THE lively but painful interest excited among the friends of the Church of Scotland by recent judicial proceedings, which, in the opinion of many of her most zealous lay and clerical members, threatened her independence, or even her existence, imposes on us the duty of reviewing the past history of the question involved in the Auchterarder Case, and of endeavouring to present, in a short and intelligible form, the result of what we believe to have been a patient and dispassionate consideration of the subject. Some months have elapsed since the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder Case, the judgment of the Court of Session in the Lethendy Case, and the discussions in the General Assembly respecting the course to be pursued by the Church, with a view to the removal of the difficulties with which she is beset. All undue excitement, therefore, may be supposed to have so far subsided as to render the present occasion well fitted for our purpose; and we entreat the attention and the favourable construction of our readers, while we endeavour, in the first place, to remove certain erroneous impressions, as they appear to us, tending materially to increase the difficulties inseparable from the discussion of this subject, and to expose certain fallacies respecting the true position and functions of the Church, as a compo-

nent part of the British Constitution—fallacies which have obtained the more ready currency, because presented in a captivating form, couched in loose and popular language, and addressed, principally at least, to that portion of the community, of whom we shall be pardoned for saying, that neither their education nor their mental habits have fitted them to sit in judgment on a question of constitutional law.

The most directly important and interesting enquiry, no doubt, relates to the practical expediency of that legislative measure to which the Church has resolved to ask the sanction of Parliament. But it is impossible duly to appreciate the merits of the proposed law, unless we first understand the proceedings which have placed the Church in her present position, and thus ascertain the motives of this application to the Legislature, and the true intent and object of those who advocate a change. Our observations, however, on this part of the case, shall be as concise as possible.

It is said that a *collision* has taken place between the Civil and Ecclesiastical Courts, as separate and independent jurisdictions—that neither of these co-ordinate powers can, without a violation of its duty, consent to abandon the independent ground which it has assumed and seeks to maintain—that therefore no *executive* power has

the means of interposing, or the right if it had the means—and that an alteration of the existing law, or, it may be, of the existing constitution, is the only possible remedy—the only possible mode of preventing what, in colloquial language, is called a *dead lock*. But we doubt very much whether this be a true or correct statement of the question. We more than doubt that a *collision*, in the proper meaning of the term, *can* take place between the Civil and Ecclesiastical Courts of this country. To render a collision possible between two separate branches of the same constitution, it is not necessary, we admit, that both should be conversant exclusively with the same subject-matter, or that the *territory*, or the nature of the two jurisdictions, should be altogether the same. Civil, criminal, fiscal, or ecclesiastical matter, may equally furnish the materials of a collision. But both courts must be armed with equal powers, or powers the *same in kind*, if not equal in extent, constitutionally if not actually equal, for enforcing its orders and maintaining its authority, otherwise that which is *constitutionally* weaker must yield, just because the constitution has given it no adequate means of resistance, and because the *theory of the constitution must therefore be presumed to be, that the one shall be subordinate to the other*. This is a most grave and serious subject; and we should be sorry to be supposed to have broached so important a doctrine unnecessarily, or without due consideration. Let us be judged, therefore, by the sequel.

The majesty of the Law is supported and vindicated by the exercise of certain powers which the Constitution has intrusted to the civil courts. To give redress for wrong done, and to punish the wrongdoer—in the exercise of preventive justice, to prohibit the perpetration of meditated or threatened injury—is the peculiar province of such courts, and the free and unrestrained use of these powers is essential to the maintenance of law and order in the state. But it would have been in vain to vest such powers and such discretion in any body of men, by virtue of statute or otherwise, if the means of enforcing their own decrees, and compelling obedience to their own orders, had been at the same time withheld. Therefore it is, that the Constitution has conferred on the

judge the power of execution, or, in other words, has permitted to him the use of *physical force*, to secure the infliction of the punishment which he has awarded, the payment or performance of the recompense which he has decreed, and the execution of all orders whatsoever, which he in his discretion has seen fit to pronounce. Between any two Courts, armed with such powers as these, a collision (however improbable the occurrence) *may* take place, as, for example, between any two of the three Courts of Session, Justiciary, and Exchequer. If contradictory orders be issued by two such courts, the unfortunate individual, to whom they are both addressed, has only the alternative of obeying *one or the other*; he cannot obey both; and his imprisonment will be the appropriate punishment of his inevitable disobedience of the one or the other. The court whose order he has obeyed, may then direct his liberation; and thus, and thus only, a proper collision arises. Let us not be supposed to maintain that both of these two courts must necessarily be right or justifiable, in a moral point of view, in the means adopted to maintain their own dignity, or the authority of the law. On the contrary, either one or both may have erred in judgment, and abused the discretion committed to it. But because a Court has *done iniquity*, it has not *therefore* exceeded its constitutional powers; nor does it *therefore* follow that its commands are *brutum fulmen*, and may be safely disregarded or despised. Every human institution is necessarily imperfect; and it is in consequence of the impossibility of finding a better tribunal, that judgment has been committed to fallible men, who, like their brethren, may from error in judgment, or even from other and less excusable causes, do grievous and irreparable wrong. But the power being once conferred, by reason of the overwhelming necessity of the case, it follows as an inevitable consequence, that for the wrong done in the exercise of that power there is no *remedy*, but only a preventive safeguard against its commission in the moral and constitutional responsibility of the judge, which always bears exact proportion to the extent of his power.

The Court of Session, then, as the supreme civil tribunal of this country, being invested with powers such as

we have endeavoured to describe, are there any materials for a collision between that court and a Church Court? Is there in the latter any power which can *control* the proceedings of the former, or any power which is equal *in kind*, that is, constitutionally if not actually equal, to the powers of the civil court?

1st, It will be readily conceded to us, that the Church Courts have no powers of *execution*, no means of enforcing their own orders. Disobedience of such orders infers no penal consequences, by imprisonment or otherwise. But, 2d, It necessarily follows from this defect, as well as from the confined and exclusive character of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, that a Church Court cannot competently issue any decree which may be carried into effect only by the use of physical force. To ordain payment or performance is, therefore, clearly beyond the power of such a spiritual court; and it is equally so to provide a remedy, or to give redress for any personal or patrimonial wrong. 3d, From the defect of power first noticed, it also follows that Church Courts have no preventive or prohibitory power; for an interdict or an injunction which cannot be enforced, is something like a contradiction in terms. Lastly, we take leave to doubt whether Church Courts have any penal jurisdiction, properly so called. Not that we would venture to dispute the powers of the Church to inflict ecclesiastical censures, and to proceed to deprivation or suspension of ministers and licentiates, on certain well ascertained and peculiar grounds. In this popular sense, the Church Courts may be said to *punish* members of the Church. But that is a very different matter from the infliction of punishment by a court of law—different both in character and effect. That is not the *administration of public justice*; but rather is closely analogous to, if not identical with, the management of the internal concerns of an exclusive body, incorporated by statute, and invested with certain privileges and immunities.

We know that this view of their position is by no means palatable to many zealous and influential members of the Church, and it may, at first sight, stagger even some of our most unbiased readers. But far from dread-

ing to subject our opinions to the test of discussion, we are satisfied that the theory which we now propound is at once so simple, so intelligible, and so rational, that any thing like a dispassionate consideration of the subject must ensure its cordial reception.

THE CHURCH, then—that is, the Church of Scotland—in connexion with the State, whose ministers have by law an indefeasible right to a maintenance out of the teinds, and are recognised as the accredited organs of the State in teaching the national religion and superintending the education of the people—to the benefit of whose ministrations every Scottish subject has by law an undoubted title—the Church, which the Sovereign has solemnly sworn to maintain as an integral part of the Constitution, and which, on the other hand, has sworn allegiance to the Sovereign, not only as an individual, but as representing the majesty of the law—the Church, which looks to the law to provide for the security of her privileges and immunities, and demands from the State, as matter of right, an extension of her means of usefulness, at the expense of the State, to meet the wants of an increasing population—this Church, we say, as distinct from the Catholic Church of Christ, of which she is a noble branch, *is in law an incorporation*, created by the law for the achievement of most important ends, subject, like every other individual or body corporate, to the supreme civil authority, in all cases where she does not enjoy some express privilege or exemption. The distinction at which we point, has been eloquently and forcibly explained by the venerable President of the Court of Session, in his late solemn and most impressive address to the Presbytery of Dunkeld.

“I think,” he says, “much confusion has lately arisen from the Church not distinguishing between her situation as a portion and member of the Universal or Catholic Church of Christ, and her situation as the Established Church of Scotland. In the first view, that you are a branch, and a most numerous and most respectable one, of the Universal Church of Christ, you are on the same footing—but on no better footing—with all the other bodies adhering to the Presbyterian form of church government throughout the country. Taking you in your character as merely members of the Church of

Christ, the Synod of Burghers, and the Synod of Anti-Burghers, or any other Synod, have the same powers and privileges as you have, and you have no greater powers than they have. But, considered as having been adopted by Parliament to be the Established Church of Scotland, you neither had nor can have any powers or privileges except what Parliament gave you when it adopted you as the Established Church."

From the obvious and indisputable soundness of this reasoning, it might fairly be presumed that the Church's claim to exclusive and independent jurisdiction, must be rested entirely on the statutes to which she owes her existence as a national establishment. But of late some doctrines have been obscurely hinted at, and some opinions pretty freely indicated, which, as they are startling in the announcement, are still more alarming in their consequences. It seems to be maintained, that there resides in the Church of Scotland some undefinable, but inherent and indefeasible authority, derived from the Saviour himself as Head of the Church, in the exercise and maintenance of which, all considerations of expediency, and all reverence for civil government, must be abandoned and forgotten. We are deeply anxious to understand this doctrine, and we shall analyse it with care. If the Church have a duty to perform to her spiritual head, which is inconsistent with obedience to the civil law of the country, one of two conclusions is inevitable—either the Church has allied herself with a Government which is unfit for union with a Christian Church, or there is something in the character of the Christian religion itself, which renders an alliance of the Church with the State improper or inexpedient. The element of disunion must reside in the one party or the other. Now, the latter of these alternatives, it will be observed, is directly subversive of the whole argument in support of civil establishments of religion; but it is also something worse—it is obviously a libel on the Gospel to say, that Jesus Christ founded a church which could not exist in union with the freest and most perfect civil government that the world ever saw. It is irreverent, if not blasphemous, to maintain or believe that the Gospel dispensation, the Gospel of *peace*, imposes duties inconsistent with civil obedience—that the

faithful and uncompromising minister of Christ may, or must, be a rebellious and disobedient subject. No minister of the Church of Scotland, we are well assured, will persevere in entertaining or promulgating such an opinion. But is there any thing in the constitution of this country, or in its existing laws, which renders it unfit for an alliance with a branch of the Catholic Church? There is no new element in the Constitution, no fundamental principle of Government, which did not exist when the alliance was formed in 1592, or when it was renewed at subsequent periods; and the rights and privileges of the Church are, down to the present day, regulated by the statutes passed on these occasions. We shall consider by-and-by how far the Church herself has recently maintained and performed the conditions on which she originally received the protection and support of the State.

But we may, after all, misunderstand the views of some of our clerical friends as to the nature of the duty imposed, and the authority conferred on them by their Divine Master, to resist the civil power in certain cases. It may be, that no more is meant than the duty and authority to preach the Gospel in spite of all opposition, and to maintain and defend the faith in the face of the cruellest intolerance and persecution. Surely this is not the day when such doctrines need be pressed on the public attention, or the mind of the Legislature. Fear of persecution can hardly be the inductive cause of any recent movement in the Church. But, besides, if such be the true meaning of the opinions to which we have referred, what connection have they with the recent proceedings of the Church, or how can they be used in defence of the Church's present disobedience of the civil law? There is no question of *doctrine* raised. There is no proposal on the part of the Court of Session to remodel the Confession of Faith, or to interfere with the office of the Church in expounding its doctrines. That standard of orthodoxy is part and parcel of the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland; and an invasion of the Church's exclusive privileges, as the National Teacher of Religion, would be high treason against the Constitution. But it is not alleged that any such violence is threatened. The sub-

ject of contention is not matter of doctrine, but admittedly matter of *discipline*. The proceedings of the Church Courts, which were made the subject of litigation in the Court of Session, related to the internal management of the Church of Scotland, as a body corporate, created by statute.

It may still be argued, however, that one part of the Church's duty to her spiritual head, consists in asserting and maintaining to the utmost all the privileges conferred on her as a national establishment. This we freely admit. It is her duty to maintain the privileges and *independence* conferred on her by law—according to law—by all lawful means. But it cannot be her duty to assert or maintain privileges inconsistent with law, which the law has withheld or not conferred. And accordingly the argument just returns to the point from which we set out. The only question which has truly arisen, regards the nature and extent of the privileges and jurisdiction conferred on the Church by statute.

Let us shortly advert, then, to the nature and extent of the Church's *statutory* powers and privileges. In the first place, she is the teacher of the national religion, and superintendent of all educational institutions; and in these matters her powers are exclusive. By common law, independent of any special enactment, she would, as a corporation, be entitled to pass resolutions, and to make rules and regulations for the guidance of her members, so long as they were not inconsistent with the public law of the country. But these consuetudinary privileges are not extended, or even expressly recognised by any statute; far less has the Legislature conferred on the Church a power of making ordinances, which shall be at once against the law and above the law. Then as to the composition of the Church itself, some powers are conferred by the statutes relative to the induction of ministers, or (as would be said in the case of any other incorporation) relative to the admission of new members; but these are not very extensive or various, (though certainly most important,) being confined to taking trial of the qualifications of candidates, and granting or refusing induction or admission, according to the opinion which the Presbytery, as the executive officer of the incorporation, shall form respecting

these qualifications. Some such power as this is to a greater or less extent enjoyed by every body corporate. Previous to the recent Municipal Reform Act, the absolute and irresponsible power of election was vested in the corporations of the Scotch burghs—a power far more extensive and peculiar than that conferred on the Church by statute, of taking trial of the qualifications of candidates. Many corporations also exist, both in Scotland and England, possessed of special privileges and immunities, in which candidates for admission are *presented* or *nominated* by some third party, independent of the corporation, but are tried and admitted by the corporation itself.

Every step that we advance tends to confirm and illustrate the proposition with which we started, that the Established Church of Scotland is in law nothing but an incorporation, however harsh the phrase may sound. Let there be an end of mystification on this subject. If the Church has any power or privilege inconsistent with the character of a corporation, any extraordinary and anomalous exemption from civil jurisdiction or civil obedience, which raises her in law above the character of an incorporation, let it be fairly announced, and let all men understand from what source it is derived, or to what source at least it is ascribed. But it is unbecoming the dignity or the honesty of a national establishment, to indulge in vague and meaningless boasting of powers undefined and undefinable, too subtle for the comprehension of ordinary understandings, conferred for unexplained purposes, productive of unascertained effects, ascribed at one time to divine authority and commission, at another to the statutes of the realm, and at another still, to some immemorial usage of which the evidence is not extant. Again, we say, this is neither honest nor decorous. If the advocates of the opinions to which we refer, will fairly put their case on the Acts of Parliament (to which they are now compelled if our reasoning be sound), the whole case may very soon be brought to issue. Be it observed, we have not in the remotest degree touched on the *merits* of the Auchterarder cause—we have not said a word on the construction of the statutes. But we hope we have brought our opponents to admit, that their case de-

pend on the construction of the statutes. This admission once made, our task, or at least one portion of it, is near a close.

But the powers conferred on the Church by the Acts of Parliament are said to be so extensive, that though no Presbytery may directly interfere with civil rights, yet in the exercise of these powers they may, and often must, so act, that important civil consequences will follow—patrimonial benefit to one, and patrimonial loss or injury to another. The Presbyteries do not maintain, that they can simply refuse to receive any candidate who is defiled with what has been somewhat indecently denounced as the “leprosy of patronage;” but they so read the Acts of Parliament as to extract from them power to make the *veto* law, and thereby indirectly to allow the people to defeat the choice of the patron. This we hope and believe is a fair representation of *their* construction of the statutes. But it does not concern our present argument to enquire, whether it be a right, and sound, and legal construction, or whether the Parliament of Scotland really intended to confer such powers as the Church claims. It is enough for our purpose, that the claim now advanced depends on the *construction of statute*. The Church, of course, cannot be surprised to find that an Act of Parliament may bear two constructions, or that some other party interested should think the Church’s construction wrong. What is the consequence? The most Quixotic champion of the Church’s powers, we should think, will hardly venture to maintain, that among the other privileges conferred by these Acts of Parliament, the Legislature has made Church Courts *interpreters of statutes*. This is the office of the civil court in all countries, which, so far as we know, has never been abolished, derogated from, or transferred to other hands; and it would surely require enacting words of special force and stringency, to create in the Church a rival power which should control the Civil Court, or reign in conjunction with it over a divided empire. No implication, at least no provision of doubtful meaning, could be permitted to abrogate a principle which lies at the foundation of every known system of jurisprudence. If, then, the Church be not made its own judge in the in-

terpretation of statute law—if the construction of the Church be not conclusive and binding on all the lieges—there must necessarily be some higher tribunal to which the Church is amenable, and whose interpretation she is bound to receive and adopt. When a patron and a presbytery, therefore, differ as to the limits of their respective rights and powers as regulated and defined by Acts of Parliament, they must of necessity submit their dispute to the decision of the court whose jurisdiction is privative in the interpretation of statutes—that is, to the Court of Session.

But it is said that the present is a question of jurisdiction, and that, in a competition of jurisdictions, neither of the courts claiming is the proper judge. We do not admit either the truth of the premises or the legitimacy of the conclusion. 1st, There is no question of jurisdiction; for the Presbyteries under the statutes are acting ministerially, not judicially. But let that pass. 2d, Supposing there were a question, whether the jurisdiction of the Court of Session be excluded by a privative jurisdiction vested in the Church Courts by statute—so far from the Court of Session being an incompetent tribunal for the disposal of that question, the nature of the case renders it the only competent tribunal. Every lawyer knows, and all men may be made to understand, that the Supreme Civil Court is the proper tribunal for disposing of questions of jurisdiction, and that all matter of jurisdiction is matter proper for the decision of that Court. Were it otherwise, no such case could ever be extricated. The Supreme Civil Court is entitled and bound to take cognisance of all complaints, except where it can be shown that its jurisdiction is excluded. The party who pleads the exclusion of the Court’s jurisdiction, of course submits that question to the decision of the Court. He does not stand aloof and refuse to plead at all, because he knows well, that, if he were so obstinate or so ill advised, judgment must go against him by default, and the strong arm of the law would compel him to give obedience to that judgment. But he appears and pleads, and the Court disposes of the question of jurisdiction, either by dismissing the complaint, or by sustaining its own jurisdiction and giving redress. In the

latter event, was it ever heard of that the party who had pleaded the exclusion of the Court's jurisdiction, refused to abide by the Court's decision, or solicited the interference of the other Court whose jurisdiction he had unsuccessfully attempted to support? This may be illustrated by a familiar example. Justices of Peace are by a certain statute (the Small Debt Act, 6 Geo. IV.) empowered to dispose of actions for sums under £8:6:8 in a summary form, and all review of their judgments by the Court of Session is specially excluded. It would be in vain, therefore, for the party defeated before the Justices, to apply to the Court of Session for an alteration of their judgment, on the general ground that it was contrary to law or evidence. But suppose such an application to be made, the Court of Session would be called upon to decide the question of jurisdiction, and this they would do *by reading and interpreting the statute*. Again, suppose the party who lost his cause before the Justices, applied to the Court of Session to set aside that judgment, on the ground that the Justices had exceeded their powers, or had violated the provisions of the statute, the Court would, as before, decide the question of jurisdiction, by reading and construing the statute; and if they found that the Justices had exceeded their powers, they, as interpreters of the statute, would determine accordingly, and set aside the judgment complained of, notwithstanding the exclusion of review by the statute. The Justices might have read the statute differently; but their opinions could not interfere with the judgment of the Court of Session, as supreme and uncontrolled interpreter of the law. Just so is it with Presbyteries of the Church. By virtue of certain statutes they exercise (on the hypothesis) certain jurisdiction in the trial and admission of ministers. If a rejected presentee brought a judgment of the Presbytery under review of the Court of Session, and pleaded that he was wrongously rejected on the ground of heresy, praying the Court to take trial of his orthodoxy, and reverse the judgment of the Presbytery, it is to be presumed that the application would be dismissed, and the Court would find that their jurisdiction is excluded by statute. But would they decide this without reading the statute, or are

they to sit in judgment on the statute, with power to interpret it only in one way? On the contrary, their judgment would be pronounced in respect of the construction which they themselves, as supreme interpreters of the law, put on that statute. But, again, if a rejected presentee complained that the Presbytery had violated the statute, and exceeded its powers, what principle or what consideration, in the name of law and of common sense, could exclude the Court from again, as before, judging of the construction of the statute? They would read it again, and, if they thought the complaint well founded, they would give redress just as they had done in the case of the Justices of Peace. Such was the complaint of Lord Kinnoul and Mr Young in the Auchterarder case, and such is the mode in which the Court disposed of it.

The powers and privileges of the Church Establishment rest exclusively on statute law; and the Court of Session is the proper and legally constituted interpreter of statute. Is it possible then to dispute, that the statutes of the realm, as interpreted by the Court of Session, are the measure of the Church's powers—that the statutes, *as interpreted by the Court*, must command the obedience of the Church as completely as if the Legislature had spoken so unambiguously as not to require the intervention of an interpreter? The construction of the Court is part of the statute—it is law.

What then becomes of the collision between the civil and ecclesiastical courts? The latter are bound to obey the statute as interpreted by the former, and the Church may be compelled to obedience by physical force, which the constitution has furnished her with no means of resisting. Collision! This is the collision between a sovereign and his subject, between the law and the lieges, between the judge and the litigant.

Our readers cannot fail to have observed, that we have avoided entering on the *merits* of the Auchterarder case, and our motive to this course must be obvious; for if the Court be entitled, as we venture to think we have demonstrated, to instruct the Presbyteries of the Church in the meaning of Acts of Parliament, and to define and explain the duties *thereby* imposed on Presbyteries, it is enough for our present argument, that judg-

ment has been given to a certain effect on the import of these statutes. That judgment must, of course, command the obedience of Presbyteries as subjects of the realm. But, in order to a precise understanding of the position assumed by the Church since the judgment of the House of Lords, it may be necessary in a few words to state, what we conceive to have been the question raised and determined in the Auchterarder case.

By the Act 1592, c. 116, which has always been considered and looked up to as the great charter of the Presbyterian Church in this country, the trial and admission of ministers is committed to Presbyteries, with full powers to judge of the qualifications of any party presented to them by a patron, but under this most emphatic and significant proviso, "Provided the foresaid Presbyteries be bound and astricted to receive and admit quhatsumever qualified minister presented be his Majesty or laick patrones." This Act is admitted to be in force, and we need not trace the history of the law of patronage in the interval between 1592 and 1690. But in the latter year the Presbyterian Church was again made the Church of the State, and the rights formerly vested in patrons were transferred to other hands, viz. to the heritors and elders. A new machinery was called into existence for the extrication of these new rights and arrangements; but the whole system worked so ill, that it was declared "inconvenient" by the statute 10 Anne, which restored patrons to their "ancient rights" of presenting "qualified ministers" to the various benefices, and of new bound and obliged the Presbyteries, as under the Act 1592, c. 116, to "receive and admit" them, after taking trial of their qualifications. In 1834, the General Assembly declared the Church's resolution not to receive and admit any minister who should prove to be *unacceptable* to a certain portion of the people of the parish to which he should be presented, and there was at the same time framed a set of regulations, by which Presbyteries are enjoined to reject every presentee to whom a majority of male heads of families, communicants within the parish, shall object, without the necessity of their assigning reasons, or of the Presbytery judging of the reasonable-

ness or relevancy of the grounds of objection. Such was the *Veto Act*. Under its operation, Mr Young, who was duly presented by Lord Kinnoul to the church and parish of Auchterarder, was objected to by a majority of the male heads of families, communicants within the parish, (who assigned no reasons in support of their objections,) [and in respect of these objections he was rejected by the Presbytery, who refused to proceed to take trial of his qualifications, in terms of the Acts of Parliament. Lord Kinnoul and Mr Young were advised that this rejection was unauthorized by law, and that the Presbytery had no warrant for refusing to perform its statutory functions. They accordingly complained of this alleged *breaking of the law* to the Supreme Civil Court, as the only tribunal in Scotland competent to the decision of such a question of statutory duty and statutory privilege. The patron and presentee pleaded on the statutes, maintaining that the powers of the Presbytery were limited to the matter of qualification. *The Presbytery also pleaded on the statutes*, contending for a different and more liberal interpretation, and specially justifying the rejection of Mr Young, on the ground that the Church had power, *under the statutes*, to give such effect to the *Veto* of the congregation. The Court of Session found,

"That the defenders, the Presbytery of Auchterarder, did refuse, and continue to refuse, to take trial of the qualifications of the said Robert Young, and have rejected him as presentee to the said church and parish, on the sole ground (as they admit on the record) that a majority of the male heads of families, communicants in the said parish, have dissented, without any reason assigned, from his admission as minister,—Find that the said Presbytery in so doing have acted to the hurt and prejudice of the said pursuers, illegally, and in violation of their duty, and contrary to the provisions of certain statutes libelled on, and, in particular, contrary to the provisions of the Statute of 10 Anne, c. xii., entituled, 'An Act to restore patrons to their ancient rights of presenting ministers to the churches vacant in that part of Great Britain called Scotland.'"

The House of Lords have unhesitatingly, and without qualification or reservation, affirmed this judgment, and it is therefore now settled law, that the General Assembly's Act of 1834 can-

not be enforced consistently with the performance of the duty of presbyteries under the statutes. It is solemnly decided, after a full, deliberate, and unprecedentedly laborious discussion, that the circumstance of a presentee being *unacceptable* to the people of a parish, forms no legal bar to his induction, and that no Presbytery is entitled to give effect to the people's *dislike*, by rejecting the presentee who is its object. If this, then, be *intrusion*—if being unacceptable to a majority be, in the eyes of the Church, a sufficient disqualification, though no grounds of objection are stated—and if, in such a case, they consider it *intrusion* to induct a presentee, then the import of the Court's judgment is, that no Presbytery can legally refuse (if so required) to *INTRUDE* a duly presented and duly qualified minister into a parish, on the general ground of his being unacceptable to the people, or a portion of the people.

By the judgment in the Auchterarder case, therefore, the Church was sufficiently certiorated that the passing of the *Veto* Act was contrary to law, and *ultra vires* of the Assembly; and that the rejection of a presentee by a Presbytery, under the operation of that Act, is illegal. In these circumstances two courses were open, either of which, we apprehend, would have been consistent with the dignity and the independence of the Church, neither of which would have subjected her to the charge of disobedience and rebellion. Viewing the existing state of the law as an intolerable evil, she might fairly, honourably, and consistently apply to Parliament for an alteration of the law, and for a legislative sanction of what is called the principle of *non-intrusion*. On the other hand, if a recurrence to the practice which obtained before 1834, turned out after all no such mighty evil as in the heat of controversy it had been represented, or if the success of an application to Parliament seemed doubtful or hopeless—full, unqualified, ungrudging obedience to the law, and to the Civil Court as the interpreter of the law, was the high imperative duty of the Church, both as a Christian Church and as the Church of a Christian State. And is this submission, this Christian obedience to the civil power, the less necessary or the less obligatory, because the Church has resolved to approach

Parliament as a humble suppliant? Did any subject of a state ever apply to the Legislature for powers and privileges, which in the mean time, without the Legislature's sanction, and in despite of the supreme civil authority, he was exercising by masterful usurpation? Would it be decorous, would it be expedient, would it be consistent with the principles of morality and religion, would it tend to further the great end of the Church's existence in connexion with the State, that while, with an arrogant assumption of independence, the Church bid defiance to the supreme executive authority, and contemned its orders, she should at the same time humbly solicit, or respectfully importune, the Legislature to make new laws for the regulation of ecclesiastical concerns, to which, of course, she will conform so long only as it suits her own views of ecclesiastical expediency or ecclesiastical ambition—as if laws were made only to be broken, or as if Parliament would lend a ready ear to the petition of him who has already set at nought the power of Parliament, by refusing obedience to the statute law of the realm? We have put this case hypothetically only; but let us see what is the attitude which the Church has in fact assumed.

The General Assembly, in May 1839, took into their consideration the judgment of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case, and this is their deliverance:—

“The General Assembly having heard the report of the Procurator on the Auchterarder case, and considered the judgment of the House of Lords, affirming the decision of the Court of Session, and being satisfied that by the said judgment all questions of civil right, so far as the Presbytery of Auchterarder is concerned, are substantially decided, do now, in accordance with the uniform practice of the Church, and with the resolution of last General Assembly, ever to give and inculcate implicit obedience to the decisions of Civil Courts, in regard to the civil rights and emoluments secured by law to the Church, instruct the said Presbytery to offer no farther resistance to the claims of Mr Young or the patron, to the emoluments of the benefice of Auchterarder, and to refrain from claiming the *jus devolutum*, or any other civil right or privilege connected with the said benefice.

“And whereas the principle of non-intrusion is one coeval with the Reformed Kirk

of Scotland, and forms an integral part of its constitution, embodied in its standards and declared in various Acts of Assembly, the General Assembly resolve that this principle cannot be abandoned, *and that no presentee shall be forced upon any parish contrary to the will of the congregation.*"

This, it must be admitted, is ingenious enough; but it is not manly or straightforward—it is unworthy of the Church of Scotland. The first and paramount duty of the General Assembly, in the circumstances, was to instruct the Presbytery of Auchterarder as to their future course in the matter of Mr Young's settlement. The Court of Session and the House of Lords had found that, in refusing to take that gentleman on trial, the Presbytery had *broken the law*—the General Assembly do not instruct them to retrace their steps and obey the law. But neither, on the other hand, have they the manliness or the courage in direct terms to enjoin them to set the law at defiance. They instruct them, in the first paragraph above quoted, to "offer no farther resistance to the claims of Mr Young or the patron to the emoluments of the benefice;" but this does not meet the exigency of the case—this does not dispose of the difficulty raised by the judgment of the Court of Session. What that Court denounced as illegal, and contrary to the provisions of statute, was not "resistance to the claims of Mr Young or the patron to the emoluments of the benefice," but *refusal to take trial of the qualifications of Mr Young*. Had the resolution, therefore, stopped with the first paragraph, the Presbytery of Auchterarder might have been puzzled to know how the General Assembly wished or expected them to act. But then they go on to say, that they cannot abandon the principle of non-intrusion, and resolve "that no presentee *shall be forced upon any parish contrary to the will of the congregation.*" This language, as addressed to the Presbytery of Auchterarder, is perfectly intelligible. *No intrusion*, they say, *shall take place*, and of course the Presbytery understand that they are not to violate this general resolution in the case of Mr Young. The General Assembly

thus instruct the Presbytery, *the defenders in the Auchterarder case*, to persist in that *refusal*, which has been solemnly adjudged to be illegal; and a violation of the statutes. *They direct and enjoin the Presbytery to disobey the law.* Will the framer of that resolution, will any member of Assembly who supported it, venture to say, that such is not, or was not intended to be, the meaning of the clause which we have quoted? Will any advocate of the Church's recent measures tell us, that if the Presbytery of Auchterarder were now proceeding to the settlement of Mr Young, in obedience to the civil law, they would not be held by the General Assembly directly to have violated the instructions delivered to them in that resolution?

The Church having been compelled, for conscience sake as is alleged, to assume this attitude of defiance, and for a time so far to abandon her duty as to set the evil example of disobedience, it might have been expected, at least, that her leading members and her most prominent supporters would have been ready to join with us in deploring the *necessity* which led to so painful and so mischievous a result; and, above all, that they would not have hesitated to admit the true character of their own conduct and condition as a Church. But with a glaring inconsistency, which nothing can explain or justify, at the very moment that they are thus declaring war in the parish of Auchterarder, and reading this lesson of rebellion to the Presbytery, their language to the Legislature and the country is moderate and bland and peaceful, and, alas, most deceitful! They say that they are ready "ever to give and inculcate implicit obedience to the decisions of Civil Courts;"* and one writer, who seems to have been instructed to speak the sentiments of the dominant party in the Church, gravely maintains that the Church has† "deferentially suspended all proceedings that might conflict with the actings of the Civil Court," and complains of the charge of disobedience brought against the Church as "wanton and absurd."‡ Is it possible, then, that the Church designedly speaks to

* Dr Chalmers's Resolution.

† "The Present Position of the Church of Scotland Explained and Vindicated." By a Lay Member of the Church. P. 14.

‡ Ibid. p. 42.

the Legislature and the country in language different from, and inconsistent with, that in which she addresses her own inferior judicatories? Or is this resolution of set purpose couched in terms so equivocal as readily to bear a double meaning? We most sincerely hope that the leaders of the Church have not so far forgotten their own dignity—nay, abandoned the principles of common honesty. We cannot for one moment, even in argument, assume the possibility of such conduct or such motives. The Church must elect one of two courses: If she sincerely desire to yield obedience to the law, let her instruct the Presbytery of Auchterarder to proceed with the settlement of Mr Young. Till this be done—cheerfully, unqualifiedly, *and because the law requires it*—the supporters of the Church's recent proceedings must smother their indignation, when they are denounced as rebellious and disobedient subjects.

On general grounds, whatever tends to interrupt the harmony and good understanding which ought to subsist between Church and State, or to lessen or destroy their cordial co-operation in promoting the cause of peace and order and religion, is in itself a national calamity. At the present moment too, the scheme of Church Extension, in support of which the members of the Church of Scotland have displayed such noble energy, confessedly depends for its ultimate and full success on the pecuniary assistance of the Government. In a manner and on grounds which must render the application irresistible, the Church demands endowments for those new places of worship which the liberality of her own sons has enabled her to erect. But no man in his senses can doubt that the course pursued in regard to the Veto Act, is a material bar to the advancement of the claim for additional endowments. Many men, and these not the least influential portion of the community, look on that course with something more than disapproval. Parliament must pause, and inquire into the truth of the charge of rebellion and disobedience brought against the Church by a large and most respectable minority* of her own members. No Government

can reasonably be asked or can safely consent to confer new boons, and to make new grants in favour of the Church, while such heavy suspicions lie against her loyalty, and good faith, and obedience.

Add to this, that the agitation of any such question as the present is calculated to withdraw the attention of the clergy from the performance of their pastoral duties, and to engender animosities and disunion in the Church. There is here surely abundance of present immediate evil resulting from the course which the last General Assembly have resolved to pursue.

But what is there to account for such zeal, or to justify such sacrifices? Previous to the passing of the *Veto Act* in the General Assembly of 1834, there were many discussions in the Church Courts as to the expediency of that measure, independent altogether of its legality; but to the Church Courts these discussions were entirely, or almost entirely, confined. Now, however, it is high time that the attention of all men who are friendly to the Church, and especially of those who may be called to legislate on this subject, should be closely, anxiously, and impartially directed to the enquiry, whether such a modification of the law of patronage as the *Veto Act* was intended to accomplish, would be a practical benefit to the Church and people of Scotland.

The discussion of every question of policy is materially facilitated by ascertaining in the first place the precise nature and limits of the matter in dispute, and by a clear short statement, in unequivocal terms, of the question to be solved; for, as Mr Locke remarks, "there is no such way to give defence to absurd doctrines, as to guard them round with legions of obscure, doubtful, undefined words."

We understand, then, that there is no proposal now on the part of the Church to abolish patronage. The parliamentary enquiry on this subject in the year 1834, afforded an opportunity to many of the most distinguished and best qualified members of the Church of Scotland to put on record their valuable opinions, and the result

* The number of members of Assembly who voted for Dr Cook's motion was 155, in a house consisting of 359 members.

seems to be, that a very great majority of all classes in Scotland are convinced that a measure for the abolition of patronage is neither expedient nor desirable. In 1834, Lord Moncreiff informed the Committee of the House of Commons, that "beyond all doubt a large proportion, at least more than one-half of the whole clergy in Scotland, must be supposed to be adverse to the motion for repealing the law of patronage."* Again, in speaking of the people of Scotland generally, he says,—†

"I think that there has been great activity used, and strong measures used; measures, some of which I own have excited my great surprise, and my very great regret, for exciting the people to come forward in this matter; and that great exertions have been made to procure those petitions, and to obtain the signatures of persons who have little understanding on the subject, who have never contemplated the difficulties, who are moved almost entirely by what I have already mentioned as the still remaining strong prejudices and hereditary feeling, rather than any thing else, against the law of patronage.

"In this state of things, I find it not only difficult, I must say impossible, for me to infer that the feeling of all, or of any thing like all, the intelligent people of Scotland is against the law of patronage. I very strongly suspect that if the city of Edinburgh, and many other of the large places within the country, if the counties even, and even the Royal burghs were polled, it would be found that there is a large mass of the population that are decidedly hostile to the measure, and that the population of the highest intelligence, in particular in Scotland, are very much against it."

If such were the state of feeling in 1834, it is not surprising that hostility to the existence of patronage in the Church should have become more and more uncommon, when, in the report already referred to, we find such men as Lord Moncreiff and Mr Bell on the one hand, and Dr Cook and Mr Whigham on the other—men diametrically opposed in their general views of Church polity—concur in holding that patronage forms a most

important element in the union of Church and State, a most powerful "connecting link" in the maintenance of that union.‡ It is not surprising that the General Assembly should, repeatedly since that time, have negatived by very large majorities propositions for the abolition of patronage; on the last occasion by a majority of 166 to 96.§ For all practical purposes, therefore, this question may be fairly considered as settled; and in the present controversy the Church must be held not to contemplate in any event the total repeal of the patronage law.

On the other hand, there is no question raised as to the right of a congregation to state objections to the life, literature, and orthodoxy of a presentee, or the right of the Presbyteries to dispose of these objections, and if they be well founded to give effect to them by refusing to induct. Under the existing law, the congregation are afforded two separate opportunities in the course of every settlement of advancing such objections; the *first*, at the moderation in the call; and the *second*, immediately before ordination;|| and no one disputes the competency of Presbyteries to judge and determine in this matter, or the power of the General Assembly to make such rules and regulations as will give the greatest practical effect to the privilege of objection, provided that no attempt be made to extend the people's right beyond its proper subject matter, viz. the *qualifications* of the presentee properly and technically so called.

The whole controversy then turns on the propriety and expediency of giving to a congregation a right to reject a presentee *without assigning any reasons*, a power of exercising an absolute *veto* on the patron's choice, to which the Presbytery are bound to give effect, *without enquiry as to the reasonableness of the grounds of objection*. It matters little to the argument whether the people's will be expressed in the form of a consent or a dissent. The question relates to the nature and extent of the power which should be conferred on the people; and

* Report on Church Patronage, p. 196, In. 1346.

† See Report on Patronage, pp. 115, 190, 191, 353, 434.

§ Acts of Assembly, An. 1837, p. 42, 43.

|| Hill's Practice, Third Edition, pp. 60—64.

† Ibid. p. 197-8.

we understand the principle maintained by the majority of the Church to be, that no presentee ought to be settled in any parish where the people say in simple terms, "we do not like him," or "we will not have him," without any explanation whatever.

We have been the more anxious to arrive at a very clear understanding of the question at issue, because there are obvious symptoms of a wish on the part of the Church to avoid the real difficulty of the subject. For example, the pamphleteer already quoted has the following passage:—"Upon this motion" (Dr Chalmers's) "I only further observe at present, that while it distinctly pledged the Assembly to adhere to the fundamental law of the Church against the intrusion of ministers, it did not pledge the house to adhere to the particular mode of giving effect to that fundamental law by the *Veto* of the majority of the heads of families, but left it open to the Church hereafter to modify or alter that branch of the law as might yet seem to be advisable." Again, he speaks of "calling in the control of the Presbytery" where opposition is stirred up against a presentee upon groundless prejudices, or from motives positively unworthy."—P. 45. Nay, he says, "the very first duty of the Presbytery in such circumstances would necessarily be to support the hands of the patron, and to put down the unworthy and scandalous opposition."—Pp. 47, 48. Now we repeat our admission, that the precise form in which the people's absolute right is exercised does not affect the question of principle, nor would it alter the course of our argument, if, in place of the male heads of families within the parish, the Church had seen fit to commit the right of *Veto* to the females under fourteen years of age. But the moment that our opponents begin to speak or to write of the "control" or the "judgment" of the Presbytery in this matter, they necessarily and at once abandon their broad principle, that the *people's dislike, expressed in a negative monosyllable*, shall exclude—that *being unacceptable, no matter from what cause*, shall constitute a disqualification.

Having so far cleared the way towards a full understanding of the question truly at issue, we proceed to enquire into the merits of the principle of *non-intrusion* as thus explained and defined, and to examine the arguments chiefly relied on by its supporters.

In the Act of 1834, "The General Assembly declare, that it is a *fundamental law of this Church*, (*i. e.* of the Church of Scotland,) that no pastor shall be intruded on any congregation contrary to the will of the people." This is at once the inductive cause and the justification of the enactment which follows. The principle of *non-intrusion* therefore is defended, not only on the general ground of its expediency or necessity, but also by reason of its antiquity and its *fundamental* character. We are told that it is "coeval with the existence of the Christian Church,"† and that the *Veto* Act is therefore no innovation, but the revival of an old law. This is perhaps not the most important branch of the subject; but we are unwilling to omit the consideration of an argument so confidently advanced by the supporters of the General Assembly's enactment.

We directly and utterly deny that there ever existed in the Church of Scotland, or in any Established Church whatever, such a fundamental law as is now sought to be enforced. Neither during the centuries which have elapsed since the Reformation, nor at any earlier period, have the people in the Church of Scotland possessed or exercised a right of negating the choice of the patron, *without stating special grounds of objection for the consideration of the Presbytery*—a right of having the bare expression of their will given effect to as against the presentee, without explanation and without enquiry. The people, it is true, have always borne some part in the ceremony of induction, their presence and concurrence being thought conducive to the decency and solemnity of the occasion, and their right to state and prove objections to the life and doctrine of the proposed new pastor, necessarily implying that their presence was recognised and desired.

The rule of the Canon Law is "Ple-

* The Present Position, &c., p. 13.

† The Present Position of the Church, &c., p. 43.

his non est eligere, sed electioni consentire." But this *consent*, so far from being essential to induction, was a mere formal part of the proceedings; and wherever it was unreasonably withheld, the officers of the Church were instructed to proceed notwithstanding, and by admonition, and, if need were, by Church censures, to *compel* the consent of the people—*assiduâ admonitione compellere ut omnes in unum consentiant*.* To the same purpose is the instruction of the Pontiff Stephanus to the Archbishop of Ravenna:—"Veruntamen in hoc tuam plurimum oportet adhiberi sollicitudinem, ut convocato clero et populo talis ibi eligatur per Dei misericordiam cui sacri non obviunt canones. Sacerdotum quippe est electio, et fidelis populi consensus adhibendus est; quia docendus est populus, non sequendus."† The text of the canon law is thus clearly contradictory of the existence of any right of control in the people; and so these texts have been understood by all the commentators, and by the later canonists. Thus Zoesius, after mentioning the presence of the people as a usual part of the ceremony of election and induction, adds:—"Verum hoc non ita accipiendum, quasi populus suffragia daret, sed quod vel populus aliquem postularet aut desideraret, quem postea clerus pro populi voto eligeret, non tamen necessario: vel quod postea consentiret in electum per clerum populus, ut grator esset."‡ So that the people were at liberty to express either their wish for the election of a particular person, or their approval of the person elected; but neither their desire nor their opinion had any legal or necessary effect on the election.

But it is not in the canon law alone that we find authority for the opinion which we have so distinctly expressed; for the Protestant churches generally have received the doctrine of the people's assent to precisely the same effect, and in the same spirit. Boehmer, in a work which is of great authority in all Protestant churches,

describes the general practice in terms almost exactly descriptive of our own system, which allows the people to state special objections:—"Præterea nec ipsi parochiani, quibus præsentandus præficiendus, prorsus excluduntur, sed itidem voto negativo gaudent, salvo jure præsentandi soli patrono debito. Audiendi itaque sunt, et hunc in finem; antequam præsentetur candidatus Episcopo, sistendus iis est in cathedrâ sacrâ ad concionem *δοκιμαστικὴν* habendam; alibi etiam, eâ habitâ et finitâ, superintendens, qui eidem interesse jubetur, sententiam parochianorum de candidati moribus et vitâ exquirat, et quæ forsan in eo reprobata ipsique objecta fuerint, consistorio refert."§ In the next section, he tells us what effect the Consistory give to such objections. "Operatur vero hoc votum negativum, ut probatâ inhabilitate aliisque defectibus candidato objectis demonstratis, repellatur, et patrono injungatur ut magis idoneum præsentet."|| The same author, in another and a later work, (as quoted by Lord Corehouse in the Auchterarder case,) repeats the same doctrine in terms equally express; and we make no apology for the length or the number of our quotations, because the presumption arising from the absence in all Protestant churches, other than our own, of any provision for giving effect to the unexplained dissent of the people in settlements, appears to be conclusive against the alleged antiquity of the principle of the Veto Act. In his *Jus Parochiale*, Boehmer says, "Equidem in omni-jure patronatus non quidam excluditur consensus populi, sed ita ut patrono votum decisivum in electione tribuatur, populo negativum ut possint dissentire; non tamen aliter quam si justas dissensus causas allegare queant."¶

It would be an easy matter to multiply authorities on such a point, but we refrain, the rather because we apprehend that our opponents in the argument will hardly venture on this field of enquiry. They will, we think, hardly

* 1 Dec. Dis. 63, cap. 11.

† Ibid. cap. 12.

‡ Zoesius in Decret. lib. I. tit. iv. § 24. See also Lancellotti, Inst. Jur. Can. lib. I. tit. xviii. § 1, et seq.

§ Boehmer, Jus. Eccles. Protestantium, lib. III. tit. xxxviii. § 77.

|| § 78.

¶ Boehmer Jus Parochiale, III. l. 18. as quoted by Lord Corehouse. Robertson's Report, vol. ii. p. 222.

affect to find traces of their fundamental principle, either in the Canon Law or in the ecclesiastical polity of the continental Protestants. For the same reason we shall assume, without argument, that no such principle exists in the Church of England.

But the assertion of the fundamental principle is rested mainly, we presume, on the history of the *Reformed* Church of Scotland, and the claims and pretensions to exclusive power and jurisdiction which that Church has from time to time advanced. To a consideration of these we accordingly proceed.

In the year 1558, on the eve of the Scottish Reformation, but while the Canon Law was still the law of the Church, and as such the law of the land, immediately after the accession of Elizabeth to the English throne, and while the Queen Regent in Scotland was "labouring what she could to make up the differences that had arisen in point of religion,"* the grievances of the CONGREGATION (as the Reformers were called) were presented in an articulate form to the Regent, and by her remitted to a convocation of all the ecclesiastics within the kingdom. Among other demands, there is one relating specially to the settlement of ministers; "That Bishops be elected by the consent of the gentry of the diocese, and parish priests by consent of the parishioners."† This is the first regular and formal intimation, so far as we know, of a desire on the part of any section of the Church of Scotland for the introduction of a new principle into this branch of Ecclesiastical Law. The answer of the Convocation is, "That what is decreed by the Canon Law concerning the election of bishops and pastors, ought to be maintained entire. And moreover, seeing the election of prelates was a privilege belonging to the Crown, which required only the consent of the Pope to determine any thing in opposition thereto, at a time when the Queen was so young, would be a piece of very high indiscretion and insolence, and a treasonable encroachment upon the royal prerogative."

But the demand on the part of the

people, thus, for the first time, announced in general terms, was not lost sight of, when the triumph of the reforming principles in 1560 gave to John Knox and his brethren a favourable opportunity of pressing on the notice of Parliament such views as they deemed necessary to the promotion of the Reformation. It was under these circumstances that the "First Book of Discipline" was compiled, and submitted to Parliament as a system of ecclesiastical polity suited to the improved principles and condition of the Church. Many of its provisions, however, were so distasteful, especially to the nobility, that it never obtained the sanction of the Legislature, but, on the contrary, was generally denounced as a "devout imagination."‡ The authority of this book therefore is, to say the least, extremely questionable; nor could it, with any show of reason, be relied on as evidence of the existence of a *fundamental law*. But, as illustrative of the views entertained on many important questions of polity, by the fathers of the Reformation in Scotland, it is beyond doubt a valuable monument, and well worthy of notice in such a discussion as the present. The fourth chapter concerns the settlement of ministers, and the subject is thus introduced:—

"In a church reformed, or tending to reformation, none ought to presume either to preach, or yet to minister the sacraments, till that orderly they be called to the same. Ordinarie vocation consisteth in Election, Examination, and Admission. And because that election of ministers, in this cursed Papistrie, hath altogether been abused, we think expedient to intreat it more largely."

The initiative, or the right of election, is then committed to the people: "It appertaineth to the people, and to every several congregation, to elect their minister." But if the people did not exercise their right within forty days after the vacancy, the election was to devolve upon the superintendent and his council, in whose place the presbytery now stands. In the first case of course, that of absolute popular election, no minister could be elected who was *unacceptable* to a majority

* Keith's History, p. 78.

† Ibid, p. 82.

‡ Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. vi. p. 19.

of the congregation, and no collision could take place between the right of nomination and the *mera voluntas*, the *unreasoning dislike*, of the people. But when the election fell to the Church Court, let us see what provision was made for consulting the wishes of the people. In the first place, it is said that "the *admission* of ministers to their offices" (as distinct from *election*, and forming the third part of "ordinarie vocation") "must consist in [the] consent of the people and church whereto they shall be appointed, and approbation of the learned ministers appointed for their examination." And if the "learned ministers" approve of the candidate; if his "doctrine be found wholesome, and able to instruct the simple, and if the Church justly can reprehend nothing in his life, doctrine, nor utterance, then we judge the church (*i. e.* the congregation) which before was destitute, unreasonable, if they refuse him whom the Church did offer; and [that] *they should be compelled*, by the censure of the councell and church, to receive the person appointed and approved by the judgment of the godly and learned."—"For altogether this is to be avoided, that any man be violently intruded or thrust in upon any congregation; but this liberty, with all care, must be reserved to every several church to have their votes and suffrages in election of their ministers. But violent intrusion we call not, when the councell of the Church, in the feare of God and for the salvation of the people, offereth unto them a sufficient man to instruct them, whom they shall not be forced to admit before just examination, as before is said."

Violent intrusion therefore, according to the "First Book of Discipline," does *not* consist in *compelling* the congregation to receive a minister whom they wish to reject without stating relevant objections to his "life, doctrine, or utterance;" for this latter course is recommended to the Church Court, while violent intrusion is denounced as inexpedient. Between the Reformers of that day at least, and the framers of the Veto Act, there is but small sympathy. The stern and manly mind of John Knox must have

revolted from the idea of giving effect to objections, the grounds of which the people would not or could not state.

If the *First Book of Discipline* is to be taken as an exposition at length of the views of those men who, in 1558, required the *consent* of the people in the settlement of ministers, the earliest Reformers clearly looked to *popular*, or a mixture of *popular* and *clerical*, election as the most desirable system, and must, of course, have aimed at the total abolition of the ancient rights of patronage. Indeed, it is impossible to read the above quoted passages, and to observe the studious omission of all allusion to the patron's right and interest to interfere, without arriving at the conclusion, that the authors of the *First Book of Discipline* wished and intended that lay patronage should form no part of the new code of ecclesiastical law. With the wisdom of the design we have at present no concern; suffice it to say, that the attempts to abolish patronage in the sixteenth century were eminently unsuccessful. For not only was the *First Book of Discipline* rejected by Parliament, but in five years after its compilation, the leaders of the Church found themselves compelled to admit and acquiesce in the patron's right to present to benefices. In 1565, the General Assembly solicit her Majesty "that the Benefices now vaikand, or has vaikit since the moneth of March 1558, or that hereafter sall happin to vaikie, be disposed to qualified and learned personis, able to preach God's Word, and to discharge the vocation concerning the ministrie, be the tryall and admissioun of the superintendents."* This seems modest and reasonable enough, but the Queen's answer betrays considerable jealousy of the designs of the Church:—"To the second article it is answerit, That her Majestie thinks it na wayes reasonable that scho sould defraude herself of sa great a Pairt of the Patrimonie of her Crowne, as to put the Patronage of Benefices furth of her awin hands."† The explanation of the General Assembly, in their "Answers to the Queen's Answers," is a complete submission and acquiescence in the existence and exercise of patronage within the Church:—

* Keith, p. 534.

† Ibid, p. 550.

"Our mind is not that her Majestie, or any uther Patron of this Realm, should be defrauded of their just Patronages; but we mean, quhensoever her Majestie or any uther Patron does present any person to a Benefice, that the person presentit should be tryit and examinait be the judgment of learned men of the Kirk, sick as presently are the superintendents appointed thereto: and as the presentatioun of Benefices pertains to the Patrone, sa aucht the collatioun thereof, be law and reason, pertain to the Kirk: of the quhilk collatioun the Kirk should not be defraudit, more nor the patrones of their presentatioun: For utherways, if it sal be lesum to the Patrone absolutely to present quhom ever they please, without Tryall or Examinatioun, what, then, can abyde in the Kirk of God bot meere Ignorance without all Ordour?"*

All, therefore, that the Church here proposes as a check on the absolute exercise of patronage, is the trial and examination of presentees; and the motive for insisting on this is perfectly satisfactory—viz. to prevent the intrusion of ignorant men into the ministry.

Then follows the Act 1567, c. 7, which, in the spirit of the above communications, statutes and ordains—"That the examination and admission of ministers within this realme be only in the power of the Kirk, now openlie and publickly professed within the samin, the presentation of laick patronages alwaies reserved to the just and auncient patrones."

Various attempts, however, still continued to be made, to substitute the election of the people or of the Church Court for the presentation of the patron. Of these, one of the most celebrated, and historically the most important, is contained in *The Second Book of Discipline*, compiled by Andrew Melville and others in 1578—a work of which it is only necessary to say, that, though some of its provisions received a partial and doubtful sanction from Parliament, that portion to which our attention is at present directed, (Chap. III. § 4,) was certainly never admitted as law: "Ordinar and outward calling (it is said) hes twa parts, election and ordination. Election is the chusing out of a person, or persons, maist able to

the office that vaiks be the judgment of the elderschip and consent of the congregation." And a little after (§ 5):—"In this ordinar election it is to be eschewit that na person be intrusit in ony of the offices of the kirk, contrar to the will of the congregation to whom they ar appointed, or without the voce of the elderschip." This is a very broad doctrine, boldly stated; and, if it had been represented as a declaration of the existing law, it might have been a difficult task to reconcile it with the admissions of the Church in their answers to the Queen in 1565. But it is not a little remarkable that, in a subsequent part of the book, Melville and his coadjutors admit, that the system which they propose and admire is altogether impracticable in conjunction with patronage—that the two are positively incompatible. In a subsequent chapter (Chap. XII. § 9) they say:—"The libertie of the election of persons callit to the ecclesiastical functions, and observit without interruption swa lang as the Kirk was not corruptit be Antichrist, we desyre to be restorit and retenit within this realme, swa that nane be intrusit upon ony congregation, either be the prince or ony inferior person, without lawful election and the assent of the people ower quham the person is placit; as the practice of the apostolical and primitive kirk and gude order craves. And because this order, quhilk God's word craves, cannot stand with patronages and presentations to benefices usit in the Paip's kirk, we desyre all them that trewlie fear God, earnestly to consider that, for swa meikle as the names of patronages and benefices, together with the effect thair of, have flow'd fra the Paip and corruption of the canen law only, in so far as thereby ony person was intrusit, or placit owir kirks having *curam animarum*," therefore they beseech all true Protestants to join them in the crusade against patronage.

On this passage we remark, in the first place, that there is a clear admission, by the framers of *The Second Book of Discipline*, that a right of election in the people cannot exist in union with the exercise of the patron's right of nomination; and if this be morally true, we maintain, in the se-

* Keith, *ut supra*.

cond place, that it must be historically untrue that the liberty of election in the people was "observit without interruption swa lang as the Kirk was not corruptit be Antichrist." For this seems to imply that the introduction of patronage and the corruption by Antichrist were contemporaneous; that the one did not exist before the other. Now, in what church is it asserted that patronage did not exist, and that the liberty of election in the people was observed without interruption? Is it in the Church universal during the first ages, or at least before Constantine? The history of those days, one would think, can be of little value in this question. The absence of patronage, where its exercise was impossible, in a Church not recognised by law and not possessed of benefices or endowments of any kind, is a fact of no force or relevancy in a question of ecclesiastical history or policy in a Church established and endowed. But if it be in the Church of Scotland that the liberty of election in the people is said to have been observed without interruption, we challenge the supporters of this doctrine in the present day to point out any period, previous to the compilation of *The Second Book of Discipline*, in which patronage did not exist, and was not acknowledged in this Church. There is a distinct statement made that it did not exist till the age of corruption; and, to justify this statement, there must be some record, there must be some authority, to which we can be referred for proof of the fact.

But if the challenge be declined, and no attempt made to produce authority in support of the statement contained in *The Second Book of Discipline*, we think there is abundant means to show that that statement is historically false. It is contradicted by the language of the Act 1567, which reserves the ancient right of patronage. It is contradicted by the admission of the General Assembly in 1565, already quoted, that "the presentation of benefices pertaines to the patrone." But the proofs on this subject are both numerous and direct. The oldest and most

venerable authority in Scottish law or Scottish history, the *Regiam Majestatem*, speaks of patronage as an undoubted, ancient, and well-recognised part of the ecclesiastical constitution:—"Sed caveat sibi Patronus laicus, quod vacante Ecclesiâ vel vicariâ, presentet personam idoneam, in literaturâ sufficientem, vitâ laudabili et sane morigeratum, et quod presentet illum infra quatuor menses, ne dilatio ulterior suæ præsentationis præjudicare sibi valeat."* And the same book, in another place, states the necessity of qualification (*idoneitas*) in the presentee as the sole check on the patron's absolute right.† It is sufficient for our purpose thus to advert to the antiquity of patronage and its recognition in the law. Its origin is ascribed to a very remote period by the learned Selden.‡ So early as the sixth century, we have traces of its existence in the Roman law.§ Before there was a church in Scotland, the canon law had received the maxim "Patronum faciunt dos, ædificatio, fundus," and till the Reformation the canon law was the only law of the Church of Scotland. But in the days of Melville, it is impossible that such ignorance as he exhibits, whether pretended or real, on the subject of Church History, could have been at all common among the educated classes; for Sir James Balfour of Pittendreich, an eminent contemporary of Melville's, devotes a chapter of his "Practicks of the more ancient law of Scotland,"|| to the subject of "Advocation and Patronage of Kirks," every sentence of which goes to satisfy the reader that he is treating of a right which must have existed and been recognised from the earliest period in the law of Scotland. Sir Thomas Craig, too, who was alive in 1578, though his celebrated treatise had not yet been published, gives the most direct testimony to the same effect.¶

The result, then, of our examination of the two *Books of Discipline*, seems but little conducive to the support of the principle of the *Veto Act*. John Knox treats the unreasonable or unexplained objections of the people with

* *Regiam Majestatem*, Lib. I. Chap. ii. § 3.

† Reg. Maj. III. xxxiii. 5.

§ Nov. IX. tit. 6. cap. 18.

¶ Craig de Feudis, Lib. II.; Dieg. 8. § 37.

‡ Selden on Tithes, chap. 6.

|| Balfour's Practicks, p. 501.

wonderfully little respect, in recommending their removal by the *compulsor* of Church censures; and the inconsistency of this rule with the profession of a desire to place the election of pastors absolutely in the hands of the whole congregation, naturally excites a suspicion, either that the *First Book* is, in this matter at least, a compilation as crude and ill-considered as might be supposed from the haste with which it was prepared; or, on the other hand, that the true purpose of the early Reformers was to procure the transference of patronage into their own hands—a purpose which they veiled, in the mean time, under the pretext of giving a voice to the people, and thus apparently *liberalizing* the constitution of the Church. The *Second Book of Discipline*, no doubt, maintains the propriety of popular election in unqualified terms. But this is accompanied by an admission of its incompatibility with patronage, which nullifies the authority of *The Book* in the present argument; while the historical inaccuracy of the statement respecting the previous existence of patronage in the Church, whether arising from ignorance or design, obviously renders it an unfit source from which to extract evidence of the antiquity or fundamental character of any law, and tends, in no small degree, to bring both the work itself and its authors into disrepute.

Fourteen years elapsed between the publication of the *Second Book of Discipline* and the final settlement of the Reformed Ecclesiastical Constitution in 1592. In this interval, many attempts were made to enhance the influence both of the Church Courts and of Congregations in the settlement of ministers; and the uniform want of success which attended these attempts, shows the determined purpose of the Sovereign and the Parliament to resist the introduction of any element which should interfere with the exercise of the right of patronage. The Act 1592, c. 116, had specially in view

the numerous recent discussions on this subject; and the Legislature doubtless saw the necessity of fixing, by some unambiguous enactment, the limits of the Church's power in the matter of collation. The Statute, accordingly, in exact conformity with the tenor of the communications between the Queen and the General Assembly in 1565, "ordainis all presentations to benefices to be direct to the particular presbyteries in all time cumming, with full power to give collation thereupon; and to put ourdour to all maters and causes ecclesiasticall within their boundes, according to the discipline of the Kirk: providing the foresaid presbyteries be bound and astricted to receive and admit quhatsumever qualified minister presented be his Majesty or laick patrones."

By this Act, therefore, the qualification of the presentee is the sole restriction on patronage—the single particular in which the Church is privileged to interfere. There is no concession to the demand for popular election, and still less is there any recognition of a right in the people to dissent, without cause shown, from the nomination of the patron.

Our conclusion then is, that in the Reformed Church of Scotland, in the sixteenth century, there existed no fundamental law which authorized the rejection of a presentee on the ground of the dissent of a majority, or any part of the people, without objections stated and verified. We have already, we hope, sufficiently demonstrated the absence of any such law or principle in the polity of the Church before the Reformation; and the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries may, in the present question, be dismissed with a very few remarks. For the present, however, we must pause, and reserve for another occasion our observations on the later periods of the history of the Church, as well as the discussion of the more practical and important part of this great subject.

HERMOTIMUS.

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

HERMOTIMUS, the hero of this ballad, was a philosopher, or rather a prophet, of Clazomenæ, who possessed the faculty, now claimed by the animal magnetists, of effecting a voluntary separation between his soul and body ; for the former could wander to any part of the universe, and even hold intercourse with supernatural beings, whilst the senseless frame remained at home. Hermotimus, however, was not insensible to the risk attendant upon this disunion, since, before attempting any of these aerial flights, he took the precaution to warn his wife, lest, upon the return of his soul, the body should be rendered an unfit or useless receptacle. This accident, which he so much dreaded, at length occurred ; for the lady, wearied out by a succession of trances, each of longer duration than the preceding, one day committed his body to the flames, and thus effectually put a stop to such unconnubial conduct. He received divine honours at Clazomenæ, but must nevertheless remain as a terrible example and warning to all husbands who carry their scientific or spiritual pursuits so far as to neglect their duty to their wives.

It is somewhat curious that Hermotimus is not the only person (putting the disciples of Mesmer and Dupotet altogether out of the question) who has possessed this miraculous power. Another and much later instance is recorded by Dr George Cheyne, in his work entitled, *The English Malady, or a Treatise of Nervous Diseases*, as having come under his own observation ; and, as this case is exactly similar to that of the Prophet, it may amuse the reader to see how far an ancient fable may be illustrated, and in part explained, by the records of modern science. Dr Cheyne's patient was probably cataleptic ; but the worthy physician must be allowed to tell his own story.

“ Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of honour and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a nephritic complaint. His illness increasing, and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter, in autumn, and lay at the Bell Inn. Dr Baynard and I were called to him, and attended him twice a-day ; but his vomitings continuing still incessant and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition, he sent for us one morning ; we waited on him with Mr Skrine, his apothecary. We found his senses clear, and his mind calm : his nurse and several servants were about him. He told us he had sent for us to give him an account of an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt in himself ; which was, that, by composing himself, *he could die or expire when he pleased* ; and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again, which he had sometimes tried before he sent for us. We heard this with surprise ; but, as it was not to be accounted for upon common principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it ; unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest, in his weak condition, he might carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly above a quarter of an hour about this surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first—it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time, while I held his right hand, Dr Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not find any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr Skrine the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth ; then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable ; and, finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far ; and at last were satisfied he was actually

dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. As we were going away we observed some motion about the body ; and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning. He began to breathe gently and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change ; and, after some further conversation with him, and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it."—CHEYNE'S *English Malady*.

It may be proper to state, that the metrical form of this ballad, although hitherto unemployed by English writers, is well known in Germany, and was exhibited in perfection by Goethe, in the composition of that beautiful poem "The Bride of Corinth." It never can become a favourite metre with our poets, on account of the paucity of *double rhymes* in our language, or at least of such double rhymes as can be used without exciting ludicrous associations. Still it is well worth a trial ; and any German scholar willing to carry the experiment further, is recommended to try his powers upon Goethe's ballad, which has always as yet assumed a very different shape in passing through the alembic of translation.

I.

" Wilt not lay thee down in quiet slumber ?
 Weary dost thou seem, and ill at rest ;
 Sleep will bring thee dreams in starry number,
 Let him come to thee and be thy guest.
 Midnight now is past—
 Husband ! come at last—
 Lay thy throbbing head upon my breast."

II.

" Weary am I, but my soul is waking ;
 Fain I'd lay me gently by thy side,
 But my spirit then, its home forsaking,
 Through the realms of space would wander wide—
 Every thing forgot,
 What would be thy lot,
 If I came not back to thee, my bride ?

III.

" Music, like the lute of young Apollo,
 Vibrates even now within mine ear ;
 Soft and silver voices bid me follow,
 Yet my soul is dull and will not hear.
 Waking it will stay,
 Let me watch till day,
 Fainter will they come, and disappear."

IV.

" Speak not thus to me, my own—my dearest !
 These are but the phantoms of thy brain ;
 Nothing can befall thee which thou fearest,
 Thou shalt wake to love and life again.
 Were this sleep thy last,
 I should hold thee fast,
 Thou should'st strive against me but in vain.

V.

" Eros will protect us, and will hover,
 Guardian-like, above thee all the night,
 Jealous of thee, as of some fond lover
 Chiding back the rosy-finger'd light—
 He will be thine aid :
 Canst thou feel afraid
 When *his* torch above us burneth bright ?

VI.

"Lo! the cressets of the night are waning—
 Old Orion hastens from the sky;
 Only thou of all things art remaining
 Unrefresh'd by slumber—thou and I.
 Sound and sense are still;
 Even the distant rill
 Murmurs fainter now, and languidly.

VII.

"Come and rest thee, husband!"—and no longer
 Could the young man that fond call resist;
 Vainly was he warn'd, for love was stronger,
 Warmly did he press her to his breast.
 Warmly met she his;
 Kiss succeeded kiss,
 Till their eyelids closed with sleep oppress'd.

VIII.

Soon Aurora left her early pillow,
 And the heavens grew rosy-rich, and rare;
 Laugh'd the dewy plain and glassy billow,
 For the Golden God himself was there;
 And the vapour screen
 Rose the hills between,
 Steaming up, like incense, in the air.

IX.

O'er her husband sate lone bending—
 Marble-like and marble-hued he lay;
 Underneath her raven locks descending,
 Pales seem'd his face, and ashen-grey,
 And so white his brow—
 White and cold as snow—
 "Husband! Gods! his soul hath pass'd away!"

X.

Raise ye up the pile with gloomy shadow—
 Heap it with the mournful cypress bough—
 And they raised the pile upon the meadow,
 And they heap'd the mournful cypress too,
 And they laid the dead
 On his funeral bed,
 And they kindled up the flames below.

XI.

Swiftly rose they, and the corse surrounded,
 Spreading out a pall into the air;
 And the sharp and sudden crackling sounded
 Mournfully to all the watchers there.
 Soon their force was spent,
 And the body blent
 With the embers' slow-expiring glare.

XII.

Night again was come; but oh, how lonely
 To the mourner did that night appear!
 Peace nor rest it brought, but sorrow only,
 Vain repinings and unwonted fear.
 Dimly burn'd the lamp,
 Chill the air and damp,
 And the winds without were moaning drear.

XIII.

Hush ! a voice in solemn whispers speaking,
 Breaks within the twilight of the room,
 And lone, loud and wildly shrieking,
 Starts and gazes through the ghastly gloom.
 Nothing sees she there—
 All is empty air,
 All is empty as a rifled tomb.

XIV.

Once again the voice beside her sounded,
 Low, and faint, and solemn, was its tone—
 "Nor by form nor shade am I surrounded,
 Fleshly home and dwelling have I none.
 They are pass'd away—
 Woe is me ! to-day
 Hath robb'd me of myself, and made me lone.

XV.

"Vainly were the words of parting spoken ;
 Evermore must Charon turn from me.
 Still my thread of life remains unbroken,
 And unbroken ever it must be ;
 Only they may rest
 Whom the Fates' behest
 From their mortal mansion setteth free.

XVI.

"I have seen the robes of Hermes glisten—
 Seen him wave afar his serpent-wand ;
 But to me the Herald would not listen—
 When the dead swept by at his command,
 Not with that pale crew
 Durst I venture too—
 Ever shut for me the quiet land.

XVII.

"Day and night before the dreary portal,
 Phantom-shapes, the guard of Hades, lie ;
 None of heavenly kind, nor yet of mortal,
 May unchallenged pass the warders by.
 None that path may go,
 If he cannot show
 His last passport to eternity.

XVIII.

"Cruel was the spirit-power thou gavest—
 Fatal, O Apollo, was thy love !
 Pythian ! Archer ! brightest God and bravest,
 Hear, O hear me from thy throne above !
 Let me not, I pray,
 Thus be cast away—
 Plead for me—thy slave—O plead to Jove !

XIX.

"I have heard thee with the Muses singing—
 Heard that full melodious voice of thine,
 Silver-clear throughout the ether ringing—
 Seen thy locks in golden clusters shine ;
 And thine eye, so bright
 With its innate light,
 Hath ere now been bent so low as mine.

XX.

“Hast thou lost the wish—the will—to cherish
Those who trusted in thy godlike power?
Hyacinthus did not wholly perish!
Still he lives, the firstling of thy bower;
Still he feels thy rays,
Fondly meets thy gaze,
Though but now the spirit of a flower.

XXI.

“Hear me, Phœbus! Hear me and deliver!
Lo! the morning breaketh from afar—
God! thou comest bright and great as ever—
Night goes back before thy burning ear;
All her lamps are gone—
Lucifer alone
Lingers still for thee—the blessed star!

XXII.

“Hear me, Phœbus!”—and therewith descended
Through the window-arch a glory-gleam,
All effulgent—and with music blended,
For such solemn sounds arose as stream
From the Memnon-lyre,
When the morning fire
Gilds the giant’s forehead with its beam.

XXIII.

“Thou hast heard thy servant’s prayer, Apollo!
Thou dost call me, mighty God of Day!
Fare-thee-well, Ione!”—And more hollow
Came the phantom voice, then died away.
When the slaves arose,
Not in calm repose—
Not in sleep, but death, their mistress lay.

GOETHE'S LIFE AND WORKS.

No. II.

FROM MY LIFE.—POETRY AND TRUTH.

Book II.

ALL that has hitherto been related, indicates that fortunate and easy state which is enjoyed by countries during a long peace. But nowhere, probably, does so fair a season yield more happiness than in towns which live under their own laws, which are large enough to include a considerable body of citizens, and are well situated for enriching these by traffic. Strangers find their advantage in passing to and fro, and are compelled to bring profit if they would gain it. And if such towns rule no extensive district, they can the better secure their internal opulence, because they have no outward relations obliging them to costly undertakings and alliances.

Thus the Frankforters enjoyed during my childhood a series of fortunate years. But scarcely had the 28th of August 1756 completed my seventh year, when instantly that celebrated war broke out which was to exert great influence on the next seven years of my life, as well as on the world at large. Frederick II., King of Prussia, had broken into Saxony with sixty thousand men; and instead of a previous declaration of war, a manifesto followed, said to be written by himself, explaining the causes which prompted and justified him in so monstrous a step. The world, which found itself addressed not only as audience but as tribunal, split immediately into two parties, and our family was an image of the great whole.

My grandfather, who, as a Frankfort magistrate, had supported the coronation-canopy over Francis I., and had received from the Empress a weighty golden chain with her likeness, was, with some of his sons-in-law and daughters, on the Austrian side. My father, named by Charles VII. imperial counsellor, and cordially interested in the fate of this unhappy monarch, inclined with the smaller half of the family towards Prussia. Very soon our meetings,

which had continued uninterruptedly on Sundays for several years, were disturbed. The discords common between brothers and sisters-in-law, now first found a form in which they could express themselves. There was dispute, discord, silence, separation. The grandfather, generally a cheerful, quiet, and easy man, was impatient. The women sought in vain to put out the fire; and, after some unpleasant scenes, my father was first separated from the society. And now at home we could rejoice unchecked in the Prussian victories, which were commonly proclaimed with great exultation by that vehement aunt. Every other interest necessarily gave way to this, and we passed the remainder of the year in constant agitation. The occupation of Dresden, the moderation with which the King began his slow, indeed, but secure progress, the victory of Lowositz, the capture of the Saxons, were so many triumphs for our party. All that could be alleged in favour of the adversaries was denied or lessened; and as the opposing members of the family did the same, they could not meet each other in the street without disputes arising, as in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Thus I, too, was at that time a Prussian, or rather a Fritzian, [*Fritz* for *Frederick*.] For what had we to do with Prussia? It was the great King himself who influenced all hearts. I rejoiced with my father at our victories, and very willingly copied out the songs of conquest, and almost more willingly the satirical songs against the adverse party, stupid as the rhymes were.

As eldest grandson and godchild, I had, since my childhood, dined every Sunday with my grandfather and grandmother. These were my pleasantest hours in the whole week. But now I could no longer enjoy a single mouthful; for I was compelled to listen to the most horrible defama-

tions of my hero. Here blew another wind—here sounded another tone than at home. My liking, even my respect for the old people, diminished. To my parents I could say nothing of this. I avoided it both from my own feeling, and also because my mother had warned me. Thus I was thrown back upon myself; and as in my sixth year, after the earthquake of Lisbon, the goodness of God had become, in some degree, doubtful to me, so now, on account of Frederick II., I began to question the justice of the public. My heart was naturally disposed to veneration, and a great shock was requisite in order to unsettle my faith in any thing venerable. Unhappily good manners and seemingly behaviour had been recommended to us, not for their own sake, but for that of people about us. What people would say, was always the language; and I thought they must therefore be good people, and would know how to value all and every thing. But now I found the contrary. The greatest and most evident merits were defamed and disliked; the highest deeds, if not denied, yet at least defaced and lessened. And this contemptuous injustice was done to the one man who was obviously superior to all his contemporaries, and who daily showed and made good his capacity. This, too, was the fault not at all of the vulgar, but of distinguished men, which I could not but reckon my grandfather and uncle to be. That there could be such a thing as parties, and that even he himself belonged to a party, the boy had no conception. He was the more persuaded he was in the right, and might hold his opinion for the better one; as he, and those of the same mind, did justice to the beauty and other good qualities of Maria Theresa; and even did not charge the Emperor Francis with his fondness for jewels and gold. They believed themselves not to blame for often calling Count Daun a nightcap.

But when I now consider the matter more closely, I find in this the germ of the disesteem, nay, disdain of the public, which stuck to me for a long period of my life, and was only late, and by insight and culture, reduced within due bounds. In fine, the experience of the injustice of par-

ties was even then very disagreeable to the boy, nay, injurious, as it accustomed him to separate himself from persons whom he loved and valued. The deeds and events of war always following each other, left no peace to either party. We found a vexatious comfort in reanimating and sharpening afresh those imaginary evils and self-created quarrels; and thus we continued to torment each other mutually, until some years afterwards the French occupied Frankfort, and brought a real discomfort into our houses.

Now, although most regarded these important events proceeding at a distance only as a means of eager amusement, yet there were others who well discerned the seriousness of the times, and feared that, by the entrance of France into the quarrel, a scene of the war might also be opened in our neighbourhood. They kept us children at home more than hitherto, and tried in many ways to occupy and divert us. For this purpose they had brought out again the puppet-show left us by our grandmother, and had so arranged it that the spectators sat in my gable-room, while the acting and directing persons, and the theatre itself, as far as the proscenium, had their place in the next room. By the special permission which I obtained to admit now one set of boys and now another, I at first gained many friends. But the restlessness inherent in children would not let them long continue patient spectators. They disturbed the representation, and we were obliged to seek a younger public, which could still at the worst be kept in order by maids and nurses. We had learned by heart the original chief play for which the puppet-show properly was arranged; and it was this which at first we exclusively represented. But this soon tired us. We changed the dresses, the decorations, and ventured on different pieces, which, in truth, were too extensive for so small a stage. Now, although by these bold undertakings we confused, and at last destroyed, that which we might really have accomplished; yet this childish amusement and occupation exercised and advanced in many ways my power of invention and presentation, my fancy, and a certain technical skill, to a degree, which, perhaps, could not

have been secured by any other means in so short a time, so small a space, and with so slight expense.

I had early learned to handle compasses and ruler, as I immediately turned to practice all the instruction which was given us in geometry; and as I particularly liked to employ myself in pasteboard work. But I did not stop at geometrical bodies, little boxes, and the like, but devised for myself pretty pleasure houses, adorned with pilasters, outer steps, and flat roofs; of all which, however, but little ever came to pass.

I was much more persevering in setting up, with the help of our servant, by profession a tailor, an armoury for the service of the dramas and tragedies which, after we had outgrown the puppets, we ourselves took pleasure in performing. My playfellows, indeed, also prepared for themselves similar armouries, which they held for as fine and good as mine. But I had provided not merely for the wants of a single person, but could furnish several of the little host with every kind of requisite, and so made myself more and more necessary to our little circle. That such games pointed towards factions, wars, and blows, and issued in frightful catastrophes of quarrel and chagrin, may well be conceived. In such cases, certain comrades usually sided with me, others opposed us, though often, also, there were many changes in the parties. One single boy, whom I shall call Pylades, left only once my party at the instigation of the others; but could hardly hold out for a minute in confronting me. We made it up

with many tears, and held together faithfully for a long while.

I could give great pleasure to him and my other friends by relating to them stories. They were particularly glad when I spoke in my own person, and rejoiced much that such wondrous things could have happened to their companion; with no little surprise that I could find time and space for such adventures, as they knew pretty well how I employed myself, and where I usually was. Nevertheless, localities were requisite for such events, if not from another world, yet assuredly from another region; and yet all had happened only to-day or yesterday. It was therefore more that they deceived themselves than that I took advantage of them. And if I had not gradually learned, suitably to my character, to work these air-shapes and wind-bags into artistic presentations, such swaggering beginnings would certainly not have remained without an evil conclusion.

If this tendency is accurately considered, there will be discerned in it that claim to authority with which the poet utters even what is most improbable, and requires every one to acknowledge as real, that which has seemed in any way true to him, the inventor of it.

But that which has here been told only in general terms, and as matter of reflection, will perhaps become more agreeable and apparent by an example and model. I therefore subjoin such a tale, which, as I had often to repeat it to my companions, still floats entire before my imagination and in my memory.

THE NEW PARIS: A BOY'S LEGEND.

Lately, in the night before Easter-Sunday, I dreamt that I stood before a mirror, and busied myself with the new summer clothes which my dear parents had given me for the festival. The dress consisted, as you know, in shoes of smooth leather, with large silver buckles, fine cotton stockings, black lower garments of serge, and a coat of green baracan with gold buttons. The waistcoat of gold cloth was made out of my father's bridal dress. My hair had been dressed and powdered, and my curls stood out like little wings from my head. But I could not

finish dressing myself, because I always mistook the different articles, and the first always fell off my body when I was about to put on the next. In this great perplexity, a young and handsome man approached, and addressed me in the friendliest manner. "O! you are welcome!" said I; "I am very glad to see you here."—"Do you know me then?" replied he, smiling.—"Why not?" was my no less smiling answer; "you are Mercury—I have often enough seen figures of you."—"I am he," replied the other; and sent to you by the gods on an

important errand. Do you see these three apples?"—He stretched his hand, and showed me three apples which it could hardly grasp, and which were as wonderfully beautiful as they were large, the one of a red, the other of a yellow, the third of a green colour. One could not but suppose them precious stones, shaped into the likeness of the fruit. I would have taken them; but he drew back, and said, "You must, in the first place, know that they are not for you. You must give them to the three handsomest youths of the city, who then, each according to his lot, will find brides suitable to their utmost wishes. Take them and prosper!"—So saying, he departed, and left the apples in my open hands. They appeared to me to have become still larger. I lifted them up instantly against the light, and found them quite transparent. But soon they stretched upwards in length, and became three beautiful—so beautiful little women of the stature of middle-sized dolls, with clothes of the colours of the apples. So they glided smoothly up my fingers, and when I caught at them, to seize at least one, they hovered upwards so far away, that nothing remained to me but the disappointment. I stood there all amazed and petrified, and still held up my hands, and stared at my fingers, as if there had been something on them to see. But suddenly I beheld upon my finger-ends a delightful maiden dancing, smaller than those, but graceful and lively; and, as she did not fly away like the others, but remained, and moved about, dancing now on one finger-point, now on another, I looked at her for a while with admiration. But, as she pleased me so much, I thought that at last I could grasp her, and made the snatch, as I fancied, adroitly enough. At the moment, however, I felt such a blow on my head, that I fell down stunned, and did not awake from this stupefaction till it was time to dress myself and go to the church.

During the service I often recalled those images; and afterwards at my grandfather's table, when I dined. In the afternoon, I wished to call on some friends, both to show myself in my new dress, with my hat under my arm, and my sword by my side, and because I owed them visits. I found no one at home, and, as I heard that they were gone to the gardens, I

resolved to follow them, and pass my evening pleasantly. My way led towards the mound of the fortifications, and I came to the part which is rightly called the Bad Walls; for it is never quite right there. I walked but slowly, and thought of my three goddesses, but especially of the little nymph; and often held up my fingers, in hopes she might be kind enough to poise herself there again. With such thoughts I was proceeding, when I saw on my left hand in the wall a little door, which I did not remember to have ever noticed before. It looked low, but its pointed arch would have let the tallest man pass. Arch and walls were chiselled out in the handsomest way, with carved work and sculpture. But the door itself was that which drew all my attention. Brown, most antique wood, but little decorated, was crossed with broad bands of brass, wrought with both raised and sunken patterns, the foliage of which, with the most natural birds sitting in it, I could not sufficiently admire. But, what I thought strangest, no keyhole could be seen, no latch, no knocker; and I supposed, therefore, that the door could be opened only from within. I was not mistaken; for when I went nearer, in order to touch the ornaments, it opened inwards, and there appeared a man whose dress had something long, wide, and odd about it. A venerable beard, also, clothed his chin; whence I was inclined to consider him a Jew. But he, as if he had guessed my thoughts, made the sign of the Holy Cross, by which he gave me to understand that he was a good Catholic Christian. "Young gentleman, how came you hither, and what are you doing?"—he said to me, with friendly voice and demeanour. "I am admiring," I replied, "the workmanship of this door; for I have never seen any thing like it, unless it were on small pieces in the collections of amateurs." "I am glad," he answered, "that you like such works. The door is much more beautiful inside. Come in, if you are so disposed." I was not in very good spirits about the matter. The extraordinary dress of the doorkeeper, the seclusion, and a something else, I know not what, that seemed to be in the air, oppressed me. I lingered, therefore, under the pretext of examining the outside bet-

ter; and at the same time I looked secretly into the garden, for a garden it was which had opened itself to me. Close within the door I saw a space. Old lime-trees, at regular distances from each other, entirely covered it with their thickly interwoven branches, so that the most numerous companies, in the hottest of the day, might have refreshed themselves in the shade. Already I had reached the threshold, and the old man contrived to win me on step by step. Nay, properly speaking, I did not resist; for I had always heard that a prince or sultan in such a case must never ask whether there be danger before him. At all events, too, I had my sword by my side; and could I not soon have finished with the old man in case of his showing himself hostile? I therefore entered with perfect confidence: the keeper closed the door, and the bolt shot too so smoothly, that I scarcely heard it. He now showed me the workmanship employed on the inside, which in truth was of much richer art, explained it to me, and at the same time exhibited remarkable good-will. Being thus entirely tranquillized, I let myself be guided into the shaded space by the wall, which ran in a curve, and I found there much to admire. Niches tastefully adorned with shells, corals, and metallic ores, poured abundant waters from triton-mouths into marble basins. Between them were aviaries and other lattices, in which squirrels frisked about, guinea-pigs ran hither and thither, and many other pleasant little creatures. The birds called and sung to us as we advanced; the starlings particularly chattered the absurdest stuff. One cried always *Paris! Paris!* and the other *Narcissus! Narcissus!* as distinctly as a schoolboy can say it. The old man seemed to continue watching me earnestly while the birds called out thus, but I pretended not to notice it, and had in truth no leisure to attend to it; for I could easily perceive that we were moving in a curve, and that this shaded space was in fact a great circle, which enclosed a much more important one. Indeed we had actually reached again the small door, and it seemed as though the old man would let me out. But my eyes remained directed towards a golden railing, which seemed to surround the centre of this wonderful garden, and which I had found sufficient opportu-

nity to observe during our walk, although the old man contrived to keep me always towards the wall, and therefore pretty far from the middle. And now, just as he was going to the door, I said to him, with a bow, "You have been so extremely kind to me, that I would fain venture to make one more request before I part from you. Might I not look more closely at that golden railing, which appears to surround, with a very large circle, the interior of the garden?"—"Very willingly," replied he; "but in that case you must submit to some conditions."—"In what do they consist?" I asked hastily. "You must leave here your hat and sword, and cannot let go my hand while I accompany you."—"Most willingly," I replied; and laid my hat and sword on the nearest stone bench. Immediately he grasped my left hand with his right; held it fast, and led me with some force straight forwards. When we reached the railing, my wonder changed into amazement. I had never seen any thing like it. On a high vase of marble stood innumerable lances and partisans ranged beside each other, connected by their strangely ornamented upper ends, and so forming an entire circle. I looked through the intervals, and saw just behind them a softly flowing water, bounded on both sides by marble, and having in its clear depths a great number of gold and silver fish, which moved hither and thither, now slowly, now swiftly, now singly, now in troops. And now I would also fain have looked beyond the canal, to see what there was in the heart of the garden. But I found, much to my discontent, that the other side of the water was bordered by a similar railing, and that with so much art, that each interval on this side was exactly covered by a lance or partisan on the other; and that, by these and the other ornaments, it became impossible to see through, shifting one's place as one would. Besides, the old man, who still continued to hold me fast, prevented me moving freely. Meanwhile my curiosity, after all that I had seen, still increased more and more; and I took courage to ask the old man whether one could not pass over. "Why not?" answered he: "but on new conditions." When I asked him what these were, he gave me to understand that I must change my dress. I was

well contented; and he led me back towards the wall, into a small neat room, having on the walls many kinds of garments, which all approached the Oriental costume. I was soon changed. He crushed my powdered hair under a many-coloured net, after having, to my horror, violently cleared it of the powder. Now, standing before a great mirror, I thought myself quite handsome in my disguise, and pleased myself better than in my stiff Sunday clothes. I made some postures and leaps, such as I had seen among the dancers at the Fair theatre. At the same time I looked in the glass, and saw, by chance, the image of a niche behind me. On its white ground hung three green cords, each of them twisted up in a way, which, from the distance, I could not clearly distinguish. I therefore turned round rather hastily, and asked the old man about the niche as well as the cords. He very courteously took one down, and showed it to me. It was a band of green silk, of moderate thickness; and the ends joined by a green leather, with two holes in it, gave it the appearance of an instrument for no very pleasant purpose. The thing struck me as suspicious, and I asked the old man the meaning. He answered me very quietly and kindly—This is for those who abuse the confidence which is here shown them. He hung the cord again in its place, and immediately desired me to follow him; for this time he did not hold me, and so I walked freely beside him.

My chief curiosity now was to know the place of the gate and of the bridge, for passing through the railing and over the canal; for as yet I had not been able to find out any thing of the kind. I therefore watched the golden circuit very accurately as we hastened towards it. But in a moment my eyes seemed to fail me; for suddenly lances, spears, halberts, and partisans began to shake and quake, and this strange movement ended by all the points sinking towards each other, just as if two ancient hosts, armed with pikes, were lowering their weapons for a charge. The confusion for the eyes, the clatter for the ears, were hardly bearable; but endlessly surprising was the sight, when, having fallen quite level, they covered the circle of the canal, and formed the most beautiful of all

bridges that man can imagine; for now the most varied garden-parterre lay before my sight. It was laid out in curved beds, which, looked at together, formed a labyrinth of ornaments; all with green borders of a low plant of woolly growth, which I had never seen before; all with flowers, each division of different colours, which, being likewise low and on the ground, made it easy to follow the lines of the design. This delicious view, which I enjoyed under the full sunshine, altogether enchained my eyes. But I hardly knew where I was to set my foot; for the serpentine paths were most accurately laid with blue sand, which seemed to form upon the earth a darker sky, or a sky seen in the water. Thus I walked for a while beside my conductor with my eyes fixed upon the ground, until at last I was aware that, in the middle of this round of beds and flowers, there was a great circle of cypresses or poplar-like trees, through which one could not see, because the lowest branches seemed to spring out of the ground. My conductor, without taking me exactly the shortest way, yet led me immediately towards that centre; and how was I astonished when, on entering the grove of high trees, I saw before me the peristyle of a costly garden-house, which seemed to have similar prospects and entrances on the other sides! Still more than this model of architecture did the heavenly music delight me, which streamed from the building. I thought that there was now a lute, now a harp, now a guitar, and then anon something jingling which suited none of these instruments. The door which we approached opened soon after a light touch of the old man. But how was I amazed when the doorkeeper, who came out, was seen to resemble perfectly the delicate maiden who had danced upon my fingers in my dream! She greeted me, moreover, as if we were already acquainted, and invited me in. The old man remained behind, and I went with her through an arched and finely decorated short passage to the middle hall, of which the splendid domed ceiling drew my gaze on my first entrance, and threw me into admiration. Yet my eye could not long linger on this, for it was allured away by a more attractive spectacle. On a carpet, directly un-

der the middle of the cupola, sat three women, forming a triangle, clad in three different colours; the one red, the other yellow, the third green. The seats were gilt, and the carpet a perfect flower-bed. In their arms lay the three instruments which I had been able to distinguish from the outside; for, being disturbed by my arrival, they had stopped in their playing. "Welcome to us!" said the middle one, she who sat with her face to the door, in a red dress, and with the harp. "Sit down by Alert, and listen, if you are a lover of music."

Now first I remarked that below, obliquely before them, was a rather long bench, on which lay a mandoline. The pretty maiden took it up, sat down, and drew me to her side. Now I also looked at the second lady on my right. She had the yellow dress, and the guitar in her hand; and if that harp-player was dignified in form, grand in features, and majestic in demeanour, one might observe in the guitarist a lightly pleasant and cheerful character. She was slender, and with fair hair; while that of the other was dark brown. The variety and concord of their music could not prevent me from now also remarking the third beauty, in the green dress, whose lute-playing had something which at once affected and impressed me. She was the one who seemed to notice me the most, and to direct her music to me; only I could not make up my mind about her; for she appeared to me now tender, now whimsical, now candid, now capricious, according as she changed her gestures and playing. Now she seemed to wish to touch, now to tease me; but do what she would, she made little progress with me; for my little neighbour, by whom I sat elbow to elbow, had won me entirely for herself. And while I clearly recognised in those three ladies, the Sylphids of my dream, and the colours of the apples, I knew well that I had no motive to detain them. I would rather have made prize of the pretty little one, if only I had not too feelingly remembered the blow which she had given me in my dream. Hitherto she had remained quite quiet with her mandoline; but when her mistresses had ceased, they commanded her to perform some pleasant little piece. Scarcely had she jingled off some

lively dancing-tunes, when she sprang on high; I did the same. She played and danced; I was hurried away to accompany her steps, and we executed a kind of little ballet, with which the ladies seemed pleased; for as soon as we had done, they commanded the little one to refresh me with something good in the interval till supper should come in. In truth, I had forgotten that there was any thing else in the world beyond this paradise. Alert led me back immediately into the passage by which I had come in. On one side of it she had two well-arranged chambers. In the one in which she lived she set before me oranges, figs, peaches, and grapes; and I enjoyed, with much appetite, both the fruits of foreign lands and those proper to months not yet come. Of sugared things there was a superabundance. She filled, too, a goblet of polished crystal with foaming wine; but I had no need to drink, for I had restored myself enough with the fruits. "Now we will play," said she, and led me into the other chamber. Here all looked like a Christmas-fair.

But things so precious and exquisite were never seen in a booth at a festival. There were all kinds of dolls, dolls' clothes, and doll furniture; kitchens, parlours, and shops, and single toys innumerable. She led me round to all the glass-cases, for in such were these ingenious works preserved. But she soon shut up again the first cases, and said,—“That is not for you; I know it well. But here, she said, we could find building materials; walls and towers, houses, palaces, churches, to put together a great city. That, however, does not amuse me. We will try at something else, which will be equally pleasant to you and me.” Then she brought out some boxes, in which I saw a little army piled upon each other, but of which I must needs confess that I had never seen any thing so beautiful. She did not leave me time to examine more in detail, but took the one box under her arm, and I seized the other.—“We will go,” she said, “upon the golden bridge. There one plays best with soldiers. The lances give at once the direction in which one must oppose the armies to each other.”—Now we had reached the golden trembling floor. Below me I heard the water gurgle, and the fishes leap, while I knelt down to

range my lines. All, as I now saw, were cavalry. She boasted that she had the Queen of the Amazons for leader of her female host. I, on the contrary, found Achilles and a stately Grecian cavalry. The armies stood facing each other, and one could see nothing more beautiful. They were not at all flat leaden horsemen like ours, but man and horse round and solid, and most finely wrought. Neither could one well conceive how they kept themselves balanced; for they stood up independently, without a base under their feet.

Now when each of us had surveyed our hosts with much self-satisfaction, she announced to me the moment of onset. We had also found missiles in our chests; they were little boxes full of well-polished agate balls. With these we were to fight against each other from a certain distance, while, however, it was an express condition that we were not to throw more violently than was necessary to upset the figures, for none of them were to be injured. Now the mutual cannonade began, and at first it succeeded to the satisfaction of both. But when my opponent observed that I aimed better than she, and at last should win the victory, which depended on the majority of those remaining upright, she came nearer, and her girlish throwing had then the desired result. She laid low a multitude of my best troops, and the more I protested the more eagerly did she shoot. This at last vexed me, and I explained that I would do the same. In fact, I not only came nearer, but in anger threw much more violently, so that it was not long before a pair of her little centauresses flew in pieces. In her eagerness she did not at once notice it; but I stood petrified when the broken figures joined together again of themselves, Amazon and horse again one whole, and at the same time became quite alive, galloped from the golden bridge under the lime-trees, and, careering swiftly hither and thither, disappeared at last against the wall, I know not how. My fair opponent had hardly perceived this, when she broke out into loud weeping and lamentation, and exclaimed that I had caused her an irreparable loss, which was far greater than could be uttered. But I, who was by this time provoked, was glad to annoy her, and blindly flung with

force a couple of agate balls that I had left into the midst of her army. Unhappily I hit the queen, who, in our temperate sport, had hitherto been excepted. She flew in pieces, and her nearest officers were also shivered. But they swiftly set themselves up again, and started off like the others, galloped very merrily about under the lime-trees, and disappeared against the wall.

My opponent scolded and abused me. But I now, once at work, stooped to pick up some agate-balls which rolled about upon the golden lances. It was my ferocious wish to destroy her whole host. She, on the other hand, not idle, sprang at me, and gave me a box on the ear, which made my head dizzy. I, who had always heard, that a downright kiss suits a girl's box of the ear, took her by the ears and kissed her over and over. But she gave such a piercing cry as frightened even me. I let her go, and it was my good-luck that I did so; for, in a moment, I knew not where I was, the ground beneath me began to quake and rattle. I soon remarked that the railings began to move again; but I had no time to consider, nor could I find footing to escape. I feared at every instant to be pierced, for the partisans and lances, which lifted themselves up, were already cutting my clothes. In fine, I know not how it was, my hearing and sight failed, and I recovered from my stupefaction and from my terror at the foot of a lime-tree, against which the pikes in springing up had thrown me. With my awakening my anger awakened also, which violently increased when I caught from the other side the gibes and laughter of my opponent, who had there reached the earth somewhat more nimbly than I. Upon this I sprung up, as I saw the little host, with its leader Achilles, scattered round me, having been driven over with me by the rising of the rails. I seized the hero first and threw him against a tree. His restoration and his flight now pleased me doubly, as the malicious pleasure was united with the enjoyment of the prettiest sight in the world; and I was on the point of sending all the other Greeks after him, when suddenly whizzing waters spurted at me on all sides, from stones and walls, from ground and branches; and wherever I turned, discharged at me with

cross-streams. My light garment was soon wet through; it was already rent, and I did not delay to tear it entirely off my body. I cast away my slippers, and so one covering after another. Nay, at last I found it very agreeable in the warm daylight to let such a flood of rays pass freely over me. And now, being quite naked, I walked quietly along between these pleasant waters, and fancied that I should be able long to enjoy them. My anger cooled itself, and I wished for nothing so much as a reconciliation with my opponent. But, in an instant, the water stopped, and so I stood drenched upon the soaked ground. The presence of the old man, who unexpectedly appeared before me, was by no means welcome. I could have wished, if not to hide, yet to clothe myself. The shame, the shivering, the effort in some degree to cover myself, made me cut a most piteous figure. The old man employed the moment to vent on me the greatest reproaches. "What prevents me," he exclaimed, "from taking one of the green cords, and fitting it, if not to your neck, yet to your back?"—This threat I received very ill. "Refrain," I cried, "from such words, even from such thoughts, for otherwise you and your mistresses will be lost."—"Who then are you," he asked defyingly, "who dare to speak thus?"—"A favourite of the gods," I said; "one on whom it depends whether those women shall find worthy mates, or be left to pine and wither in their magic cell." The old man stepped some paces back.—"Who has revealed that to you?" he enquired, with wonder and concern. "Three apples," I said—"three jewels." "And what reward do you ask?" he exclaimed.—"Before all things, the little creature," I replied, "who has brought me into this miserable state." The old man cast himself down before me, without shrinking from the wet and miry soil. Then he stood up, unstained by it, took me kindly by the hand, led me into that room, clad me again quickly, and I had soon my Sunday finery on, with my hair dressed as before. The gate-keeper did not speak a word more; but before he let me pass the entrance, he stopped me, and showed me some objects on the wall over the way, while, at the same time, he pointed backwards to

the door. I understood him well; for he wished to impress the objects on me, that I might the more certainly find the door again, which unexpectedly closed behind me. I now took good notice of what was opposite me. Above a high wall rose up the branches of extremely old nut-trees, and partly covered the cornice at the top. The boughs hung down to a stone tablet, of which I could perfectly recognise the ornamented border, but could not read the inscription. It rested on the corbel of a niche, in which a finely wrought fountain poured from cup to cup into a great basin of water, which formed, as it were, a little pond, and lost itself in the earth. Fountain, inscription, nut-trees, all stood perpendicularly one above another. I could paint it as I then saw it.

Now, it may well be conceived how I passed this evening and many following days, and how often I repeated to myself this story, which even I could hardly believe. As soon as it was at all possible, I went again to the Bad Wall, in order at least to refresh my remembrance of these signs, and to look at the precious door. But, to my great amazement, I found it all changed. Nut-trees, indeed, overtopped the wall, but they did not stand close together. A tablet also was built in, but far to the right of the trees, without ornament, and with a legible inscription. A niche with a fountain is seen far to the left, but with no resemblance to that which I had seen. Thus I could hardly believe but that the second adventure was, like the first, a dream; for of the door itself there is not the slightest trace. The only thing which consoles me is the remark, that those three objects seem always to change their places. For, in repeated visits to the place, I think I have noticed that the nut-trees have drawn a little nearer, and that the tablet and the fountain seem likewise to approach each other. Probably, when all is again combined, the door, too, will once more be visible; and I shall do my best to renew the old adventure. Whether I shall be able to tell you what further happens, or whether it will be expressly forbidden me, I cannot say.

This tale, which my companions vehemently strove to persuade themselves was true, received great approbation. Each alone, without imparting it to me or to the others, visited the described place, and found the nut-trees, the tablet, and the fountain, but always far from each other. All this they at last acknowledged, because at those years it is not easy to conceal a secret. But now first began the dispute. The one maintained that the objects did not stir from the place, and continued always at the same distance. The second asserted that they moved, but away from each other. With him the third agreed as to the first point of the motions; but nut-trees, tablet, and fountain, in his opinion, rather drew together. The fourth announced something still more wonderful; namely, that the nut-trees were in the middle, but the tablet and fountain on opposite sides to those which I had stated. They differed also as to the traces of the door. And thus they gave me an early instance, how people can have and maintain the most contradictory views as to a thing that is quite simple and easy of decision. As I obstinately refused the continuation of my tale, this first part was often asked for again. I took care not to change much in the circumstances; and by the uniformity of my narrative, I changed, in the minds of my hearers, the fable into truth.

Nevertheless, I was averse to lies and dissimulation; and, on the whole, by no means frivolous. Rather, indeed, the inward earnestness with which I considered myself and the world, showed itself even in my exterior; and I was often kindly, often too, mockingly, charged with the assumption of a certain dignity. For, although I had certainly no want of good and chosen friends, yet were we always the minority against those who found pleasure in attacking us with rough petulance; and indeed often awoke us very ungently from those legendary self-complacent dreams, in which—I with my invention, and my companions with their sympathy—we lost ourselves but too willingly. Thus did we learn once more, that, instead of yielding to softness and fantastic delights, we had occasion enough to harden ourselves, that we

might either bear the inevitable evils or work against them.

Among the exercises of stoicism, which I therefore practised in myself as seriously as was possible for a boy, was also the bearing of bodily pains. Our teachers treated us often very severely and unskillfully with blows and cuffs, against which we hardened ourselves the more, because refractoriness or resistance was made extremely penal. Very many sports of youth depend upon rivalry in such endurances. For example, when, with two fingers, or the whole hand, they alternately strike each other even to the numbing of the limbs; or when they bear, with more or less composure, the blows which, in certain games, have been incurred as a penalty; when, in wrestling and struggling, one does not let one's-self be distracted by the pinches of the half-subdued opponent; when one suppresses the pain inflicted as a means of teasing us, and even treats, as something indifferent, the nips and ticklings with which young people are so busy against each other. Thus one gains for one's-self a great advantage, which others cannot soon deprive us of.

But as I made, as it were, profession of thus defying pain, the attacks of the others increased; and as a coarse barbarity knows no bounds, they were able at last to drive me beyond the bounds which I had set myself. I will relate one case instead of many. In one lesson-hour the master had not come. As long as we children were all together, we amused ourselves very nicely. But as my well-wishers, after they had waited long enough, went away, and I was left alone with three ill-wishers of mine, these devised to torment me, to shame me, and to drive me away. They had left me a moment in the room, and came back with rods, which they had made quickly by cutting up a broom. I perceived their design, and because I thought the end of the hour near, I determined, on the moment, not to defend myself till the clock struck. They began, therefore, pitilessly to scourge my legs and calves in the cruelest way. I did not move, but soon felt that I had made a bad calculation, and that such pain greatly lengthened the minutes. With the endurance my rage increased, and at the first stroke of the hour I seized one

who did not at all expect it, by the hair behind, and threw him instantly to the ground, and pressed my knee upon his back. The other, a younger and weaker one, who attacked me in the rear, I drew by the head under my arm, and nearly throttled him with the squeeze. The last, and not the weakest, was now remaining, and I had only my left hand to defend myself; but I caught him by the dress, and by a ready twist of mine, and a hasty one of his, I brought him down, his face against the ground. They tried their worst at biting, scratching, and kicking; but I had only my rage in my heart and in my limbs. With the advantage I had over them, I knocked their heads together repeatedly. At last they raised a horrid cry of murder, and we were soon surrounded by all the inmates of the house. The rods scattered about, and my legs, which I had bared of the stockings, soon bore witness for me. They put off the punishment, and let me leave the house; but I declared that, for the future, on the least injury I would scratch the eyes of one or other, and tear off his ears, if not even throttle him.

This incident, although, as is usual with childish matters, soon forgotten again, or even laughed at, was yet the cause that these joint private lessons became rarer, and at last entirely ceased. I was therefore again, as previously, more confined to the house, where, in my sister Cornelia, only a year younger than myself, I found a companion daily more and more delightful to me.

I will, however, not quit this subject without relating some more stories of the many annoyances which I met with from my playfellows. For this, in fact, is what is most instructive in such moral disclosures, that a man learns how it has gone with others, and what he too must look for in life; and that whatever happens, he may know this to betide him as man, and not as one specially lucky or luckless. If such knowledge is not of much importance for avoiding evils, yet is it very useful for learning to understand our position, to bear it, nay, to triumph over it.

There is still one general remark which will be apposite here. As life goes on with children of the cultivated classes, a great contradiction displays itself. I mean this, that they are ex-

horted and trained by their parents and teachers to conduct themselves moderately, intelligently, even reasonably; to give no one pain out of petulance or arrogance, and to subdue all malignant impulses which may happen to arise in them; and yet, on the contrary, while the young creatures are exercised in this discipline, they have to bear that from others which in them is blamed and severely punished. Thus the poor sufferers are brought into a pitiable strait between nature and civilisation, and according to their diversity of character break out either cunningly or violently, after having for a time restrained themselves.

Force ought rather to be resisted by force. But a well-disposed child, inclined to affection and sympathy, has little to oppose to insult and malice. If I was pretty well able to stop the active assaults of my companions, yet I was by no means on a level with them as to taunts and abuse; for in these he who only defends himself must always lose. Therefore attacks of this kind, when they excited anger, were also repelled by physical force, or awoke strange reflections in me, which could not but produce after-results. Among other advantages, my ill-wishers grudged me also my enjoyment of a dignity which accrued to the family from my grandfather's chief magistracy; for while he was first among his fellows, this had no small influence on all belonging to him. Thus, one day after the holding of the *Pipers' Courts*, I appeared to set some store by the importance of seeing my grandfather in the midst of the Council, a step higher than the others, and as it were enthroned under the picture of the Emperor. But one of the boys said disdainfully—that I ought at least, like the peacock looking at his feet, to cast a glance beyond my grandfather on his father's side, who had been landlord of the Willow-Tree Inn, and would have laid no claim to thrones and crowns. To this I answered, that I was not at all ashamed of it, as the very glory and excellence of our native city consisted in this, that all citizens were bound to hold each other equal, and that every one might derive profit and honour from his endeavours in his own line. I grieved only that the old man had been so long dead; for I had often longed that I also could have known him personally, had

frequently looked at his portrait, nay, had visited his grave, and drawn pleasure, at least, from the inscription on the simple monument of that past existence to which I was indebted for mine. Another ill-wisher, the spitefulest of all, took the first aside, and whispered something into his ear, while they continued to look tauntingly at me. Already had my gall begun to rise, and I challenged them to speak out. "Now then, as to the rest," said the former speaker, "my friend here thinks that you might seek about far and wide without finding your grandfather."—I now threatened worse violence if they would not explain themselves more clearly. Then they repeated a tale which they pretended to have overheard from their parents. My father was the son of some considerable man, and that honest citizen had given his consent to take outwardly the paternal office. They had the impudence to bring forward all sorts of arguments; for instance, that our property came only from my grandmother, that the other side-relations, in Friedberg and elsewhere, were equally without fortune, and the like arguments, which could derive no weight except from malice. I listened to them more quietly than they expected; for they were already on the watch to escape, if I made as if I would seize their hair. But I answered quite tranquilly, that this also was no evil to me. Life is such a blessing, that one might well hold it quite indifferent to whom one was indebted for it, as, at last, it must be derived from God, in whose sight we are all equal. Thus, as they could gain nothing, they let for this time the matter rest, and we went on to play together, which among children is a tried means of reconciliation.

These spiteful words, however, had implanted in me a kind of moral disease, which crept on in secret. I could not feel at all displeased at being the grandson of a man of distinction, even if it were not in the most lawful way. My ingenuity hunted in this track; my imagination was excited, and my acuteness developed. I now began to examine the allegation of those discoverers, and found and invented new grounds of probability. I had heard little said of my grandfather, except that his portrait had hung with that of my grandmother in

a parlour of the old house, and that both, after the building of the new one, were preserved in an upper room. My grandmother must have been a very beautiful woman, and of the same age as her husband. I also remembered to have seen in their parlour the miniature of a handsome gentleman in uniform, with a star and order, which after her death had disappeared, together with many other small articles, in the all-confusing work of the new structure. These, and many other things, I put together in my childish head, and exercised early enough that modern kind of poetic talent, which, by a surprising combination of the important facts of human life, is able to obtain the sympathy of the whole cultivated world.

Now, as I could not venture to confide such a matter to any one, or even to enquire about it from a distance, I did not relax the diligence of my secret efforts to come, if possible, somewhat nearer to the matter; for I had heard it maintained explicitly, that the sons have often a positive resemblance to the fathers or grandfathers. Several of our friends, and particularly the Councillor Schneider, an intimate of the family, were connected by business with all the princes and noblemen of the neighbourhood. No small number of these, whether of the ruling or of the younger branches, had their possessions on the Rhine, and Maine, and in the space between; and sometimes, out of special favour, presented their faithful agents with their portraits. These, which from my childhood I had often seen upon the walls, I now studied with double attention, looking whether I could not discover some likeness to my father, or even to myself. This, however, was so often the case, that it could not lead me to any certainty. First it was the eyes of one, then the nose of another, which seemed to me to indicate a relationship; so these marks led me deceptively up and down. And although I was ultimately compelled to regard the allegation as an utterly groundless tale; yet the impression remained with me, and I could not cease, from time to time, silently to call up and inspect all the noblemen whose likenesses had remained very clear in my fancy. So true is it, that all which inwardly strengthens a man in his self-conceit,

and flatters his secret vanity, is an object of such extreme desire to him, that he asks no further whether, in any other way, it may turn to his honour or disgrace.

But, instead of introducing serious and even reproachful considerations into those happy times, I will rather turn away my eyes from them. For who can have the power to speak worthily of the fulness of childhood? We cannot see the little creatures that move about before us but with pleasure, nay, with admiration; for they generally promise more than they fulfil; and it seems as if nature, among other roguish tricks which she plays us, in this also particularly designs to take advantage of us. The first organs which she gives to children in the world, are suitable to the nearest immediate state of the creature, which uses them, without art or assumption, in the readiest way, for the nearest ends. The child, regarded in and by itself with its equals, and in relations fitted to its powers, appears with so much understanding, so much reason, that nothing can exceed it, and at the same time so easy, cheerful, nimble, that one could not wish it any farther culture. If children grew up as they promise, we should have nothing but geniuses; but the growth is not a mere development. The different organic systems which make up one man spring out of each other, follow each other, change into each other, supplant each other, yea, devour each other. Thus, of many capacities, many tendencies, after a certain time there is hardly a trace to be discovered. Even if the individuality of a man, on the whole, has one distinct direction, yet will it be hard for the greatest and most experienced master to announce it beforehand with any confidence. But afterwards one can well discern what it was which pointed towards a future now realized.

I have, therefore, nothing like an intention of entirely including the story of my childhood in these first books. On the contrary, I shall hereafter take up and continue many a thread which ran unnoticed through my first years. But I must in this place remark, what an increasing influence the events of the war gradually exerted on our dispositions and mode of life. The quiet citizen stands

in a wonderful relation to the great events of the world. Even from afar they excite and disquiet him; and even if they do not touch him, he cannot abstain from an opinion and a sympathy. He soon takes a side, according as his character or outward circumstances determine him. If such great fatalities, such important changes, approach nearer to him, then, along with many outward inconveniences, he has still that inward discomfort, which, for the most part, doubles and sharpens the evil, and destroys what happiness was still within his power. Then must he practically suffer both from friends and enemies, often more from those than these; and he knows not how to take thought for and secure either his inclination or his interest.

The year 1757, which we still passed in entire civic quiet, kept us nevertheless in great mental disturbance. No other, perhaps, was richer in events than this. Victories, exploits, misfortunes, restorations, succeeded by turns, and seemed to devour and destroy each other. But always the form of Frederick, his name, his glory, soon floated again high over all. The enthusiasm of his admirers became always greater and more animated, the hatred of his friends bitterer; and the different views which divided even families, helped not a little to isolate from each other the citizens, who were, at all events, in many ways separated. For in a city like Frankfort, where three religions distinguish the inhabitants into three unequal masses, where only a few even of the ruling faith can arrive at political authority, there must needs be many wealthy and instructed persons who draw towards each other, and by their individual studies and tastes form for themselves an exclusive existence. Of such men it will be necessary, now and hereafter, to speak, if we would bring before us the peculiarities of a Frankfort citizen of those days.

My father, as soon as he returned from his travels, had, according to his peculiar turn of mind, adopted the design, that in order to qualify himself for the service of the state, he would undertake one of the subordinate employments, and perform its duties without emolument, if he could obtain it without a ballot. According to his way of thinking, with the conception which he had of himself, and in the

consciousness of his own goodness of purpose, he believed that he deserved such a distinction, which in truth was neither lawful nor customary. Therefore, when his proposal was rejected, he fell into ill-humour and disgust, vowed that he would never accept any office, and in order to make it impossible, obtained for himself the title of an imperial councillor, which the chief magistrate and seniors of the court bear as a special honour. Thus he had made himself the equal of the highest functionaries, and could not begin again at the bottom. The same motive also induced him to propose for the eldest daughter of the chief magistrate, by which he was excluded also on this side from the council. He now belonged to the retired, who never can combine into a society. They stand as isolated with regard to each other as to the whole; and the more because in this separation the peculiarity of each character becomes always harsher and harsher. My father had perhaps been able to gain in his travels, and in the open world which he had seen, the conception of a more elegant and liberal mode of life than perhaps was common among his fellow-citizens. In this, however, he had forerunners and companions.

The name of Uffenbach is known. A magistrate, Von Uffenbach, lived at that time in good repute. He had been in Italy, had applied himself particularly to music, sung an agreeable tenor; and as he had brought back with him a fine collection of music, concerts and oratorios used to be performed at his house. Now, as he sung in these himself, and favoured musicians, it was thought not altogether worthy of his station; and the invited guests, as well as the other neighbours, permitted themselves many jocose remarks on the subject.

I remember, moreover, a Baron Von Hackel, a rich nobleman, who being married but childless, inhabited a handsome house in the Antoninsgasse, furnished with all the appurtenances of a dignified existence. He also possessed good pictures, engravings, antiquities, and much else which usually accumulates in the hands of collectors and amateurs. From time to time he invited the more distinguished persons to dinner, and was beneficent in a thoughtful way of his own, clothing the poor in his house, but retaining their

former rags, and giving them a weekly alms, only under the condition that they would always present themselves clean and neat in the clothes which he had bestowed on them. I remember him but indistinctly, as a friendly, well-made man. But I recall far more clearly his auction, which I attended from the beginning to the end; and partly by my father's direction, partly from my own impulse, bought many things which are still in my collections.

Earlier, so that I scarcely saw him, John Michael Von Loen gained a good deal of attention in the literary world as well as in Frankfort. Not a native of the city, he had settled himself there, and was married to the sister of my grandmother Textor, whose family name was Lindheim. He knew the world of courts and politics, enjoyed a revived nobility, and obtained a name by having the courage to take a part in the different excitements which arose in Church and State. He wrote the *Count of Rivera*, a didactic romance, the contents of which are obvious from the second title, or *the Honest Man at Court*. This work was well received, because it required morality even at a court, where in general only prudence is at home; and thus his labour brought him applause and estimation. A second work would, therefore, be the more dangerous for him. He wrote *The only True Religion*, a book which had for its object to promote toleration, especially between Lutherans and Calvinists. By this he got into controversy with the Theologians, and a Dr Benner of Giessen wrote particularly against him. Von Loen answered; the controversy became violent and personal, and the unpleasantness springing from it led the author to accept the place of President at Lingen, which Frederick II. offered him, thinking he discerned in him an enlightened man, not disinclined to the novelties which had already gone much further in France, and one free from prejudices. His former fellow-townsmen, whom he had left in some anger, maintained that he was not contented there, nay, could not be so, because a place like Lingen bore no comparison to Frankfort. My father also doubted the happiness of the President, and asserted that his good uncle would have done better not to connect

himself with the King, because it was in general dangerous to come too near him, extraordinary prince as beyond doubt he was. For it had been seen how ignominiously the celebrated Voltaire had been arrested in Frankfort at the requisition of the Prussian resident Freitag, though beforehand he had stood so high in favour, and been regarded as the King's instructor in French poetry. On occasion of such events there was no want of reflections and examples, as warnings against courts and the service of princes, which indeed a born Frankforter could hardly conceive.

I will mention only the name of an excellent man, Dr Orth, because it is not here so much my business to erect a monument to deserving Frankforters, as merely to notice them so far as their reputation, or they themselves, had some influence on my earliest years. Dr Orth was a rich man, and also belonged to those who never took a share in the government, although his knowledge and views would have well entitled him to do so. The antiquities of Germany, and especially of Frankfort, were much indebted to him. He published the remarks on the so-called *Frankfort Reformation*, a work in which the statutes of the Imperial Town are collected. In my youth I studied diligently its historical chapters.

Von Ochsenstein, the eldest of those three brothers whom I before spoke of as our neighbours, had not become remarkable during his life, owing to his secluded habits. But he was the more remarkable after his death, by leaving a direction that he was to be carried to the grave by working men, quite early in the morning, and without company or attendants. It was so done; and this event excited much notice in the city, where there was the custom of pompous funerals. All those to whom usage gave important functions on such occasions, rose up against the innovation. But the stout patrician found imitators of all classes; and although such funerals were called in derision Ochsenburials, yet, to the gain of many ill-provided families, they became usual, and the pompous funerals gradually disappeared. I cite this fact, because it presents one of the earliest symptoms of those tendencies to humility and equality, which, during the second half of the

last century, spread from above downwards in so many ways, and broke out in results so unexpected.

There was also no want of lovers of antiquity. There were cabinets of pictures, collections of engravings; and especially old curiosities of our own country were zealously sought and hoarded. The older enactments and mandates of the imperial city, of which no public collection had been established, were carefully searched for both in print and manuscript, arranged chronologically, and preserved as a treasure of our native rights and usages. The likenesses also of Frankforters, which existed in great numbers, were brought together, and formed a particular department of the cabinets.

My father seems in the main to have taken such men as his models. He wanted none of the qualities which belong to a respectable and esteemed citizen. Therefore, after building his house, he brought his acquisitions of all kinds into order. An excellent collection of maps by Schenk and other geographers then eminent, those above-mentioned enactments and mandates, those portraits, a case of ancient weapons, a case of curious Venetian glasses, cups, and goblets, natural objects, ivory-works, bronzes, and a hundred other things, were separated and displayed; and whenever an auction occurred, I gained permission to make some purchases towards the increase of his treasures.

I must still speak of one considerable family, of whom, from my earliest youth, I heard great singularities, and from some members of it learned to experience myself much that was wonderful. It was that of Senkenberg. The father, of whom I can say little, was a wealthy man; he had three sons, who, even in their youth, made themselves uniformly conspicuous as oddities. This, in a limited town, where no one must put himself forward either for good or evil, was not well thought of. Nicknames, and strange stories, which long remain in the memory, are commonly the fruit of such oddity. The father lived at the corner of the Hasengasse, [*Hare Street*,] which had its name from the one, or perhaps even three Hares, represented on that house. Thus, these three brothers came to be called only the three Hares—a nickname which, for a long time, they

could not shake off. But as great qualities often announce themselves in youth by something extravagant and awkward, so also was it here. The eldest was the Imperial Court Counsellor Von Senkenberg, afterwards so celebrated. The second was admitted into the magistracy, and showed distinguished talents, which however he subsequently abused in pettifoggery, nay rascality, if not to the injury of his native city, yet certainly to that of his colleagues. The third brother, a physician, and man of great integrity, but who practised little, and only in the highest houses, had even until his extreme old age a somewhat whimsical appearance. He was always very neatly dressed, and was never seen in the street otherwise than in shoes and stockings, and with a curled wig, and his hat under his arm. He walked on quickly, but with an odd wavering, so that he was now at one side of the street now at the other, and his course formed a zig-zag. Mockers said, that by this irregular movement he endeavoured to avoid the departed souls which might perhaps follow him in a straight line, and that he imitated those who are afraid of a crocodile.

But all this jesting, and many jocose stories of him, gave way at last to respect, when he devoted his handsome residence, with court, garden, and all its appurtenances, on the Eschenheirner Street, to a medical foundation, where, beside an hospital designed only for citizens of Frankfort, a botanic garden, an anatomical theatre, a chemical laboratory, a considerable library, and a house for the director were established, in a way which no University need have been ashamed of.

Another eminent man, who had an important influence on me, not so much by his presence as by his effect upon the neighbourhood, and his writings, was Charles Frederick Von Moser. He was always talked of in our country for his activity in business. He, too, had an essentially moral character, which, as the vices of human nature often gave him much trouble, inclined him to the so-called pious. Thus, as Von Loen tried to do with the life of courts, so he would have introduced into that of business a more conscientious principle. The great number of small German courts produced a multitude of princes and

dependants, of whom the former desired unconditional obedience, and the latter for the most part would act and serve only according to their own views. Thus there arose a perpetual conflict, and rapid changes and explosions; because unrestricted procedure becomes on a small scale much more quickly noticeable and mischievous than on a large one. Many great families fell into debt—imperial debt—commissions were appointed. Others found themselves travelling slower or quicker on the same road, while the agents either dishonestly made their own profit, or honestly rendered themselves disagreeable and odious. Moser wished to be employed in politics and business; and in these his hereditary talent, cultivated to the point of professional skill, gave him a decided advantage. But he also wished to act as a man and a citizen, and to relinquish as little as possible of his moral dignity. His *Prince and Servant*, his *Daniel in the Lions' Den*, his *Reliques*, represent throughout the condition in which he always felt himself—not indeed tortured, yet confined. They indicate also his impatience in a state to which he could not reconcile himself, yet could not get free from it. From this mode of thinking and of feeling, he was often, in truth, obliged to seek other services, which his great ability made it easy for him to find. I remember him as an agreeable man, active, and at the same time gentle.

Though it was from a distance, the name of Klopstock had already a great effect upon us. At first people wondered how so eminent a man could have so strange a name. But habit soon got over this, and the meaning of these syllables was forgotten. In my father's library I had found as yet only the earlier poets, particularly those who, in his time, had gradually risen into celebrity. All these had used rhymes, and my father held rhyme indispensable for poetical works. Canitz, Hagedorn, Drollinger, Gellert, Brenz, Haller, stood in a row, in handsome calf volumes. To these were joined Newkirch's *Telemachus*, Koppen's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and other translations. I had from my childhood diligently read, and in part committed to memory, all these volumes, whence I was often called upon to amuse the company. A vexatious period, on the contrary, began

for my father, when, through means of Klopstock's *Messiah*, verses which seemed no verses to him, became an object of public admiration. He had himself taken good care not to buy this work; but the friend of the family, Councillor Schneider, smuggled it in, and slipped it into the hands of my mother and her children.

The *Messiah*, immediately on its appearance, had made a powerful impression on this active man of business, who read but little. Those feelings of piety, so naturally expressed and yet so beautifully ennobled—that delightful language, considered even as nothing more than harmonious prose, had so won the dry man of business, that he considered the ten first books, of which indeed alone we are here speaking, as the best of devotional works. Every year during Lent, in which he contrived to free himself from all business, he read them through in retirement, and so refreshed himself with them for the whole year. At first he attempted to express his emotions to his old friend. But he was much amazed at finding an incurable dislike to a work of such precious substance, on account of what appeared to him an immaterial outward form. It may well be supposed that the conversation on this subject did not fail to be repeated; but both parties separated further and further from each other. There were violent scenes, and the complaisant man at last prevailed on himself to be silent about his darling work, that he might not lose at once a friend of his youth and a good Sunday dinner.

To make proselytes is the most natural wish of every man; and how well did our friend feel himself rewarded in secret, when he discovered, in the rest of the family, hearts so open to his Saint. The copy, which he used for only a week in the year, was devoted to us at all other times. My mother kept it concealed, and we, her two children, took possession of it when we could, that in leisure hours, hidden in some corner, we might learn by heart the most striking passages, and particularly might impress the tenderest on our memories as quickly as possible. We rivalled each other in reciting *Porcia's Dream*, but divided

the parts between us in the wild despairing dialogue between Satan and Adramelech, who had been cast into the Red Sea. The former character, as the strongest, had fallen to my share. The other, a little more mournful, was taken by my sister. The alternate, frightful indeed, but well-sounding curses, flowed only in this way from our mouths, and we seized every opportunity of saluting each other with those infernal modes of speech.

It was a Saturday evening in winter—my father always had himself shaved over night, that on Sunday morning he might have leisure to dress himself comfortably for church—we sat on a cushion behind the stove, and while the barber put on the lather, murmured in a low tone our usual imprecations. And now Adramelech had to seize Satan with iron hands; my sister caught me violently, and recited softly enough, but with increasing passion—

Help me! thee I implore, I worship, if
this thou demandest;

Thee, O measureless fiend! thee, darkest
worker of evil,

Help me! I suffer the woe of avenging
infinite death-pangs.

Once in the days gone by, with fiercest of
hate could I hate thee,

This can I now no longer! and this too is
fearfullest horror.

Hitherto all had gone on tolerably;
but loud, with dreadful voice, did she
utter the following words:—

Oh! what torment is mine!

The good surgeon was alarmed, and spilled the basin of lather on my father's breast. Then there was a great disturbance; and a severe enquiry was made, particularly on account of the mischief that might have happened if the process of shaving had been actually begun. In order to avert from ourselves all suspicion of quarreling, we confessed our diabolic parts; and the misfortune occasioned by the hexameters was so evident, that they were of course anew condemned and banished.

Thus do children and the people turn the grand, the elevated, into a sport, even a jest; and how else would they be able to confront and endure it!

THE QUEER STICK.

A RUSTIC LEGEND.

It was very far off, and a long time ago,
 (So perhaps all the story's not true,)
 That there once lived a rustic called Billy the Beau,
 Who would, "whether his mammy would let him or no,
 Go a-wooing" a maiden called Sue.

And Sue was a damsel right pleasant to see,
 When her rosy face beam'd with a smile,
 As she join'd in the dance, or tripp'd light o'er the lea,
 Or sat down to whatever folks then took for tea,
 With odd gossip the time to beguile.

Yet they said that, besides her true lover Beau Bill,
 She'd already a *will* of her own ;
 That's to say, she'd a spirit that sometimes lay still,
 But, when roused, the small cottage with uproar would fill,
 And that then she was best let alone.

Be all that as it might, she'd of lovers no lack,
 Which much annoy'd Billy the Beau ;
 For some were coarse fellows, who had a sad knack
 At rough practical jokes, such as thumping his back,
 Or of treading, perchance, on his toe.

And the tall ones would boast of their strength, and look down,
 For Bill was no giant in height,
 And then offer to wrestle or jump for a crown ;
 So though oft, in Sue's presence, he ventured a frown,
 He more often went home in a fright.

Still he felt that his heart was as big as the best,
 Though his body was not made to match ;
 So he fretted and lost many hours of his rest,
 And went forth one fine morning, with languor oppress'd,
 Yawning wide as he lifted the latch.

Dull and heavily on then he saunter'd, as though
 He'd no duty on earth to fulfil,
 Till suddenly some one exclaim'd, " Hip ! hallo !
 What ! is that moping figure young Billy the Beau ?"
 Then he started, look'd round, and stood still.

But no one could he see, and of course thought it queer
 That a voice without body should speak ;
 So he called out, " Who's that ?" and the voice said, " I'm here,
 Just behind the grey stone ; so, come on, never fear,
 I suppose I'm the person you seek."

Then Billy, who'd wander'd unconsciously there,
 Recollected that stone mark'd the spot
 Where queer goblins and elfins were said to repair,
 And old witches convene to fly up in the air,
 With their broomsticks, black broth, and what not.

But, like other true lovers in trouble, he thought
That his case was as bad as could be ;
So he said, " Though this greeting I dare not have sought,
Since it happens I here am by accident brought,
I should like this queer speaker to see."

Then he went round the corner, and found an old man,
With lean legs and an odd pinched-up face,
Who, without any preface, thus oddly began—
" Folks are never contented, do all that one can ;
And, Beau Billy, I well know thy case.

" Thou would'st thrash all thy rivals, and others perhaps :
Well—no matter, I'll give thee this stick ;
But observe, what to thee will appear gentle raps,
Will prove knock-me-down to those great boasting chaps,
So don't strike them too hard nor too quick."

Billy doubtfully smiled, and the odd old man frown'd,
And cried, " Eh ! then thou'rt hard to convince ?
Well—take that !" and away Billy flew with a bound,
And head over heels tumbled down on the ground,
While the pain from the blow made him wince.

Then the lean-legg'd old man danced and laugh'd in high glee,
And said, " Now then my word thou'lt not doubt ;
So remember, no man, howsoe'er strong he be,
Can resist this prime twig which I now throw to thee.
There !—be off and mind what thou'rt about."

Though the stick was thrown gently, Bill fancied his head
Had been hit by a ponderous stone ;
For his eyes flash'd with sparks, his brain reel'd, his nose bled,
And down tumbling again, he lay long like one dead,
Then awoke and rose up all alone.

He then scratch'd his dull pate, in bewilderment lost,
And exclaim'd, " I've been dreaming, I fear !
No ; I ha'n't ! Here's the queer stick that queer old chap tost,
And he certainly thrash'd me, I feel to my cost,
And has made me a conjurer—that's clear.

" Well, if all that he told me should prove to be true,"
Here he giggled with clownish delight,
" Thumping Robin, strong Tim, and tall Harry shall rue
The next challenge they offer to me before Sue,
And I hope I may meet them to-night."

Thus resolving, he ventured to take up the stick,
Which was wondrously handy to wield ;
As he flourished it gaily, it flew round so quick,
He felt perfectly sure he could easily lick
All competitors out of the field.

So that day he dress'd gaily, his hat cock'd aside,
And conceitedly strutted about
Till the evening, and then to Sue's cottage he hied,
And had nearly approached it, when Harry he spied—
A rival, tall, bony, and stout.

They met close to the gate of the garden, and then
 His rough rival exclaim'd with a leer,
 "What! Beau Billy! Be'st thou come here courting agen?
 Well, there's nought so conceited as you little men;
 But thee'dst better be off, or look here!"

And while speaking, he shook a stout stick in the face
 Of our beau, who a moment drew back,
 Then advanced, and just gave his tall taunter a brace
 Of queer magical blows, that quite alter'd the case,
 For he fell to the ground with a whack.

And felt shockingly sheepish, of course, as he'd caught
 Just a glimpse of Sue's face peeping through
 The half-closed cottage window, and therefore had thought
 He would show off his prowess, though fearless of aught
 His diminutive rival could do.

There he lay; but his pride was more mortified still
 When he saw thumping Robin and Tim,
 The two other big suitors to Sue, mount the hill
 Just in time to behold him crow'd over by Bill,
 In his dirty deplorable trim.

But as they were his friends, he call'd out for their aid,
 And declared Bill had cowardly crept
 Close behind him, and struck him two blows with a spade—
 For that nothing less pond'rous such marks could have made;
 And the fallen bully blubber'd and wept.

Tim and Robin believed him, because they knew well
 It was nonsense for Billy to try,
 In a fair stand-up fight, such a fellow to fell:
 So they ask'd him the cause of his conduct to tell;
 And he answer'd, "He's told you a lie!"

Then he boldly continued, "You both of you know
 How oft here he has boasted his strength,
 And I let it all pass; but I can't stand a blow,
 And he shook his stick at me, and threaten'd, and so
 I have just made him measure his length.

"I had nought but this stick you see now in my hand:
 You may stare, but 'tis perfectly true;
 And affronts I'll endure from no man in the land,
 So ye great gaping louts, if ye don't understand,
 Here I'm ready for either of you,

"Or for both, if ye like; so come on! do your worst,
 And I pledge you my word I'll not run."
 Thumping Bob swell'd with anger as ready to burst,
 While strong Tim laugh'd aloud, and cried, "I'll take him first—
 We shall now have some capital fun."

The queer stick did its duty. Tim's guard down it beat,
 And eke broke his thick head at one blow;
 At the next he could hardly remain on his feet,
 But went tottering backward in awkward retreat,
 Till the third on the ground laid him low.

Thumping Robin, amazed, oped his mouth and his eyes,
And the latter could hardly believe ;
But Bill gave him short time to shake off his surprise,
For he said, " Now, big Rob, you'll be off if you're wise,
And I'll grant you for once a reprieve."

But big Bob was a huge o'ergrown fellow, who ne'er
In those parts found his equal before ;
So he pluck'd up his courage, and said, " Never fear,
But I'll make you repent that you ever came here,
And take care you don't come any more."

" There, take that !" and he aim'd a fierce blow at Bill's head,
Just as though he would knock down an ox ;
But Bill parried it lightly, and laughingly said,
" What! d'y'e call that a blow? Well, take that tap instead!
Ha, ha, ha! so you're in the wrong box?"

Then again the queer stick flew about, left and right,
With such swiftness it scarce could be seen,
And in very few seconds so finish'd the fight,
That black, blue, and breathless, in shocking bad plight,
Robin join'd his fallen friends on the green.

His arms flapping like wings, Bill then cried, " Och, aboo !"
And he crow'd like a cock o'er his foes ;
" There, they're settled! and now I have nothing to do,
But in safety hereafter keep teasing dear Sue,
Till I make her say ' Yes.' So, here goes !"

Now, the maiden had seen the queer combats amazed,
But all pass'd so exceedingly quick,
That she scarce had concluded Beau Billy was crazed,
Ere he enter'd her door, neither bruised, hurt, nor grazed,
Gaily whistling and twirling his stick.

What he said, and he did, and she said in reply,
Would detain us too long to relate ;
He'd her all to himself, and no one will deny,
That 'tis pleasanter courting with no rivals by,
To embarrass the loving debate.

When they parted, 'twas late, but they met again soon,
Billy beau'd her wherever she went ;
On the green they were seen almost each afternoon,
Then took long loving walks by the light of the moon,
Till by such means he gain'd her consent.

Then three times in the church both their names were announced,
And at length came the bright, happy day,
When his bride at the altar, deep blushing and flounced,
Billy faced, and observed she unfairly pronounced
The last words of " to love and obey."

Billy chuckled, and thought " If you won't, I know what,"
But his secret he cunningly hid ;
And, apparently perfectly pleased with his lot,
Walk'd off, laughing, with Sue to their own little cot,
With the friends who to dinner were bid.

That day merrily pass'd, and some others beside,
Till the honeymoon drew to its wane ;
When there came a strange change o'er the ways of the bride,
Who decided 'twere folly much longer to hide
Her intent in the cottage to reign.

So she order'd about her, and, shocking to tell,
At last call'd her husband a fool ;
Which, though perfectly true, we all know very well
One don't like to be told. So the uproar to quell,
Bill resolved to establish his rule ;

And accordingly brought the queer stick to his aid,
With intention most gently to smite,
Which when Susan beheld she began to upbraid :
" Strike a woman ? you coward ! " she cried ; " Who's afraid ?
Get along with you out of my sight ! "

But Bill boldly stood firm, and self-conscious of power,
Thought " I've only to give her a pat,
And henceforth at my glance, like a spaniel, she'll cower,
And obey me in all I command from this hour."
So he smote, saying, " Vixen ! take that."

Though he used little strength, yet the blow seem'd to him,
When compared with his practice before,
Scarcely lighter than those that fell'd Rob, Hal, and Tim ;
Yet it barely sufficed to indent the gay brim
Of the straw-plaited bonnet she wore.

In amazement he stared, and had just raised the stick,
To essay what the next tap would do,
When his wife, springing forward, infuriate and quick,
Snatch'd it out of his hand ; then with blows smart and thick
She belabour'd her spouse black and blue.

That the stick held its magical powers was now plain ;
Fast as hail falls it patter'd " whack, whack ! "
Billy roar'd out for quarter and mercy in vain,
Still, " I'll teach you a woman to strike ! " was her strain,
As he lay on the floor on his back.

When she ceased from fatigue Billy crawl'd off to bed,
Which he long kept in terrible plight ;
By the doctor drugg'd, plaster'd, anointed, and bled,
And by Susan with gruel and mutton broth fed,
Though she said that she'd served him quite right.

At length Time, the prime healer, completed his cure,
And he went for a stroll all alone,
Pondering dismally o'er what he'd still to endure,
And was groaning, " She'll kill me some day, I'm quite sure,"
When he found himself near the grey stone.

Then again with odd cackling the queer old man's voice
Smote his ear, shouting " Billy the Beau !
What ! there moping again ? when thou ought'st to rejoice
Thou hast won such a prize as the maid of thy choice ;
But for me she might yet have said no."

"A good job if she had," Billy sulkily growl'd.

The old man cried, "What's that that I hear?"

Thou hast cudgell'd thy rivals, I heard how they howl'd,
And got married. What would'st thou?" and fiercely he scowl'd,
In a way that made Bill quake for fear.

"Please your worship," he stammer'd, "I don't mean no harm;"
And he told what he'd suffered and done;

"Luckless Bill!" said the man, "my gift lost not its charm,
And thy wife will henceforth rule your cottage and farm
In the very same style she's begun.

"When I told thee no *man* could that queer stick withstand,
Of thy beating thy wife I thought not;
But since now you're united by wedlock's strong band,
Thou hast stupidly let the staff out of thine hand—
Thou deservest the whole thou hast got.

"Man should never strike woman in conjugal strife,
Even though she mayn't always obey;
And indeed all agree, who've observed human life,
'Tis a queer stick indeed that can manage a wife,
When determined to have her own way."

Now all ye beaus who courting go, of Billy's fate beware,
Nor strive, by seeming what you're not, your sweethearts to ensnare;
For scarcely man is he who can unfairly treat the fair.

And ye, fair maids of Britain's isle, take heed of dashing beaux,
Who sport queer sticks, and conjuring tricks, and swagger, lie, and glose;
They rarely are the kind of men they'd have you to suppose.

Choose well your mates, and when you wed, deem not the rite a joke,
Pronounce each syllable distinct, nor seek for equivoque;
But let your words and thoughts agree, like honest upright folk.

And when the marriage knot is wreathed, and two become but one,
Let neither give the other cause to wish that knot undone;
For two misjoin'd had better be a cloister'd monk and nun.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

PART II.

Fortuna, sævo læta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
 Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
 Virtute me involvo, probamque
 Pauperiem sine dote quero.

HOR. CARM. Lib. iii. 42.

CLOSET COURT had never looked so odious to Titmouse as it did when, harassed and depressed as I have described him, he approached it about one o'clock, A.M. He flung himself on his bed for a moment directly he had shut his door, intending presently to rise and undress; but sleep having got him prostrate, secured her victory. She waved her black wand over him, and he woke not till eight o'clock in the morning. A second long-drawn sigh was preparing to follow its predecessor, when he heard it strike eight, and sprung off the bed in a fright; for he ought to have been at the shop an hour ago. Dashing a little water into his face, and scarce staying to wipe it off, he ran down stairs, through the court, and along the street, never stopping till he had found his way into—almost the very arms of the dreaded Mr Tag-rag; who, rarely making his appearance till about half-past nine, had, as the deuce would have it, happened to come down an hour and a half earlier than usual, on the only morning out of several hundreds on which Titmouse had been more than ten minutes beyond his time.

"Yours ve-ry respectfully, Mr Titmouse—Thomas Tag-rag!" exclaimed that personage with mock solemnity, bowing formally to his astounded and breathless shopman.

"I—I—beg your pardon, sir; but I wasn't very well, and overslept myself," stammered Titmouse.

"Ne-vermind, Mr Titmouse, ne-ver mind—it don't much signify," interrupted Mr Tag-rag, bitterly; "you've just got an hour and a half to take this piece of silk, with my compliments, to Messrs Shuttle and Weaver, in Dirt Street, Spitalfields, and ask them if they ar'n't ashamed to send it to a West-End house like mine, and bring back a better piece instead of it!"

"Very well, sir—but—before my breakfast, sir?"

"Did I say a word about breakfast, sir? You heard my orders, sir; you can attend to them or not, Mr Titmouse, as you please!"

Off trotted Titmouse *instantly*, without his breakfast; and so Tag-rag gained one object he had had in view. Titmouse found this rather trying: a five-mile walk before him, with no inconsiderable load under his arm, having had nothing to eat since the preceding evening, when he had partaken of a delicate repast of thick slices of bread, smeared slightly over with salt butter, and moistened with a most astri-
 tringent decoction of tea-leaves sweetened with brown sugar, and discoloured with sky-blue milk. He had not even a farthing about him wherewith to buy a penny roll! As he went disconsolately along, so many doubts and fears buzzed impetuously about him, that they completely darkened his little soul, and bewildered his small understanding. *Ten Thousand a-Year!*—it was never meant for the like of him. He soon worked himself into a conviction that the whole thing was infinitely too good to be true; the affair was desperate; it had been all moonshine; for some cunning purpose or another, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, had been—ah, here he was within a few yards of their residence, the scene of last night's tragic transactions! As he passed Saffron Hill, he paused, looked up towards the blessed abode—

"Where centred all his hopes and fears," uttered a profound sigh, and passed slowly on towards Smithfield. The words "*Quirk, Gammon, and Snap*," seemed to be written over every shop-window which he passed—their images filled his mind's eye. What could they be at? They had been all very polite and friendly—and of their own

seeking : had he affronted them ? How coldly and proudly they had parted with him over-night ! It was evident that they could stand no nonsense—they were great lawyers ; so he must (if they really would allow him to see them again) eat humble pie cheerfully till he had got all that they had to give him. How he dreaded the coming night ! Perhaps they intended civilly to tell him that they would have nothing more to do with him ;—they would get the estate for themselves, or some one else that would be more manageable ! They had taken care to tell him nothing at all about the nature of his pretensions to this grand fortune. Oh, how crafty they were—they had it all their own way !—But what, after all, had he really done ? The estates were his, if they were really in earnest—his, and no one's else ; and why should he be kept out of them at their will and pleasure ?—Suppose he were to say he would give them all he was entitled to for £20,000 down, in cash ? Oh no ; on second thoughts, that would be only two years' income ! But on the other hand—he dared hardly even propose it to his thoughts—still, suppose it *should* really all turn out true ! Goodness gracious !—that day two months he might be riding about in his carriage in the Parks, and poor devils looking on at him, as he now looked on all those who now rode. There he would be, holding up his head with the best of them, instead of slaving about as he was that moment, carrying about that cursed bundle—ough ! how he shrunk as he changed its position, to relieve his aching right arm ! Why was his mouth to be stopped—why might he not tell his shopmates ? What would he not give for the luxury of telling it to the odious Tag-rag ? If he *were* to do so, Mr Tag-rag, he was sure, would ask him to dinner the very next Sunday, at his country house at Clapham. Thoughts such as these so occupied his mind, that he did not for a long while observe that he was walking at a rapid rate towards the Mile-end road, having left Whitechapel church nearly half a mile behind him ! The possible master of £10,000 a-year felt fit to drop with fatigue, and sudden apprehension of the storm he should have to encounter when he first saw Mr Tag-rag after so long an absence. He was detained for a cruel length of time at Messrs Shuttle and

Weaver's, who not having the required quantity of silk at that moment on their premises, had some difficulty in obtaining it, after having sent for it to one or two neighbouring manufactories ; by which means it came to pass that it was two o'clock before Titmouse, completely exhausted and dispirited, and reeking with perspiration, had reached Dowlas and Company's. The gentlemen of the shop had finished their dinners.

"Go up stairs and get your dinner, sir!" exclaimed Tag-rag imperiously, after having received Messrs Shuttle and Weaver's message.

Titmouse went up stairs hungry enough, and found himself the sole occupant of the long close-smelling room in which his companions had been dining. His dinner was presently brought to him by a slatternly servant-girl. It was in an uncovered basin, which appeared to contain nothing but the leavings of his companions—a savoury intermixture of cold potatoes, broken meat, (chiefly bits of fat and gristle,) a little hot water having been thrown over it to make it appear warm and fresh—(faugh !) His plate (with a small pinch of salt upon it) had not been cleaned after its recent use, but evidently only hastily smeared over with a greasy towel, as also seemed his knife and fork, which, in their disgusting state, he was fain to put up with, the table-cloth on which he might have wiped them having been removed. A hunch of bread that seemed to have been tossing about in the pan for days, and half-a-pint of flat-looking and sour-smelling table-beer, completed the fare set before him ; opposite which he sate for some minutes, too much occupied with his reflections to commence his repast. He was in the act of scooping out of the basin some of its inviting contents, when—"Titmouse!" exclaimed the voice of one of his shopmates, peering in at him through the half-opened door, "Mr Tag-rag wants you! He says you've had plenty of time to finish your dinner!"

"Oh, tell him, then, I'm only just beginning my dinner—eugh! such as it is," replied Titmouse, masticating the first mouthful with an appearance of no *particular* relish,—for to the like of it he had never before sate down since he had been in the honoured house he was then serving.

In a few minutes' time Mr Tag-rag

himself entered the room, stuttering—"How much longer, sir, is it your pleasure to spend over your dinner, eh?"

"Not another moment, sir," answered Titmouse, looking with ill-concealed disgust at the savoury victuals before him; "if you'll only allow me a few minutes to go home and buy a penny roll instead of all this"—

"Ve—ry good, sir! Ve—ry particular—larly good, Mr Titmouse," replied Tag-rag, with ill-subdued fury; "any thing else that I can make a *leetle* memorandum of against the day of your leaving us?"

This hint of twofold terror, *i. e.* of withholding the wretched balance of salary that might be due to him, on the ground of misconduct, and of also giving him a damning character, dispelled the small remains of Titmouse's appetite, and he rose to return to the shop, involuntarily clutching his fist as he brushed close past the tyrant Tag-rag on the stairs, whom he would have been delighted to pitch down head-foremost; and if he had done so, none of his fellow-slaves below, in spite of their present sycophancy towards Tag-rag, would have shown any particular alacrity in picking up their common oppressor. Poor Tittlebat resumed his old situation behind the counter; but how different his present from his former air and manner! With his pen occasionally peeping pertly out of his bushy hair over his right ear, and his yard measure in his hand, no one, till Monday morning, had been more cheerful, smirking, and nimble than Tittlebat Titmouse: Alas, how crestfallen now! None of his companions could make him out, or guess what was in the wind; so they very justly concluded that he had been doing something dreadfully disgraceful, the extent of which was known to Tag-rag and himself alone. Their jeers and banter were giving place to cold distrustful looks, that were much more trying to bear. How he longed to be able to burst upon their astounded minds with the pent-up intelligence that was silently racking and splitting his little bosom! But if he did—the terrible firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—Oh! the very thought of them glued his lips together. But then there was *one* whom he might surely make a confidant—the excellent Huckaback, with whom he had had no opportunity of communicating since Sunday night.

That gentleman was as close a prisoner at the establishment of Diaper and Sarsenet, in Tottenham-court Road, as Titmouse at Messrs Dowlas's, of which said establishment he was as great an ornament as Titmouse of that of Messrs Dowlas. They were about the same height, and equals in puppyism of manners, dress, and appearance; but Titmouse was much the better-looking. With equal conceit in their faces, that of Huckaback, square, and flat, and sallow, had an expression of ineffable impudence, that made a lady shudder, and a gentleman feel a tingling sensation in his right toe. About his small black eyes there was a glimmer of low cunning;—but I have not patience to paint the fellow any farther. When Titmouse left the shop that night, a little after nine, he hurried to his lodgings, to make himself as imposing in his appearance before Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, as his time and means would admit of. Behold, on the table lay a letter from Huckaback. It was written in a flourishing mercantile hand; and here is a copy of it:—

"Dear Tit,

"I hope you are well, which is what I can only middling say in respect of me. Such a row with my governors as I have had to-day! I thought that, as I had been in the House near upon Eighteen Months at L.25 per annum, I might naturally ask for L.30 a-year (which is what my Predecessor had,) when, would you believe it, Mr Sharpeye (who is going to be taken in as a Partner), to whom I named the thing, ris up in rage against me, and I were had up into the counting-house, where both the governors was, and they gave it me in such a way that you never saw nor heard of; but it wasn't all on their own side, as you know me too well to think of. You would have thought I had been a-going to rob the house. They said I was most oudacious, and all that, and ungrateful, and what would I have next? Mr Diaper said 'times was come to such a pitch!! since he was first in the business, for salaries is risen to double, and not half the work done that was, and no gratitude—(cursed old curmudgeon!) He said if I left them just now, I might whistle for a character, except what I would not like; but if he don't mind I'll give him a trick of law about that—which

brings me to what happened to-day with our lawyers, the people at Saffron Hill, whom I thought I would call in on to-day, being near the neighbourhood with some light goods, to see how affairs was getting on, and stir them up a bit"—

This almost took Titmouse's breath away—

—"feeling most *interested* on your account, as you know, dear Tit, I do. I said I wanted to speak to one of the gentlemen on business of wital importance; whereat I was quickly shown into a room where two gents was sitting. Having put down my parcel for a minute on the table, I said I was a very intimate friend of yours, and had called in to see how things went on about the advertisement; whereat you never saw in your life how struck they looked, and stared at one another in speechless silence, till they said to me, what concerned me about the business? or something of that nature, but in such a way that ris a rage in me directly, all for your sake (for I did not like the looks of things); and says I, I said, we would let them know we were not to be *gammoned*; whereat up rose the youngest of the two, and ringing the bell, he says to a tight-laced young gentleman with a pen behind his ear, 'Show him to the door,' which I was at once; but, in doing so, let out a little of my mind to them. They're no better than they should be, you see if they are; but when we Trick the property, we'll show them who is their masters, which consoles me. Good-bye, keep your sperrits up, and I will call and tell you more about it on Sunday. So farewell (I write this at Mr Sharpeye's desk, who is coming down from dinner directly). Your true friend,

"R. HUCKABACK.

"P.S.—Met a young Jew last night with a lot of prime cigars, and (knowing he *must* have stole them, they looked so good at the price) I bought one shilling's worth for me, and two shillings' worth for you, your salary being higher, and to say nothing of your chances."

All that part of the foregoing letter which related to its amiable writer's interview with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, Titmouse read in a kind of spasm—he could not draw a breath, and felt a choking sensation coming over him. After a

while, "I may spare myself," thought he, "the trouble of rigging out—Huckaback has done my business for me with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—mine will only be a walk in vain!"—After what had occurred last night between him and them!!—and so urgently as he had been enjoined to keep the matter to himself! Of course Huckaback would seem to have been sent by him; seeing he appeared to have assumed the hectoring tone which Titmouse had tried so vainly over-night, and now so bitterly repented of; and he had no doubt grossly insulted the arbiters of Titmouse's destiny, (for he knew Huckaback's impudence,)—he had even said that he (Titmouse) would not be *GAMMONED* by them. But time was pressing: with a beating heart he scrambled into a change of clothes—bottling up his wrath against the unconscious Huckaback till he should see that worthy. In a miserable state of mind he set off soon after for Saffron Hill at a quick pace, which soon became a trot, and often sharpened into a downright run. He saw, heard, and thought of nothing, as he hurried along Oxford Street and Holborn, but Quirk, Gammon, Snap, and Huckaback, and the reception which the latter had secured for him—if, indeed, he was to be received at all. The magical words, *Ten Thousand a-Year*, had not disappeared from the field of his troubled vision; but how faintly and dimly they shone!—like the Pleiades coldly glistening through intervening mists far off—oh! at what a stupendous, immeasurable, and hopeless distance! Imagine those stars gazed at by the anguished and despairing eyes of the bereaved lover, madly believing one of them to contain HER who has just departed from his arms, and from this world, and you may form a notion of the agonizing feelings—the absorbed contemplation of one dear, dazzling, but distant object, experienced on this occasion by Mr Titmouse. No, no; I don't mean seriously to pretend that so grand a thought as this *could* be entertained by his little optics intellectual; you might as well suppose the tiny eye of a black beetle to be scanning the vague, fanciful, and mysterious figure and proportions of Orion, or a chimpanzee to be perusing and pondering over the immortal *Principia*. I repeat, that I have no

desire of the sort, and am determined not again foolishly to attempt fine writing, which I now perceive to be entirely out of my line. In language more befitting me and my subject, I may be allowed to say that there is no getting a quart into a pint pot; that Titmouse's mind was a half-pint—and it was brimful. All the while that I have him going on thus, however, Titmouse was hurrying down Holborn at a rattling rate. When at length he had reached Saffron Hill, he was in a bath of perspiration. His face was quite red; he breathed hard; his heart beat violently; he had got a stitch in his side; and he could not get his gloves on his hot and swollen hands. He stood for a moment with his hat off, wiping his reeking forehead, and endeavouring to recover himself a little, before entering the dreaded presence to which he had been hastening. He even fancied, for a moment, that his eyes gave out sparks of light! While thus pausing, St Andrew's Church struck ten, half electrifying Titmouse, who bolted up the hill, and was soon standing opposite the door. How the sight of it smote him, as it reminded him of the way in which, on the preceding night, he had bounded out of it! But that could not now be helped; so ring went the bell, as softly, however, as he could; for he recollected that it was a very loud bell, and he did not wish to offend. He waited some time, and nobody answered. He waited for nearly two minutes, and trembled, assailed by a thousand vague fears. He might not, however, have rung loudly enough—so—again, a little louder, did he venture to ring. Again he waited. There seemed something threatening in the great brass plate on the door, out of which “QUIRK, GAMMON, AND SNAP” appeared to look at him ominously. While he thought of it, by the way, there was something very serious and stern in all their faces—he wondered that he had not noticed it before. What a drunken beast he had been to go on in their presence as he had!—thought he; then Huckaback's image flitted across his disturbed fancy—“Ah!” thought he—“that's the thing! That's it, depend upon it; this door will never be opened to me again—he's done for me!” He breathed faster, clenched his fist, and involuntarily raised it in a menacing way, when he heard himself addressed—“Oh! dear me,

sir, I *hope* I haven't kept you waiting,” said the old woman whom he had before seen, fumbling in her pocket for the door-key. She had been evidently out shopping, having a plate in her left hand, over which her apron was thrown. “Hope you've not been ringing long, sir!”

“Oh, dear! no, ma'am,” replied Titmouse with anxious civility, and a truly miserable smile—“Afraid I may have kept *them* waiting,” he added, almost dreading to hear the answer.

“Oh no, sir, not at all—they've all been gone since a little after nine; but there's a letter I was to give you!” She opened the door; Titmouse nearly dropping. “I'll get it for you, sir—let me see, where did I put it?—Oh, in the clerk's room, I think.” Titmouse followed her in. “Dear me—where can it be?” she continued, peering about, and then snuffing the long wick of the candle which she had left burning for the last quarter of an hour, during her absence. “I *hope* none of the clerks has put it away in mistake! Well, it isn't here, any how.”

“Perhaps, ma'am, it's in their *own* room”—suggested Titmouse, in a faint tone.

“Oh, pr'aps it is!” she replied. “We'll go and see”—and she led the way, followed closely by Titmouse, who caught his breath as he passed the green-baize door. Yes, there was the room—the scene of last night was transacted there, and came crowding over his recollection;—there was the green-shaded candlestick—the table covered with papers—an arm-chair near it, in which, probably, Mr Quirk had been sitting only an hour before to write the letter they were now in quest of, and which might be to forbid him their presence for ever! How dreary and deserted the room looked, thought he, as he peered about it in search of the dreaded letter!

“Oh, here it is!—well, I never!—who could have put it here, now? I'm sure I didn't. Let me see—it was, no doubt,” said the old woman, holding the letter in one hand, and putting the other to her head—

“Never mind, ma'am,” said Titmouse, stretching his hand towards her,—“now we've got it, it don't much signify.” She gave it to him. “Seem particularly anxious for me to get it—did they?” he enquired, with a strong effort to appear unconcerned—the dreaded letter quite quivering in his fingers.

"No, sir—Mr Quirk only said I was to give it you when you called. B'lieve they sent it to you, but the clerk said he couldn't find your place out; by the way, (excuse me, sir,) but your's *is* a funny name! How I heard 'em laughing at it, to be sure! What makes people give such queer names? Would you like to read it here, sir?—you're welcome."

"No, thank you, madam—it's of not the *least* consequence," he replied, with a desperate air; and tossing it with attempted carelessness into his hat, which he put on his head, he very civilly wished her good-night, and departed—very nearly inclined to sickness, or faintness, or something of the sort, which the fresh air might perhaps dispel. He quickly espied a lamp at a corner, which promised to afford him an uninterrupted opportunity of inspecting his letter. He took it out of his hat. It was addressed—simply, "Mr Titmouse, *Cocking Court, Oxford Street,*" (which accounted, perhaps, for the clerk's having been unable to find it;) and having been opened with trembling eagerness, thus it read:—

"Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap present their compliments to Mr Titmouse, and are anxious to save him the trouble of his intended visit this evening.

"They exceedingly regret that obstacles (which it is to be hoped, however, may not prove *ultimately* insurmountable) exist in the way of their prosecuting their intended enquiries on behalf of Mr Titmouse.

"Since their last night's interview with him, circumstances which they could not have foreseen, and over which they have no control, have occurred, which render it unnecessary for Mr T. to give himself any more anxiety in the affair—at least, not until he shall have heard from Messrs Q. G. and S.

"If any thing of importance *should* hereafter transpire, it is not improbable that Mr T. may hear from them.

"They were favoured, this afternoon, with a visit from Mr T.'s friend—Mr Hucklebottom."

"Saffron Hill, *Wednesday Evening,*
12th July 182—."

When poor Titmouse had finished reading over this vague, frigid, and disheartening note a second time, a convulsive sob or two pierced his bo-

som, indicative of its being indeed swollen with sorrow; and at length, overcome by his feelings, he cried bitterly—not checked even by the occasional exclamations of one or two passers-by. He could not at all control himself. He felt as if he could have almost relieved himself, by banging his head against the wall! A tumultuous feeling of mingled grief and despair prevented his thoughts, for a long while, from setting on any one idea or object. At length, when the violence of the storm had somewhat abated, on concluding a third perusal of the death-warrant to all his hopes, which he held in his hand, his eye lit upon the strange word which was intended to describe his friend Huckaback; and it instantly changed both the kind of his feelings, and the direction in which they had been rushing. Grief became rage; and the stream foamed in quite a new direction—namely, towards Huckaback. That fellow he considered to be the sole cause of the direful disaster which had befallen him. He utterly lost sight of one circumstance, that one should have thought might have occurred to his thoughts at such a time—viz. his own offensive and insolent behaviour over-night, to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. But so it was:—yes, upon the devoted (but unconscious) head of Huckaback, was to descend the lightning rage of Tittlebat Titmouse. The fire that was thus quickly kindled within, soon dried up the source of his tears. He crammed the letter into his pocket, and started off at once in the direction of Leicester Square, breathing rage at every step—*viresque acquires cundo*. His hands kept convulsively clenching together as he pelted along. Hotter and hotter became his rage as he neared the residence of Huckaback. When he had reached it, he sprang up stairs; knocked at his *quondam* friend's door; and on the instant of its being—doubtless somewhat surprisedly—opened by Huckaback, who was undressing, Titmouse sprang towards him, let fly a goodly number of violent blows upon his face and breast—and down fell Huckaback upon the bed behind him, insensible, and bleeding profusely from his nose.

"There! there!"—gasped Titmouse, breathless and exhausted, discharging a volley of oaths and opprobrious epithets at the victim of his

fury. "Do it again! You will, won't you! *You'll go*—and meddle again in other people's—you—cu-cu-cursed officious"—But his rage was spent—the paroxysm was over; the silent and bleeding figure of Huckaback was before his eyes; and he gazed at him, terror-stricken. What had he done! He sunk down on the bed beside Huckaback—then started up, wringing his hands, and staring at him in an ecstasy of remorse and fright. It was rather singular that the noise of such an assault should have roused no one to enquire into it; but so it was. Frightened almost out of his bewildered senses, he closed and bolted the door; and addressed himself, as well as he was able, to the recovery of Huckaback. Propping him up, and splashing cold water in his face, Titmouse at length discovered symptoms of revival, which he anxiously endeavoured to accelerate, by putting to the lips of the slowly-awakening victim of his violence some cold water, in a tea-cup. He swallowed a little; and soon afterwards, opening his eyes, stared on Titmouse with a dull eye and bewildered air.

"What's been the matter?" at length he faintly enquired.

"Oh, Hucky! so glad to hear you speak again. It's I—I—Titty! I did it! Strike me, Hucky, as soon as you're well enough! Do—kick me—any thing you choose! I won't hinder you!" cried Titmouse, sinking on his knees, and clasping his hands together, as he perceived Huckaback rapidly reviving.

"Why—what is the matter?" repeated that gentleman, with a wondering air, raising his hand to his nose, from which the blood was still trickling. The fact is, that he had lost his senses, not so much from the violence of the injuries he had received, as of the suddenness with which they had been inflicted.

"I did it all—yes, I did!" continued Titmouse, gazing on him with a look of agony and remorse.

"Why—I can't be awake—I can't!" said Huckaback, rubbing his eyes, and then staring at his stained shirt-front and hands.

"Oh, yes, you are—you are!" groaned Titmouse; "and I'm going mad as fast as I can! Do what you like to me! Lick me if you please! Call in a constable! Send me to gaol! Say I came to rob you—any

thing—I don't care what becomes of me!"

"Why—what *does* all this jabber mean, Titmouse?" enquired Huckaback sternly, apparently meditating reprisals.

"Oh, yes, I see! Now you *are* going to give it me! I won't stir. So hit away, Hucky."

"Why—are you mad?" enquired Huckaback, grasping him by the collar rather roughly.

"Yes, quite! Mad!—ruined!—gone to the devil all at once!"

"And what if you are? What did it matter to *me*? What brought you to me, here?" continued Huckaback, in a tone of increasing vehemence. "What have I done to offend you? How *dare* you come *here*? And at this time of night, too? Eh?"

"What, indeed! Oh lud, oh lud, oh lud! Kick me, I say—strike me! You'll do me good, and bring me to my senses. *Me* to do all this to you! And we've been such precious good friends always. I'm a brute, Hucky—I've been mad, stark mad, Hucky—and that's all I can say."

Huckaback stared at him more and more; and began at length to suspect how matters stood—namely, that the Sunday's incident had turned Titmouse's head—he having also, no doubt, heard some desperate bad news during the day, smashing all his hopes. A mixture of emotions kept him silent. Astonishment—apprehension—doubt—pride—pique—resentment. He had been *struck*—his blood had been drawn—by the man there before him on his knees, formerly his friend, now, he supposed, a madman.

"Why, curse me, Titmouse, if I can make up my mind what to do to you!" he exclaimed. "I—I suppose you're going mad, or gone mad, and I must forgive you. But get away with you—out with you, or—or—I'll call in!"

"Forgive me—forgive me, dear Hucky! Don't send me away—I shall go and drown myself if you do."

"What the d—l do I care if you do? You'd much better have gone and done it before you came here. Nay, be off and do it now, instead of blubbing here in this way."

"Go on! Hit away—it's doing me good—the worse the better!" sobbed Titmouse.

"Come, come—none of this noise here. I'm tired of it."

"But, pray, don't send me away from you. I shall go straight to the devil if you do. I've no friend but you, Huck. Yet I've been such a villain to you!—But it quite put the devil into me, when all of a sudden I found it was *you*."

"Me!—Why what *are* you after?" interrupted Huckaback, with an air of angry wonder.

"Oh dear, dear!" groaned Titmouse; "if I've been a brute to you, which is quite true, you've been the ruin of me clean! I'm clean done for, Huck. Cleaned out! You've done my business for me; knocked it all in the head. I sha'n't never hear any more of it—they've said as much in their letter—they say that you've called"—

Huckaback now began to have a glimmering notion of his having been, in some considerable degree, connected with the mischief of the day—an unconscious agent in it. He audibly drew in his breath, as it were, as he more and more distinctly recollected his visit to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and adverted more particularly to his *threats*, uttered, too, in Titmouse's name, and as if by his authority. Whew! here was a kettle of fish.

Now strange and unaccountable as, at first thought, it may appear, the very circumstance which one would have thought calculated to assuage his resentment against Titmouse—namely, that he had really *injured* Titmouse most seriously, (if not indeed irreparably,) and so *provoked* the drubbing which had just been administered to him—had quite the contrary effect. Paradoxical as it may seem, matter of clear mitigation was at once converted into matter of aggravation. Were the feelings which Huckaback then experienced akin to that which often produces hatred of a person whom one has injured? May it be thus accounted for? That there is a secret satisfaction in the mere consciousness of being a sufferer—a martyr—and that, too, in the presence of a person whom one perceives to be aware that he has wantonly injured; that one's bruised spirit is soothed by the sight of his remorse—by the consciousness that he is punishing himself infinitely more severely than *we* could punish him; and of the claim one has obtained to the *sympathy* of every body who sees, or may hear of one's sufferings,

(that rich and grateful balm to injured feeling.) But when, as in the case of Huckaback, feelings of this description (in a coarse and small way, to be sure, according to his kind) were suddenly encountered by a consciousness of his having *deserved* his sufferings; when the martyr felt himself quickly sinking into the culprit and offender; when, I say, Huckaback felt an involuntary consciousness that the gross indignities which Titmouse had just inflicted on him, had been justified by the provocation—nay, far less than his mischievous and impudent interference had deserved;—and when feelings of this sort, moreover, were sharpened by a certain tingling sense of physical pain from the blows which he had received—the result was, that the sleeping lion of Huckaback's courage was very near awakening.

"*I've half a mind, Titmouse*"—said Huckaback, knitting his brows, and appearing inclined to raise his arm. There was an ominous pause for a moment or two, during which Titmouse's feelings also underwent a slight alteration. His allusion to Huckaback's ruinous insult to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, unconsciously converted his remorse into rage, which it rather perhaps reawakened. He rose from his knees. "Ah!" said he, in quite an altered tone, "you *may* look fierce! you may!—you'd better strike me, Huckaback—do! Finish the mischief you've begun this day! Hit away—you're quite safe,"—and he secretly prepared himself for the mischief which—did not come.

[I think you will very rarely find an impudent man to be a courageous one;—and Huckaback had certainly considerable pretensions to the *former* character.]

"You *have* ruined me! you have, Huckaback!" continued Titmouse, with increasing vehemence; "and I shall be cutting my throat—nay," striking his fist on the table, "I will!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Huckaback, apprehensively. "No, Titmouse, don't—don't think of it; it will all come right yet, depend on't; you see if it don't!"

"Oh, no! it's all done for—it's all up with me!"

"But what's been done?—let us hear," said Huckaback, as he passed a wet towel to and fro over his ensanguined features. It was by this time

clear that the storm which had for some time given out only a few faint fitful flashes or flickerings in the distance, had passed away. Titmouse, with many grievous sighs, took out the letter which had produced the paroxysms we have been describing, and read it aloud. "And only see how they've spelled your name, Huckaback—look!" he added, handing his friend the letter.

"How *particular* vulgar!" exclaimed Huckaback, with a contemptuous air, which, overspreading his features, half-closed as was his left eye, and swollen as was his cheek and nose, would have made him a queer object to one who had leisure to observe such matters. "And so this is all they say of *me*," he continued. "How do you come to know that I've been doing you a mischief? All I did was just to look in, as respectful as possible, to ask how you was, and they very civilly told me you was very well, and we parted"—

"Nay, and that's a lie, Huckaback, and you know it!" interrupted Titmouse.

"It's true, so help me ——!" vehemently asseverated Huckaback.

"Why, perhaps you'll deny that you wrote and told me all you said," interrupted Titmouse, indignantly, feeling in his pocket for Huckaback's letter, which that worthy had at the moment quite forgotten having sent, and certainly seemed rather nonplussed on being reminded of.

"Oh—ay, if you mean *that*—hem!"—he stammered.

"Come, you know you're a liar, Huck—but it's no good now; liar or no liar, it's all over."

"The pot and kettle, anyhow, Tit, as far as that goes—but let's spell over this letter; we haven't studied it yet; I'm a hand, rather, at getting at what's said in a letter!—Come"—and they drew their chairs together, Huckaback reading over the letter, slowly, alone; Titmouse's eyes travelling incessantly from his friend's countenance to the letter, and so back again, to gather what might be the effect of its perusal.

"There's a glimpse of daylight yet, Titty!" said Huckaback, as he concluded reading it.

"Now! Is there really? Do tell me, Hueky"—

"Why, first and foremost, how uncommon polite they are, (except that

they haven't manners enough to spell my name right)"——

"Really—and so they are!" exclaimed Titmouse, rather elatedly.

"And then, you see, there's another thing—if they'd meant to give the thing the go-by altogether, what could have been easier than to have said so?—but they haven't said any thing of the sort, so they don't mean to give it all up."

"Lord, Huck! what would I give for such a head as yours! What you say is quite true," said Titmouse, still more cheerfully.

"To be sure, they do say there's an *obstacle*—an obstacle, you see—nay, its obstacles, which is several, and that"—Titmouse's face fell.

"But they say again, that it's—it's—curse their big words—they say it's—to be got over in time."

"Well—that's something, isn't it?"

"To be sure it is; and an't any thing better than nothing? But then, again, here's a stone in the other pocket—they say there's a *circumstance*!—Don't you hate circumstances, Titty?—I do."

"So do I!—What does it mean? I've often heard—isn't it a *thing*? And that may be any thing."

"There's a great dif—hem! And they go on to say it's happened since you was there"—

"Curse me, then, if that don't mean *you*, Huckaback!" interrupted Titmouse, with returning anger.

"No, that can't be it; they said they'd no control over the circumstance;—now they *had* over me; for they ordered me to the door, and I went; an't that so, Titty?—Lord, how my eye does smart, to be sure!"

[This was judiciously thrown in at that moment by Huckaback, as a kind of set-off.]

"And don't I smart all over, inside and out, if it come to that?" enquired Titmouse, dolefully.

"There's nothing particular in the rest of the letter—only uncommon civil, and saying if any thing turns up you shall hear."

"I could make that out myself—so there's nothing in that—" said Titmouse, quickly.

"Well—if it *is* all over—what a pity! Such things as we could have done, Titty, if we'd got the thing—eh?"

Titmouse groaned at this glimpse

of the heaven he seemed shut out of for ever.

"Can't you find any thing—nothing at all, comfortable-like, in the letter?" he enquired, with a deep sigh.

Huckaback again took up the letter and spelt it over. "Well," said he, striving to give himself an appearance of thinking, "there's something in it that, after all, I don't seem quite to get to the bottom of—they've seemingly taken a deal of pains with it."

[And undoubtedly it *was* a document that had been pretty well considered by its framers, before being sent out; though, probably, they had hardly anticipated its being so soon afterwards subjected to the scrutiny of the acute intellects which were now engaged upon it.]

"And then, again, you know they're lawyers; and do *they* ever write any thing that hasn't got more in it than any body can find out? These gents that wrote this, they're a trick too keen for the thieves even—and how can *we*—hem!—but I wonder if that fat, old, bald-headed gent, with sharp eyes, was Mr Quirk?"

"To be sure it was," interrupted Titmouse, with a half shudder.

"Was it? Well, then, I'd advise Old Nick to look sharp before he tackles *that* old gent, that's all!"

"Give me Mr Gammon for my money—such an *uncommon* gentlemanlike—he's quite taken to me!"

"Ah, that was he with the black velvet waistcoat and white hands! But *he* can look stern, too, Tit! You should have seen him ring—hem!—But what was I saying about the letter? Don't you see they say they'll be sure to write if any thing turns up?"

"So they do, to be sure! Well—I'd forgot that!" interrupted Titmouse, brightening up.

"Then, isn't there their advertisement in the Flash? They hadn't their eye on any thing when they put it there, I dare say!—They can't get out of that, any how!"

"I begin to feel all of a sweat, Hucky; I'm sure there's something in the wind yet!" said Titmouse, drawing nearer still to his comforter. "And more than that—would they have said half they did to me last night?"

"Eh! hollo, by the way! I've not

heard of what went on last night! So you went to 'em? Well—tell us all that happened—and nothing but the truth, *be sure* you don't; come, Titty!" said Huckaback, snuffing the candle, and then turning eagerly to his companion.

"Well—they'd such a number of queer-looking papers before them, some with old German-text writing, and others with zig-zag marks—and they were so uncommon polite—they all three got up as I went in, and made me bows, one after the other, and said, 'Your's most obediently, Mr Titmouse,' and a great many more such things."

"Well—and then?"

"Why, Hucky, so help me —! and 'pon my soul, that old gent, Mr Quirk, told me"—Titmouse's voice trembled at the recollection—"he says, 'Sir, you're the real owner of Ten Thousand a-year'!"

"La!" ejaculated Huckaback, opening wider and wider his eyes and ears as his friend went on.

"And a title—a *lord*, or something of that sort—and you've a great many country seats; and there's been £10,000 a-year saving up for you ever since you was born—and heaps of interest!"

"Lord, Tit! you take my breath away," gasped Huckaback, his eyes fixed intently on his friend's face.

"Yes; and they said I might marry the most beautifullest woman that ever my eyes saw, for the asking."

"You'll forget poor Bob Huckaback, Tit!" murmured his friend, despondingly.

"Not I!"

"Have you been to Dowlas's to-day, after hearing all this?"

[The thermometer seemed to have been plunged out of hot water into cold—Titmouse was down at zero in a trice.]

"Oh!—that's it! 'Tis all gone again! What a fool I am! We've clean forgot this cursed letter—and that leads me to the end of what took place last night. That cursed shop was what we split on!"

"Split on the shop! eh? What's the meaning of that?" enquired Huckaback, with eager anxiety.

"Why, that's the thing," continued Titmouse, in a faltering tone, and with a depressed look—"That was what I wanted to know myself; for they said I'd better go back!! So I

said, 'Gents' said I, 'I'll be —— if I'll go back to the shop any more;' and I snapped my fingers at them—so! (for you know what a chap I am when my blood's up.) And they all turned gashly pale—they did, upon my life—you never saw any thing like it! And one of them said then, in a humble way, 'Wouldn't I please to go back to the shop, just for a day or two, till things is got to rights a bit.' 'Not a day nor a minute!' says I, in an immense rage. 'We think you'd better, really,' said they. 'Then,' says I, 'if that's your plan, curse me if I won't cut with you all, and I'll employ some one else!' and—would you believe me?—out I went, bang! into the street!"

"You did, Tit!"

"They shouldn't have given me so much brandy and water as they did; I didn't well know what I was about, what with the news and the spirits!"

"And you went into the street?" enquired Huckaback, with a kind of horror.

"I did, indeed."

"They'd given you the spirits to see what kind of chap you'd be if you got the property—only to try you, depend on it!"

"Lord! I—I dare say they did!" exclaimed Titmouse, elevating his head with sudden amazement; totally forgetting that that same brandy and water he had asked for—"and me never to think of it at the time!"

"Now are you quite sure you wasn't in a dream last night, all the while?"

"Oh, dear, I wish I had been—I do, indeed, Hucky!"

"Well—you went into the street—what then?" enquired Huckaback, with a sigh of exhausted attention.

"Why, when I'd got there I was fit to bite my tongue off, as one may suppose; but, just as I was a-turning to go in again, who should come up to me but Mr Gammon, saying, he humbly hoped there was no offence."

"Oh, glorious! So it was all set right again, then—eh?" "Why—I—I can't quite exactly say that much, either—but—when I went back, (being obligated by Mr Gammon being so pressing,) the other two was sitting as pale as death; and though Mr Gammon and me went on our knees to the old gent, it wasn't any use for a long time; and all that he could be got to say was, that perhaps I might look in again to-night—(but they first

made me swear a solemn oath on the Bible never to tell any one any thing about the fortune)—and then—you went, Huckaback, and you did the business; they of course concluding I'd sent you!"

"Bother! that can't be. Don't you see how civilly they speak of me in their letter? They're afraid of me, you may depend on it. By the way, Tit, how much did you promise to come down, if you got the thing?"

"Come down!—I—really—by Jove, I didn't! No—I'm sure I didn't!"—answered Titmouse, as if new light had burst in upon him.

"Why, Tit, I never seed such a goose! That's it, depend upon it—it's the whole thing! That's what they're driving at, in the note!—Why, Tit, where was your wits? D'ye think such gents as them—great lawyers, too—will work for nothing?—You write and tell them you will come down handsome—say a couple of hundreds, besides expenses—Gad! 'twill set you on your pins again, Titty!—Rot me! now I think of it, if I didn't dream last night that you was a Member of Parliament, or something of that sort."

"A Member of Parliament! And so I shall, if all this turns up well."

"You see if my dream don't come true! You see, Titty, I'm *always* a-thinking of you, day and night. Never was two fellows that was such close friends as we was from the beginning."

[They had been acquainted with each other about a year.]

"Hucky, what a cruel scamp I was to behave to you in the way I did—curse me, if I couldn't cry to see your eye bunged up in that way!"

"Pho! dear Titty, I knew you loved me, all the while—and meant no harm; you wasn't yourself when you did it—and besides, I deserved ten times more.—If you had killed me, I should have liked you as much as ever!"

"Give us your hand, Hucky! Let's forgive one another!" cried Titmouse, excitedly: and their hands were quickly locked together.

"If we don't mismanage the thing, we shall be all right yet, Titty; but you won't do any thing without speaking to me first—will you, Titty?"

"The thoughts of it all going right again is enough to set me wild, Hucky!—But what shall we do to set the thing going again?"

"Quarter past one!" quivered the voice of the paralytic watchman beneath, startling the friends out of their exciting colloquy; his warning being at the same time silently seconded by the long-wicked candle, burning within half an inch of its socket. They hastily agreed that Titmouse should immediately write to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, a proper [*i. e.* a most abject] letter, solemnly pledging himself to obey their injunctions in every thing for the future, and offering them a handsome reward for their exertions, if successful.

"Well—good-night, Huck! good-night," said Titmouse, rising. "I'm not the least sleepy—I sha'n't sleep a wink all night long! I shall sit up to write my letter—you haven't got a sheet of paper, here, by the way?—I've used all mine." [That was, he had, some months before, bought a sheet to write a letter, and had so used it.]

Huckaback produced a sheet, somewhat crumpled, from a drawer. "I'd give a hundred if I had them!" said he; "I sha'n't care a straw for the hiding I've got to-night—though I'm a little sore after it, too—and what the deuce am I to say to-morrow to Messrs Diaper" —

"Oh, you can't hardly be at a loss for a lie that'll suit *them*, surely!—So good-night, Hucky—good-night!"

Huckaback wrung his friend's hand, and was in a moment or two alone. "Haven't my fingers been itching all the while to be at the fellow!" exclaimed he, as he shut the door. "But, somehow, I've got too soft a sperrit, and can't bear to hurt any one;—and then—if the chap gets his £10,000 a-year—why—hem! Titty an't such a bad fellow, in the main, after all."

If Titmouse had been many degrees higher in the grade of society, *he would still have met with his Huckaback*;—a trifle more polished, perhaps, but hardly more quicksighted or effective than, in his way, had been the vulgar being he had just quitted!

Titmouse hastened homeward. How it was, he knew not; but the feelings of elation with which he had quitted Huckaback did not last long; they rapidly sunk, in the cold night-air, lower and lower, the farther he got from Leicester Square. He tried to recollect *what it was* that had made him take so very different a view of his affairs from that with which he

had entered Huckaback's room. He had still a vague impression that they were not desperate; that Huckaback had told him so, *and somehow proved it*; but how he now knew not—he could not recollect. As Huckaback had gone on, from time to time, Titmouse's little mind seemed to him to comprehend and appreciate what was said, and to gather encouragement from it; but now—consume it!—he stopped—rubbed his forehead—what the deuce was it? By the time that he had reached his own door, he felt in as deplorable and despairing a humour as ever. He sat down to write his letter at once; but, after many vain efforts to express his meaning—his feelings being not in the least degree relieved by the many oaths he uttered—he at length furiously dashed his pen, point-wise, upon the table, and thereby destroyed the only implement of the sort which he possessed. Then he tore, rather than pulled off, his clothes; blew out his candle with a furious puff! and threw himself on his bed—but in so doing banged the back of his head against the back of the bed—and which suffered most, for some time after, probably Mr Titmouse was best able to tell.

Hath, then—oh, Titmouse! fated to undergo much!—the blind jade Fortune, in her mad vagaries—she, the goddess whom thou hast so long foolishly worshipped—at length cast her sportful eye upon thee, and singled thee out to become the envy of millions of admiring fools, by reason of the pranks she will presently make thee exhibit for her amusement? If this be indeed, as at present it promises, her intent, she truly, to me calmly watching her movements, appears resolved first to wreak her spite upon thee to the uttermost, and make thee pass through intense sufferings! Oh me! Oh me! Alas!

The accident, for such it was, by which Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap became possessed of the important information which put them into motion, as we have seen, to find out by advertisement one yet unknown to them, it will not be necessary, for some time, for me to explain. Theirs was a keen house, truly; and they would not, one may be sure, have lightly committed themselves to their present extent, namely, in inserting such an advertisement in the newspapers, and above all, going so far in their dis-

closures to Titmouse. Their prudence in the latter step, however, was very questionable to themselves, even ; and they immediately afterwards deplored together the precipitation with which Mr Quirk had communicated to Titmouse the nature and extent of his possible good fortune. It was Mr Quirk's own doing, however, and after as much expostulation as the cautious Gammon could venture to use. He, however, had his motive, as well as Mr Gammon. I say they had not *lightly* taken up the affair ; they had not "acted unadvisedly." They were fortified, first, by the opinions of Mr Mortmain, an able and experienced conveyancer ; who thus wound up an abstrusely learned opinion on the voluminous "case" which had been submitted to him :—

" * * Under all these circumstances, I am decidedly of opinion that the well-established rule of law above adverted to, viz., &c., &c. &c., is clearly applicable to the present case ; from which it follows, that the title to the estates in question is at this moment not in their present possessor, but in 1789 passed through Dame Dorothy Dreddlington into the female line, and ultimately vested in Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse—who, however, seems not to have been at all aware of the existence of his rights, or he could hardly have been concerned in the pecuniary arrangements sanctioned at fol. 33 of the case—and his heirs. Probably something may be heard of them by making careful enquiry in the neighbourhood where he was last heard of, and issuing advertisements for his heir-at-law ; care of course being taken not to be so specific in the terms of such advertisements as to attract the notice of A B, (the party, I presume, now in possession.) If such person should, by the means above suggested, be discovered, I advise proceedings to be commenced forthwith, under the advice of some gentleman of experience at the common law bar.

" MOULDY MORTMAIN.

" *Linc. Inn, January 19, 182-.*"

This was sufficiently gratifying to the "House ;" but, to make assurance doubly sure, before embarking in so harassing and expensive an enterprise, the same *case* (of course without Mr Mortmain's opinion) was

laid before a younger conveyancer ; who, having much less business than Mr Mortmain, would, it was thought, "look into the case fully," though receiving only one-third of the fee which had been paid to Mr Mortmain. And Mr Fussy Frankpledge—that was his name—*did* "look into the case fully," and in doing so, turned over two-thirds of his little library, and by note, and verbally, gleaned the opinions upon the subject of some dozen or so of his "learned friends ;" to say nothing of the magnificent air with which he indoctrinated his eager and confiding pupils upon the subject. At length his imp of a clerk bore the precious result of his master's labours to Saffron Hill, in the shape of an "opinion," three times as long as, and indescribably more difficult to understand, than the opinion of Mr Mortmain, and which, if it demonstrated any thing beyond the prodigious *crum* which had been undergone by its writer for the purpose of producing it, demonstrated this—namely, that neither the party indicated by Mr Mortmain, nor the one then actually in possession, had any more right to the estate than the aforesaid Mr Frankpledge ; but that the happy individual so entitled was some third person. Messrs Quirk and Gammon hummed and hawed a good deal on perusing these contradictory opinions of counsel learned in the law ; and the proper result followed—*i. e.* a "CONSULTATION," which was to solder up all the differences between Mr Mortmain and Mr Frankpledge, or at all events strike out some light which might guide their clients on their adventurous way.

Now, Mr Mortmain had been Mr Quirk's conveyancer for about three years ; and Quirk was ready to suffer death in defence of any opinion of Mr Mortmain. Mr Gammon swore by Frankpledge, who was his brother-in-law, and of course a "rising man." Mortmain belonged to the old school—Frankpledge steered by the new lights. The former could point to hundreds of cases in the Law Reports which had been ruled according to his opinion, and some fifty which had been overruled thereby ; the latter, although he had been only five years in practice, had written an opinion which had led to a suit which had ended in a difference of opinion between the Court

of King's-Bench and the Common-Pleas, the credit of having done which was really not a bit tarnished by the decision of a Court of Error, without hearing the other side *against* the opinion of Mr Frankpledge. But —

Mr Frankpledge quoted *so* many cases, and went to the bottom of every thing—and was *so* civil.

Well, the consultation came off, at length, at Mr Mortmain's chambers, at eight o'clock in the evening. A few minutes before that hour, Messrs Quirk and Gammon were to be seen in the clerk's room, in civil conversation with that prim functionary, who explained to them that *he* did all Mr Mortmain's drafting; pupils were *so* idle that Mr Mortmain did not score out much of what he (the aforesaid clerk) had drawn; that he noted up Mr Mortmain's new cases for him in the reports, Mr M. having so little time; and that the other day the Vice Chancellor called on Mr Mortmain, with several other matters of that sort, calculated to enhance the importance of Mr Mortmain, who, as the clerk was asking Mr Gammon, in a good-natured way, how long Mr Frankpledge had been in practice, and where his chambers were, made his appearance, with a cheerful look and a bustling gait, having just walked down from his house in Queen's Square, (somewhere in the wilds of Bedford Square, as Mrs Gore delights to call them, in her West-End pleasantries,) with a comfortable bottle of old port on board. Shortly afterwards, Mr Frankpledge arrived, followed by his little clerk, bending beneath two bags of books, (unconscious bearer of as much law as had wellnigh split thousands of learned heads, broken tens of thousands of hearts, in the making of, being destined to have a similar but far greater effect in the applying of,) and the consultation began.

As Frankpledge entered, he could not help casting a sheep's eye towards a table that glistened with *such* an array of "papers," (a tasteful arrangement of Mr Mortmain's clerk before every consultation;) and down sate the two conveyancers and the two attorneys. I devoutly wish I had time to describe the scene at length; but greater events are pressing upon me. The two conveyancers fenced with one another for some time very guardedly and good-humouredly; pleasant was

it to observe the conscious condescension of Mortmain, the anxious energy and volubility of Frankpledge. When Mr Mortmain said any thing that seemed weighty or pointed, Quirk looked with an elated air, a quick triumphant glance, at Gammon; who, in his turn, whenever Mr Frankpledge quoted an "old case" from Bendloe, Godsbolt, or the Year Books, (which, having always piqued himself in his almost exclusive acquaintance with the modern cases, he made a point of doing,) gazed at Quirk with a smile of placid superiority. Mr Frankpledge talked almost the whole time; Mr Mortmain, immovable in the view of the case which he had taken in his "opinion," listened with an attentive, good-natured air, ruminating pleasantly the while upon the quality of the port he had been drinking, (the first of the Bin which he had tasted,) and the decision which the Chancellor might come to on a case brought into court, on his advice, and which had been argued that afternoon. At last Frankpledge unwittingly fell foul of a favourite crotchet of Mortmain's—and at it they went, hammer and tongs, for nearly twenty minutes, (it had nothing whatever to do with the case they were commenting upon.) In the end, Mortmain of course adhered to his points, and Frankpledge entrenched himself in his books; each slightly yielded to the views of the other on immaterial points, (or what could have appeared the use of the consultation?) but did that which both had resolved upon doing from the first, *i. e.* sticking to his original opinion. Both had talked an amazing deal of deep law, which had at least one effect, *viz.*, it fairly drowned both Quirk and Gammon, who as they went home, with not (it must be owned) the clearest perceptions in the world of what had been going on, (though, before going to the consultation, each had really known a good deal about the case,) stood each stoutly by his conveyancer's opinion, each protesting that he had never been once misled—Quirk by Mortmain, or Gammon by Frankpledge—and each resolved to give his man more of the business of the House than he had before. I grieve to add that they parted that night with a trifle less of cordiality than had been their wont. In the morning, however, this little irritation and competition

had passed away; and they agreed, before giving up the case, to take the final opinion of Mr TRESAYLE—the great Mr Tresayle. He was, indeed, a wonderful conveyancer—a perfect miracle of real-property law-learning. He had had such an enormous practice for forty-five years, that for the last ten he had never put his nose out of chambers for pure want of time, and at last of inclination; and had been so conversant with Norman French and law Latin, in the old English letter, that he had almost entirely forgotten how to write the modern English character. His opinions made their appearance in three different kinds of handwriting. First, one that none but he and his old clerk could make out; secondly, one that none but he himself could read; and thirdly, one that neither he, nor his clerk, nor any one on earth could decipher. The use of any one of these styles depended on—the difficulty of the case to be answered. If it were an easy one, the answer was very judiciously put into No. I.; if rather difficult, it, of course, went into No. II.; and if exceedingly difficult, (and also important,) it was very properly thrown into No. III.; being a question that really ought not to have been asked, and did not deserve an answer. The fruit within these uncouth shells, however, was precious. Mr Tresayle's law was supreme over every body's else. It was currently reported that Lord Eldon even (who was himself slightly acquainted with such subjects) reverently deferred to the authority of Mr Tresayle; and would lie winking and knitting his shaggy eyebrows half the night, if he thought that Mr Tresayle's opinion on a case and his own differed. This was the great authority to whom, as in the last resort, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, resolved to appeal. To his chambers they, within a day or two after their consultation at Mr Mortmain's, dispatched their case, with a highly respectable fee, and a special compliment to his clerk, hoping to hear from that awful quarter within two months—which was the earliest average period within which Mr Tresayle's opinions found their way to his patient but anxious clients. It came, at length, with a note from Mr Faithful, his clerk, intimating that they would find him at chambers the next

morning, prepared to explain the opinion to them; having just had it read over to him by Mr Tresayle, for it proved to be in No. II. The opinion occupied about two pages; and the handwriting bore a strong resemblance to Chinese, or Arabic, with a quaint intermixture of the Uncial Greek character—it was impossible to contemplate it without a certain feeling of awe! In vain did old Quirk squint at it, from all corners, for nearly a couple of hours, (having first called in the assistance of a friend of his, an old attorney of upwards of fifty years' standing;) nay—even Mr Gammon, foiled at length, could not for the life of him refrain from a soft curse or two. Neither of them could make any thing of it—(as for Snap, they never showed it to him; it was not within his province.—*i. e.* the Insolvent Debtors' Court, the Old Bailey, the Clerkenwell Sessions, the inferior business of the Common Law Courts, and the worrying of the clerks of the office—a department in which he was perfection itself.)

To their great delight, Mr Tresayle's opinion completely corroborated that of Mr Mortmain, (neither whose nor Mr Frankpledge's had been laid before him.) Nothing could be more terse, perspicuous, and conclusive than the great man's opinion. Mr Quirk was in raptures, and immediately sent out for an engraving of Mr Tresayle, which had lately come out, for which he paid 5s., and ordered it to be framed and hung up in his own room, where already grinned a quaint resemblance, in black profile, of Mr Mortmain. In special good-humour he assured Mr Gammon, (who was plainly somewhat crestfallen about Mr Frankpledge,) that every body must have a beginning; and he (Quirk) had been once only a beginner.

Once fairly on the scent, Messrs Quirk and Gammon soon began, secretly but energetically, to push their enquiries in all directions. They discovered that Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, having spent the chief portion of his blissful days as a cobbler at Whitehaven, had died in London, somewhere about the year 1792 or 1793. At this point they stood for a long while, in spite of two advertisements, to which they had been driven with the greatest reluctance,

for fear of attracting the attention of those most interested in thwarting them. Even that part of the affair had been managed somewhat skilfully. It was a stroke of Gammon's to advertise not for "Heir-at-Law," but "*Next of Kin*," as the reader has seen. The former might have challenged a notice of unfriendly curiosity, which the latter was hardly calculated to attract. At length—at the "third time of asking"—up turned Tittlebat Titmouse, in the way which we have seen. His relationship with Mr Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse was indisputable; in fact, he was that "deceased person's" heir-at-law. The reader may guess the chagrin of Mr Gammon at the appearance, manner, and character of the person whom he fully believed, on first seeing him at Messrs Dowlas's, to be the rightful owner of the fine estates held by one who, as against Titmouse, had no more real title to them than had Mr Tag-rag; and for whom their house was to undertake the very grave responsibility of instituting such proceedings as would be requisite to place Mr Titmouse in the position which they believed him entitled to occupy—having to encounter a hot and desperate opposition at every point, from those who had nine-tenths of the law—to wit, *possession*—on their side, on which they stood as upon a rock; and with immense means for carrying on the war defensive. That Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, did not contemplate undertaking all this, without having calculated upon its proving well worthy their while, was only reasonable. They were going voluntarily to become the means of conferring immense benefits upon one who was a total stranger to them—who had not a penny to expend upon the prosecution of his own rights. Setting aside certain difficulties which collected themselves into two awkward words, MAINTENANCE and CHAMPERTY, and stared them in the face whenever they contemplated any obvious method of securing the just reward of their enterprise and toils—setting aside all this, I say, it might turn out, only after a ruinous expenditure, that the high authorities which had sanctioned their proceedings, in point of law, had expressed their favourable opinions on a state of facts, which, however

plain and compact they looked on paper, could not be properly substantiated, if keenly sifted, and determinedly resisted. All this, too—all their time, labour, and money, to go for nothing—on behalf of a vulgar, selfish, ignorant, presumptuous, ungrateful puppy, like Titmouse. Well indeed, therefore, might Mr Gammon, as we have seen he did, give himself and partners a forty-eight hours' interval between his interview with Titmouse and formal introduction of him to the firm, in which to consider their position and mode of procedure. The taste of his quality which that first interview afforded them all—so far surpassing all that the bitter description of him given to them by Mr Gammon had prepared them for—filled them with inexpressible disgust, and would have induced them to throw up the whole affair—so getting rid both of it and him together. But then, on the other hand, there were certain very great advantages, both of a professional and even directly pecuniary kind, which it would have been madness 'indeed for any office lightly to throw away'. It was really, after all, an unequal struggle between feeling and interest. If they should succeed in unseating the present wrongful possessor of a very splendid property, and putting in his place the rightful owner, by means alone of their own professional ability, perseverance, and heavy pecuniary outlay, (a fearful consideration, truly!) what recompense could be too great for such resplendent services? To say nothing of the *eclat* which it would gain for their office, in the profession and in the world at large, and the substantial and permanent advantages, if, as they ought to be, they were intrusted with the general management of the property by the new and inexperienced and confiding owner—ay, but there was the rub! What a disheartening and disgusting specimen of such new owner had disclosed itself to their anxiously expecting but soon recoiling eyes—always, however, making due allowances for one or two cheering indications, on Mr Titmouse's part, of a certain rapacious and litigious humour, which might pleasantly and profitably occupy their energies for some time to come! Their position and interests had long made them sharp observers; but when did

ever before low and disgusting qualities force themselves into revolting prominence, as his had done, in the very moment of an expected display of the better feelings of human nature—such as enthusiastic gratitude? They had in their time had to deal with some pleasant specimens of humanity, to be sure—but where any more odious and impracticable than Tittlebat Titmouse threatened to prove himself? What hold could they get upon such a character as his? Beneath all his coarseness and weakness, there was a glimmer of low cunning which might, *cæteris paribus*, keep their superior and practised astuteness in full play. These were difficulties, cheerless enough in the contemplation, truly; but, nevertheless, the partners could not bear the idea of escaping from them by throwing up the affair altogether. Then came the question—How were they to manage Titmouse?—how acquire an early and firm hold of him, so as to convert him into a *capital client*? His fears and his interests were obviously the engines with which their experienced hands were to work; and several long and most anxious consultations had Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap had on this important matter. The first great question with them was—To what extent, and when, they should acquaint him with the nature of his expectations?

Gammon was for keeping him comparatively in the dark, till success was within reach; during that interval, (which might be a long one,) by alternately stimulating his hopes and fears; by habituating him to an entire dependence in them; by persuading him of the extent of their exertions and sacrifices on his behalf—they *might* do something; mould him a little into shape fit for their purposes; and persuade him that his affairs must needs go to ruin but in their hands. Something like this was the scheme of the cautious, acute, and placid Gammon. Mr Quirk thought thus:—tell the fellow at once the whole extent of what we can do for him, viz., turn a half-starving linen-draper's shopman into the owner of L.10,000 a-year, and a great store of ready money. This will, in a manner, stun him into submission, and make him at once and for all what we want him to be. He will immediately fall prostrate with

reverent gratitude—looking at us, moreover, as three gods, who at our will can shut him out of heaven. *That's* the way, said Mr Quirk; and Mr Quirk had been forty years in practice—had made the business what it was—still held half of it in his own hands, (two-thirds of the remaining half being Gammon's, and the residue Snap's;) and Gammon, moreover, had a very distinct perception that the funds for carrying on the war would come out of the tolerably well-stored pockets of their senior partner. So, after a long discussion, he openly yielded his opinion to that of Mr Quirk—cherishing, however, a very warm respect for it in his own bosom. As for Snap, that distinguished member of the firm was very little consulted in the matter; which had not yet been brought into that stage where his powerful energies could come into play. He had of course, however, heard a good deal of what was going on; and knew that ere long there would be the copying out and serving of the lord knows how many copies of declarations in ejectment, motions against the casual ejector, and so forth—he was quite up to all those quaint and anomalous proceedings. Well, it was agreed that the communication to Titmouse, on his first interview, of the full extent of his splendid expectations, should depend upon the discretion of Mr Quirk. The reader has seen the unexpected turn which matters took upon that important occasion; and if it proved Quirk's policy to be somewhat inferior in point of discretion and long-sightedness to that of Gammon, still it must be owned that the latter had cause to admire the rapid generalship with which the consequences of Quirk's false move had been retrieved by him—not ill seconded by Snap. What could have been more judicious than his reception of Titmouse, on the occasion of his being led in again by the subtle Gammon?

The next and greatest matter was, how to obtain any hold upon such a person as Titmouse, so as to secure to themselves, in the event of success, the remuneration to which they considered themselves entitled. Was it so perfectly clear that, if he felt disposed to resist it, they could compel him to pay the mere amount of their bill of costs?

Suppose he should turn round upon

them, and have their BILL TAKED—Quirk grunted with fright at the bare thought. Then there was a slapping *quiddam honorarium extra*—undoubtedly for that they must, they feared, trust to the honour and gratitude of Titmouse; and a pretty taste of his quality they had already experienced! Such a disposition as his to have to rely upon for the prompt settlement of a bill of thousands of pounds of costs! and, besides that, to have it to look to for the payment of at least some five thousand pounds *douceur*—nay, and this was not all. Mr Quirk had, as well as Mr Gammon, cast many an anxious eye on the following passages from a certain work entitled *Blackstone's Commentaries* :—

“MAINTENANCE is an officious intermeddling in a suit that no way belongs to one, by ‘maintaining’ or assisting either party with money, or otherwise, to prosecute or defend it.*” It is an offence against public justice, as it keeps alive strife and contention, and perverts the remedial process of the law into an engine of oppression.* * The punishment by common-law is fine and imprisonment, and by statute 32 Hen. VIII. c. 9, a forfeiture of L.10!

“CHAMPERTY—(*campi partitio*)—is a species of maintenance, and punished in the same manner; being a bargain with a plaintiff or defendant ‘*campum partiri*,’ to divide the land, or other matter sued for, between them, if they prevail at law; whereupon the champertor is to carry on the suit at his own expense.* * These pests of civil society, that are perpetually endeavouring to disturb the repose of their neighbours, and officiously interfering in other men’s quarrels, even at the hazard of their own fortunes, were severely animadverted on by the Roman law; and they were punished by the forfeiture of a third part of their goods, and perpetual infamy.”*

These are pleasant passages.

Many were the conversations and consultations which the partners had had with Messrs Mortmain and Frankpledge respectively, upon the interesting question, whether there were any mode of at once securing themselves against the ingratitude of Titmouse, and protecting themselves

against the penalties of the law. It made old Mr Quirk’s bald head even flush all over whenever he thought of their bill being taxed, or contemplated himself the inmate of a prison, (above all, at his advanced time of life,) with mournful leisure to meditate upon the misdeeds that had sent him thither, to which profitable exercise the legislature would have specially stimulated him by a certain *fine* above mentioned. As for Gammon, he knew there *must* be a way of doing the thing somehow or another; for his friend Frankpledge felt infinitely less difficulty in the way than Mortmain, whom he considered a timid and old-fashioned practitioner. The courts, he said, were now setting their faces strongly against the doctrine of Maintenance, as being founded on a bygone state of things, (*cessante ratione cessat et ipsa lex*, was his favourite maxim.) There was no wrong without a remedy, he said; and was there not a *wrong* in the case of a poor man wrongfully deprived of his own? And how could this be *remedied*, if the old law of Maintenance stood like a bugbear in the way of humane and spirited practitioners? Was no one to be able to take up the cause of the oppressed, encouraged by the prospect of an ample recompense? If it was said—let the claimant sue *in forma pauperis*: but then he must swear that he is not worth five pounds; and a man may not be able to take that oath, and yet be unequal to the commencement of a suit requiring the outlay of thousands. Moreover, a pretty prospect it was for such a suitor, (*in forma pauperis*,) if he should happen to be non-suited—to be “put to his election, whether to be whipped or pay the costs.”† Thus reasoned within himself that astute person, Mr Frankpledge; and at length satisfied himself that he had framed an instrument which would “meet the case”—that “would hold water.” I am not very well versed in legal matters; but to the best of my recollection it was something in the nature of a bond, conditioned to pay the sum of ten thousand pounds to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, within two months

* *Blackstone's Commentaries*, Vol. IV. pp. 134–5.

† *Blackstone*, Vol. III. p. 400, where it is stated, however, that “that practice is now disused.”

of Titmouse's being put into possession of the rents and profits. The condition of that bond was, as its framer believed, drawn in a masterly manner; and his draft was lying before Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, on the Wednesday morning, (*i. e.* the day after Titmouse's interview with them,) and had succeeded at length in exciting the approbation of Mr Quirk himself; when—whew!—down came a note from Mr Frankpledge, to the effect that, “since preparing the draft bond,” he had “had reason *slightly* to modify his original opinion,” owing to his “having lit upon a *LATE CASE*,” in which an instrument, precisely similar to the one which he had prepared for his admiring clients, had been held “totally ineffectual and void both at law and in equity.” Isay, Mr Frankpledge's note was to that effect; for so ingeniously had he framed it—so effectually concealed his retreat beneath a little cloud of contradictory authorities, like as the ink-fish, they say, eludeth its pursuers—that his clients cursed the law, not their draftsman; and, moreover, by prudently withholding the *name* of the “late case,” he at all events, for a while, had prevented their observing that it was *senior* to some eight or ten cases which (indefatigable man!) he had culled for them out of the legal garden, and arrayed on the back of his draft. Slightly disconcerted were Messrs Quirk and Gammon, it may be believed, at this new view of the “result of the authorities.” “Mortmain is always right!” said Quirk, looking hard at Gammon; who observed simply that one day Frankpledge would be as old as Mortmain then was—by which time (thought he) I also know where *you* will be, my old friend, if there's any truth in the Scriptures! In this pleasant frame of mind were the partners, when the impudent apparition of Huckaback presented itself, in the manner which has been described. Huckaback's commentary upon the disgusting text of Titmouse over-night, (as a lawyer would say, in analogy to a well-known term, “Coke upon Littleton,”) produced an effect upon their minds which may be guessed at. It was while their minds were under these two soothing influences, *i. e.* of the insolence of Huckaback and the vacillation of Frankpledge, that Mr Gammon had penned the

note to Titmouse, (surely, under the circumstances, one of extraordinary temper and forbearance,) which had occasioned Titmouse the agonies which I have been attempting faintly to describe;—and that Quirk, summoning Snap into the room, had requested him to give orders for denial to Titmouse if he should again make his appearance at the office; which injunction Snap forthwith delivered in the clerk's room, in a tone and manner that were a very model of the imperative mood.

A day or two afterwards, Mr Quirk, (who was a man that stuck like a limpet to a rock to any point which occurred to him,) in poring over that page in the fourth volume of Blackstone's Commentaries, where were to be found the passages which have been already quoted, (and which both Quirk and Gammon had long had off by heart,) as he sate one day at dinner, at home, whither he had taken the volume in question, fancied he had at last hit upon a notable crotchet, which, the more he thought of, the more he was struck with; determining to pay a visit in the morning to Mr Mortmain. The spark of light that had twinkled till it kindled in the tinder of his mind, was struck by his hard head out of the following sentence of the text in question:—

“A man *may*, however, maintain the suit of his near kinsman, servant, or POOR NEIGHBOUR, out of *charity* and *compassion*, with impunity; *otherwise*, the punishment is,” &c. &c.

Now, it seemed to Mr Quirk, that the words which I have placed in italics and small capitals, exactly met the case of poor Tittlebat Titmouse. He stuck to that view of the case, till he *almost* began to think that he really had a kind of a sort of a charity and compassion for poor Tittlebat—kept out of his rights—tyrannized over by a vulgar draper in Oxford Street—where, too, no doubt, he was half-starved.—“It's a great blessing that one's got the means—and the inclination, to save one's poor neighbours”—thought Quirk, as he slowly swallowed another glass of the *wine that maketh glad the heart of man*—and also *softens* it;—for the more he drank, (what else had he to enjoy?—for he had long been a widower,) the more and more pitiful became his mood—the more sensitive was he to compassion—

ate suggestions; and by the time that he had finished the decanter, he was actually in tears. These virtuous feelings brought their own reward, too—for, from time to time, they conjured up the faint image of a bond conditioned for the payment of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!

To change the metaphor a little—by the time that old Quirk had reached his office in the morning, the heated iron had cooled; if his heart had retained any of the maudlin softness of the preceding evening, the following pathetic letter from Titmouse might have made a very deep impression upon it, and fixed him in the benevolent and disinterested mind of the old lawyer, as indeed his “poor neighbour.” The following is an exact copy of it. It had been written by Titmouse, all out of his own head; and with his own hand had he left it, at a late hour on the night before.

“To Messrs Querk, Gamon, and Snape.

“Gents,

“Y^r Esteem’d Favour his now before Me, which *must Say* have Given me Much Concern, seeing I Thought it was All Made up betwixt us That was of Such an *Unpleasant Nature* on Tuesday night (ultimo) w^h I most humbly Own (and Acknowledge) was all alone and *intirely* of My Own Fault, and Not in the Least Your’s which behaved to me, Must say, In the most Respectful and superior manner that was possible to think Of, for I truly Say I never was In the Company of Such Imminent and Superior Gents before In my Life w^h will take my Oath sincerely Of, Gents. Please to consider the Brandy (w^h do think was *Uncommon Stiff*) such a flustrum As I Was In before, to, w^h was Evident to All of Us there then Assemblid and very natral like to be the Case Seeing I have nevir known what Peas of Mind was since I behaved in Such a *Oudacious* way w^h truly was the case I can’t Deny to Such Gents as Yourselfs that were doing me such Good Fortune And Kindness to me as it would Be a Dreadful *sin and shame* (such as Trust I can never be Guilty of) to be (w^h am not) and never Can Be insensible Of, Gents do Consider all this Favourably because of my humble Amends w^h I here Make with the greatest Trouble in my Mind that I

have Had Ever Since, it was all of the Sperrits I Tooke wh made me Go On at such a Rate w^h was always (beg to Assure y^r most resp^e house) the Case Since my birth when I took Sperrits near so little Since I had the Meazles when I was 3 Years Old as I Well Recollect and hope it will be Born in Mind what is Often Said, and I’m Sure Iv’e read it Somewhere Else that People that Is Drunk Always speaks the *Direct Contrarywise* of their True and Real Thoughts. (w^h am Certain never was any Thing Truer in my case) so as I get the Money or What not, do whatever you Like w^h are quite welcome to Do if you please, and No questions Asked, don’t Mind saying by The Way It shall Be As Good as £200 note in The way of your Resp^e House if I Get the Estate of w^h am much in Want of. Mr Gamon (w^h is the most Upright gent that ever I came across in All my Life) will tell you that I Was Quite Cut up when he came After me in that kind Way and told him Then how I loved y^r Respect^e House and would do all In My power to Serve You, which see if I Don’t, I was in Such a rage with that Fellow (He’s only in a *Situation* in Tottenham Ct^h Road) Huckaback which is his true name it was an *oudacious* thing, and have given him such a Precious Good hiding last Night as you never saw when on his Bendid Knees He asked the pardon of your Respectable House, sayg nothing Of Me w^h w^d not allow because I said I would Not Forgive Him because he had not injured me: But you, w^h I wonder at his *Impudence* in Calling on Professional Gents like you, if I get The Estate shall never cease to Think well of you and mean While how full of Trouble I am Often *Thinking Of Death* which is the End of Every Thing And then in that Case who will the Property Go to Seeing I Have never a Brother or Sister Behind me. And Therefore Them That w^d Get it I Feel Sure of w^d Not do So Well by you (if You will Only believe Me) So Gents. This is All at present That I will Make so Bold to trouble you With About my Unhappy Affairs Only to say That am *used* most Intolerably Bad now In The Shop quite Tyrannical And Mr Tag-Rag as Set Them All Against Me and I shall Never Get Another

Situatⁿ for want of a Char^r which he will give me say^s noth^s at Present of the Sort of Victules wh^h give me Now to Eat Since Monday last, For Which am Sure the Devil must have Come In to That Gentleman (Mr Tagrag, he was only himself in a Situation in Holborn once, getts the Business by marry^g the widow wh^h wonder At for he is nothing Particular to Look At.) I am y^{rs}

Humbly to Command Till Death (always Humbly Begging pardon for the bad Conduct wh^h was guilty of when In Liquor Especially On an Empty Stomach, Having Taken Nothing all that Day excepting what I could not Eat,)

Your's most Respy

TITTLBAT TITMOUSE."

P.S. Will Bring That young Man with Tears In his Eyes to Beg y^r pardon Over again If You Like wh^h will Solemnly Swear if Required That he did It all of His *own* Head And that Have given It him For it in the Way That is Written Above And humbly Trust You Will make Me So happy Once more by Writing To Me (if it is only a Line) To say You Have Thought No more of it. T. T. No 9 Closet Ct. Oxford Street. 14-7-182."

This touching epistle, I was saying, might have brought tears into Mr Quirk's eyes, if he had been *used* to the melting mood, which he was not; having never been seen to shed a tear but once—when five-sixths of his little bill of costs (L.196, 15s. 4d.) were taxed off in an action on a Bill of Exchange for L.20. As it was, he tweedled the letter about in his hands for about five minutes, in a musing mood, and then stepped with it into Mr Gammon's room. That gentleman took the letter with an air of curiosity, and read it over; at every sentence (if indeed a sentence there was in it) bursting into soft laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed on concluding it—"a comical gentleman, Mr Titmouse, upon my honour!"

"Funny—isn't it rather?" interposed Mr Quirk, standing with his hands fumbling about in his breeches pockets.

"What a crawling despicable rascal!—ha, ha, ha!"

"Why—I don't quite say that, either," said Quirk, doubtingly—"I—don't exactly look at it in *that* light."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Gammon, leaning back in his chair, and laughing rather heartily, (at least for him.)

"You can't leave off that laugh of yours," said Quirk, a little tartly; "but I must say I don't see any thing in the letter to laugh at so particularly. It is written in a most respectful manner, and shows a proper feeling towards the House."

"Ay! see how he speaks of *me*!" interrupted Gammon, with such a smile.

"And doesn't he speak so of *me*? and all of us?"

"He'll let the House tread on him till he can tread on the House, I dare say."

"But you must own, Mr Gammon, it shows we've licked him into shape a bit—eh?"

"Oh, it's a little vile creeping reptile now, and so it will be to the end of the chapter—of our proceedings; and when we've *done* every thing—really, Mr Quirk! if one *were* apt to lose one's temper, it would be to see such a *thing* as that put into possession of such a fortune."

"That may be, Mr Gammon; but I really—trust—I've—a higher feeling—to right—the injured"—He could get no further.

"Hem!" exclaimed Gammon.

The parties smiled at one another. A touch, or an attempted touch at *disinterestedness*!—and at Quirk's time of life!

"But he's now in a humour for *training*, at all events—isn't he?" exclaimed Quirk—"we've something now to go to work upon—gradually."

"Isn't that a leaf out of *my* book, Mr Quirk? isn't that exactly what?"

"Well, well—what does it signify?" interrupted Quirk, rather petulantly—"I've got a crotchet that'll do for us, yet, about the matter of law, and make all right and tight,—so I'm going to Mortmain."

"I've got a little idea of my own of that sort, Mr Quirk," said Gammon—"I've got an extract from Co-Litt—. I can't imagine how either of them could have missed it, and, as Frankpledge dines with me to day, we shall talk it all over. But, by the way, Mr Quirk, I should say, with all deference, that we'll take no more notice of this fellow till we've got some screw tight enough."

"Why—all that may be very well ; but you see, Gammon, the fellow seems the real heir, after all—and if *he* don't get it, *no one can* ; and if *he* don't—we don't ! eh ?"

"There's a very great deal of force in that observation, Mr Quirk," said Gammon emphatically :—and, tolerably well pleased with one another, they parted. If Quirk might be compared to an old file, Gammon was the *oil* !—so they got on, in the main, very well together. It hardly signifies what was the result of their interviews with their two conveyancers. They met in the morning on ordinary business ; and as each made no allusions whatever to the "crotchet" of the day before, it may be inferred that each had been satisfied by his conveyancer of having found a mare's nest.

"I think, by the way," said Mr Gammon to Mr Quirk, before they parted on the previous evening, "it may be as well, all things considered, to acknowledge the receipt of the fellow's note—eh ?—*Can't* do any harm, you know, and civility costs nothing—hem !"

"The very thing I was thinking of," replied Quirk, as he always did on hearing any suggestion from Mr Gammon. So by that night's post was dispatched (post-paid) the following note to Mr Titmouse :—

"Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of Mr Titmouse's polite letter of last night's date ; and earnestly beg that he will not distress himself about the little incident that occurred at their office on Tuesday night, and which they assure him they have quite forgotten. They made all allowances, however their feelings suffered at the time. They beg Mr T. will give them credit for not losing sight of his interests, to the best of their ability, obstructed as they are, however, by numerous serious difficulties. If they should be in any degree hereafter overcome, he may rest assured of their promptly communicating with him ; and till then they trust Mr T. will not inconvenience himself by calling on, or writing to them.

"Saffron Hill, 15th July, 182—.

"P.S.—Messrs Q. G. and S. regret to hear that any unpleasantness has arisen (Gammon could hardly write for laughing) between Mr Titmouse

and his friend Mr Hicklebagle, who, they assure him, manifested a very warm interest on behalf of Mr T., and conducted himself with the greatest propriety on the occasion of his calling upon Messrs Q. G. and S. They happened at that moment to be engaged in matters of the highest importance ; which will, they trust, explain any appearance of abruptness they might have exhibited towards that gentleman. Perhaps Mr Titmouse will be so obliging as to intimate as much to Mr Hickerbag."

There was an obvious reason for this polite allusion to Huckaback. Gammon thought it very possible that that gentleman might be in Mr Titmouse's confidence, and exercise a powerful influence over him hereafter ; and which influence Messrs Q. G. and S. might find it well worth their while to secure beforehand.

The moment that Titmouse, with breathless haste, had read over this mollifying document, which being directed to his lodgings correctly, he of course did not obtain till about ten o'clock, he hastened to his friend Huckaback. That gentleman (who seemed now virtually recognised by Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap as Titmouse's confidant) shook his head ominously, exclaiming—"Blarney, blarney !" and a bitter sneer settled on his disagreeable features, till he had read down to the postscript ; the perusal of which effected a sudden change in his feelings. He declared, with a great oath, that Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, were "perfect gentlemen," and would "do the right thing, Titmouse might depend upon it ;" an assurance which greatly cheered Titmouse, to whose keen discernment it never once occurred to refer Huckaback's altered tone to the right cause, viz., the lubricating quality of the postscript ; and since Titmouse did not allude to it, no more did Mr Huckaback, although his own double misnomer stuck a little in his throat. So effectual, indeed, had been that most skilful postscript upon the party whom it had been aimed at, that he exerted himself unceasingly to revive Titmouse's confidence in Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap ; and so far succeeded, that Titmouse returned to his lodgings at a late hour, a somewhat happier, if not a *wiser* man than he had left them. By the time, how-

ever, that he had got into bed, having once more spelt over the note in question, he felt as despondent as ever, and thought that Huckaback had not known what he had been talking about. He also adverted to an *apparently* careless allusion by Huckaback to the injuries which had been inflicted upon him by Titmouse on the Wednesday night: and which, by the way, Huckaback determined it should be no fault of his if Titmouse easily forgot! He hardly knew why—but he disliked this particularly.—Whom had he, however, in the world, but Huckaback? In company with him alone, Titmouse felt that his pent-up feelings could discharge themselves. Huckaback had certainly a wonderful knack of keeping up Titmouse's spirits, whatever cause he fancied he might really have for depression. In short, he longed for the Sunday morning—ushering in a day of rest and sympathy. Titmouse would indeed then have to look back upon an agitating and miserable week, what with the dismal upsetting of his hopes, in the manner I have described, and the tyrannical treatment he experienced at Dowlas and Co.'s. Mr Tag-rag began, at length, in some degree, to relax his *active* exertions against Titmouse, simply because of the trouble it gave him to keep them up. He attributed the pallid cheek and depressed manner of Titmouse entirely to the discipline which had been inflicted upon him at the shop, and was gratified at perceiving that all his other young men seemed, especially in his presence, to have imbibed his hatred of Titmouse. What produced in Tag-rag this hatred of Titmouse? Simply what had taken place on the Monday. Mr Tag-rag's dignity and power had been doggedly set at nought by one of his shopmen, who had since refused to make the least submission, or offer any kind of apology. Such conduct struck at the root of subordination in his establishment. Again, there is perhaps nothing in the world so calculated to enrage a petty and vulgar mind to the highest pitch of malignity, as the calm persevering defiance of an inferior, whom it strives to *despise*, while it is only *hating*, which it at the same time feels to be the case. Tag-rag now and then looked towards Titmouse, as he stood behind the counter, as if he could have murdered

him. Titmouse attempted once or twice, during the week, to obtain a situation elsewhere, but in vain. He could expect no character from Tag-rag; and when the 10th of August should have arrived, what was to become of him? These were the kind of thoughts often passing through his mind during the Sunday, which he and Huckaback spent together in unceasing conversation on the one absorbing event of the last week. Titmouse, poor puppy, had dressed himself with just as much care as usual; but as he was giving the finishing touches at his toilet, pumping up grievous sighs every half-minute, the sum of his reflections might be stated in the miserable significance of a quaint saying of Poor Richard's,—“How hard is it to make an empty sack stand upright!”

Although the sun shone as vividly and beautifully as on the preceding Sunday, to Titmouse's saddened eye there seemed a sort of gloom every where. Up and down the Park he and Huckaback walked, towards the close of the afternoon; but Titmouse had not so elastic a strut as before. He felt empty and sinking. Every body seemed to know what a sad pretender he was: and they quitted the magic circle much earlier than had been usual with Titmouse. What with the fatigue of a long day's saunter, the vexation of having had but a hasty, inferior, and unrefreshing meal, which did not deserve the name of dinner, and their unpleasant thoughts, both seemed depressed as they walked along the streets. At length they arrived at the open doors of a gloomy-looking building, into which two or three sad and prim-looking people were entering. After walking a few paces past the door—“D'ye know, Huck,” said Titmouse, stopping, “I've often thought that—that—there's something in *Religion*.”

“To be sure there is, for those that like it—who doubts it? It's all very well in its place, no doubt,” replied Huckaback, with much surprise, which increased, as he felt himself slowly being swayed round towards the building in question. “Well, but what of that?”

“Oh, nothing; but—hem! hem!” replied Titmouse, sinking his voice to a whisper—“a touch of—religion—would not be so much amiss, just now.

I feel—uncommon inclined that way, somehow.”

“Religion’s all very well for them that has much to be thankful for ; but devil take me ! what have either you or me to be”——

“But, Huck—how do you know but we might *get* something to be thankful for, by praying—I’ve often heard of great things ;—Come.”

Huckaback stood for a moment irresolute, twirling about his cane, and looking rather distastefully towards the dingy building. “To be sure,” said he, faintly. Titmouse drew him nearer ; but he suddenly started back. —“No ! oh, ’tis only a meeting-house, Tit ! Curse Dissenters, how I hate ’em ! No—I won’t pray in a meeting-house, let me be bad as I may. Give me a regular-like, respectable church, with a proper steeple, and parson, and prayers, and all that.”

Titmouse secretly acknowledged the force of these observations ; and the intelligent and piously disposed couple, with perhaps a just, but certainly a somewhat sudden regard for orthodoxy, were not long before they had found their way into a church where evening service was being performed. They ascended the gallery stair ; and seeing no reason to be ashamed of being at church, down they both went, with loud clattering steps and a bold air, into the very central seat in the front of the gallery, which happened to be vacant. Titmouse paid a most exemplary attention to what was going on, kneeling,

sitting, and standing with exact propriety, in the proper places ; joining audibly in the responses, and keeping his eyes pretty steadily on the prayer-book, which he found lying there. He even rebuked Huckaback for whispering (during one of the most solemn parts of the service) that “there was a pretty gal in the next pew !”—He thought that the clergyman was an uncommon fine preacher, and said some things that he *must* have meant for him, Titmouse, in particular.

“Curse me, Hucky !” said he heatedly, as soon as they quitted the church, and were fairly in the street —“Curse me if—if—ever I felt so comfortable-like in my mind before, as I do now—I’ll go next Sunday again.”

“Lord, Tit, you don’t really mean—it’s deuced dull.”

“Hang me if I don’t, though ! and if any thing should come of it—if I do but get the estate—(I wonder now, where *Mr Gammon* goes to church. I should like to know !—I’d go there regularly)—But if I *do* get the thing—you see if I don’t.”

“Ah, I don’t know ; it’s not much use praying for money, Tit ; I’ve tried it myself, once or twice, but it didn’t answer.”

“I’ll take my oath you was staring at the gals all the while, Hucky !”

“Ah, Titty !” Huckaback winked his eye, and put the tip of his forefinger to the tip of his nose, and laughed.

ON THE TRUE RELATIONS TO CIVILISATION AND BARBARISM OF THE ROMAN WESTERN EMPIRE.

It would be thought strange indeed, if there should exist a large—a memorable section of history, traversed by many a scholar with various objects, reviewed by many a reader in a spirit of anxious scrutiny, and yet to this hour misunderstood; erroneously appreciated; its tendencies mistaken, and its whole meaning, import, value, not so much inadequately—as falsely, ignorantly, perversely—deciphered. *Primâ facie*, one would pronounce this impossible. Nevertheless it is a truth; and it is a solemn truth; and what gives to it this solemnity is the mysterious meaning, the obscure hint of a still profounder meaning in the background, which begins to dawn upon the eye when first piercing the darkness now resting on the subject. Perhaps no one arc or segment, detached from the total cycle of human records, promises so much beforehand—so much instruction, so much gratification to curiosity, so much splendour, so much depth of interest, as the great period—the systole and diastole, flux and reflux—of the Western Roman Empire. Its parentage was magnificent and Titanic. It was a birth out of the death-struggles of the colossal republic: its foundations were laid by that sublime dictator, “the foremost man of all this world,” who was unquestionably for comprehensive talents the Lucifer, the Protagonist of all antiquity. Its range, the compass of its extent, was appalling to the imagination. Coming last amongst what are called the great monarchies of Prophecy, it was the only one which realized in perfection the idea of a *monarchia*, being (except for Parthia and the great fable of India beyond it) strictly coincident with *ἡ οἰκουμένη*, or the civilized world. Civilisation and this empire were commensurate: they were interchangeable ideas, and co-extensive. Finally, the path of this great Empire, through its arch of progress, synchronised with that of Christianity: the ascending orbit of each was pretty nearly the same, and traversed the same series of generations. These elements, in combination seemed to promise a succession of golden harvests: from the specular station of the

Augustan age, the eye caught glimpses by anticipation of some glorious El Dorado for human hopes. What was the practical result for our historic experience? Answer—A sterile Zaraharah. Prelibations, as of some heavenly vintage, were inhaled by the Virgils of the day looking forward in the spirit of prophetic rapture; whilst in the very sadness of truth, from that age forwards the Roman world drank from stagnant marshes. A Paradise of roses was prefigured: a wilderness of thorns was found.

Even this fact has been missed—even the bare fact has been overlooked; much more the causes, the principles, the philosophy of this fact. The rapid barbarism which closed in behind Cæsar’s chariot wheels, has been hid by the pomp and equipage of the imperial Court. The vast power and domination of the Roman empire, for the three centuries which followed the battle of Actium, have dazzled the historic eye, and have had the usual re-action on the power of vision: a dazzled eye is always left in a condition of darkness. The battle of Actium was followed by the final conquest of Egypt. That conquest rounded and integrated the glorious empire: it was now circular as a shield—orbicular as the disk of a planet: the great Julian arch was now locked into the cohesion of granite by its last key-stone. From that day forward, for three hundred years, there was silence in the world: no muttering was heard: no eye winked beneath the wing. Winds of hostility might still rave at intervals: but it was on the outside of the mighty empire: it was at a dream-like distance; and, like the storms that beat against some monumental castle, “and at the doors and windows seem to call,” they rather irritated and vivified the sense of security than at all disturbed its luxurious lull.

That seemed to all men the consummation of political wisdom—the ultimate object of all strife—the very euthanasia of war. Except on some fabulous frontier, armies seemed gay pageants of the Roman rank rather than necessary bulwarks of the Roman

power: spear and shield were idle trophies of the past: "the trumpet spoke not to the alarmed throng." Hush, ye palpitations of Rome! was the cry of the superb Aurelian,* from his far-off pavilion in the deserts of the Euphrates—Hush, fluttering heart of the eternal city! Fall back into slumber, ye wars, and rumours of wars! Turn upon your couches of down, ye children of Romulus—sink back into your voluptuous repose: We, your almighty armies, have chased into darkness those phantoms that had broken your dreams. We have chased, we have besieged, we have crucified, we have slain. "*Nihil est, Romulei Quirites, quod timere possitis. Ego efficiam ne sit aliqua sollicitudo Romana. Vacate ludis—vacate circensibus. Nos publicæ necessitates teneant: vos occupent voluptates.*"—Did ever Siren warble so dulcet a song to ears already preposessed and medicated with spells of Circean effeminacy?

But in this world all things re-act: and the very extremity of any force is the seed and nucleus of a counter-agency. You might have thought it as easy (in the words of Shakspeare) to

"Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters,"

as to violate the majesty of the imperial eagle, or to ruffle "one dowe that's in his plume." But luxurious ease is the surest harbinger of pain; and the dead lulls of tropical seas are the immediate forerunners of tornadoes. The more absolute was the security obtained by Cæsar for his people, the more inevitable was his own ruin. Scarcely had Aurelian sung his requiem to the agitations of Rome, before a requiem was sung by his assassins to his own warlike spirit. Scarcely had Probus, another Aurelian, proclaimed the eternity of peace, and, by way of attesting his own martial supremacy, had commanded "that the brazen throat of war should cease to roar," when the trumpets of the

four winds proclaimed his own death by murder. Not as any thing extraordinary; for, in fact, violent death—death by assassination—was the regular portal (the *porta Libitina*, or funeral gate,) through which the Cæsars passed out of this world; and to die in their beds was the very rare exception to that stern rule of fate. Not, therefore, as in itself at all noticeable, but because this particular murder of Probus stands scenically contrasted with the great vision of *Peace*, which he fancied as lying in clear revelation before him, permit us, before we proceed with our argument, to rehearse his golden promises. The sabres were already unsheathed, the shirt-sleeves were already pushed up from those murderous hands, which were to lacerate his throat, and to pierce his heart, when he ascended the Pisgah from which he descried the Saturnian ages to succeed:—"Brevi," said he, "*milites non necessarios habebimus. Romanus jam miles erit nullus. Omnia possidebimus. Respublica orbis terrarum, ubique secunda, non arma fabricabit. Boves habebuntur atrato: equus nascetur ad pacem. Nulla erunt bella: nulla captivitas. Ubique pax: ubique Romanæ leges: ubique judices nostri.*" The historian himself, tame and creeping as he is in his ordinary style, warms in sympathy with the Emperor: his diction blazes up into a sudden explosion of prophetic grandeur: and he adopts all the views of Cæsar. "Nonne omnes barbaras nationes subjecerat pedibus?" he demands with lyrical tumult: and then, while confessing the immediate disappointment of his hopes, thus repeats the great elements of the public felicity whenever they should be realised by a Cæsar equally martial for others, but more fortunate for himself:—"Æternos thesauros haberet Romana respublica. Nihil expenderetur a principe; nihil a possessore redderetur. Aureum profecto seculum promittebat. Nulla futura erant castra: nusquam lituus audiendus: arma non erant fabricanda.

* "Of the superb Aurelian:"—The particular occasion was the insurrection in the East, of which the ostensible leaders were the great lieutenants of Palmyra—Odenathus, and his widow, Zenobia. The alarm at Rome was out of all proportion to the danger, and well illustrated the force of the great historian's aphorism—*Omne ignotum pro magifico*. In one sentence of his despatch Aurelian aimed at a contest with the great Julian gasconade of *Veni, vidi, vici*. His words are—*Fugavimus, obsedimus, cruciavimus, occidimus.*"

Populus iste militantium, qui nunc bellis civilibus Rempublicam vexat—"aye! how was that to be absorbed? How would that vast crowd of half-pay *emeriti* employ itself? "*Araret: studiis incumberet: erudiretur artibus: navigaret.*" And he closes his prophetic raptures thus: "*Adde quod nullus occideretur in bello. Dii boni! quid tandem vos offenderet Respublicâ Romanâ, cui talem principem sustulists?*"

Even in his lamentations, it is clear that he mourns as for a blessing delayed—not finally denied. The land of promise still lay, as before, in steady vision below his feet; only that it waited for some happier Augustus, who, in the great lottery of Cæsarian destinies, might happen to draw the rare prize of a prosperous reign not prematurely blighted by the assassin; with whose purple *atourgis* might mingle no *fasciæ* of crape—with whose imperial laurels might entwine no ominous cypress. The hope of a millennial armistice, of an eternal rest for the earth, was not dead: once again only, and for a time, it was sleeping in abeyance and expectation. That blessing, that millennial blessing, it seems, might be the gift of Imperial Rome.

II.—Well: and why not? the reader demands. What have we to say against it? This Cæsar, or that historian, may have carried his views a little too far, or too prematurely; yet, after all, the very enormity of what they promised must be held to argue the enormity of what had been accomplished. To give any plausibility to a scheme of perpetual peace, war must already have become rare, and must have been banished to a prodigious distance. It was no longer the hearths and the altars, home and religious worship, which quaked under the tumults of war. It was the purse which suffered—the exchequer of the state; secondly, the exchequer of each individual; thirdly, and in the end, the interests of agriculture, of commerce, of navigation. This is what the historian indicates, in promising his brother Romans that "*omnia possidebimus*:" by which, perhaps, he did not mean to lay the stress on "*omnia*," as if, in addition to their own property, they were to have that of alien or frontier nations,

but (laying the stress on the word *possidebimus*) meant to say, with regard to property already their own—"We shall no longer hold it as joint-proprietors with the state, and as liable to fluctuating taxation, but shall henceforwards possess it in absolute exclusive property." This is what he indicates in saying—*Boves habebuntur aratro*: that is, the oxen, one and all available for the plough, shall no longer be open to the everlasting claims of the public *frumentarii* for conveying supplies to the frontier armies. This is what he indicates in saying of the individual liable to military service—that he should no longer live to slay or to be slain, for barren bloodshed or violence, but that henceforth "*araret*," or "*navigaret*." All these passages, by pointing the expectations emphatically to benefits of purse exonerated, and industry emancipated, sufficiently argue the class of interests which then suffered by war: that it was the interests of private property, of agricultural improvement, of commercial industry, upon which exclusively fell the evils of a belligerent state under the Roman empire: and there already lies a mighty blessing achieved for social existence—when sleep is made sacred, and thresholds secure; when the temple of human life is safe, and the temple of female honour is hallowed. These great interests, it is admitted, were sheltered under the mighty dome of the Roman empire: that is already an advance made towards the highest civilisation: and this is not shaken because a particular emperor should be extravagant, or a particular historian romantic.

No, certainly: but stop a moment at this point. Civilisation, to the extent of security for life, and the primal rights of man, necessarily grows out of every strong government. And it follows also—that, as this government widens its sphere—as it pushes back its frontiers, *ultra et Garamantas et Indos*, in that proportion will the danger diminish (for in fact the possibility diminishes) of foreign incursions. The sense of permanent security from conquest, or from the inroad of marauders, must of course have been prodigiously increased when the nearest standing enemy of Rome was beyond the Tigris and the Inn—as compared with those times when Carthage, Spain,

Gaul, Macedon, presented a ring-fence of venomous rivals, and when every little nook in the eastern Mediterranean swarmed with pirates. Thus far, inevitably, the Roman police, planting one foot of its golden compasses in the same eternal centre, and with the other describing an arch continually wider, must have banished all idea of public enemies, and have deepened the sense of security beyond calculation. Thus far we have the benefits of police; and those are amongst the earliest blessings of civilisation; and they are one indispensable condition—what in logic is called the *conditio sine qua non*, for all the other blessings. But that, in other words, is a *negative* cause, (a cause which, being absent, the effect is absent; but not the *positive* cause, (or *causa sufficiens*), which, being present, the effect will be present. The security of the Roman empire was the indispensable condition, but not in itself a sufficient cause of those other elements which compose a true civilisation. Rome was the centre of a high police, which radiated to Parthia eastwards, to Britain westwards, but not of a high civilisation.

On the contrary, what we maintain is—that the Roman civilisation was imperfect *ab intra*—imperfect in its central principle; was a piece of watchwork that began to go down—to lose its spring; and was slowly retrograding to a dead stop, from the very moment that it had completed its task of foreign conquest: that it was kept going from the very first by strong reaction and antagonism: that it fell into torpor from the moment when this antagonism ceased to operate: that thenceforwards it oscillated backwards violently to barbarism: that, left to its own principles of civilisation, the Roman empire was barbarizing rapidly from the time of Trajan: that, abstracting from all alien agencies whatever, whether accelerating or retarding, and supposing Western Rome to

have been thrown exclusively upon the resources and elasticity of her own proper civilisation, she was crazy and superannuated by the time of Commodus—must soon have gone to pieces—must have foundered; and, under any possible benefit from favourable accidents co-operating with alien forces, could not, by any great term, have retarded that doom which was written on her drooping energies, prescribed by internal decay, and not at all (as is universally imagined) by external assault.

III.—“Barbarizing rapidly!” the reader murmurs—“Barbarism! Oh yes, I remember the Barbarians broke in upon the Western Empire—the Ostrogoths, Visigoths, Vandals, Burgundians, Huns, Heruli, and swarms beside. These wretches had no taste—no literature, probably very few ideas; and naturally they barbarized and rebarbarized wherever they moved. But surely the writer errs: this influx of barbarism was not in Trajan’s time at the very opening of the second century from Christ, but throughout the fifth century.” No, reader; it is not we who err, but you. These were not the barbarians of Rome. That is the miserable fiction of Italian vanity, always stigmatizing better men than themselves by the name of barbarians; and in fact we all know, that to be an ultramontane is with them to be a barbarian. The horrible charge against the Greeks of old, viz., that *sua tantum mirantur*, a charge implying in its objects the last descent of narrow sensibility and of illiterate bigotry, in modern times has been true only of two nations, and those two are the French and the Italians. But, waiving that topic, we affirm—and it is the purpose of our essay to affirm—that the barbarism of Rome grew out of Rome herself; that these pretended barbarians—Gothic, Vandalish,* Lombard—or by whatever name known to modern history—were in reality the restorers and regenerators of the effete

* “Pretended barbarians, Gothic, Vandalish, &c.”—Had it been true that these transmontane people were as ferocious in manners or appearance as was alleged, it would not therefore have followed that they were barbarous in their modes of thinking and feeling; or, if that also had been true, surely it became the Romans to recollect what very barbarians, both in mind, and manners, and appearance, were some of their own Cæsars. Meantime it appears, that not only Alaric the Goth, but even Attila the Hun, in popular repute the most absolute Ogre of all the Transalpine invaders, turns out in more thoughtful representations to have been a prince of peculiarly mild demeanour, and apparently upright character.

Roman intellect; that, but for them, the indigenous Italian would probably have died out in scrofula, madness, leprosy; that the sixth or seventh century would have seen the utter extinction of these Italian *strutbrugs*; for which opinion, if it were important, we could show cause. But it is much less important to show cause in behalf of this negative proposition—"that the Goths and Vandals were *not* the barbarians of the western empire"—than in behalf of this affirmative proposition, "that the Romans *were*."

We do not wish to overlay the subject, but simply to indicate a few of the many evidences which it is in our power to adduce. We mean to rely, for the present, upon four arguments, as exponents of the barbarous and barbarizing tone of feeling, which, like so much moss or lichens, had gradually overgrown the Roman mind, and by the third century had strangled all healthy vegetation of natural and manly thought. During this third century it was, in its latter half, that most of the Augustan history was probably composed. Laying aside the two Victors, Dion Cassius, Ammianus Marcellinus, and a few more indirect notices of history during this period, there is little other authority for the annals of the Western Empire than this Augustan history; and at all events, this is the chief well-head of that history; hither we must resort for most of the personal biography, and the portraiture of characters connected with that period; and here only we find the regular series of princes—the whole gallery of Cæsars, from Trajan to the immediate predecessor of Dioclesian. The composition of this work has been usually distributed amongst six authors, viz., Spartian, Capitolinus, Lampridius, Volcatius Gallicanus, Trebellius Pollio, and Vopiscus. Their several shares, it is true, have been much disputed to and fro; and other questions have been raised, affecting the very existence of some amongst them. But all this is irrelevant to our present purpose, which applies to the work, but not at all to the writers, excepting in so far as they (by whatever names known) were notoriously and demonstrably persons belonging to that era, trained in Roman habits of thinking, connected with the court, intimate with the great Palatine officers, and therefore presumably men of rank and education. We rely, in so far as we

rely at all upon this work, upon these two among its characteristic features: 1st, Upon the quality and style of its biographic notices; 2dly, Upon the remarkable uncertainty which hangs over all lives a little removed from the personal cognisance or immediate era of the writer. But as respects, not the history, but the subjects of the history, we rely, 3dly, Upon the peculiar traits of feeling which gradually began to disfigure the ideal conception of the Roman Cæsar in the minds of his subjects; 4thly, Without reference to the Augustan history, or to the subjects of that history, we rely generally, for establishing the growing barbarism of Rome, upon the condition of the Roman literature after the period of the first twelve Cæsars.

IV.—First of all, we infer the increasing barbarism of the Roman mind from the quality of the personal notices and portraitures exhibited throughout these biographical records. The whole may be described by one word—*anecdote*. It is impossible to conceive the dignity of history more degraded than by the petty nature of the anecdotes which compose the bulk of the communications about every Cæsar, good or bad, great or little. They are not merely domestic and purely personal, when they ought to have been Cæsarian, Augustan, imperial—*they pursue Cæsar not only to his fireside, but into his bed-chamber, into his bath, into his cabinet, nay, even (sit honor auribus!) into his cabinet d'aisance; not merely into the Palatine closet, but into the Palatine water-closet.* Thus of Helioabalus we are told—"onus ventris auro excepit—minxit myrrhinis et onychinis;" that is, Cæsar's *lasanum* was made of gold, and his *matula* was made of onyx, or of the undetermined *myrrhine* material. And so on, with respect to the dresses of Cæsar;—how many of every kind he wore in a week—of what materials they were made—with what ornaments. So again, with respect to the meals of Cæsar;—what dishes, what condiments, what fruits, what confections prevailed at each course; what wines he preferred; how many glasses (*cyathos*) he usually drank, whether he drank more when he was angry; whether he diluted his wine with water; half-and-half, or how? Did he get drunk often? How many times a-week?

What did he generally do when he was drunk? How many chemises did he allow to his wife? How were they fringed? At what cost per chemise?

In this strain—how truly worthy of the children of Romulus—how becoming to the descendants from Scipio Africanus, from Paulus Æmilius, from the colossal Marius and the godlike Julius—the whole of the Augustan history moves. There is a superb line in Lucan which represents the mighty phantom of Paulus standing at a banquet to reproach or to alarm—

“Et Pauli ingentem stare miraberis umbram!”

What a horror would have seized this Augustan scribbler, this Roman Tims, if he could have seen this “mighty phantom” at his elbow looking over his inanities; and what a horror would have seized the phantom! Once, in the course of his aulic memorabilia, the writer is struck with a sudden glimpse of such an idea; and he reproaches himself for recording such infinite littleness. After reporting some anecdotes, in the usual Augustan style, about an Imperial rebel, as for instance that he had ridden upon ostriches (which he says was the next thing to flying;) that he had eaten a dish of boiled hippopotamus;* and that, having a fancy for tickling the catastrophes of crocodiles, he had anointed himself with crocodile fat, by which means he humbugged the crocodiles, ceasing to be Cæsar, and passing for a crocodile—swimming and playing amongst them; these glorious facts being recorded, he goes on to say—“*Sed hæc scire quid prodest? Cum et Livius et Sallustius taceant res leves de iis quorum vitas scribendas arripuerint. Non enim sciunt quales mulos Clodius habuerit; nec utrum Tusco equo sederit Catilina an Sardo; vel quali chlamyde Pompeius usus fuerit, an purpurâ.*” No: we do not know. Livy would have died “in the high Roman fashion” before he would have degraded himself, by such babble of nurserymaids, or of palace pimps and eaves-droppers.

But it is too evident that babble of

this kind grew up not by any accident, but as a natural growth, and by a sort of physical necessity, from the condition of the Roman mind after it had ceased to be excited by opposition in foreign nations. It was not merely the extinction of republican institutions which operated (that might operate as a co-cause,) but, had these institutions even survived, the unresisted energies of the Roman mind, having no purchase, nothing to push against, would have collapsed. The eagle, of all birds, would be the first to flutter and sink plumb down, if the atmosphere should make no resistance to his wings. The first Roman of note who began this system of anecdotage was Suetonius. In him the poison of the degradation was much diluted, by the strong remembrances, still surviving, of the mighty republic. The glorious sunset was still burning with gold and orange lights in the west. True, the disease had commenced; but the habits of health were still strong for restraint and for conflict with its power. Besides that, Suetonius graces his minutiae, and embalms them in amber, by the exquisite finish of his rhetoric. But his case, coming so early among the Cæsarian annals, is sufficient to show that the growth of such history was a spontaneous growth from the circumstances of the empire, viz. from the total collapse of all public antagonism.

The next literature in which the spirit of anecdotage arose was that of France. From the age of Louis Treize, or perhaps of Henri Quatre, to the Revolution, this species of chamber memoirs—this eaves-dropping biography—prevailed so as to strangle authentic history. The parasitical plant absolutely killed the supporting tree. And one remark we will venture to make on that fact: the French literature would have been killed, and the national mind reduced to the *strulbrug* condition, had it not been for the situation of France amongst other great kingdoms, making her liable to potent reactions from them. The Memoirs of France, that is, the valet-de-chambre's archives

* “Eaten a dish of boiled hippopotamus:”—We once thought that some error might exist in the text—*edisse* for *edidisse*—and that a man exposed a hippopotamus at the games of the amphitheatre; but we are now satisfied that he ate the hippopotamus.

substituted for the statesman's, the ambassador's, the soldier's, the politician's, would have extinguished all other historic composition, as in fact they nearly did, but for the insulation of France amongst nations with more masculine habits of thought. That saved France. Rome had no such advantage; and Rome gave way. The props, the buttresses, of the Roman intellect, were all cankered and honeycombed by this dry-rot in her political energies. One excuse there is: storms yield tragedies for the historian; the dead calms of a universal monarchy leave him little but personal memoranda. In such a case he is nothing, if he is not anecdotal.

V.—Secondly, we infer the barbarism of Rome, and the increasing barbarism, from the inconceivable ignorance which prevailed throughout the Western Empire, as to the most interesting public facts that were not taken down on the spot by a *tachygraphus* or short-hand reporter. Let a few years pass, and every thing was forgotten about every body. Within a few years after the death of Aurelian, though a kind of saint amongst the armies and the populace of Rome, (for to the Senate he was odious,) no person could tell who was the Emperor's mother, or where she lived; though she must have been a woman of station and notoriety in her lifetime, having been a high priestess at some temple unknown. Alexander Severus, a very interesting Cæsar, who recalls to an Englishman the idea of his own Edward the Sixth, both as a prince equally amiable, equally disposed to piety, equally to reforms, and because, like Edward, he was so placed with respect to the succession and position of his reign, between unnatural monsters and bloody exterminators, as to reap all the benefit of contrast and soft relief;—this Alexander was assassinated. That was of

course. But still, though the fact was of course, the motives often varied, and the circumstances varied; and the reader would be glad to know, in Shakspeare's language, "for which of his virtues" it was deemed requisite to murder him; as also, if it would not be too much trouble to the historian, who might be the murderers; and what might be their rank, and their names, and their recompense—whether a halter or a palace. But nothing of all this can be learned. And why? All had been forgotten.* Lethe had sent all her waves over the whole transaction; and the man who wrote within thirty years, found no vestige recoverable of the imperial murder more than you or we, reader, would find at this day, if we should search for fragments of that imperial tent in which the murder happened. Again, with respect to the princes who succeeded immediately to their part of the Augustan history now surviving, princes the most remarkable, and cardinal to the movement of history, viz., Dioclesian and Constantine, many of the weightiest transactions in their lives are washed out as by a sponge. Did Dioclesian hang himself in his garters? or did he die in his bed? Nobody knows. And if Dioclesian hanged himself, why did Dioclesian hang himself? Nobody can guess. Did Constantine, again, marry a second wife?—did this second wife fall in love with her step-son Crispus?—did she, in resentment of his scorn, bear false witness against him to his father?—did his father, in consequence, put him to death? What an awful domestic tragedy!—was it true? Nobody knows. On the one hand, Eusebius does not so much as allude to it; but, on the other hand, Eusebius had his golden reasons for favouring Constantine, and this was a matter to be hushed up rather than blazoned. Tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in Ascalon! Then again, on the one

* "All had been forgotten."—It is true that the Augustan writer, rather than appear to know nothing at all, tells a most idle fable about a *scurra* having intruded into Cæsar's tent, and upon finding the young Emperor awake, had excited his comrades to the murder for fear of being punished for his insolent intrusion. But the whole story is nonsense; a camp legend, or at the best a fable put forward by the real conspirators to mask the truth. The writer did not believe it himself. By the way, a *scurra* does not retain its classical sense of a buffoon in the Augustan History; it means a *σωματοφύλαξ*, or body-guard; but why, is yet undiscovered. Our own belief is—that the word is a Thracian or a Gothic word; the body-guards being derived from those nations.

hand, the tale seems absolutely a leaf torn out of the Hippolytus of Euripides. It is the identical story, only the name is changed; Constantine is Theseus, his new wife is Phædra, Crispus is Hippolytus. So far it seems rank with forgery. Yet again, on the other hand, such a duplicate did *bonâ fide* occur in modern history. Such a domestic tragedy was actually rehearsed, with one unimportant change; such a leaf was positively torn out of Euripides. Philip II. played the part of Theseus, Don Carlos the part of Hippolytus, and the Queen filled the situation (without the *animus*) of Phædra. Again, therefore, one is reduced to blank ignorance, and the world will never know the true history of the Cæsar who first gave an establishment and an earthly throne to Christianity, because history had slept the sleep of death before that Cæsar's time, and because the great muse of history had descended from Parnassus, and was running about Cæsar's palace in the bedgown and slippers of a chambermaid.

Many hundred of similar *lacunæ* we could assign, with regard to facts the

most indispensable to be known; but we must hurry onwards. Meantime, let the reader contrast with this dearth of primary facts in the history of the empire, and their utter extinction after even the lapse of twenty years, the extreme circumstantiality of the republican history, through many centuries back.

VI.—Thirdly, we infer the growing barbarism of Rome, that is, of the Roman people, as well as the Roman armies, from the brutal, bloody, and Tartar style of their festal exultations after victory, and the Moloch sort of character and functions with which they gradually invested their great Sultan, the Cæsar. One of the *ballisteia*, that is, the *ballets* or dances carried through scenes and representative changes, which were performed by the soldiery and by the mobs of Rome upon occasion of any triumphal display, has been preserved, in so far as relates to the words which accompanied the performance; for there was always a verbal accompaniment to the choral parts of the *ballisteia*. These words ran thus:—

“Mille, mille, mille, mille, mille, mille [six times repeated] decollavimus.

Unus homo mille, mille, mille, mille, [four times] decollavit.

Mille mille, mille, vivat annos, qui mille mille occidit.

Tantum vini habet nemo, quantum Cæsar fudit sanguinis.”

And again, a part of a *ballisteion* runs thus:—

“Mille Francos, mille Sarmatas, semel occidimis:

Mille, mille, mille, mille, mille, Persas querimus.”

But, in reality, the national mind was convulsed and revolutionized by many causes; and we may be assured that it must have been so, both as a cause and as an effect, before that mind could have contemplated with steadiness the fearful scene of Turkish murder and bloodshed going on for ever in high places. The palace floors in Rome actually rocked and quaked with assassination: snakes were sleeping for ever beneath the flowers and palms of empire: the throne was built upon coffins: and any Christian who had read the Apocalypse, whenever he looked at the altar consecrated to Cæsar, on which the sacred fire was burning for ever in the Augustan halls, must have seen below them “the souls of those who had been martyred,” and have fancied that he heard them cry-

ing out to the angel of retribution—
“How long? O Lord! how long?”

Gibbon has left us a description, not very powerful, of a case which is all-powerful of itself, and needs no expansion,—the case of a state criminal vainly attempting to escape or to hide himself from Cæsar—from the arm wrapped in clouds, and stretching over kingdoms alike, or oceans, that arrested and drew back the wretch to judgment—from the inevitable eye that slept not nor slumbered, and from which neither Alps interposing, nor immeasurable deserts, nor trackless seas, nor a four months' flight, nor perfect innocence, could screen him. The world—the world of civilisation, was Cæsar's: and he who fled from the wrath of Cæsar, said to himself, of necessity—“if I go down to the

sea, there is Cæsar on the shore ; if I go into the sands of Bilidulgerid, there is Cæsar waiting for me in the desert ; if I take the wings of the morning, and go to the utmost recesses of wild beasts, there is Cæsar before me." All this makes the condition of a criminal under the Western Empire terrific, and the condition even of a subject perilous. But how strange it is, or would be so had Gibbon been a man of more sensibility, that he should have overlooked the converse of the case—viz., the terrific condition of Cæsar, amidst the terror which he caused to others. In fact, both conditions were full of despair. But Cæsar's was the worst, by a great pre-eminence ; for the state criminal could not be made such without his own concurrence ; for one moment, at least, it had been within his choice to be no criminal at all ; and then for him the thunderbolts of Cæsar slept. But Cæsar had rarely any choice as to his own election ; and for him, therefore, the dagger of the assassin never *could* sleep. Other men's houses, other men's bedchambers, were generally asylums ; but for Cæsar, his own palace had not the privileges of a home. His own armies were no guards—his own pavilion, rising in the very centre of his armies sleeping around him, was no sanctuary. In all these places had Cæsar many times been murdered. All these pledges and sanctities—his household gods, the majesty of the empire, the "*sacramentum militare*,"—all had given way, all had yawned beneath his feet.

The imagination of man can frame nothing so awful—the experience of man has witnessed nothing so awful, as the situation and tenure of the Western Cæsar. The danger which threatened him was like the pestilence which walketh in darkness, but which also walketh in the noon-day. Morning and evening, summer and winter, brought no change or shadow of turning to this particular evil. In that respect it enjoyed the immunities of God—it was the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. After three centuries it had lost nothing of its virulence ; it was growing worse continually : the heart of man ached under the evil, and the necessity of the evil. Can any man measure the sickening fear which must have possessed the hearts of the ladies and the children compo-

sing the imperial family ? To them the mere terror, entailed like an inheritance of leprosy upon their family above all others, must have made it a woe like one of the evils in the Revelations—such in its infliction—such in its inevitability. It was what Pagan language denominated "a *sacred* danger ;" a danger charmed and consecrated against human alleviation.

At length, but not until about 320 years of murder had elapsed from the inaugural murder of the great imperial founder, Dioclesian rose, and as a last resource of despair, said, let us multiply our image, and try if that will discourage our murderers. Like Keshama, entering the eight gates of Padalon at once, and facing himself eight times over, he appointed an assessor for himself ; and each of these co-ordinate Augusti having a subordinate Cæsar, there were in fact four coeval Emperors. Cæsar enjoyed a perpetual *alibi* : like the royal ghost in Hamlet, Cæsar was *hic et ubique*. And unless treason enjoyed the same ubiquity, now, at least, one would have expected that Cæsar might sleep in security. But murder—imperial murder—is a Briareus. There was a curse upon the throne of Western Rome : it rocked like the sea, and for some mysterious reason could not find rest ; and few princes were more memorably afflicted than the immediate successors to this arrangement.

A nation living in the bosom of these funereal convulsions, this endless billowy oscillation of prosperous murder and thrones overturned, could not have been moral ; and therefore could not have reached a high civilisation, had other influences favoured. No causes act so fatally on public morality as convulsions in the state. And against Rome, all other influences combined. It was a period of awful transition. It was a period of tremendous conflict between all false religions in the world, (for thirty thousand gods were worshipped in Rome,) and a religion too pure to be comprehended. That light could not be comprehended by that darkness. And, in strict philosophic truth, Christianity did not reach its mature period, even of infancy, until the days of the Protestant Reformation. In Rome it has always blended with Paganism : it does so to this day. But *then*, *i. e.* up to Dioclesian, (or the period of the

Augustan history,) even that sort of Christianity, even this foul adulteration of Christianity, had no national influence. Even a pure and holy religion, therefore, by arraying demoniac passions on the side of Paganism, contributed to the barbarizing of Western Rome.

VII.—Finally, we infer the barbarism of Rome from the condition of her current literature. Any thing more contemptible than the literature of Western (or indeed of Eastern) Rome after Trajan, it is not possible to conceive. Claudian, and two or three others, about the times of Carinus, are the sole writers in verse through a period of four centuries. Writers in prose there are none after Tacitus and the younger Pliny. Nor in Greek literature is there one man of genius after Plutarch, excepting Lucian. As to Libanius, he would have been “a decent priest where monkeys are the gods;” and he was worthy to fumigate with his leaden censor, and with incense from such dull weeds as root themselves in Lethe, that earthy idol of modern infidels, the shallow, but at the same time stupid Julian. Upon this subject, however, we have two summary observations to make:—*1st*, It is a fatal ignorance in disputing, and has lost many a good cause, not to

perceive on which side rests the *onus* of proof. Here, because on our allegation the proposition to be proved would be negative, the *onus probandi* must lie with our opponents. For we peremptorily affirm, that from Trajan downwards, there was no literature in Rome. To prove a negative is impossible. But any opponent, who takes the affirmative side, and says there *was*, will find it easy to refute us. Only be it remembered, that one swallow does not make a summer. *2dly*, (Which, if true, ought to make all writers on general literature ashamed,) we maintain—that in any one period of sixty years, in any one of those centuries which we call so familiarly the dark ages, (yes, even in the 10th or 11th,) we engage to name more and better books, as the product of the period given, than were produced in the whole 350 years from Trajan to Honorius and Attila. Here, therefore, is at once a great cause, a great effect, and a great exponent of the barbarism which had overshadowed the Western Empire before either Goth or Vandal had gained a settlement in the land. The quality of their history, the tenure of the Cæsars, the total abolition of literature, and the convulsion of public morals,—these were the true key to the Roman decay.

CURSORY COGITATIONS CONCERNING CATS.

How in the world it comes to pass that people—and worthy, good-hearted people, too, in the main—can have a single relative in existence, from the nearest degree mentioned at the end of the Prayer-Book to a Caledonian cousinship forty-nine times removed inclusive, about whom they care no more than they do about the multitudes against whom they jostle in their everyday walks of life—that is to say, towards whom they do not feel their hearts one whit the warmer *because they are relations*—is to us a thing, as Celia says, “wonderful out of all whooping.” For ourselves, the mere claim of kindred acts as a sort of magnet upon our affections. We honour, from the bottom of our heart, that hanging together of name and line, that practical application of the maxim, that “blood is thicker

than water,”—in a word, that better part of the spirit of clanship, which so pre-eminently distinguishes the kindly Scot from his more southern brethren. A family gathering is to us a pleasure anxiously anticipated, and fondly remembered,—“the day it comes is noted as a white day in our lives.” We love to see the hearth surrounded by a merry circle of kith and kin, old and young, rich and poor,—what matters it? we love them none the less for being old—Heaven forbid we should do so for being poor. We love to hear the kindly mention of those far away, (for, alas! there are few such gatherings without their “vacant places,”)—to mark the thousand unpretending, unceremonious, kindly little sayings and doings, so widely different from the stilted politeness and studied attentions of fashion—to listen once

more to the oft-told family tale—to laugh once again at the oft-repeated family joke. We sometimes begin to have serious thoughts of committing matrimony ourselves, for the sake of enjoying all this sort of thing round a fireside of our own; for this pro-Malthusian, anti-connubial, bachelor style of living, after all, is but dullish; and we find ourselves continually dropping in upon some brother, or uncle, or cousin, as the case may be, for a dish of tea and chat, and an hour or two of domesticity. Indeed, we always make a point of satisfying ourselves, by personal enquiry, as to the existence, health, and happiness, of every member of the family within our reach; but as their name is Legion, and we are strictly impartial in our visitations, we seldom get through the whole-series under three weeks or a month. The night before last we made merry with uncle Tom, and having, in imitation of that respected relative, duly swallowed three large tumblers of “something comfortable,” and kissed in succession thirteen children, from three months upwards, we made our way home, much to the indignation of our landlady, at one of those small hours which the world, by a strange perversion of the truth, calls “late.” Yesterday evening, by way of doing penance for the offence, we inflicted ourselves most unrelentingly upon our brother Charles and his wife, who haven’t got over the honeymoon more than a week; and where, of course, there was neither of the afore-mentioned drinkable or kissable commodities to be met with. To-night—let us see—there is our cousin Horace’s new snuggery, and our aunt Tabitha’s Howqua’s mixture, upon both of which we are pledged to pass sentence at our earliest opportunity. Like Desdemona, we “do perceive here a divided duty;” and how to settle the question is a puzzler. We have it: Most gracious Sovereign! may it please your Majesty’s most royal golden image to decide the point for us! So—up you go—Heads, Ho—face—Tails, Tabitha;—Down you come (*Dii avertite omen*) head foremost, as we expected!—Tails—Tea, and Tabitha! So be it then—give us our hat and stick.

Ah! our dear aunt, and so there you are this cold evening, “cherishing your knees,” as Leight Hunt has it, before the fire. And how is the rheu-

matism you were complaining of the other morning?—this frosty night, we fear, bodes it no good: and what is the last new saying your favourite Poll has learned?—and last, not least, how fares our stout old acquaintance, Sir Thomas the Tortoise-shelly? We think we hear him somewhere about the room, but you haven’t ordered candles yet, and we can’t quite make him out. Ah! here he is; we feel him rubbing his sleeky person against our dexter leg, to announce his gratification at seeing us; we hardly-think any thing under a stray canary-bird would tempt him away for the next half hour. Hark! he is purring most hospitable welcome, and now we have managed to catch his eye. Thank Heaven we were not created a mouse, for the very first glance of that eye would be enough to fascinate us! Why, it is positive fire; a moth in a dark room might singe himself at it. We would not wake suddenly in the dead of night, and see two such orbs staring upon us, for all England, Scotland, and Ireland, not to mention the Land of Leeks. We should think the old gentleman, *par excellence*, had been watching while we slept, to catch any awkward secrets we might chance to discharge to our deaf pillows, and patiently waiting till we awoke, to carry us off bodily on an involuntary visit to his subterraneous dominions: such eyes as those, at such an hour, might fright from its propriety the most stainless conscience that ever sweetened slumber:—they would “murder sleep,” as effectually as Macbeth, for the next four-and-twenty hours at least. We positively think they would soon make us nervous even now, with their fixed green glare bent upon us; but here comes Mary with the lights, and we are relieved. So apparently is not Sir Thomas, for, albeit doubly convinced by their entrance that we are really and truly your very loving and unworthy nephew, he seems by no means best pleased with the sudden flood of light, which renders all further scrutiny on the point unnecessary. What would we not give for some Gottfried mind to “burst his cerements,” and rise, brush in hand, to paint him, as he has turned him round and seated himself in philosophical meditation on the Walls—ends that burn so cheerfully before us? He is evidently yielding himself up to all the luxury of a brown study:

voiceless, motionless, save only a gentle involuntary pleasurable agitation of the tip of his tail: forgetful even of the approaching tea-time, and the accustomed saucer of milk: surrendered to the full influence of that mysterious-sympathy between coals and contemplation, which never lets us look for two consecutive minutes at a bright clear fire, without throwing us into a calm, thoughtful, moralising frame of mind, presenting to us, in every black promontory and glowing cavern, more strange and varying shapes and images than "Denmark's sage courtier" discovered in the passing cloud, to fool her "princely youth" to the top of his bent. Your cat, after all, is the most truly philosophic brute: a ruminating animal is a goose to him. There is about that cat of yours, our dear aunt—sugar and cream, if you please, and a liberal allowance of both—there is evidently about that cat of yours an abstraction from things real, a separation of spirit from matter, a meditateness—a *tsugla*, (pardon the Greek,) which a Greek sage of the olden time would have looked upon with envy. Disturb him not, and he will sit in that self-same position for hours—let but this ball of thread roll within reach of his eye, thus, and—pounce! why, he is in his kittenhood again in a moment! Your venerable protégé is one of those whom age robs not of all "smack of thy youth:"

"Our good old cat, Earl Tomlemagne,
Upon a warm spring-day,
Even like a kitten at its sport
Is often seen to play."

With all his philosophy he is no Stoic. A yard of string and an inch of ribbon are too much for him any day: he is "pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw," to the latest moment of his existence. And now we think he may lap his milk, and Mary may take away the tea things; for, fascinating as is the beverage, we never allow ourselves to exceed the third cup. Why, the saucer is nearly empty already! That ceaseless purr, and that ecstasie sweeping of the tail, might make envious the most inveterate gourmand in London: we could almost plump down upon all fours, and lap with him ourselves, the operation appears so delightful.

Truly, Sir Thomas, thou leadest a happy life. For thee beameth a cheerful fire, and spreadeth a soft warm

hearth-rug. For thee the morning sun poureth his earliest radiance through yon eastern window, and for thee diffuseth his parting warmth on yonder back-door, where, as thou reposest, no juvenile vagabond, wantonly envious of thy felicity, may halloo on the hostile cur, or whirl from some obscure corner the treacherous brick-bat. Pleasant is it to behold thee, basking in the full effulgence of the burning day-god:—waking indeed, yet not far removed from slumber—in a state of luxurious dreaminess, fancying thyself, perchance, in some feline Elysium, where the sleek race of mice faileth never, and the gentle gales wander by unceasingly, stealing odour from a wilderness of valerian. Thou art one of those who cannot be "too much i' the sun;"—a true votary of the noontide—a sworn worshipper of the dog-days. Alas! that we should be compelled to class thee among those human children of the same divinity, "with whom revenge is virtue!"

Nor little be thy rejoicing that thy lot was cast in these our enlightened days, rather than in the darker times of our poor, miserable, ignorant, benighted ancestors. Be thou very thankful, that, in this happy era, ancient dames may be hook-nosed, or hump-backed, or halting, with impunity, and that familiar spirits have become strangers in the land! Tremble thou to hear that time was, when the dread Father of Evil himself walked the earth after thy image, black of hue as midnight;—when malignant imps, lurking concealed under a livery of tortoiseshell, wrought unspeakable ills to myriads of unfortunate chawbacons;—when men prophesied a mildewed harvest from every sweep of thy tail, a sickening herd from every purring intonation of thy voice;—when, if thou didst frisk in thy harmless glee, thou wert esteemed to be practising minuets for the approaching Witches' Sabbath—if thou didst but seize a passing mouse, thou wert only endeavouring to blind the eyes of the multitude from detecting under thy disguise the incarnation of the Wicked One. Be thou exceeding grateful that, in these latter days, thou hast fallen under the especial protection of a gentle sisterhood, whose hearts, unoccupied by other affections, throw open for thy race alone the wide flood-gates of their tenderness; who consecrate for thee a shrine in every hearth-rug, and appoint high-priestesses for

thy service in the shape of much-enduring maids-of-all-work. For thee, kind ministers! at every return of morn, do they duly arrest the dog-drawn vehicle, far scented by thy expectant tribe, wherein, Homericallly arranged on spit-like skewers, are borne the savoury morsels collected from a thousand stores for thine especial consumption:—for thee do they bend upon the itinerant purveyor their sweetest of sweet smiles, that he may select for thy favoured palate his most tempting delicacies. For thy sake, in particular, O Epicurean Sir Thomas! how many a murmuring brother and mewling sister peep anxiously forth each morning, to chide the sluggish wheels and lingering merchant! How many a fasting lap-dog whines complainingly, as he views, at hungry distance, the long-protracted gratification of thy fastidious appetite!

And yet is not thy cup of sweets altogether undashed with bitterness,—“*medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*,”—thou too hast thy share of the persecutions of this persecuting world: nay, no sooner hast thou entered it than thy perils compass thee round, and, alas! thou hast no eyes to avoid them! How often have we seen thy helpless kindred, in all the fancied security and unoffending blindness of kittenhood, dashed rudely against the flinty wall, or plunged headlong into the stagnant pool or hurrying torrent! How often, O Thames! stream “gentle yet not dull,” have we marked some hapless victim, cut off untimely, and nipped in the very bud of promise, borne slowly downward on the bosom of the waves—alas! how changed!—the graceful form swollen and distended with “too much of water”—the innocent limbs rigid and extended in death—the glossy coat worn from the skin by the action of the un pitying stream—the nucleus of a foul collection of sticks and straws, “weeds and filth, a leprous scum,” augmenting as it is borne lazily on, till in the unsightly and shapeless mass the very mother that moaned for its loss would fail to recognise her offspring! Happy, ay, thrice happy, Puss was she, Sir Thomas, who was erst wont to carry thee in her maternal mouth to the sunniest spots, secluded from the prying ken of the destroyer;—who kept for thee the choicest morsel, visiting with stealthiest step thy carefully concealed bed in some well-

filled barn or comfortable hay-loft, till thy opening eyes grew bright, and thy young limbs waxed strong, and thou didst shoot up beneath her delighted gaze into active and vigorous cathood! But not even thus have thy perils ceased, and still art thou in jeopardy! Many sworn foes hast thou—imps of mischief in short jackets and still shorter inexpressibles—“fiends in shape of boys,” as sayeth the tender-hearted minstrel whose mournful dirge rang plaintively over the “expiring frog,”—who go about to do thee perpetual harm. Perchance, allured by the warmth of a more than usually genial morn, thou dost timidly peep forth into the world, unconscious of the perils which lurk beyond the pale of thine accustomed area, and art pacing with slow, happy, unsuspecting steps, along the well-sunned flagstones:—alas! unhappy animal! see you not yon evil-minded urchin before?—hear you not yon butcher’s cur behind?—turn! fly! ere yet it be too late! already the well-aimed pebble is on its way,—already the growling savage in act to spring—one moment more, and——Now, by the great Jupiter, a masterly retreat! Xenophon from Cunaxa was not half so skilful,—Bonaparte from Moscow not half so quick! How the caitiff cur stands astounded at the leap which cleared his unwieldy carcase, and bore thee at one bound beyond the reach of his utmost swiftness!—And let thy much-palpitating heart rejoice, for the missile of thy human foe has spent its force against yon kitchen window, and a sturdy scullion is even now taking vengeance on the offender.

Many a time and oft, too, has our heart bled for the hapless child of thy race, whom some puerile demon, despite her piteous moanings and despairing struggles, holds closely grasped between his unrelenting knees, till he has shod each velvet paw with a sandal of unyielding walnut-shell, and laughs to see her limp clattering away, or to mark her fruitless efforts to disengage her tender toes from their unwonted durance. Sometimes too—thank heaven! but seldom—do we shudder, as we read of the atrocities of some more mature devil, some animated flint, who, for the sake of all-evil gain, hesitates not to strip the furry coat from the yet living flesh, to fling aside the bleeding and quivering carcass. We have scarcely heart to

speak of it;—we never look at an urchin surmounted by one of those hateful fur caps, without thinking of the agonies by which perchance it was purchased—without fancying we hear the howl of torture, and see the mangled limbs writhing under——But the theme is too horrible to be pursued: in all Hogarth's Progress of Cruelty, sickening as it is to look on, there is not imagined a more fiendish example of the vice.

And yet there be those who look upon thy persecutions with little compassion, and scruple not to lay to thy account manifold and serious charges, which would indeed, we fear, puzzle thee to answer. They say that thou art one of those time-servers whom it is dangerous to trust—a very incarnation of treachery—friend and foe in the same moment—now fawning, and now scratching—bearing a most feudal remembrance of wrongs, without the open and avowed hostility which accompanied the enmities of those days—one who suffers the injury of a moment to blot out the benefits of a life. “I do not love a cat,” says somebody or other, we forget who—“his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or his foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you, turning back as he goes off a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness, seeming to say, ‘Perdition catch you! I hate you for ever!’” Yes, the charge is too true—an uncertain and fickle friend thou art; and not without reason has our own Shakespeare made the noble mother of the banished Coriolanus, while she vents her wrath upon the cowering Tribunes, sum up in the single expressive epithet of “Cats!” all the faithlessness, and the falsehood, and the ingratitude of the scoundrel Plebs, who hooted their deliverer from the gates of Rome. They say, too, Sir Thomas, that thou thyself art a persecutor: that thou lovest to torment the hapless sparrow, and the ill-fated mouse,—delaying the fatal gripe only to gloat over its bootless struggles, and drink in with greedy ear its little cries of complaint. They say that all thy sufferings are but the well-deserved recompense of thy——Grace be with us! what sound was that? As we hope to be saved, our respected aunt fast

asleep, and snoring most unequivocally! And to think that we should have been wasting our precious breath for the last half hour in this fashion, deeming fondly that we were creating the most favourable impression that the skill of an expectant nephew ever succeeded in making upon a maiden aunt with £10,000 in the three per cents! Bah! We will beat our retreat before the old girl wakes herself to the sound of her own music; and as for you, Sir Thomas, as you value your safety, get not between us and the door, or we may be tempted too strongly to turn bully ourselves, and treat you to an accidental kick, that will stick in your memory to the end of your ninth existence.

Now forgive us, if you can, all you far, bright, silent stars that now shine down upon us, all the humbug we have uttered this blessed evening to tickle the ungrateful ears of the virgin Tabitha, and let it be sufficient punishment to have uttered it in vain! Not that we absolutely hate a cat—that would be contrary to our principles. We have no more personal grudge against them, than the son of Peleus had against the Trojans: they never steal *our* cream—frighten *our* favourite bullfinch into convulsions—or “cat-awampously chaw up” *our* gold fish. We have, we say, no downright, red-hot feud with them; but we cannot help regarding them, at best, but as a sort of modified tigers, with whom it is dangerous to be too familiar, and trench not upon the undisputed prerogative of the single sisterhood. We lords of creation seldom love cats. Most women do—and no wonder; both are graceful, and both domestic; not to mention that they both scratch. Still they have an authority or two among us to quote in their favour; no less a personage than Mahomet himself patronised the breed, and, if his disciples “have writ their annals true,” the said Prophet actually allowed his feline favourite to turn the breast of his robe into a nursery for her purring progeny! Only fancy the Founder of the Faithful with a bosom-full of kittens! Why, his embrace (and he was pretty prodigal of such delicate attentions) must have been nearly as destructive to the favoured fair one, as that of the great father of gods and men to the “lightning-blasted Semele.” Indeed, we are sceptical enough to question whether Mistress Khadijah could

ever have been persuaded to allow the practice, though beyond a doubt the modern Moslem doth "most powerfully and potentially believe" it, and imitates it so zealously, that he might give many a lesson in cat-keeping even to the virgin daughters of merry England.

Southey kept a cat at Balliol—or if he didn't, he wrote lines to one as if he did, (one never knows when to believe a poet;) and he praises the said cat, real or imaginary, for being a "democratic beast." Well, the said laureate was a democratic young gentleman himself in those days—but he knows better now: no doubt, he got well scratched one fine morning, and discovered all on a sudden that democracy in theory was a far finer thing than democracy in practice.

Scott even—the dog-loving and dog-loved Scott—admitted in his later days a sneaking kindness for pussy. "The greatest advance of age," says he, "which I have yet found, is liking a cat, an animal which I detested, and becoming fond of a garden, an art which I despised." We have nothing to say against the first argument of senility, for cats and old folks have really many common characteristics; but as to the second position, that the love of a garden is the peculiar concomitant of advancing years, we do think we could—battling under cover of the strong shield of Bacon, like Teucer from behind that of Ajax Telamon—put "old Peveril" to the rout, horse and foot. We have a great mind to try a skirmish some day, when we sport our country house, and have a "pleasaunce" of our own, to stir us up in defence of that "purest of all human pleasures."

But we have made too hasty a jump among the moderns, and passed over the grand authority for cat-keeping—the quaint, learned, lively, philosophical, gossiping, egotistical, fascinating Montaigne. We have even been led to entertain serious thoughts of setting up a Grimalkin ourselves, after reading his account of himself and his pet. "When my cat and I entertain each

other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple that has her time to begin or to refuse to play, as freely as I myself have? nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better; and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her when we two play together?"* The old Gascon capering round his study with puss at his heels, jumping at the tantalizing lure, has summoned up to our memory a similar picture—Cowper's account of his hares; a narrative which would be enough to make us love the hand which penned it, had it never traced a line of the strains which have for ever enshrined his memory in the hearts of the wise and good among his countrymen. The Bard of *The Task*, by the way, has himself no mean claim to the respect of the feline family. Their gratitude for the *Elegy* on the "demurest of the tabby kind" should, to say the least of it, be purr-petual.

And yet, though we have found a poet or two to patronize the race, it is by no means loved by the "genus irritabile" in general: "caret vate sacro," like all the great men who so unfortunately existed before the days of Agamemnon; unless, indeed, we dignify with that honoured name the innumerable and excellent poetasters, who build the lofty rhyme for the ears of the rising generation, and swell with many a storied page and pictured *tome* the bookshelves of the nursery. There, in many a wild and wondrous legend, many a happy and instructive epologue doth our friend puss stand pre-eminent. To this day we have vividly before us the portraiture of Puss in Boots, and feel yet a relish for the history of the venerable Dame Trot and her Comical Cat. How beautifully is her treacherous spirit denounced, in the simple and touching

* The quotation is from Izaak Walton, who adds,—“Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats.” There is, however, as much freedom in Father Izaak's translation, as in Montaigne's gossip. Piscator is considerably more paraphrastic than faithful in his rendering—unless, indeed, the fault be in the standard translation, and not in the inaccuracy of the “quaint old cruel coxcomb” himself. We do not happen to have a copy in the original to settle the question.

story of the "three blind mice who who sat in a barn to spin;"—her siren-like behaviour in the fable of the Old and the Young Mouse! What bosom has not felt a pang at the cruel catastrophe which befel the hospitable hostess of the "Froggie who would a-wooding go," and who met with so unfortunate an accident in the course of his stroll homewards? What calculating master and arithmetical miss has not toiled and laboured over the hopeless task of discovering the aggregate amount of "kits, cats, sacks, and wives," journeying towards the ancient and loyal borough of St Ives? But we might multiply questions to infinity.

As to all the brave young princes, and angelic young princesses, who have been enchanted into cats, from the year of the world *one* to the year of grace 1839 inclusive, if we were to move for a return of them, the "tattle of the whole" would baffle the calculating powers of black and white Joey Hume himself. We confess that, in our more superstitious moments, we are half-inclined to number ourselves among those "who hold the opinion of Pythagoras, and fear to kill a woodcock lest they dispossess the soul of their grandam;" and to look upon every Grimalkin as some prince, power, or potentate, "doomed for a certain space to walk" in tortoiseshell; or a masquerading fairy, condescending for some elfish purpose to visit this "middle earth," who will by no means fail to repay with interest any indignities offered to his *pro tempore* person, and make us—Now, all confusion seize the miscreant that made that slide for our unwary feet to tread upon! Here, you! policeman! lend us a helping hand up, will you? The feline accomplishment of falling always upon one's legs would have saved us a considerable shock somewhere else just at this moment! We, that have only one life to lose, seldom manage to tumble without a bruise at least, while a wretch of a cat, with nine times the number, may fall from the clouds themselves without a parachute, and come down as comfortably as if granite were three-piled velvet, and asphalt eider-down. There certainly is a sort of "charmed life" about a cat, which goes far to justify our ancestors in their belief that they were either spirits of ill, in *propria personâ*,

or had signed and sealed indentures of partnership with the Arch-fiend himself. "Care killed a cat," says some modern Solomon, meaning thereby to point out, both how very difficult it is to kill the said animal, and that, if mental anxiety can effect so arduous an exploit, it can, *à fortiori*, far more easily make an end of a parcel of poor miserable mortals like ourselves. Collary:—that our sorrows ought to be drowned, like kittens, in their infaney; and, like Clarence, in good liquor.

Well, thank goodness, here we are at home; and not before it is high time either—for there speak the tongues, of which Time has as many as Rumour, though he finds but a far more scanty audience. One, two, three!—twelve o'clock, by all that's horological! Alas for twelve o'clock! No longer is it the "very witching time of night" that it was wont to be; no longer, at its pealing summons, the spiritual world sends forth its denizens to frightens us "fools of nature" out of what few senses we possess. Churchyards groan no more; and though, indeed, the graves do still "give up their dead," it is only to the hands of the body-snatcher. In our modern midnight, staircases creak, and candles burn blue in vain. Does a door fly suddenly open?—we only confound the wind, and slam it to again. Is a mysterious scratching heard?—we do but anathematize a rat, and turn over to the next page of our book. Armed in the strength of mind of the nineteenth century, we can smile at the "airy tongues" and echoing footfalls, the hollow moans and clanking chains, which terrified our grandmothers. There! that very sound that rose half a second ago, and has hardly yet died away, would, under the reign of Anne Radcliffe, have thrown a whole boarding-school into hysterics. Again!—It might almost be taken for the voice of some indignant ghost, bemoaning himself on his farewell ramble, and pouring forth a melancholy *Vale* to his once constant occupation, so rapidly falling away before the cockcrow of that mental chancery, the Schoolmaster Abroad. Once more!—Then must we risk a cold, and look out into the moonlight. Pshaw! that our usually accurate ears should have been puzzled by old Biddy Skinfint's tom-cat, on the opposite housetop! The old rascal has just emerged

for his midnight ramble, and is merely giving notice to the feline neighbourhood that he would be glad of a companion. And lo!—obedient to the summons, from the adjoining gutter, peereth forth the head of the velvet-garbed Tib, prime favourite of the venerable Griselda Pennilove, whom boys irreverent do denominate Grizel: and now, along the very verge of the parapet paceth the daring heroine, greeting, with many a loving tone, the ear of the expectant Tom; and now she scales, at one bound, the opposing tiles, and stands by his side on the summit: they purr—they wave backwards and forwards their gentle tails—they rub together their loving sides and affectionate noses—entranced in ecstasy of happiness too deep for caterwauling.

But see where, urged on by the “green-eyed monster” Jealousy, steal eth towards the pair the unseen Bob, Lord Paramount in the affections of the chaste Susannah Witherspoon. Proudly arches his indignant back, and far flashes his passion-glaring eye!

With one mighty leap he alights full in front of the astonished Tom, who, startled yet undismayed, contemptuously spitting in the face of the foe, collecteth all his force for the inevitable struggle; while, not far removed, the affrighted Tib, (a feline Dejanira,) awaiteth in piteous suspense the issue of the tremendous conflict, sending forth, ever and anon, her sad mewings for the danger of her favoured champion. Him, regardless of her woe, seizeth with tenacious talon the infuriated Bob, not unresisted by tooth and claw on the part of the assailed: and now more shrilly soundeth the plaintive voice of her, “*teterrima belli causa* ;” more loudly peal the yells of the maddened rivals, as, locked in an inextricable embrace, they wage the unrelenting warfare—nobly emulous of those traditionary warriors of the tribe, who erst, in fair Kilkenny, swallowed each other in the intensity of their rage, leaving behind them not a wreck, save the tip of a single tail, to point out the scene of cannibalism. And now from many an attic window protrudeth many a nightcapped head, disturbed from its peaceful pillow by the fury of the strife; and rise to many a tongue curses “not loud but deep” upon cats in general, and the uncon-

scious combatants in particular. In vain;—fast and far, along the echoing roofs, speed to the scene the partisans of either chief, to mingle in the gathering *mêlée*. Not otherwise, when, in that classic region where seven distinct dials proclaim the progress of time, some daring youth of Munster, with heart-cutting words, hath aroused the indignation of Connaught’s hardy son, from every quarter of the surrounding territory pour forth the children of potatoe-bearing Ierne, rejoicing in the anticipation of battle, regardless of the cause, in aid of either disputant; till, plunged into the thickest of the fray, and undiscerning friend from foe in the excess of their excitement, they deal forth their blows indiscriminately on all around them, to the great glory of the Emerald Isle, and the exceeding terror of the new police. Positively the scene is growing exciting—The combat deepens! “on, ye brave, who rush to glory or”—Hah! yonder old gentleman in the attic, provoked beyond forbearance, is growing desperate; he is about to purchase a night’s quiet at an awful sacrifice of crockery! We see him nervously grasping his water-jug in his better hand, evidently balancing in his mind the wrath of his landlady against his own personal comforts;—he longs, yet lingers;—now he raises, as if resolved, the dreadful missile—and now again imagination conjures up the morning’s frowns and chidings, and he wavers in his bold design. To the rescue! ho!—a reinforcement of no less than three sturdy Toms rushing to the fray catches his eye—he hesitates no longer—he elevates the death-fraught engine—he whirls it forward—Bah! a bad shot, but effectual:—crash goes the jug upon the tiles into ten thousand fragments! bursts forth one loud, short, simultaneous screech, followed by a sound as of much spitting!—five-and-twenty tails stream and whirl aloft for a moment, like meteors, and

“Have they melted in earth, or vanished in air?”

We see not, we know not,—but nothing is there.”

In go the heads—down go the windows:—one minute just to “put out the light, and then,”—why then, we’ll forgive the cat that manages to wake us for the next nine hours, that’s all.

SECOND PAPER ON MURDER CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

DOCTOR NORTH,

YOU are a liberal man: liberal in the true classical sense, not in the slang sense of modern politicians and education-mongers. Being so, I am sure that you will sympathize with my case. I am an ill-used man, Dr North—particularly ill used; and, with your permission, I will briefly explain how. A black scene of calumny will be laid open; but you, Doctor, will make all things square again. One frown from you, directed to the proper quarter, or a warning shake of the crutch, will set me right in public opinion, which at present, I am sorry to say, is rather hostile to me and mine—all owing to the wicked arts of slanderers. But you shall hear.

A good many years ago you may remember that I came forward in the character of a *dilettante* in murder. Perhaps *dilettante* may be too strong a word. *Connoisseur* is better suited to the scruples and infirmity of public taste. I suppose there is no harm in *that* at least. A man is not bound to put his eyes, ears, and understanding into his breeches pocket when he meets with a murder. If he is not in a downright comatose state, I suppose he must see that one murder is better or worse than another in point of good taste. Murders have their little differences and shades of merit as well as statues, pictures, oratorios, cameos, intaglios, or what not. You may be angry with the man for talking too much, or too publicly, (as to the too much, that I deny—a man can never cultivate his taste too highly;) but you must allow him to think, at any rate; and you, Doctor—you think, I am sure, both deeply and correctly on the subject. Well, would you believe it? all my neighbours came to hear of that little æsthetic essay which you had published; and, unfortunately, hearing at the very same time of a Club that I was connected with, and a Dinner at which I presided—both tending to the same little object as the essay, viz., the diffusion of a just taste among her Majesty's subjects, they got up the most barbarous calumnies against me. In particular, they said that I, or that the Club, which comes to the same thing, had offered bounties on well-conduct-

ed homicides—with a scale of drawbacks, in case of any one defect or flaw, according to a table issued to private friends. Now, Doctor, I'll tell you the whole truth about the Dinner and the Club, and you'll see how malicious the world is. But first let me tell you, confidentially, what my real principles are upon the matters in question.

As to murder, I never committed one in my life. It's a well-known thing amongst all my friends. I can get a paper to certify as much, signed by lots of people. Indeed, if you come to that, I doubt whether many people could produce as strong a certificate. Mine would be as big as a table-cloth. There is indeed one member of the Club, who pretends to say that he caught me once making too free with his throat on a club night, after every body else had retired. But, observe, he shuffles in his story according to his state of civilization. When not far gone, he contents himself with saying that he caught me ogling his throat; and that I was melancholy for some weeks after, and that my voice sounded in a way expressing, to the nice ear of a connoisseur, *the sense of opportunities lost*—but the Club all know that he's a disappointed man himself, and that he speaks querulously at times about the fatal neglect of a man's coming abroad without his tools. Besides, all this is an affair between two amateurs, and every body makes allowances for little asperities and sorenesses in such a case. "But," say you, "if no murderer, my correspondent may have encouraged, or even have bespoke a murder." No, upon my honour—nothing of the kind. And that was the very point I wished to argue for your satisfaction. The truth is, I am a very particular man in every thing relating to murder; and perhaps I carry my delicacy too far. The Stagyrite most justly, and possibly with a view to my case, placed virtue in the *en milieu* or middle point between two extremes. A golden mean is certainly what every man should aim at. But it is easier talking than doing: and, my infirmity being notoriously too much milkiness of heart, I find it difficult to maintain that steady equatorial line between the

two poles of too much murder on the one hand, and too little on the other. I am too soft—Doctor, too soft; and people get excused through me—nay go through life without an attempt made upon them, that ought not to be excused. I believe if I had the management of things there would hardly be a murder from year's end to year's end. In fact I'm for virtue, and goodness, and all that sort of thing. And two instances I'll give you to what an extremity I carry my virtue. The first may seem a trifle; but not if you knew my nephew, who was certainly born to be hanged, and would have been so long ago, but for my restraining voice. He is horribly ambitious, and thinks himself a man of cultivated taste in most branches of murder, whereas, in fact, he has not one idea on the subject, but such as he has stolen from me. This is so well known, that the Club has twice blackballed him, though every indulgence was shown to him as my relative. People came to me and said—"Now really, President, we would do much to serve a relative of yours. But still, what can be said? You know yourself that he'll disgrace us. If we were to elect him, why, the next thing we should hear of would be some vile butcherly murder, by way of justifying our choice. And what sort of a concern would it be? You know, as well as we do, that it would be a disgraceful affair, more worthy of the shambles than of an artist's *atelier*. He would fall upon some great big man, some huge farmer returning drunk from a fair. There would be plenty of blood, and *that* he would expect us to take in lieu of taste, finish, scenical grouping. Then, again, how would he tool? Why, most probably with a cleaver and a couple of paving stones: so that the whole *coup d'œil* would remind you rather of some hideous Ogre or Cyclops, than of the delicate operator of the 19th century." The picture was drawn with the hand of truth; *that* I could not but allow, and, as to personal feelings in the matter, I dismissed them from the first. The next morning I spoke to my nephew,—I was delicately situated, as you see, but I determined that no consideration should induce me to flinch from my duty. "John," said I, "you seem to me to have taken an erroneous view of life and its duties. Pushed on by ambition, you are dreaming rather

of what it might be glorious to attempt than what it would be possible for you to accomplish. Believe me, it is not necessary to a man's respectability that he should commit a murder. Many a man has passed through life most respectably, without attempting any species of homicide—good, bad, or indifferent. It is your first duty to ask yourself, *quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent?* we cannot all be brilliant men in this life. And it is for your interest to be contented rather with a humble station well filled, than to shock everybody with failures, the more conspicuous by contrast with the ostentation of their promises." John made no answer, he looked very sulky at the moment, and I am in high hopes that I have saved a near relation from making a fool of himself by attempting what is as much beyond his capacity as an epic poem. Others, however, tell me that he is meditating a revenge upon me and the whole Club. But let this be as it may, *liberavi animam meam*; and, as you see, have run some risk with a wish to diminish the amount of homicide. But the other case still more forcibly illustrates my virtue. A man came to me as a candidate for the place of my servant, just then vacant. He had the reputation of having dabbled a little in our art; some said not without merit. What startled me, however, was, that he supposed this art to be part of his regular duties in my service. Now that was a thing I would not allow; so I said at once, "Richard, (or James, as the case might be,) you misunderstand my character. If a man will and must practise this difficult (and allow me to add, dangerous) branch of art—if he has an overruling genius for it, why, he might as well pursue his studies whilst living in my service as in another's. And also, I may observe, that it can do no harm either to himself or to the subject on whom he operates, that he should be guided by men of more taste than himself. Genius may do much, but long study of the art must always entitle a man to offer advice. So far I will go—general principles I will suggest. But, as to any particular case, once for all I will have nothing to do with it. Never tell me of any special work of art you are meditating—I set my face against it *in toto*. For if once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think

little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time. *Principiis obsta*—that's my rule." Such was my speech, and I have always acted up to it; so if that is not being virtuous, I should be glad to know what is. But now about the Dinner and the Club. The Club was not particularly of my creation; it arose pretty much as other similar associations, for the propagation of truth and the communication of new ideas, rather from the necessities of things than upon any one man's suggestion. As to the Dinner, if any man more than another could be held responsible for that, it was a member known amongst us by the name of *Toad-in-the-hole*. He was so called from his gloomy misanthropical disposition, which led him into constant disparagements of all modern murders as vicious abortions, belonging to no authentic school of art. The finest performances of our own age he snarled at cynically; and at length this querulous humour grew upon him so much, and he became so notorious as a *laudator temporis acti*, that few people cared to seek his society. This made him still more fierce and truculent. He went about muttering and growling; wherever you met him he was soliloquizing and saying, "despicable pretender—without grouping—without two ideas upon handling—without"—and there you lost him. At length existence seemed to be painful to him; he rarely spoke, he seemed conversing with phantoms in the air, his house-keeper informed us that his reading was nearly confined to *God's Revenge upon Murder*, by Reynolds, and a more ancient book of the same title, noticed by Sir Walter Scott in his *Fortunes of Nigel*. Sometimes, perhaps, he might read in the Newgate Calendar down to the year 1788, but he never looked into a book more recent. In fact, he had a theory with regard to the French Revolution, as having been the great cause of degeneration in murder. "Very soon, sir," he used to say, "men will have lost the art of killing poultry: the very rudiments of the art will have perished!"

In the year 1811 he retired from general society. Toad-in-the-hole was no more seen in any public resort. We missed him from his wonted haunts—nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he. By the side of the main conduit his listless length at noontide he would stretch, and pore upon the filth that muddled by. "Even dogs are not what they were, sir—not what they should be. I remember in my grandfather's time that some dogs had an idea of murder. I have known a mastiff lie in ambush for a rival, sir, and murder him with pleasing circumstances of good taste. Yes, sir, I knew a tom-cat that was an assassin. But now"—and then, the subject growing too painful, he dashed his hand to his forehead, and went off abruptly in a homeward direction towards his favourite conduit, where he was seen by an amateur in such a state that he thought it dangerous to address him. Soon after he shut himself entirely up; it was understood that he had resigned himself to melancholy; and at length the prevailing notion was—that Toad-in-the-hole had hanged himself.

The world was wrong *there*, as it has been on some other questions. Toad-in-the-hole might be sleeping, but dead he was not; and of that we soon had ocular proof. One morning in 1812 an amateur surprised us with the news that he had seen Toad-in-the-hole brushing with hasty steps the dews away to meet the postman by the conduit side. Even that was something: how much more, to hear that he had shaved his beard—had laid aside his sad-coloured clothes, and was adorned like a bridegroom of ancient days. What could be the meaning of all this? Was Toad-in-the-hole mad? or how? Soon after the secret was explained—in more than a figurative sense "the murder was out." For in came the London morning papers, by which it appeared that but three days before a murder, the most superb of the century by many degrees, had occurred in the heart of London. I need hardly say, that this was the great exterminating *chef-d'œuvre* of Williams at Mr Marr's, No. 29, Ratcliffe Highway. That was the *début* of the artist; at least for anything the public knew. What occurred at Mr Williamson's, twelve nights afterwards—the second work turned out from the same chisel—some people pronounced

even superior. But Toad-in-the-hole always "reclaimed"—he was even angry at comparisons. "This vulgar *gout de comparaison*, as La Bruyère calls it," he would often remark, "will be our ruin; each work has its own separate characteristics—each in and for itself is incomparable. One, perhaps, might suggest the *Iliad*—the other the *Odyssey*: what do you get by such comparisons? Neither ever was, or will be surpassed; and when you've talked for hours, you must still come back to that." Vain, however, as all criticism might be, he often said that volumes might be written on each case for itself; and he even proposed to publish in quarto on the subject.

Meantime, how had Toad-in-the-hole happened to hear of this great work of art so early in the morning? He had received an account by express, dispatched by a correspondent in London, who watched the progress of art on *Toady's* behalf, with a general commission to send off a special express, at whatever cost, in the event of any estimable works appearing—how much more upon occasion of a *ne plus ultra* in art! The express arrived in the night time; Toad-in-the-hole was then gone to bed; he had been muttering and grumbling for hours, but of course he was called up. On reading the account, he threw his arms round the express, called him his brother and his preserver; settled a pension upon him for three lives, and expressed his regret at not having it in his power to knight him. We, on our part—we amateurs, I mean—having heard that he was abroad, and therefore had *not* hanged himself, made sure of soon seeing him amongst us. Accordingly he soon arrived, knocked over the porter on his road to the reading-room; he seized every man's hand as he passed him—wrung it almost frantically, and kept ejaculating, "Why, now, here's something like a murder!—this is the real thing—this is genuine—this is what you can approve, can recommend to a friend: this—says every man, on reflection—this is the thing that ought to be!" Then, looking at particular friends, he said—"Why, Jack, how are you? Why, Tom, how are you?—bless me, you look ten years younger than when I last saw you." "No, sir," I replied, "it is you who look ten

years younger." "Do I?—well, I shouldn't wonder if I did; such works are enough to make us all young." And in fact the general opinion is, that Toad-in-the-hole would have died but for this regeneration of art, which he called a second age of Leo the Tenth; and it was our duty, he said solemnly, to commemorate it. At present, and *en attendant*—rather as an occasion for a public participation in public sympathy, than as in itself any commensurate testimony of our interest—he proposed that the Club should meet and dine together. A splendid public Dinner, therefore, was given by the Club; to which all amateurs were invited from a distance of 100 miles.

Of this Dinner there are ample short-hand notes amongst the archives of the Club. But they are not "extended," to speak diplomatically; and the reporter is missing—I believe, murdered. Meantime, in years long after that day, and on an occasion perhaps equally interesting, viz., the turning up of Thugs and Thuggism, another Dinner was given. Of this I myself kept notes, for fear of another accident to the short-hand reporter. And I here subjoin them. Toad-in-the-hole, I must mention, was present at this Dinner. In fact, it was one of its sentimental incidents. Being as old as the valleys at the Dinner of 1812; naturally, he was as old as the hills at the Thug Dinner of 1838. He had taken to wearing his beard again; why, or with what view, it passes my persimmon to tell you. But so it was. And his appearance was most benign and venerable. Nothing could equal the angelic radiance of his smile as he enquired after the unfortunate reporter, (whom, as a piece of private scandal, I should tell you that he was himself supposed to have murdered, in a rapture of creative art:) the answer was, with roars of laughter, from the under-sheriff of our county—"non est inventus." Toad-in-the-hole laughed outrageously at this: in fact, we all thought he was choking; and, at the earnest request of the company, a musical composer furnished a most beautiful glee upon the occasion, which was sung five times after dinner, with universal applause and inextinguishable laughter, the words being these, (and the chorus so contrived, as most beautifully to mimic the peculiar laughter of Toad-in-the-hole:)—

“ Et interrogatum est à Toad-in-the-hole
—Ubi est ille reporter ?

Et responsum est cum cachinno—Non est
inventus.”

CHORUS.

“ Deinde iteratum est ab omnibus, cum
cachinnatione undulante—Non est
inventus.”

Toad-in-the-hole, I ought to mention, about nine years before, when an express from Edinburgh brought him the earliest intelligence of the Burke-and-Hare revolution in the art, went mad upon the spot ; and, instead of a pension to the express for even one life, or a knighthood, endeavoured to burke him ; in consequence of which he was put into a strait waistcoat. And that was the reason we had no dinner then. But now all of us were alive and kicking, strait-waistcoaters and others ; in fact, not one absentee was reported upon the entire roll. There were also many foreign amateurs present.

Dinner being over, and the cloth drawn, there was a general call made for the new glee of *Non est inventus* ; but, as this would have interfered with the requisite gravity of the company during the earlier toasts, I overruled the call. After the national toasts had been given, the first official toast of the day was—*The Old Man of the Mountains*—drunk in solemn silence.

Toad-in-the-hole returned thanks in a neat speech. He likened himself to the Old Man of the Mountains, in a few brief allusions, that made the company absolutely yell with laughter ; and he concluded with giving the health of

Mr Von Hammer, with many thanks to him for his learned History of the Old Man and his subjects the Assassins.

Upon this I rose and said, that doubtless most of the company were aware of the distinguished place assigned by orientalist to the very learned Turkish scholar Von Hammer the Austrian ; that he had made the profoundest researches into our art as connected with those early and eminent artists the Syrian assassins in the period of the Crusaders ; that his work had been for several years deposited, as a rare treasure of art, in the library of the Club. Even the author's name, gentlemen, pointed him out as the historian of our art—Von Hammer—

“ Yes, yes,” interrupted Toad-in-

the-hole, who never can sit still—
“ Yes, yes, Von Hammer—he's the man for a *malleus hæreticorum* : think rightly of our art, or he's the man to tickle your catastrophes. You all know what consideration Williams bestowed on the hammer, or the ship carpenter's mallet, which is the same thing. Gentlemen, I give you another great hammer—Charles the Hammer, the Marteau, or, in old French, the Martel—he hammered the Saracens till they were all as dead as door-nails :—he did, believe me.”

“ *Charles Martel*, with all the honours.”

But the explosion of Toad-in-the-hole, together with the uproarious cheers for the grandpapa of Charlemagne, had now made the company unmanageable. The orchestra was again challenged with shouts the stormiest for the new glee. I made again a powerful effort to overrule the challenge. I might as well have talked to the winds. I foresaw a tempestuous evening ; and I ordered myself to be strengthened with three waiters on each side ; the vice-president with as many. Symptoms of unruly enthusiasm were beginning to show out ; and I own that I myself was considerably excited as the orchestra opened with its storm of music, and the impassioned glee began—“ *Et interrogatum est à Toad-in-the-hole—Ubi est ille Reporter ?*” And the frenzy of the passion became absolutely convulsing, as the full chorus fell in—“ *Et iteratum est ab omnibus—Non est inventus.*”

By this time I saw how things were going : wine and music were making most of the amateurs wild. Particularly Toad-in-the-hole, though considerably above a hundred years old, was getting as vicious as a young leopard. It was a fixed impression with the company that he had murdered the reporter in the year 1812 ; since which time (viz. twenty-six years) “ ille reporter ” had been constantly reported “ non est inventus.” Consequently, the glee about himself, which of itself was most tumultuous and jubilant, carried him off his feet. Like the famous choral songs amongst the citizens of Abdera, nobody could hear it without a contagious desire for falling back into the agitating music of “ *Et interrogatum est à Toad-in-the-hole,*” &c. I en-

joined vigilance upon my assessors, and the business of the evening proceeded.

The next toast was—*The Jewish Sicarii*.

Upon which I made the following explanation to the company:—"Gentlemen, I am sure it will interest you all to hear that the assassins, ancient as they were, had a race of predecessors in the very same country. All over Syria, but particularly in Palestine, during the early years of the Emperor Nero, there was a band of murderers, who prosecuted their studies in a very novel manner. They did not practise in the night-time, or in lonely places; but justly considering that great crowds are in themselves a sort of darkness by means of the dense pressure and the impossibility of finding out who it was that gave the blow, they mingled with mobs everywhere; particularly at the great paschal feast in Jerusalem; where they actually had the audacity, as Josephus assures us, to press into the temple,—and whom should they choose for operating upon but Jonathan himself, the Pontifex Maximus? They murdered him, gentlemen, as beautifully as if they had had him alone on a moonless night in a dark lane. And when it was asked, who was the murderer, and where he was"—

"Why, then, it was answered," interrupted Toad-in-the-hole, "*non est inventus*." And then, in spite of all I could do or say, the orchestra opened, and the whole company began—"Et interrogatum est à Toad-in-the-hole—Ubi est ille Sicarius? Et responsum est ab omnibus—*Non est inventus*."

When the tempestuous chorus had subsided, I began again:—"Gentlemen, you will find a very circumstantial account of the Sicarii in at least three different parts of Josephus; once in Book XX. sect. v. c. 8, of his *Antiquities*; once in Book I. of his *Wars*; but in sect. 10 of the chapter first cited you will find a particular description of their tooling. This is what he says—"They tooled with small scymetars not much different from the Persian *acinacæ*, but more curved, and for all the world most like

the Roman sickles or *sicæ*." It is perfectly magnificent, gentlemen, to hear the sequel of their history. Perhaps the only case on record where a regular army of murderers was assembled, a *justus exercitus*, was in the case of these *Sicarii*. They mustered in such strength in the wilderness, that Festus himself was obliged to march against them with the Roman legionary force."

Upon which Toad-in-the-hole, that cursed interrupter, broke out a-singing—"Et interrogatum est à Toad-in-the-hole—Ubi est ille exercitus? Et responsum est ab omnibus—*Non est inventus*."

"No, no, Toad—you are wrong for once: that army *was* found, and was all cut to pieces in the desert. Heavens, gentlemen, what a sublime picture! The Roman legions—the wilderness—Jerusalem in the distance—an army of murderers in the foreground!"

Mr R., a member, now gave the next toast—"To the further improvement of Tooling, and thanks to the Committee for their services."

Mr L., on behalf of the Committee who had reported on that subject, returned thanks. He made an interesting extract from the Report, by which it appeared how very much stress had been laid formerly on the mode of Tooling by the Fathers, both Greek and Latin. In confirmation of this pleasing fact, he made a very striking statement in reference to the earliest work of antediluvian art. Father Mersenne, that learned Roman Catholic, in page one thousand four hundred and thirty-one* of his operose Commentary on Genesis, mentions, on the authority of several Rabbis, that the quarrel of Cain with Abel was about a young woman; that, by various accounts, Cain had tooled with his teeth, [Abelem fuisse morsibus dilaceratum à Cain;] by many others, with the jaw-bone of an ass; which is the tooling adopted by most painters. But it is pleasing to the mind of sensibility to know that, as science expanded, sounder views were adopted. One author contends for a pitchfork, St Chrysostom for a sword, Irenæus

* "Page one thousand four hundred and thirty-one"—literally, good reader, and no joke at all.

for a scythe, and Prudentius for a hedging-bill. This last writer delivers his opinion thus:—

“Frater, probatæ sanctitatis æmulus,
Germana curvo colla frangit sarculo:”

i. e. his brother, jealous of his attested sanctity, fractures his brotherly throat with a curved hedging-bill. “All which is respectfully submitted by your Committee, not so much as decisive of the question, (for it is not,) but in order to impress upon the youthful mind the importance which has ever been attached to the quality of the tooling by such men as Chrysostom and Irenæus.”

“Dang Irenæus!” said Toad-in-the-hole, who now rose impatiently to give the next toast:—“Our Irish friends—and a speedy revolution in their mode of Tooling, as well as every thing else connected with the art!”

“Gentlemen, I’ll tell you the plain truth. Every day of the year we take up a paper, we read the opening of a murder. We say, this is good—this is charming—this is excellent! But, behold you! scarcely have we read a little farther before the word Tipperary or Ballina—something betrays the Irish manufacture. Instantly we loathe it: we call to the waiter; we say, ‘Waiter, take away this paper; send it out of the house; it is absolutely offensive to all just taste.’ I appeal to every man whether, on finding a murder (otherwise perhaps promising enough) to be Irish, he does not feel himself as much insulted as when Madeira being ordered he finds it to be Cape; or when, taking up what he believes to be a mushroom, it turns out what children call a toadstool. Tithes, politics, or something wrong in principle, vitiate every Irish murder. Gentlemen, this must be reformed, or Ireland will not be a land to live in; at least, if we do live there, we must import all our murders, that’s clear.” Toad-in-the-hole sat down growling with suppressed wrath, and the universal “Hear, hear!” sufficiently showed that he spoke the general feeling.

The next toast was—“The sublime epoch of Burkism and Harism!”

This was drunk with enthusiasm; and one of the members, who spoke to the question, made a very curious communication to the company:—

“Gentlemen, we fancy Burkism to be a pure invention of our own times: and in fact no Pancirollus has ever enumerated this branch of art when writing *de rebus perditis*. Still I have ascertained that the essential principle of the art *was* known to the ancients, although, like the art of painting upon glass, of making the myrrhine cups, &c., it was lost in the dark ages for want of encouragement. In the famous collection of Greek epigrams made by Planudes is one upon a very charming little case of Burkism: it is a perfect little gem of art. The epigram itself I cannot lay my hand upon at this moment: but the following is an abstract of it by Salmasius, as I find it in his notes on Vopiscus: ‘Est et elegans epigramma Lucilli, (well he might call it ‘elegantis!’) ubi medicus et pollinctor de compacto sic egerunt, ut medicus ægros omnes curæ suæ commissos occideret’—this was the basis of the contract, you see, that on the one part the doctor for himself and his assigns doth undertake and contract duly and truly to murder all the patients committed to his charge: but why? There lies the beauty of the case—‘Et ut pollinctori amico suo traderet pollingendos.’ The *pollinctor*, you are aware, was a person whose business it was to dress and preparé dead bodies for burial. The original ground of the transaction appears to have been sentimental: ‘he was my friend,’ says the murderous doctor—‘he was dear to me,’ in speaking of the pollinctor. But the law, gentlemen, is stern and harsh: the law will not hear of these tender motives: to sustain a contract of this nature in law, it is essential that a ‘consideration’ should be given. Now, what *was* the consideration? For thus far all is on the side of the pollinctor: he will be well paid for his services; but meantime, the generous, the noble-minded doctor, gets nothing. What *was* the little consideration, again, I ask, which the law would insist on the doctor’s taking? You shall hear: ‘Et ut pollinctor vicissim τελαμῶνας quos furabatur de pollinectioe mortuorum medico mitteret doni ad alliganda vulnera eorum quos curabat.’ Now, the case is clear: the whole went on a principle of reciprocity which would have kept up the trade for ever. The doctor was also a sur-

geon: he could not murder *all* his patients: some of the surgical patients must be retained intact; *re infectâ*. For these he wanted linen bandages. But unhappily the Romans wore woollen, on which account they bathed so often. Meantime, there *was* linen to be had in Rome: but it was monstrously dear: and the *τελαμῶνες* or linen swathing bandages in which superstition obliged them to bind up corpses, would answer capitally for the surgeon. The doctor, therefore, contracts to furnish his friend with a constant succession of corpses, provided, and be it understood always, that his said friend in return should supply him with one-half of the articles he would receive from the friends of the parties murdered or to be murdered. The doctor invariably recommended his invaluable friend the pollinator, (whom let us call the undertaker;) the undertaker, with equal regard to the sacred rights of friendship, uniformly recommended the doctor. Like Pylades and Orestes, they were models of a perfect friendship: in their lives they were lovely; and on the gallows, it is to be hoped, they were not divided.

“Gentlemen, it makes me laugh horribly when I think of those two friends drawing and redrawing on each other: ‘Pollinator in account with Doctor, debtor by sixteen corpses; creditor by forty-five bandages, two of which damaged.’ Their names unfortunately are lost; but I conceive they must have been Quintus Burkius and Publius Harius. By the way, gentlemen, has anybody heard lately of Hare? I understand he is comfortably settled in

Ireland, considerably to the west, and does a little business now and then; but, as he observes with a sigh, only as a retailer—nothing like the fine thriving wholesale concern so carelessly blown up at Edinburgh. ‘You see what comes of neglecting business,’—is the chief moral, the *ἐπιμύθιον*, as Æsop would say, which he draws from his past experience.”

At length came the toast of the day—*Thugdom in all its branches*.

The speeches attempted at this crisis of the Dinner were past all counting. But the applause was so furious, the music so stormy, and the crashing of glasses so incessant, from the general resolution never again to drink an inferior toast from the same glass, that my power is not equal to the task of reporting. Besides which, Toad-in-the-hole now became quite ungovernable. He kept firing pistols in every direction; sent his servant for a blunderbuss, and talked of loading with ball-cartridge. We conceived that his former madness had returned at the mention of Burke and Hare; or, that being again weary of life, he had resolved to go off in a general massacre. This we could not think of allowing: it became indispensable, therefore, to kick him out, which we did with universal consent, the whole company lending their toes *uno pede*, as I may say, though pitying his grey hairs and his angelic smile. During the operation the orchestra poured in their old chorus. The universal company sang, and (what surprised us most of all) Toad-in-the-hole joined us furiously in singing—

“Et interrogatum est ab omnibus—Ubi est ille Toad-in-the-hole?
Et responsum est ab omnibus—Non est inventus.”

Here is the Greek Epigram—with a version. C. N.

Ἰητρος Κρατεῖς καὶ Δαμῶν ἐνταφιαστὴς
Κοινὴν ἀλλήλοις θέντο συναμοτινῇ.

Καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν, ἔς κλεπτικὸν ἀπ' ἐνταφίων
τελαμῶνας,

Εἰς ἐπιδισκευεῖν πέμπε φίλος Κρατεῖα.
Τοῦ δ' ἀπαμειβομένος Κρατεῖας, εἰς ἐνταφίαν
φίλειν

Πέμπει ὅλως αὐτῷ τοὺς θεραπευομένους.

Damon, who plied the undertaker's trade,
With Doctor Krateas an agreement made.
What grave-clothes Damon from the dead
could seize,

He to the Doctor sent for bandages:
While the good Doctor—here no bargainer—
broke—

Sent all his patients to the Undertaker.

SAYINGS AND ESSAYINGS.

1.

An unproductive truth is none. But there are products which cannot be weighed even in patent scales, nor brought to market.

2.

It is an old discovery that man passes from knowledge to doubt, and thence again attains to knowledge. But it is a vulgar error to suppose that we return not only to the same knowledge, but that in the same forms, and under the same limitations as before.

3.

All religion implies that the universe is a system of essential good, not evil. And this in spite of experience, which acquaints us with nothing but a mixture, in larger or smaller proportion, of good and evil, neither of them at any time pure from some ingredient of the other. Thus the great general axiom of all higher than Pagan religion is the existence of an Absolute which transcends experience. No philosophy which teaches this can, without danger of calumny, be called irreligious.

4.

Of a mere chaos, blank ignorance would be the only corresponding image in the soul. Of a mere hell, an unchecked appetite of hatred would be the proper counterpart in man. All knowledge contradicts the one view; all goodness the other. The energies of life in all men work in opposition to both falsehoods, and take for granted their emptiness. But the clear insight and mature conscientiousness of the wise man realize the complete victory over all doubt of truth, and all self-abandonment to evil.

5.

The true idea of a philosopher, and that which, dimly apprehended, has been the cause of the universal reverence, even if only a reverential hatred, connected with the name, is—a man who discerns an Absolute Truth more clearly than others, and is thus enabled to found on it a scientific, that is, systematic construction of all knowledge. To this idea is directly opposed that of a man whose aim is to establish the uncertainty of all things,—who is certain only that we can know nothing certainly. To this class of

thinkers belong not merely Pyrrhonists, that is, the dealers in lazy and captious frivolities of speculation, but all who maintain, however zealously and consistently, that we know nothing beyond appearances—all who teach that truth is endowed with a positive value and certainty, but only in reference to us, who are essentially fallible, as having in ourselves no measure or organ of the absolute. Of such men, Locke, though often inconsistent, and sometimes suggesting a higher belief than he could clearly understand, is, on the whole, the great modern master. But from this, it by no means follows, nor indeed is it at all true, that he and his most decided followers have asserted nothing but error as to the mode in which our conceptions arise, and are associated and generalized. On the contrary, his writings, and those of others who pursue the same method, abound in ingenious and undeniable explanations of many phenomena of consciousness. Their error—when a philosopher of a higher and more genuine school must believe them in error—is in the denial of any deeper ground of conviction in man than that which can be reduced to the impressions of objects, and the manufacture of these into conceptions, and sequences of conceptions.

6.

The belief in an Absolute Truth discernible by man, under whatever conditions, is the common ground of all constructive, all religious philosophies; by which they are contradistinguished from all the schemes which would reduce the objects of knowledge to an accidental and relative medley of facts, and the powers of knowing to implements produced by no previous high necessity of reason, and of which we can only say that here they are—and neither why nor whence. The enquiries of the empirical analyses, pursued, as they may be, with serious devotion to truth, have yet so strong a tendency to deaden and choke up the inlets for all higher suggestions, that the affirmation of an absolute reality discernible by man seems to such a one, when at all accomplished in his own method, no better than the conceits of children

or the dreams of sleepers. If any one take this view, it is utterly impossible to refute him; for his theory does perfectly well explain all the facts that he acknowledges or can be led to apprehend. If he once make up his mind that human existence is nothing better than the frightful farce which on his scheme it appears to men of larger and more aspiring souls—what can be said, but that he must make the best of the world which he has chosen for himself?

7.

The Absolute Truth of the philosopher has doubtless never been apprehended by the mass of mankind, as divested of innumerable, arbitrary, and often absurd adjuncts. Yet there are few who have not been visited by some faint and broken image of an unchangeable Ground, an eternal Reason, an inexhaustible Fount of Life, a pure Love, a perfect Will, a universal God; though doubtless even Christianity has as yet communicated a clear, devout, mature knowledge of this idea to but a small portion of those who profess it. The verdict of the multitude, ignorant as they are, first of what they do mean, and secondly, of what they ought to mean, is, on the whole, in favour of a Reality of Truth. But the seer who does know what he affirms, has a certainty which votes and adherents cannot augment, nor deniers take away. Seeing the truth in itself as it is, he cannot but know that he sees it, and would still possess this insight, though he were the one among a thousand millions who believed that man is more than a phantom of the night.

8.

Any fool, much more any score of fools, can kill the wisest of men. Yet history teaches nothing, if not this, that the final estimation which decides all conflicts is by weight, not tale.

9.

A self-complacent horror of mysticism in speculation, is apt to be the mark of him who cannot see at all what the mystic sees obscurely.

10.

How often is the meaning of any appearance not only different from, but the very reverse of what it seems! Pursue this contrast to its source, and we are not far from the highest truth of speculation.

11.

The greatest instance of the opposition of the apparent and the real is found in the world itself as a whole, which presents to us a mass of fluctuating atoms, and yet reveals an Eternal Oneness as its true origin and life.

12.

Most English persons of liberal education would say that the primary question in philosophy is this: whether the human mind has or has not any capacities but those of sensation, memory, and association; or, in other words, whether from these alone all knowledge and all principles of action are derived? This would perhaps be the statement of those who take either the one or the other side in the controversy. A man of a deeper, ampler, and, as it is called among us, a more mystical mind than can be looked for among men of business and men of fashion, would say that philosophy starts from the assumption of a power in man to arrive at the knowledge of an Absolute Truth, on which the particular truths of experience depend, and from which they receive their explanation. The teacher of association and similar processes, as solving all mysteries into mere commonplaces, says that the sensation of bitter or sweet cannot be imparted by words to him who has not experienced it; so the believer in a fontal reality above all phenomena, and their generalized laws, says that the intuition of this, and the accompanying conviction of its inconclusiveness, cannot be conveyed by mere verbal teaching; and requires a training of the affections, imagination, and will, as well as the understanding, in order to bring it within our reach. Only the one asserts that there is nothing in man which is not obvious in all men; the other, that there is much, and the best, which in most has never distinctly appeared, and shows itself only by vague but unconquerable feeling.

13.

The *reductio ad absurdum*, the triumphant sarcasm of the follower of Locke, commonly amounts to this, that the asserted truth of the visionary enthusiast cannot be stated in terms of the sensations, and their images and associated results, without manifest self-contradiction; and that therefore it is a mere lunacy. But this is only a ridiculous conclusion from a state-

ment which is essential to the very case of the transcendentalist. For it is his allegation that there is such a truth as cannot be conveyed except in language which must appear an inane jargon to all who resolve existence into a *nothing but*—yet it would be absurd to deny that Hobbes, Locke, and Berkely, Hume, Hartley, Brown, and one in acuteness, clearness, and coherence, equal to any of these, the late James Mill, have given not only very ingenious, but quite adequate expositions of many phenomena of consciousness, while admitting only the scantiest premises and *data*. Laying down their volumes, and especially the *Analysis of the Human Mind*, by the last and most consistent of these writers, it is hard not to feel for a time, as if after all men might be a mere bundle of these dry sticks thus neatly fitted and tied together. But at last, to any one who has habitually breathed a more devout air, and lived in the belief that there is something above, which we never can do more than look up to, the old faith of sages, and poets, and saintly hearts, nay, that of the great multitude of civilized men, however blundered and distorted by them, returns with power. We thus find in the conviction that there is an Absolute Truth and good, however diversely manifested to different lands and generations, a depth and strength, a sufficiency for the demands of the reason, which no small psychological theory can explain, and which, therefore, none should be allowed to explain away. Must we then say that truth is inconsistent with itself, and that the analysis of phenomena by Hartley or Mill, though irrefutable, must be set aside, because it is discordant from the belief in a supersensual and eternal Idea? Assuredly not. But we may admit by far the greater part of what is positive in their teaching, and yet hold, that they do but explain the process by which sensations, images, and associations, build up the mass of common thoughts and feelings, which, nevertheless, must rest at last on a deeper and more permanent foundation.

14.

Man's actual knowledge may easily be measured. His ignorance is for him unfathomable; he is ignorant of the extent of his ignorance. But, on the other hand, his knowledge, were it but the conscious certainty of

the difference between odd and even numbers, or of the idea of a circle, proves that existence is essentially knowable by him, and that he has the capacity for knowing it altogether. Our ignorance is immense, but not entire. All actually share in it, but it is not constitutive, universal, characteristic of the race. Knowledge is all these. It with all its infinity surrounds us, calls us, belongs to us, is ideally ours. Not only the child, the peasant, the sage are ignorant. So also are the insentient stone, the unmoving plant, the unreflecting animal. Man like these is ignorant; but it is his crowning distinction that he knows himself to be so, as having in his knowledge a standard which proves him ignorant.

15.

Contented ignorance of that which we may know has a no less deplorable likeness to the condition of brutes, than the most obvious brutalities to which we degrade our nature.

16.

Often has it been said, far oftener indistinctly felt, that nothing is more really inconsistent with the spirit of true morality than the affected parade of buckram severity. Thus, the corrupt exaggeration of prudens fastens as a stain on the soul the tint which might otherwise have been but a play of shadow. In such a tone of mind, and how much of it is there in England, especially in England's moral self-complacence, it is plain that the want of inward life betrays itself by the prurient excess of life on the surface. A careless unconscious ease of soul as to trifles, arises naturally from the habitual presence of that spirit of free purity and generosity which alone can render any human life really moral, under the paint. That is only a fit and meritable contrast to the stiff and bitter pedantry of duty which is presented in the emphatic licences and naked orgies of genial blackguardism, such as has not wanted eulogists among us. In the former case, the dirt is frozen into lumps, and may be handled with less defilement. In the other, it is liquid, rank, and steaming, and gives one at least the hope that it may flow down its proper channels into some congenial abyss. But all is dirt alike, and the less that any one meddles with it, save those to whom such work belongs, the better for himself and for

those who happen to pass to windward of him. But in this country, and in our age, the extremes of wanton self-indulgence are far less in fashion, and therefore less need to be denounced, than the acrid and noxious pretences of those who overcharge their mimicry of conscience, because they know nothing of the thing itself.

17.

The genius of the age, meaning its characteristic tendency, is not a phrase so unlike, as it seems at first sight, to that of the genius of a man, namely, the highest thought that inspires him, and marks him out from the crowd. Genius, in the one expression, means, indeed, something like temper or character; in the other, originality—the power of realizing the previously unknown, whether in art, or science, or life. But every generation has genius in the higher sense, though every man has not. That is to say, every generation has a feeling that, in some direction or other before it, there lies an infinite unknown reality, towards which it must work, and which promises it endless triumphs, and immeasurable rewards. This feeling is never a deception, for it points to a universe of wonder, which does not merely lie before us, on this side or that, but encompasses us on all, though generally it is but through some one vista that any age or man can discern and effectually approach it. Thus, too, there is something of genius in all children, who are distinguished from adults in nothing more than in this, that their world being so much smaller than ours, seems to them so much larger than ours appears to most of us. But all the higher emotions bring to all who experience them something of the tremulous joy and sublime anticipations of creative genius. What mother has not felt this, bending over her child? What lover, looking along the path on which he has seen or hopes to see the woman he loves?

18.

In a practical country like ours, that is, one where almost all the energies of almost all energetic minds are employed in outward work of some kind, a man of a different temper and tendencies is not only hampered and wounded by endless discordances in his life with that of all around him, but finding no sympathy, and no public at one with him, he is perpetually

driven into doubt of the reality and worth of the objects which alone can satisfy his deepest feelings, and suitably engage his best faculties. A philosopher in England has the discomfort of an eagle in darkness, while he is held to be an owl in daylight. Wretched, therefore, is he if his philosophy be but that of the head, and does not so strengthen and purify his heart as to sustain him against neglect, solitude, the mistrust and sorrow of his friends, and the loud revilings of all who fancy any difference of pursuits and affections from theirs to be an intentional outrage against them. In fact, in opposing ourselves to the stream of things which we cannot altogether escape from, our only justification must be a love of truth, inseparable from a knowledge of it, which brings still more of inward consolation than of outward trial.

19.

It is a melancholy thing when any one who professes devotion to the pure service of wisdom, and who must know how few as yet imagine that there is such a vocation for man, at the same time complains fretfully of the indifference and injustice of the world. If wisdom is not better than the world of to-day, why not serve the world instead of wisdom? If it is, why complain of the exchange by which you have been so much the gainer? The jewel hidden under the sand of the desert laments not its dark and silent lot. The sand lies open to the sun and dews, and to the feet of the ostrich, the antelope, the camel, and of all unclean beasts. The jewel is concealed because it is, not because it is not, precious. When the true day comes which will consign the dust to neglect, it will be owned and honoured; and, at all events, to be a spark of diamond is more than to be a grain of sand.

20.

The helve of the hatchet disputed against the blade, which was the worthier? Nay, said the wise raven, which listened to the argument, and had not spoken for a thousand years before; the steel will hew a hundred handles for itself, but the hundred handles could never shape one blade.

21.

The tone of the perfectly well-bred, that is, of those who, with a natural aptitude for refinement, have

been in circumstances to attain its best graces and accomplishments, has a charm which many can feel who do not possess it. Only those do not imagine it who have no sense for the beautiful in action, and for the quiet expressiveness of complete cultivation. The perception of its value will not enable any man to reach it by dint of industry and talents. He must join to the tendencies, which are a gift from Heaven, the good fortune of long and familiar intercourse, even from his youth, with a circle of persons to whom finished politeness is habitual, and thus involuntary. In the highest classes there is many a man who has not this recommendation. But that, among persons of eminent social position, there is not a higher average of good manners, a milder general climate of demeanour, than among the mass of those whose main purpose in life is labour, however ingenious for outward ends—none but the very ignorant would be bold enough to pretend. How far this superiority is counterbalanced by inconveniences in other respects, moral or intellectual, is another question. The class that most commonly decides the matter in its own favour, viz. the clever and well-informed of the professional and mercantile rank, though probably they may be on the whole the best among us, are certainly by no means free from bias, or at all peculiarly aware of those defects of their own which must be weighed against the mischiefs of aristocratic habits. On the whole, no doubt, in the highest life of England, as compared with the middling, there is more of the smaller, and less of the larger morals. For leisure, and ample and constant means of enjoyment, are less favourable to virtue and wisdom than to manners and taste. Only, be it remembered, that good manners and good taste are, so far as their influence reaches, hostile, not friendly, to vice and folly.

22.

Evil in modern education, as in modern life, generally takes the form of meanness, weakness, and rottenness, in the substance and core, with a tricky sensual varnish on the surface.

23.

While the labour and urgency of life are directed to mere worldly

ends, the relaxations and ornaments will naturally also be governed by a taste for the showy and luxurious—for that which produces the utmost display with the least value.

24.

The striving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive; while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive.

25.

It would be unjust to deny that in our age there is a far wider diffusion of humanity, tolerance, information, smooth manners, and pleasing accomplishments, than there ever was before in the world. But this very improvement makes the task of life, and therefore of training life, more difficult. For these things are all the light and moveable material of manhood, not the vital organizing strength. Yet they have in themselves a reality of good, only it seems much greater than it is. We are thus tempted to make them substitutes for a law, a religion, which they in fact require in order to direct them. While these glimmerings of a higher truth augment and brighten round us, there is more and harder work for the conscience and will, for the main wheel of the character to do, in keeping right so much that was unknown in simpler times, and which yet in our time we have no business to relinquish.

26.

There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist.

27.

No wonder that in the devil's market a large nut-shell, with a maggot in it, passes for more than a small one, which is whole and sound. That oranges are cultivated by his gardeners to have the finest skins and no juice. And in his picture galleries, frames inclosing nothing, and sheets of varnish, with no forms seen in them but the reflection of the spectator, hold the place of true delineations.

28.

One sometimes sees others than Irishmen, when they want to have a vehicle for use, make their barrow as large as possible, and fill it with a heap of goods, but only forget one thing—the wheel. Now, as a big wheel-barrow without a wheel, so is a man full

of talk, and cleverness, and success, but without a character and a principle higher than himself on which the character depends.

29.

A man must have bread to live on, bread growing in the fields around him, ground in a mill, and baked in an oven within his reach. Dust, indeed, he may find without having it sown, or reaped, or ground, or baked for him; and a traveller may tell him of fruits and viands much better than bread to be found in India or the Moon; but the dust will not feed him, nor the name of pine-apples and nectar serve him for dinner. So is it with our need of religion. Worldly maxims of prudence and knowledge will not do as a substitute; and philosophy, which, to be comprehensive and lasting, must be religious philosophy, is for all but a few as airy as the rumour of a magic garden, and the tale of lunar feasts and quintessential potatoes.

30.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches every thing else, and not that.

31.

Mere benevolence is little better than worthless as a first principle of life. The loving men, without knowing what we are to love in them, is a moral appetite, which may easily be too indiscriminating. Faith must stand first; the trustful insight into a truth which shows what we are to love, and why; otherwise the love ends in a melancholy dream. It is the mere moonshine of the mind, which, if genuine, and not a stage-carpenter's tallow moonshine, points to, and proves asunshine, a knowledge and love of good unmingled and pure, and not as in human beings, muddled with infinite dirt and lies.

32.

It is most true and most fitting to be said to many in our day, that a man has no business to cut himself off from communion with so rich and manifold a world as ours, or arbitrarily to harden and narrow his life on any of the sides on which it is open and sensitive. But it is also no less necessary, and perhaps in this time more required, to urge that a man's first vocation is to be a man—a practical, personal being with a reasonable moral existence, which must be kept

strong and in working order, at all expense of pleasure, talent, brilliancy, and success. It is easy to lose one's self, or, as the Scripture has it, one's own soul, in the midst of the many and glittering forms of good which the world offers, and which our life apprehends. But to know any of these as realities, it is necessary to begin by being real in our own human ground of will, conscience, personal energy. Then will the world also begin to be real for us; and we may go on through eternity mining deeper and deeper, and in endless diversities of direction, in a region of inexhaustible realities. It is not by lying down and dreaming of many roads that we get on. By standing up and actually walking, we find a real road under our feet, which in time will lead us into all the roads that we are capable of knowing; and there are many more than we can ever dream of, for dreams are but the confused remains of what we have known already.

33.

Better a cut finger than no knife. The boy, indeed, bears the cut finger for the sake of the knife; but a wise parent will often think the cut the real gain, and the knife expedient for the sake of it.

34.

All nature presents to us the spectacle of a divine light working and moulding twilight shapes in the midst of darkness. But this darkness, out of which all the realities of existence below man rise, is but the want of light. In man the light of God knows itself as light, and shakes off more and more of the darkness mingled with it. But in him there is also, and therefore, a power of thickening the darkness into something far blacker and more palpably dark than can be found in all the rest of the universe. There it is the want of light; here the corruption of light. And this new mischief, this plague-struck good, takes place in every man who consciously, as all of us so often do, prefers wrong to right, and the worse rather than the better.

35.

We laugh at the old worshippers of sticks and stones, pot-herbs, and onions. Yet these are really good and reasonable things, and display a wise and benign power in the production of them. But soft, fashionable sentiment, popular

swaggering phrases, arbitrary dogmas, the generalized lies of proverbial cunning, which pass for truths by being lies comprehensive, are utterly worthless. They are the dregs and scourings of whatever in man is diabolical. Yet these are the true gods of millions who read tracts, newspapers, and novels. These are the invisible powers on which they rely, and on which they try to build their existence. For any thing I know, an old Egyptian who worshipped a cabbage, may have been less absurd in doing so than this or that sensitive and fantastic idolater of landscapes and size-coloured daubery, of tinsel talents and melo-dramatic greatness. An Irish peasant honouring with his mouth a glorified potato, would be performing a more reasonable service than that to which he often submits himself.

36.

From want of reverence may I and my children be preserved! But this prayer is not heartier than that which I offer for preservation from the reverence of hollow notions and smoky dreams, half felt to be lies, while we bow down to them. In singleness of heart to believe and do what highest we know—how few and simple are the words! yet their meaning fathoms the depths, and compasses the horizon of life.

37.

For a man of but half his years I knew well him, whom I shall here call Theophilus. The recollection of him is to me one of the most perfectly soothing and strengthening that life has afforded. When I first met him, some ten years before his departure, he was past his prime; but, at the last, he was only on the verge of old age, which never, indeed, seemed to have any place in his heart or his intelligence. As first seen—and, in these respects unchanged, until that hour which changed him altogether—he was tall, slender, and graceful, with a head which, in form and character, had a beauty at once magnanimous and delicate. The high heroic features and irresistible sweetness of look recalled Fenelon, but in a grander type, and Baxter polished into a purer stamp of gentlemanly softness. The marble clearness of the complexion, the lustre of the full grey eye, the high compact forehead, with its silvered hairs—but

it is vain thus to enumerate particulars which, taken separately, do so little towards a portrait. Even the invisible characteristics, which words can better deal with, cannot thus be represented to others. For it avails scarce at all to speak of eloquence, learning, devotion, benignity, the fervid chastened glow of soul. All these are to a reader, not perhaps nothing, but very little of what they appeared as living in him. For that which gave its broadest worth and tenderest attractiveness to all, was a something peculiar and native in him alone, which I do not know how to indicate better than by the faint phrase—refinement of heart. It was not composed finish of manner, not philosophical subtlety of thought, but exquisiteness of beauty in the whole structure of his feelings and life, that gave to his demeanour and discourse an expression which no polish, no genius, could have either imparted or compensated.

There was in him a faint flush of Irish nature, a strong tone of an older and more elaborate school of courtesy than prevails now; the simplicity of a recluse student, the singularity of a mystical idealist, the freshness of a lover of all beauty and wisdom, whom no excess in intellectual indulgence had ever wearied of thought. But all these may be found, though not in common men, yet in those far colder and far coarser than he. Add, that there was the vivid life of human sympathies, which duty always guided and selfishness never confined. Yet even this is not the man. His distinct personality seemed rather to consist in the unceasing continuity of generous and upward feeling, to which the graceful, the becoming, the right, was not added as a qualification, or measure, but belonged to it, inhered in it, as its vital spirit.

His conversation was suitable to these characteristics,—flowing in a full stream of emotion and mild wisdom, and lambent faith, with a reserve and deference towards those opinions of others on which they set any value, such as could hardly have been surpassed had his associates been a circle of sovereigns and he their only courtier. Thus the mellow cordiality of his soul seemed to reconcile to him even those whose harsh intellectual bigotry armed itself the most surely against all theological dissent from them. It was

curious to see how those who talked of *the truth*, as if theirs were the whole, instead of some withered grain or mangled fragment of it, were subdued by a spirit to which the free love of truth was as the feeding air; how they felt that in those which they could least understand, or most hated of his doctrines, there dwelt, as these appeared in him, a power of moral beauty which they could not resist. None can have known him without discerning that he, of all men, called up flowers where he found none, and scattered honey even over the nettles from which he could not extract it.

His rebukes, which were extremely rare, took the form of an assertion of some high truth, not of the exposure of the opposite error; and when nothing benignant, nothing elevating could be said, a painful blushing silence showed that he felt the levity or perverseness of another as a cause of shame for human nature, and almost therefore for himself, not of triumphant condemnation.

The eloquence for which he was noted, poured, when occasion called for it, in a large golden stream of fancy and sympathy, with abundant and clear ratiocinative illustration, but with no severely rigid sequence of argument. Neither was it wont to have any of that inward labouring pause of wonder, which, in the austere and the more peculiarly speculative, sometimes bespeaks the presence of a single profound and absorbing idea. To recommend and enjoy truth was his calling—to swing her burning censers, glisten in her white robes, and be brightened by her meekest glory, rather than to darken and be amazed, and rise a stern prophet when her strong whisper thunders in the quaking heart. But if to others be allotted monuments of granite and brass, no purer loftier image of ivory and alabaster stands in the lunar shrine of memory.

The philosophy of this good and wise man was in beautiful accordance with his structure of mind, and all his life. The greater portion of his thoughts and studies had been occupied in the construction of a scheme of the universe, buttressed by countless authorities of Pagan sages and Christian fathers, though, as a whole, exactly harmonizing with the views of none

of these. This laborious and graceful structure—an airy minaret of celestial meditation—I do not know with sufficient accuracy and minuteness to give an account of it. But it is plain that if it erred, it was not by any undue favour for the mechanical propensities of modern times, and for that ethical indifference which deals with spiritual truth as coldly as with any physical problem. It was, on the contrary, his whole aim, to refer all causation to essential good; and, rising into communion with it, to escape from the slough of matter and mechanism. That he had ever fully seen the extreme difficulty of those highest questions which modern speculative science proposes to itself, it would be presumption either to assert or to deny. It is, however, pardonable to suspect, that the truth which he had trained his heart to serve so willingly, may have seemed to him intellectually nearer and plainer than in its full expanse and natural height it actually is. It seemed essential to much of what was best and deepest in him, that he should never have nerved himself to fathom the black depth of evil in man, and that he thus presented good as a remedy for all wrong, with the blind reliance of youthful innocence. So too, perhaps, he may have failed to survey the widest gulfs of distance, which thought has now traversed, and therefore may have taken a starting point and solution, lofty and comprehensive enough for the noblest practical being, but not quite satisfying all the demands which the severest intelligence in our day makes upon systems of philosophy. Whether this be so I cannot tell. It is at least certain, that he delighted to expound his thoughts in the language of other times, and used the terms now of Aristotle—now of Origen—now of Fénelon, while subordinating all he believed to the lore of revelation in Paul and John.

His labours were probably incomplete, and, at all events, will certainly never appear in the shape which he once hoped to give them. But the great work of his life was his life itself, which, if it compels us to mourn for what we have lost, assuredly leaves us nothing to lament for him.

ARCHÆUS.

THE TENANTS OF HOLYWELL LODGE.

"THIS House to Let. For particulars enquire of Mr Thomas Riggs, Pomona Cottage."

The three gentlemen stopped and looked at this announcement. The oldest of them, a stout red-faced personage, about fifty years of age, cast a hurried glance over the clean white walls and beautiful green verandah of Holywell Lodge. The result of his observation was apparently satisfactory; for he turned to his companions, and said, with rather a decided air, as if in asking their opinions he did not anticipate any contradiction,—

"Well, gentlemen, this is just the thing; don't you think so? Clean—quiet—comfortable—eh?"

"As you please, sir," replied the taller of the gentlemen, a fine dark-haired young man, of about twenty-five, or perhaps a little less—"I believe we have no great choice in the matter."

"And you, Mr Day, what do *you* think on the subject?"

"Exactly as Knight does.—If *you* like it, we can have no objection."

Mr Day was a handsome man, a little older than his companion, with long light hair and fine restless eyes; and it only depended on the preference a person might have for a dark or fair complexion, that would have enabled him to decide which of the two young men was the finer specimen of masculine beauty. The deep dark eyes of Knight illumined with strange light the fallow shades of his perfectly chiselled features, and his soft melancholy smile harmonized well with their subdued expression. The fine open countenance of the other was joyous as bright eyes and happy looks could make it; both were exceedingly well made, both very fashionably dressed, and with that indescribable assemblage of qualities of face, figure, and appearance, which convince the most casual spectator that the possessor of them is a gentleman. The senior was one of a flourishing sort: he might perhaps be a dissenting attorney—a retired apothecary—an independent preacher—or an Oxford coachman (with a share in the concern) in his Sunday clothes. However this might be, it was very evident that his word was law to his two companions in the choice of a

mansion; and accordingly the trio proceeded at a rapid pace to Pomona Cottage, and were ushered into the presence of Mr Riggs.

That gentleman was surrounded by his blooming family, consisting of three daughters dressed in all respects so like each other, and with such an equally divided share of what is called family likeness, that it would have required almost as long an acquaintance with them as their father's to distinguish Miss Julia from Miss Marianne, and either or both of them from Miss Arabella. It was lucky that the share of this family property that fell to each consisted of a very considerable amount of good looks;—glossy black hair, red and white cheeks, full lips and very small noses, which compensated for their deficiency in size by being of a very aspiring nature, especially at the point,—were the principal characteristics of all the three faces. Minute observers saw shades of difference between the size of the mouths and noses, the complexion of the cheeks, and the colour of the eyes and hair of the different individuals constituting the family of the Riggses; but it is sufficient for our present purpose to have given these particulars, as it will suffice to convince the reader that the entrance of two such young gentlemen as those we have described was by no means an event of small importance in the little drawing-room of Pomona Cottage.

"Holywell Lodge, sir?"—enquired Mr Riggs—"Yes, indeed, sir—as you say, sir—won't you be seated, gentlemen? My daughters, gentlemen,—a very pretty situation indeed, sir—furniture good as new—rent very moderate—to a respectable tenant"—

"And the accommodation?" enquired the senior.

"Dining-room, parlour, kitchen, scullery, five bedrooms, and a loft over the stable;—the rent for three months, three guineas a-week,—gardener kept."

"Is he a strong man?"

"Strong—bless ye! Herc'les was a joke to him."

"And the cellars, my good sir—you have not mentioned the cellars yet."

"Aha!" chuckled Mr Riggs, whose

rubicund countenance showed that the cellar was one of the last portions of a domicile to which he would be inattentive—"The main room in the whole house, sir, say I. If that be well furnished, sir, we can excuse any little deficiency in bedroom or parlour."

"Then I am to understand they are good cellars?"

"Oh, capital!—you might stow away a dozen pipes."

"And two of them, sir?"

"Yes—all binned and divided; a regiment of dismounted dray"—

"Strong doors—dark and cold—you hear, gentlemen."

The two young men, who had entered into conversation with the triad of female Riggsses, seemed hurt at this interruption, and looked at each other as if each waited for the other to reply to the old gentleman's question. "Oh yes," at last they both said, and turned about to renew their flirtation.

"Well, since my young friends are pleased with the whole house, and you give me such good accounts of the capabilities of the cellars, I think I will accept your terms, Mr Riggs."

"Very well, sir—cellars excellent, I assure you; and—excuse me the liberty, sir—I can recommend you a friend of mine—excellent man—brother of my wife, sir—the best wine-merchant in the county, sir."

"Sir, we drink no wine."

"Brandy? he sells brandy, sir,—rum, gin, hollands, whisky, any thing; he has an immense stock—lowest prices. I can strongly recommend him."

"We drink no spirits."

"Oh!"—and with this expressive monosyllable Mr Riggs showed very plainly that he was fairly puzzled, and could make nothing of a person who was so particular about a cellar, and yet neither drank spirits nor wine. We will not even hint a suspicion that he might be somewhat disappointed as well as surprised; as it is no secret that Mr Riggs, in right of his wife, became (without a pun) sleeping partner in the wine trade carried on by his brother-in-law, Mr Larkin. We say we will not hint our suspicion of such a consideration biassing him in his recommendation of so near a connexion's port and sherry; for we have a high respect for Mr Riggs, and have heard him a hundred times declare

that he was perfectly disinterested, and in fact the purest and most virtuous of men. This, moreover, was said when he was canvassing for a seat in our Town-Council; and on an occasion of such solemnity we are more peculiarly bound to believe that he would state nothing but the truth.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed the three young ladies at once, interrupting their father in a deep reverie into which he had fallen, when his new tenants had taken their leave,—“he is the most beautiful man I ever saw!”

"Be hanged if I think so—neither wine nor spirits!—a very suspicious looking man,—I wish I had asked for a reference."

"So tall, so graceful, so sweet!" continued the three young ladies, in attitudes of rapt inspiration, turning their eyes up to a little brass hook that stuck out of a little flower in the centre of the ceiling.

"Such fine black eyes!" said Julia.

"Black?" said Marianne,—“they're blue—deeply, darkly, beautifully blue!”

"Nonsense, girl—dark, dark as starry midnight were his eyes,—weren't they, Arabella?"

"I thought they were blue."

"Blue—black!—what the dickens are the girls talking about?—they were grey—little, ugly, sharp grey eyes."

"We are talking of the tall young gentleman, papa, in the blue coat," said Julia. "The splendid man with long raven hair. How I should like to know what his name is!"

"We were speaking of the beautiful creature in the black surtout, papa," interposed Marianne and Arabella, in a breath. "Oh, such a beautiful smile! such a charming voice! I'm certain he sings."

"Well, well—never mind whether he sings or not," said the father,—“they are to be our neighbours for three months: we shall know all about them by that time. A cellar with no wine! I think I will step over to your uncle Larkin's. There's some mystery about it. Tell your mother to get Holywell Lodge in order; beds aired, fires lighted, and all that. They come over and take possession on Monday."

A steady old woman, recommended by Mrs Riggs, was speedily installed as cook. The gardener was retained

in his situation, with the additional duty of cleaning knives and shoes; and, in a very short time, Holywell Lodge assumed every appearance of a comfortable habitation. The carpets were none of the newest; the chairs were some of the oldest; and an experienced eye might have easily detected the difference between a "furnished cottage," and a cottage furnished; but yet, with the aid of flashy-coloured papers in the sitting rooms, large pier-glass, with only two small cracks in it, over the drawing-room fireplace, and bright red covers to the imitation rosewood tables; the cottage made a very respectable show. And when the music-seller from the neighbouring town had sent out a beautiful new piano, and a large waggon had arrived with a multitude of desks, writing-tables, and a considerable quantity of books, the apartments looked quite a different thing; and every body declared they had had no idea before that Holywell Lodge was so very superior a place.

In many eyes in the neighbourhood it seemed an actual paradise; and in no eyes had it more decidedly assumed this character, than in the six very bright ones of the three Miss Riggses. It is not to be denied, at the same time, that the same persuasion pervaded the minds of their cousins, the two Miss Larkins; but the means those young ladies had of judging were very inferior indeed to those of their more fortunate relations. They could only form their opinions from an outside view of the premises, namely, the fence wall about six feet high, and a distant view of the inhabitants, namely, a view of them in the front seat of the gallery at the parish church; at which it was remarked that the congregation contained a very unusual proportion of young ladies, immediately after it had got bruited abroad that the new tenants had taken possession of the house, and were regular in their attendance at church. This was perhaps only a curious coincidence; but we can vouch for its being the fact; for it is well known to the whole parish (to go no farther for our proofs than to Mr Larkin's family itself,) that Miss Anne and Miss Matilda Larkin forgot their usual fear

of the weather, and once or twice even hurried over to our morning service in the midst of a pelting shower; a circumstance which, a few weeks before the incidents we have alluded to, would have been considered little short of miraculous. In less than a week from the day of taking possession, any one might have seen upon the little drawing-room mantle-piece a pretty considerable bunch of cards, containing, among others, the names of Mr Hughes, our attorney, and Mr Ford, his partner, who had also taken the opportunity of leaving one at the same time with "Hughes and Ford, Solicitors," printed in large letters.

Mr Adams, our surgeon, who was like "three single gentlemen rolled into one," or the celebrated Caleb Quotem, for he filled a multitude of different offices, and tried to condense them all into one magnificent denomination by calling himself "Dr Adams, M.D., Surgeon, Apothecary, and Accoucheur;" while in very small letters at the foot of the card appeared—"N.B. Medicines carefully dispensed." It may be remarked, as evincing considerable knowledge of the world in our worthy doctor, that on this occasion, besides his other dispensings, he dispensed with one of his numerous titles or offices, and modestly drew his pen through the word "accoucheur;" for he very naturally argued that he would probably gain in intensity what he lost in extent; and as it was highly improbable the new comers would require his services in *that* capacity, they would make it up to him by keeping him fully employed in all his others: so he read up his dog Latin in case he should be called on to prescribe, bought a new set of lancets, and sent for a fresh supply of drugs to the Apothecaries' Hall.

Mr Larkin, of course, called, and said not a word about wine.

Three or four of our retired merchants, who had settled in the neighbourhood, also paid their respects, and there was no possibility of disputing the fact, that if the old gentleman and the two young ones had been so inclined, they might have had invitations for every day in the week. But—

CHAP. II.

Alas! for the young ladies of our town—alas! for all the gentlemen we have mentioned as having called at Holywell Lodge. The inhabitants of that mysterious domicile seemed the most unsocial of men. The whole population of our town and neighbourhood were inadequate to make those recluse spirits “come when they did call on them;” and at last, though the curiosity continued unabated, or if possible went on increasing, it seemed a settled thing that any intimacy with the new tenants of Holywell Lodge was not to be thought of. This was the final conviction of Hughes and Ford, the attorneys; Dr Adams, M.D., surgeon, apothecary and accoucheur; Mr Larkin, the best wine merchant in the county, and even of Mr Riggs of Pomona Cottage. But in the tenderer bosoms of all the female Hugheses, Fords, Adamses, Larkins and Riggses—

“Hope, like the glimmering taper’s light,
Adorn’d and cheer’d the way;
And, still as darker grew the night,
Sent forth a brighter ray.”

And at last, by sheer dint of wishing, hoping, expecting, and resolving, it is needless to deny that an acquaintance was finally struck up; and it was even hinted that two of the Miss Riggses had been seen talking to the two young gentlemen for more than half an hour, one fine September evening, in Cauliflower Lane. What they said has never been revealed, but it soon became very evident that Miss Julia and Miss Marianne, the two successful candidates, attached a very considerable degree of importance to the circumstance. They were now always seen together—some subject of overwhelming interest occupied all their thoughts; and their absorption in their mysterious consultations was so complete, that they gave the cut direct to Mr Thomas Hughes and Mr Joseph Adams, whom every body had before this time set down as their accepted lovers. Cauliflower Lane was the scene of their daily perambulations, and as it formed one of the boundaries to Holywell Lodge, and was entered to by a little green door from the shrubbery walk, it is not surprising that the meetings were seve-

ral times renewed. It was even observed by the prying eyes of Miss Arabella Riggs, that neither of her sisters was in possession of the right-hand pink kid glove which—oh, falsehood! thy name is woman—they had each been presented with a pair of by their respective admirers, Messrs Hughes and Adams. And one Sunday in church there certainly did appear something sticking out of the left side pocket of the plain waistcoat of Mr Day, which she (the said Arabella) could swear looked exceedingly like the thumb and forefinger of a lady’s glove. But at the distance at which she sat, she could not distinguish clearly enough to know *whose* glove it was; but that it *was* a glove—kid leather, and pink colour—she was as sure as she was of her existence. And where all the while was Mr Riggs? That watchful dragon of the Hesperides waited only a favourable opportunity to attain, if possible, through his daughters, the satisfaction of his curiosity. “What the devil could the old man mean by being so particular about the cellars, when he has not ordered a pint of any imaginable drink?” To solve this riddle Mr Riggs would have consented to his daughters losing both their gloves; but, however well acquainted they might become with the two juniors, he did not see any better chance of diving into the mysterious conduct of the elder tenant.

“What are they? Who are they? What do they do? These were the questions that interfered with the rest and equanimity of poor Mr Thomas Riggs, and also of Mr Larkin. Night after night those indefatigable pursuers of knowledge under difficulties repeated the same questions over their wine, over their rum and water, over their welsh rabbit and bottled porter; but with no better result. They uniformly made these enquiries, drowning their chagrin in copious floods of Guinness, and keeping all steady with an extra half pound or two of roasted Glo’ster, till the three gentlemen of Holywell Lodge became indissolubly connected in their minds with nightmare and indigestion. They had sick headaches all the morning, and dreamed every night of vast cellars from which every vestige of a barrel had disap-

peared. Were they a deputation from some temperance society?—a club of unprincipled ruffians, who had speculated deeply in tea and coffee, and now cloaked their selfish objects by pretending a horror of wholesome British gin? This also was one of the unanswered interrogatories propounded by Riggs to Larkin, and Larkin to Riggs; but in this, as in all their other investigations, “They asked the more *because* they asked in vain.” At last, by means of repeated helpings to toasted cheese, and an extra allowance of rum and water, a new light seemed to break in upon Mr Riggs.

“I say, Larkin, why did the old gentleman ask if Tim Duffy was a strong man? It don’t need a man to be particularly strong to be a gardener, does it?”

“Did he ask you *that*?” replied Mr Larkin—“you should have said so before. What could he mean?”

Mr Riggs drew the kettle of hot water nearer to him, and dropped three or four lumps of sugar into his tumbler.

“I’ll tell you what it is—Larkin, I don’t half like it—I’ve heard very strange things reported of forgers and such like. I shall look very sharp to the money they pay for Holywell Lodge—eh? what do you think?”

“I’ve heard so,” said Mr Larkin, calmly; not, perhaps, wishing to give Mr Riggs the triumph of having fathomed the mystery, though it was evident that, in his own mind, he believed the murder was out at last. “And the cellars, you think, are what they keep their tools in?”

A sagacious nod was Mr Riggs’s reply.

“And Tim Duffy’s strength is required for the boxes of false coin?”

“Why, what else *can* it be?” said Mr Riggs, in whose mind, by this time, bare supposition had grown into certainty. “What the deuce would they need with a cellar, if it wasn’t for that?—or why did they care whether Duffy was strong or weak? I had a bad sixpence in change from Morrell, the grocer, last Monday. I will go up and call on the old man to-morrow. It won’t do to have a tenant of Holywell Lodge hanged. It would sink its value a guinea a-week.” And, with this magnanimous resolution, the gentlemen took one more tumbler a-piece, to reward themselves for their

perspicacity, and dreamed all night of the cellars that used to be formerly empty, now filled to the brim with light half-crowns and copper sovereigns.

That morning Mr Riggs was intensely mysterious all the time of breakfast. His body only was present, but his thoughts were far away. He scalded his mouth with the tea, and emptied the cream-jug over his French roll. His wife was not a person of much observation, and was confirmed in her enmity to Jamaica rum. The daughters were too much engaged in their own contemplations to bestow much attention on the eccentricities of their sire, and all might have passed off without any observation, if Mr Riggs’s heart had not grown, like Coriolanus’s, “too big for what contained it,” and had forced him, as his lady would have expressed it, to let a bit of the cat out of the bag.

“I think I have found them out, girls,” he said; and, with an intuitive knowledge of relative pronouns, unknown to the slower disciples of Lindley Murray, they knew in a moment who were meant under the monosyllable *them*.

“Have you, indeed, papa? Oh! do tell us!” But Mrs Riggs, like the wives of most men of surpassing ingenuity, was what is facetiously called rather a slow coach, and had to be carefully instructed as to the meaning of the aforesaid pronoun.

“Oh, mamma,” exclaimed Julia, impatiently, “what *can* you be thinking of? Papa means the gentlemen at the Lodge—he says he has found them out.”

“I know he has,” rejoined the matron—“he has never found them *in*—nor any body else, except Dr Adams; and he thought them the oddest people he ever saw.”

“Well, papa,” struck in Miss Marianne, “who are they? Oh, I am so impatient!”

“I’ll tell you more of it in an hour or two. I’m going up to call, and I shall insist on having an explanation of the whole business.”

The red cheeks of the two elder Miss Riggss grew still redder.

“Dear!—what business, papa?”

“Why, that cellar, to be sure,” replied Mr Riggs, to their evident relief—for certain thoughts of Cauliflower Lane, and right-hand gloves, had sug-

gested themselves to the young ladies, when they heard their progenitor's intention to insist on an explanation.

"The cellars?—is that all?"

"Enough, too, or I am much mistaken. But say no more about it now. I shall ferret out the whole matter."

All the forenoon the ladies were on the tenter-hooks of expectation, not unmingled with forebodings of some very disagreeable discovery. For it was evident from their father's manner that he did not participate in the high idea they entertained of their new acquaintance.

"Oh, Marianne, if he should turn out different from what I expect; and I have sent back all Thomas Hughes's letters, and the black silhouette in the gilt frame!"

"And I have done the same to Joseph Adams," replied the younger; "but where can exist the doubt? They tell us they are here disguised. I have no doubt they are earls, if the truth were known, or sirs, at the very least."

"But what can they be here for?" enquired the elder sister, who seemed to have some slight misgiving.

Miss Marianne made no reply, but continued looking into the glass with redoubled earnestness, and a knowing simper passing over her features, showed that she thought a very satisfactory answer to her sister's enquiry could be found in the mirror that reflected the eyes of Marianne Riggs.

"And who is the old man they are here with?" continued Miss Julia.

"Oh, some dependent of their noble house, a squire, or seneschal, or something of that kind."

"He seems more like a tutor, or family surgeon."

"Oh, never mind what he is—silly old fellow—let us put on our bonnets, Julia, and stroll out into the lane. I wonder if papa will really get in."

They just got out in time to see the brown coat of their honoured parent disappear under the porch of Holywell Lodge.

"So he has really got admittance. How I wonder what he will say to them?"

Half an hour elapsed—three quarters—an hour—still no Mr Riggs.

"I think, Julia," said Miss Marianne, "papa is staying a long time. Is it possible they can be saying any thing to him on business?"

"What business can they have to speak on?"

"Oh, *you* know very well," pouted the younger sister in reply. "Why, don't people always tell one's father all their property, and sign settlements, and all that kind of thing? Mr Knight talks as if he were very rich; he told me once he had fifty elephants-load of diamonds alone. Think what splendid sets of jewels!"

"And Mr Day has spoken to me as if he was a man of great power. But he has two younger brothers who are plotting against him."

"Oh, the naughty men! I hope they won't succeed. But here comes papa; let us get round the lodge, as if we had been shopping in the village, and meet him at the corner."

By this skilful manœuvre the young ladies avoided all appearance of having been watching his approach, or of having been loitering away their time in Cauliflower Lane, and lost not a moment in requesting all the information he had picked up in the course of his morning visit.

"Charming men, certainly—very charming; old gentleman away from home; first time he has been absent for an hour—charming young men."

"They are both very handsome, pa, ar'n't they—Mr Knight particularly?"

"Knight—Knight, indeed!" repeated the father, contemptuously—"don't talk of knights or baronets either—by dad, I shall raise the rent of Holywell lodge on the next comers—great honour!"

The two sisters nudged each other's arms.

"I knew how it was, Julia," whispered Marianne.

"And Mr Day?" she continued aloud, addressing her father.

"Day, ha! ha!—stuff—let us hear no more about days and nights, unless the Deys of Algiers or Knights of the Garter. Where's your uncle Larkin—I've such news! You're all to go there to-night to an evening party—all that choose to come, particularly you two—you are to preside at the tea and coffee tables—Larkin is to bring his girls, the Adamses are all asked—the Fords, the Hugheses—I must go and invite them all. Run home and tell your mother and Arabella—quick, quick!"

And it needed no great persuasion

to make the two young ladies "be Mercuries, set feathers to their heels, and fly like thought." Away they went to spread the unexpected news; away also went Mr Riggs to the counting-house of his brother-in-law Mr Larkin; and whatever people after this may say of the French Revolution, or the earthquake of Lisbon, be sure that those were very commonplace occurrences, and created no sensation at all, compared to the intense agitation pro-

duced by the unexpected tea-party to be given by the hermits, as they had been nick-named, of Holywell Lodge. The whole parish seemed in an ecstasy, and Sarah Brown, our only milliner's young apprentice, was threatened with a mortification in her forefinger, she pricked it so often in working fast, altering gowns and sewing on lace for the three Miss Riggsses, the two Miss Larkins, and one or two others of the most elegant of our belles.

CHAPTER III.

At half-past seven o'clock the one-horse chaise of the King's Head began its multifarious labours. It went into Ryder Street, and took up two Miss Adamsses; then went on to Prospect Villa, and took up three Miss Hugheses, and that was the first cargo that arrived. It then returned to Prospect Villa for Mr Thomas Hughes and his two aunts,—the old gentleman wrapping himself up in his greatcoat, and proceeding to the Lodge on foot. When, by extraordinary activity, the chaise had made its eighth or ninth revolution, the party was at last collected, and a glittering show they made. There were two tables—the one copiously supplied with tea, the other with coffee—the only thing not in exact keeping with the splendour of the scene, was the somewhat homely appearance of the only domestic who waited on this occasion—being our old friend Widow Humphries, who had been recommended to the old gentleman on his first arrival. The cups and saucers also presented a pleasing variety, both in shape and material; for Mrs Riggs, conscious of a slight deficiency in those useful articles, had borrowed of her neighbours, and supplied out of her own stores, so that the two tables might have been mistaken for the show-counters in a china-merchant's shop.

The two young gentlemen received the company in a style hitherto unknown in our remote and only half-civilized town. There was so much ease, and at the same time so much condescension in their manner, that no one could doubt they were lowering themselves on purpose to the level of their present guests. Indeed, the effort was if any thing a little too apparent, and Mr Thomas Hughes, who

had reasons of his own, as we are well aware, for not being altogether pleased with his present entertainers, expressed in the ear of Mr Joseph Adams his opinion of what he called "the infernal patronizing sort of a way them two chaps showed off in." Mr Knight was seated in an arm-chair near the tea-table, over which presided Miss Julia Riggs; while vis-a-vis to him in the other arm-chair Mr Day had taken up his position. Some of the ladies ventured, far down in the most hidden recesses of their minds, to entertain a suspicion that it would have been more becoming to have offered those honourable places to some of the guests; but as to giving utterance to such a thought, so much boldness was not possessed by the very oldest spinster in the somewhat stiff, but highly delighted company. The hosts were certainly both very good-looking, and we believe the party were nearly equally divided as to which carried off the palm—for the wild poetic glance of the darker hero was almost counterbalanced by the bright and animated expression of the other. Two happier girls than Miss Julia and Miss Marianne Riggs "ye wadna find in Christendie." Visions of glory crowded on their souls. They saw coronets on the side of the queen's-metal teapot, and heard "your ladyship" even when, to prosaic and undreaming ears, good widow Humphries said, "Ees, miss," or, "No, miss." On the right hand of Mr Day sat Miss Larkin, on his left Miss Marianne Riggs, the priestess of the coffee-table. In exactly a similar position, between Miss Riggs and Miss Anne Larkin, sat his dark-eyed rival, Mr Knight. Gradually the ice began to thaw, and the stream of conversation to flow on

in its usual channels. The weather was discussed—the beauty of the neighbourhood—the respective claims to be considered a Christian Cicero of our worthy vicar, and his no less worthy curate. Then the party began to fall off into little knots; Mr Larkin got near his friend Mr Riggs, who whispered to him from time to time as any new speech or attitude of either of the hosts corroborated the view he had taken of their rank and character, from his interview with them in the morning. Mr Larkin, however, seemed to continue sceptical; and the little short grunt with which he received the asseverations of his brother-in-law, could only be accounted for by remembering that the cellars, though no longer filled with false money, continued still totally unsupplied with genuine wine. It is a well-ascertained fact in natural history, that all wine-merchants with whom you do not deal, consider you a person of infamous character till they have very strong proofs to the contrary.

In the meantime, as if on purpose to soothe any feelings of irritation in the bosom of the disappointed Mr Larkin, the heroes of the evening shared their attentions almost equally between the fair cousins.

"I'll tell you what, brother Riggs," whispered Mr Larkin, "be dashed if I don't think them fellows are play-actors—never saw such mouths and gestures since I was born."

"I believe they *are* acting a part," replied Mr Riggs, in a tone of self-satisfied mysteriousness, as if he knew all about it.

"Captain Macheath, I think, they're practising; and our daughters are the Pollies and Lucies," continued Mr Larkin, uninfluenced by his relative's hints. "I declare Julia and he are going to sing."

Julia Riggs sang pretty well, only she never opened her mouth, so that her songs had the great advantage of nobody knowing in what language the words were—the consequence of which ignorance was, that every body thought she was singing Italian. Mr Knight sang admirably, and touched the keys with the hand of a master.

"Opera is *his* line—that's very clear," grumbled Mr Larkin—"the other fellow is light and active; I suppose he swings on the slack rope!"

A contemptuous "psha!" from Mr

Riggs, was the only answer vouchsafed to this depreciating observation. The applause was unbounded after the song was ended. Mr Day and Miss Marianne succeeded in a Scotch tune, with variations, where the gentleman's accompaniment on the flute was pronounced by the company, with only one or two exceptions, the finest thing they had ever heard.

"How about the cellars, brother Riggs?" continued Mr Larkin—"have you found out any thing about that yet?"

"No—I can't say I have; but it's all right, I suppose. Lord! Larkin, if you knew as much as I do, you wouldn't trouble your head about cellars or rope-dancers either."

"Well, why don't you tell me, then?" enquired the other.

"Time will show. But I think I must go over and speak to Mr Knight;" and accordingly Mr Riggs moved towards the dark-eyed gentleman—who had resumed his seat, supported as before by Miss Julia and her cousin—with an air of deference which surprised the whole company, coming as it did from a person so consequential as Mr Riggs, and directed to a young man of the not very highly aristocratic name of Knight; the worthy proprietor addressed his tenant "just as a farmer might a lord."

"You'll put our girls quite out of conceit with their singing, sir,—never heard any one sing better than you in my life—have you practised it much, sir?"

"Formerly I sang a good deal."

"Sang a good *deal*!" muttered Mr Thomas Hughes, who was the acknowledged wit of our parish—"thought so, he is so *timber* tuned."

The joke fell ineffectual, for it was addressed to the younger Miss Larkin, who thought Mr Knight an angel.

"And your friend Mr Day, sir, plays admirably on the flute. I prefer him to Hobbs, our schoolmaster, who plays the instrument in our music loft in church."

"He is highly flattered, I have no doubt, by your approbation."

"Pray, does the old gentleman, your friend, Mr—Mr—hem—I forget his name—does he play, sir?"

The young man compressed his mouth, and rolled his eyes in a manner that made Mr Riggs feel as if he had sat down on a galvanic battery—

and whispered, "He is a dog, sir—we are going to put him to death."

"How?—ha! I see"—stuttered our friend Mr Riggs—"You are jocular—very good—ha, ha!"

"What are you laughing at?—I tell you 'tis true—the cellars"—

Mr Riggs impatiently interrupted the somewhat slow elocution of the young man—"Yes, the cellars—hush, Mr Larkin—what were you going to say of the cellars?"

Mr Larkin had ceased his conversation, and attended, as the saying is, with all his ears; but Mr Knight looked suspiciously in the face of Mr Riggs, and merely repeated the words, "the cellars"—and with a shudder relapsed into silence.

"I say, the lion seems fatigued with roaring," whispered Mr Thomas Hughes, who had been also listening to the colloquy between Mr Riggs and his tenant. "Confound me, if I would stand his airs as your uncle does."

"Oh, he looks so grand: but why do you call him a lion, Mr Hughes?"

"He looks a deuced sight more like a tiger, I confess, but"—

This observation was made in a more unguarded tone than the wit had hitherto assumed, presuming on the general buzz of voices that was going on at the time; but unluckily, at that very instant, happened one of those dead calms that occur unaccountably in the midst of the most animated conversations; and Mr Thomas Hughes, very much to his own discomfiture, found himself enunciating the sentence we have just recorded, amid the profoundest attention of the whole company.

"Tiger! tiger!"—said, or rather howled Mr Knight; "they have found it—they have found it,"—and, covering his face with his hands, he threw himself back in his chair. It is impossible to describe the awful effects of this unexpected proceeding. Every one started up astonished from their seats, except Mr Day. That gentleman assumed a more dignified attitude than before, and ordered the party to resume their seats in a stentorian voice, and with a wave of his hand, which they found it impossible to resist. A deathlike calm succeeded, broken only by the sharp quick breathing of Mr Riggs, who was of a somewhat plethoric habit of body, and was not particularly good in the wind, especially in cases of great excitement.

"Don't look on me with eyes so filled with fear," at last said the object of all this wonder, slowly withdrawing his hands, and revealing a face now deadly pale, and eyes flashing with more lustre than they had hitherto displayed. "You know me, then—you read it in this scowling brow—you see it in these fierce eyes. Start not—I am master of myself; but how came that dull-souled laggard to discover my secret?" Three weeks have past, and I have preserved it. I have lived, and thought, and felt like other men—*other* men, did I say?—but what other is like me? Listen, then, since concealment is no longer possible."

The party, particularly Mr Riggs and his brother-in-law, obeyed the injunction with all their might.

"Now, then," whispered Mr Larkin, "the secret of the cellars is coming at last."

"Four years ago," continued Mr Knight, "we were sitting at a tiffin, in a tent on the side of the Taptee, near Perkassa, when a Bheel brought us the unexpected intelligence that a majestic tigress was in a nullah about two miles to the west. There were three of us—and, with a shout of joy and triumph, we started to our feet. My two friends mounted the only elephant we had with us, and I leaped on Hurkaru, the fleetest and boldest of my horses. The Bheel who had made the discovery led the way, and his companions, spreading themselves on each side, kept an attentive look-out, in case she should have changed her position. When we reached the nullah, our search was vain; she had evidently removed, but so recently, that there could be no doubt of our speedily discovering her retreat. Long and carefully did we explore every bush and thicket, till, at last, feeling confident she had moved to some considerable distance, I dashed forward, telling my friends on the elephant to follow. At about a mile from the nullah, I came on the brick wall of an old well, and feeling thirsty from the heat of the day and the excitement, I flung myself from my horse and looked over the parapet to see if there was water yet remaining; when gazing at me, with eyes that illuminated the darkness of the cavern with sanguine light, I saw the object of my pursuit lying at full length on the dry chunam. A short quick motion of her head and a

twinkle of her eye, showed me it was time to retire, and I accordingly leaped on my trusty steed, and galloped furiously back to hurry the advance of my companions. My story was at first disbelieved; the Bheels even maintained she had gone in another direction, but I at last persuaded them; we looked carefully to our rifles—admonished our attendants to prepare for an immediate encounter, and, with hearts throbbing with expectation, advanced towards the well. She was 'a magnificent creature, so stately and bright.' She met us with a face bold and haughty, as became the jungle queen. I fired, and the ball evidently took effect; for, with a roar and a leap high in air, she commenced her charge. I galloped to get the elephant placed between me and her revenge; and, while she followed the flight of Hurkaru, two more balls reached her in flank from the howdah—but with no effect upon her speed. In the mean time I had reloaded my rifle, and, as a last resource, turned round and faced her. She was not a hundred yards from me; I saw at every leap the distance between us become less and less; but I waited till she should collect herself for the spring. Curses on the terror that took possession of my horse! he swerved as I touched the trigger; but too late for his own salvation; the tiger was upon his neck in a moment, and, 'mid the howlings of the noble animal's rage, and the shrieks (for he positively shrieked) of the mangled horse, we rolled over and over in inextricable confusion. The elephant came near; but the tenderness of my friends prevented their firing. I had not yet got released from the stirrup, and mechanically clung to my saddle. My rifle in the *melée* was wrenched from my grasp, and I knew that, when Hurkaru had expired beneath the monster's teeth and paws, she would satiate her vengeance upon me. I bethought me what weapon I could use; and while the work of destruction went on, and the last struggles agitated the tortured frame of my horse, and I felt the tigress's hot breath as it steamed out from her nostrils, while her jaws were buried in her poor victim's neck, I put my hand in my waistcoat, and opened the blade of my penknife. The victory was at last complete, and the tigress drew her blood-dripping mouth from the horrible hole she had made

in Hurkaru's neck, and looked at me. We were not three feet from each other. She looked long and steadily, and something came into my heart that made me feel I was her master. I cast her looks back on her again. She growled with pain and anger; and laid her paw upon my shoulder. I felt not the pain—I was as wild with wrath as she was—I answered her howls with curses and imprecations; stabbed at her with the knife. I had calmness enough to perceive, from the weakness of her stroke, that her wounds were beginning to take effect; and I felt convinced, if I could defend myself for but a short time longer, she would grow faint, and I might yet be rescued. I drew back from her as far as I was able. She followed slowly, painfully, as if one of the bullets had pierced her spine. Yet, feeble as I myself was from the pain and loss of blood from the lacerated shoulder, I only succeeded in removing a few paces. Slowly but steadily she dragged herself in pursuit. Where were my friends? I looked for them, but objects were very dim before my bewildered eyes. I thought I heard shouts—but nothing distinctly; the loud breath of the tigress, and her low growls as she crept near me, obliterated every other sound. She came nearer—nearer! I felt again her hot breath upon my face—her paw was again lifted to be laid upon my shoulder; but my courage was now fairly roused. I summoned all my strength for the last struggle, and dashed forward, and succeeded in getting behind the forearm, and prevented her turning round, by holding the penknife in the junction between the neck and ear. I dug as deep as possible into her flesh, in hopes of hitting upon the vein; she struggled to turn round her head, and raised herself half up on her forelegs. Again she fell down; but this time she rested her weight upon the shoulder she had already wounded. She growled as if in triumph; and I saw the glimpse of her eye and the flash of her white teeth as the head came round at last—I aimed at her eye, and, in order to shelter my head from her jaws, I pressed my face close to the wounds I had inflicted with the knife, and, in the agony of my rage and pain, I gnawed her lacerated flesh with my teeth—I howled with the rapture of a demoniac as I drank her hot blood—I drank it;

Gods! it was sweeter than nectar to my taste. I tore her flesh with my teeth, and beat her uselessly with my unarmed left hand. My heart became filled with pride;—I knew my situation, and yet would not have changed it for any the world can offer. I saw sights, such as I had never been blessed with before;—I saw my mother and sisters, but they all seemed red to me as blood. I heard voices that spoke kindly to me, but I knew they were not human. My friends came near me; they strove to withdraw me from the tigress, but I resisted all their efforts. I sunk my face deeper in the tigress's flesh, and tore it with more resolute fury.—'Twas glorious! Ha!—who are they that sit glaring on me with hot eyes? Are their eyeballs red-hot iron? How's this? Know ye not that I am the forest king! lord of a thousand jungles!—that I fly like a tornado to my revenge—whoo!"

Mr Riggs and the other gentlemen of the party, though in the most dreadful state of trepidation, endeavoured to calm the agitation of the ladies. Mr Knight continued uttering the dreadful yell, and glaring all round him as if he was preparing for a spring; but Mr Day sat quietly in his chair.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, do speak to your friend!" said Mr Riggs.

"Hold off there!" thundered Mr Day, "and let me discharge my thunderbolt at the King of the Jungles. What! is Jupiter the son of Saturn to be insulted here? I am monarch of Olympus; and Pluto and Neptune are a couple of infernal thieves. I'm eldest son, and heaven goes by entail. Hold off, I say, and let me throw my bolt at that howling tiger!"

He stood up upon his chair, and raised his right hand; but at this moment the door opened, and the old gentleman made his appearance.

"Oho! this is the way, is it? Hilloo! Duffy, bring in a couple of strait waistcoats and two pair of hand-cuffs. Down with Jupiter and the tiger into the cellars!"

The arm of Jupiter was paralysed; the howling of the tiger ceased.

Hats and bonnets were hurried on—no leave was taken—not a word said. In less than half a minute, there was not a member of the party inside the gates of Holywell Lodge.

"That was what he wanted with the cellars, was it?" muttered Mr Riggs, in the ear of Mr Larkin.

"I'm blest if he hasn't made Holywell Lodge into a madhouse. I shall take the constable with me the first thing in the morning. You'll come, Larkin?"

"I shall bring my gun if I do; for curse me if I would trust myself within a mile of that tiger for fifty pounds."

That night their contemplations were so momentous, that they separated without their usual potation. Miss Julia Riggs and Miss Marianne sat up half the night busily employed in writing; and the subject of their labours may perhaps be guessed at, when we inform the reader that two elegantly folded notes were seen next morning on their dressing-tables, addressed respectively to Mr Thomas Hughes and Mr Joseph Adams. With the grey dawn Mr Riggs left his couch, accompanied by Mr Larkin and the constable: he proceeded to Holywell Lodge, and knocked authoritatively at the door. No answer was returned; and after repeated attempts, with similar success, they resolved to make an entry by the upstairs window. This was with some difficulty effected; for it is not to be expected that an operation promising so much danger as perhaps falling into the very den of the tiger, or the clutches of Jupiter, could be performed without sundry misgivings. At last, however, an entrance was effected. All was silence.

"I say, Riggs, they have eloped. London thieves, after all! Where are the spoons?"

"They were plated," answered the amazed proprietor. Room after room was searched, but no vestige discovered of the inhabitants. At last, as they stood in the most helpless perplexity in the lobby, they thought they heard groans proceeding from the lower story. They descended, guided by the sound; and paused at the door of the very cellars which had given rise to so much conversation.

"Hush! that is Jupiter howling," said one.

"No, no; 'tis the tiger," said another.

Mr Larkin cocked his gun—the constable grasped his baton—Mr Riggs retreated to the foot of the stair.

"For the sake of Heaven, open this door, we are nearly stifled!" uttered a voice.

"Are you quiet and peaceable now?" enquired Mr Larkin.

"Yes, yes—open, open!"

With some trepidation Mr Larkin turned the key, and, to the amazement of the three heroes, out walked, not Jupiter and the tiger, but the old gentleman and Tim Duffy the gardener.

"What's the meaning of all this?" enquired Mr Riggs, thunderstruck at the apparition. "Are you mad as well as the others?—and you, Tim Duffy, what are you doing down here?"

"Shaking with cowl, yer honour, and wishing for my breakfast."

"He is a traitor, gentlemen—he deserted me last night, when I required his help to bind the two patients. He turned against me, and aided in my incarceration."

"Divil a bit; but them gentlemen made a fair fight of it, and rouled us into the cellar like a couple of empty barrels."

"The fact is, gentlemen," resumed the liberated tenant, "I am a professor of the sanitary art; you have seen my advertisements in all the newspapers. I am the person who has made the noblest, the grandest, and most magnificent of human or divine

discoveries. I can restore a madman in less than half a year to the full use of his reason; my recipe is infallible, my cure certain. Two young gentlemen came to me a few weeks ago, and told me they required my assistance. I undertook their cure. All was going on well, till the scene of last night destroyed my labours. But I'll catch the scoundrels yet; and if whips and chains can be found in England, I'll work them!" The old gentleman ground his teeth with rage.

"So you go on the old system—touch 'em up with a flogging, eh?" enquired Mr Larkin, not at all prepossessed in favour of the discoverer. "I think I've heard of you before, sir; and as to the thrashing you received, and your night's lodging in the cellar, I think it served you right."

Not much politeness was wasted on the professor; he was forced to disburse for Holywell Lodge, and turned out of the premises in a manner which would have appeared a little too rough in the polished eyes of a court chamberlain.

CHAPTER IV.

The tournament at Eglinton Castle collected from all quarters thousands of animated spectators, anxious to see the dead bones of chivalry endowed with new life by the touch of modern refinement. Amidst the numberless vehicles of all descriptions that rolled gaily along the road from Ardrossan on the only fair day of the spectacle, was a nondescript vehicle, which might have passed either for a post-chaise or a family carriage, as you were disposed to find fault or not with its appearance. It was large and roomy, and luckily so, for it contained four people—two gentlemen and two ladies—and by the glossy white gowns of the ladies, and the ditto blue coats of the gentlemen, and an indescribable look at the same time of the whole party, it was very evident that they were two couples newly married, and that this was their marriage jaunt. Exclamations of rapture proceeded without any apparent interval from the two ladies, as knight after knight presented himself in the course. At last, when a tall and handsome tilter was led up to the throne of the Queen of Beauty, and bowed as she smiled

her approval of his doughty deeds, one of the ladies in the nondescript carriage turned still more alarmingly red in the face than before, and whispered in the ear of her companion—

"Oh, Marianne, don't you see him?"

A warning look from Marianne conveyed a hint to her sister to restrain her surprise; but when the next knight came forward to receive the prize of his achievement, assurance now became doubly sure.

"'Tis Mr Day!" whispered Marianne, but Mrs Thomas Hughes took no notice; Mr Joseph Adams also was luckily of an unenquiring turn of mind, and detected no resemblance in the gallant cavaliers of the lists to the halfwitted inhabitants of Holywell Lodge.

"Don't you think, ducky, you would look well in a suit of armour?" said Mrs Thomas Hughes, laying her hand on Mr Thomas Hughes's shoulder.

"I should make a deuced deal better appearance in a suit of law," was the reply of the inexhaustible wit; "but come along, the rain is coming on again, and dinner is ordered at Hardrossing at half-past five."

NAPOLEON'S TELEGRAPH ON MONTMARTRE.

"IN my ramblings round Paris during the days of Napoleon, my steps always turned, at the beginning or end of my ramble, towards MONTMARTRE, and my eyes always to the Telegraph upon its summit. I constantly found a number of people lingering there ; watching, like myself, the movements of the machine which had sent out so many awful messages in its time. It was, of course, especially busy during the foreign campaigns of the great King-warrior. Its perfect stillness, until it began its communications ; and then its sudden, various, and eccentric movements, of which no cause could be discovered, and whose purpose was a secret of state ; made it to me, and to thousands of others, the most singular, and perhaps the most anxious of all contemplations, at a period when every act of the Government shook Europe."

—*MS. Journal.*

I SEE thee standing on thy height,
A form of mystery and might,
Thou strange, uncouth, and shapeless thing,
Tossing thy arms with sullen swing,
Like the bare pinion of some monstrous bird,
Or skeleton, by its old spirit stirr'd.

Now to thy long lank sides they fall,
And thou art but a pillar tall,
Standing against the deep blue sky ;
Then, in an instant, out they fly,
Making orb, triangle, thin curve, and square,
A thousand mad caprices on the air.

And wast thou but a toy of state ?
Thou wast an oracle—a fate !
In thy deep silence was a voice.
And well might all earth's kings rejoice,
Thou lone, wild herald of earth's wildest will,
In the glad hour, when thou, at last, wert still.

All eyes upon thy tossings gazed,
Asking what city bled or blazed ?
All conscious that thy mystic freight
Was fierce ambition, tyrant hate,
Darting like flashes from one fiery throne ;
The secret seen by all, by all unknown !

Round the wide world that mandate shot,
Embodied thought, and swift as thought—
From frozen Pole to burning Line,
The whole vast realm of ruin thine—
Death sweeping over sea and mount and plain ;
Wherever man could slay, or man be slain.

I saw thee once.—The eve was wild,
The snow was on the vineyard piled,
The forest bent before the gale ;
And thou, amid the twilight pale,
Towering above thy mountain's misty spine,
Didst stand, like some old lightning-blasted pine.

But evil instinct seem'd to fill
Thy ghastly form. With sudden thrill
I saw thee fling thine arms on high,
As if in challenge to the sky.
Ay, all its tempests, all its fires were tame
To thy fierce flight—thy words of more than flame !

The thunderbolt was launch'd that hour,*
 Berlin, that smote thy royal tower !
 That sign the living deluge roll'd,
 By Poland's dying groan foretold.
One rising sun, *one* bloody setting shone,
 And dust and ashes were on Frederick's throne !

Talk of the necromancer's spell !
 In forest depths, in magic cell,
 Was never raised so fierce a storm,
 As when thy solitary form
 Into the troubled air its wild spells hurl'd,
 Thou sullen shaker of a weary world.

I saw thee once again. 'Twas morn :
 Sweet airs from summer fields were borne,
 The sun was in the laughing sky ;
 I saw thy startling limbs outfly,
 And felt, that in that hour I saw the birth
 Of some new curse, that might have clouded earth.

The soundless curse went forth—it pass'd.
 'Twas answer'd by the trumpet blast,
 'Twas answer'd by the cannon roar,
 Pale Danube, on thy distant shore.
 That sign of woe let loose the iron horde
 That crush'd in gore the Hapsburg helm and sword ! †

Again I look'd—'twas day's decline :
 Thy mount was purple with the vine ;
 The clouds in rosy beauty slept,
 The birds their softest vesper kept ;
 The plain, all flowers, was one rich-painted floor,
 And thou, wild fiend, even thou, wast still once more.

I saw thee from thy slumber start ;
 That blow was, Russia, to thy heart !
 That hour the shaft was shot, that rent
 The curtains of the Tartar tent.
 That voiceless sign to wolf and vulture cried,
 Come to your fiercest feast of Homicide.

Then swept the sword, and blazed the shell,
 Then armies gave the dying yell ;
 Then burning cities lit the gloom,
 The groans of Empire in its doom !
 Till all was death—then came the final ban,
 And Heaven broke down the strength too strong for man. ‡

Then earth was calm. I saw thee sleep—
 Once more I saw thy thin arms sweep.
 Napoleon's blazing star was wan !
 The master of the Talisman
 Was dungeon'd far upon the ocean-wave—
 Thine were the silent tidings of his grave. §

ALCMEON.

* The Prussian war, Oct. 1806.

† The Austrian war, begun April 1809.

‡ The Russian war begun, May 1812.

§ Death of Napoleon, 1821.

THE CROWNING OF CHARLEMAGNE.

ON the death of Pope Adrian the First, his nephew had been set aside for Leo, a priest of the Lateran. The election was met with the usual violence of those times; the partisans of the defeated candidate attacked the new Pope in one of his processions, swept his guards before them, and beat himself, until they thought that they had killed him. But he recovered, and made his complaint to Charlemagne, then at the head of an army in the north of Germany. Already the first soldier of Europe, he instantly seized on the opportunity of administering the affairs of Italy—marched with an overwhelming force to Rome. The multitude met him in grand procession, and, with the ejected Pope in his train, he entered the city, and drove his opponents into exile. The Emperor, in Italy, had hitherto borne only the title of “The Great Patrician.” But on Christmas day, A.D. 800, mass was celebrated with peculiar pomp in St Peter’s; and while Charlemagne knelt at the Papal feet, in his patrician robe, Leo suddenly arose and placed on his head a diadem, and the Emperor was hailed by the whole assemblage, as “the most pious Augustus, crowned by God, the great and pacific Emperor of the Romans.”

The power of this mighty master of European dominion thenceforth lent an irresistible superiority to the Papal influence: the army of Charlemagne was virtually the army of the Pope; there were but two steps more to supremacy, and both were accomplished,—the election of the Popes without the consent of the German Emperor, and the extension of their temporal dominion over Christendom—the former by Gregory the Seventh, (A.D. 1073,) the latter by Innocent the Third, (A.D. 1198.)

MIDNIGHT sits upon the sky :

Yet among thy myriads, Rome,
Sinks to rest nor foot nor eye ;
Steps are hurrying through the
gloom,
Lights from roof and wall are
hung,
Clangs the bell’s unwearied tongue.

Through the streets the human tide
Rushes, from the princely hall,
From the hovel at its side,—
Mitre, banner, tissue’d pall,
In the blaze, now seen, now lost,
Roll, like barks by tempests tost.

On the dark and dewy air,
Comes the trumpet’s stirring swell ;
Comes the broken chant of prayer ;
Comes the proud cathedral’s peal ;—
Mingling like the distant roar
Of ocean heaving on its shore.

Still rolls on the living stream,
Prince and peasant, serf and mime,
Like the figures of a dream,
All unchecked by space or time,
As if earth had oped her womb,
Thy exhaustless myriads, Rome !

Onward to the Volscian hill
Sweep on foot and horse the throng ;
From the rolling column still
Echo prayer, and shout, and song,
Every eyeball’s eager gaze
Fixing on the mountain’s blaze.

There, on high, like watching stars,
Shine the camp-fires of the Gaul,
Glittering on the brazen cars,
Glittering on the standards tall,
On the cuirass and the chain,
Burnish’d helm and silken vane.

There around the ruddy flame,
Sit thy warriors, old Martel !
Many a bold and haughty name,
By the Moor remember’d well,
When, with bloody spur and rein,
He fled thy field of death, Tour-
raine.

On that wild and glorious day,*
Thick as reeds by storms o’er-
blown,
Rank on rank the Moslem lay ;
There the Caliph left his throne—
There the Emir’s dying yell,
Told thy triumph, old Martel !

* The great battle of Tours, in which Charles Martel, at the head of the French chivalry, drove the Moors from France.

Wanes the hour—night's veil is drawn,
Sink the planets, one by one,
Earth awakes, 'tis lovely dawn!
Sweet and fresh the morning shone.
Rich with life the breezes
blew,
From the thickets steep'd in
dew.

Proud pavilions, through the haze,
Gleam like pyramids of snow;
Glowing in the golden rays—
But one standard's broader flow,
One vast eagle's shadowy wings,
Marks thy palace, King of Kings!

Now the huge imperial hive
Downward pours its fiery swarms;
All the mountain seems alive,
Thick with banners, thick with arms,
Rushing from the marble height,
Like a cataract of light!

In their centre rides a form,
Circled by his kingly peers,
Soul of council, battle's storm,
Sun of his surrounding spheres!
Rise the shouts from mount and
plain,
"Charlemagne! mighty Charle-
magne!

By his side an ancient priest
Rides, with humble garb and brow,
Clasp'd his hands upon his breast,
On his lips the mutter'd vow—
Pilgrim, thine's a stately home;
Exiled Leo comes to Rome!

O'er the "Eternal City's" walls
Rising, like a dome of gold,
Capitol of Capitols!
Where a thousand years have roll'd,
And a thousand roll'd in vain—
Shines St Peter's giant fane!

On they march, to clashing swords,
Grecian cymbal, Frankish horn,
Priestly chanting, shouting hordes:
Wildly shall the age unborn
Weep the pageant of that hour—
Rome, the birthday of thy power!

Now they reach the Temple gate;
Back the brazen barriers wheel.
'Twas the hour of Europe's fate!
Slavery—then was set thy seal!
Knowledge—then was shorn thy
plume!
Freedom—then was dug thy
tomb!

Yet all pomps that lure the eye—
Yet all bonds that bind the soul,—
Painting's glorious mystery,
Strains that on the spirit stole,
Jewell'd blaze, and shapes divine,
Stoop'd the world before the
shrine.

For the tinsel on his brow,
There the Great Patrician gave
The sovereignty of all below!
Earth, a dungeon or a grave.
Charlemagne, thou hast gain'd
a crown!
POPE, THE LIVING WORLD'S THINE
OWN!

ALCMÆON.

HAVE YOU READ OSSIAN?

AY—here is Dr Blair's celebrated "Critical Dissertation," which in our teens we read with devoutest faith, undoubtingly believing with the venerable sage—the good old boy—that Homer and Virgil, though the gods of our young idolatry—sunbright both, in the golden morn of our imagination—were not greater or more glorious "orbs of song" than our own Ossian. Was that belief delusion all? Are the Songs of Selma but unmeaning words—idle as the inarticulate winds, the murmurs of the Harp and Voice of Cona? Let us return, if we can, to our old creed—let us abjure, if we can, the folly of wisdom—let us enjoy, if we can, though it be but for an hour, the bliss of ignorance at the feet of the simplest of all Professors that ever lectured on Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres.

Whether "Fingal fought and Ossian sung" in the second century, and these be, indeed, the veritable songs; or Macpherson, from a few fragments of no great antiquity, floating on the breath of tradition, conceived the idea of his splendid forgeries, the Critical Dissertation, look at it in what light you will, is nothing less than a moral and intellectual phenomenon. Yet it gave the law to all Europe. The finest spirits on the Continent, fortified by it in their admiration of the genius displayed in these extraordinary poems, set no bounds to their enthusiasm, and Ossian in France, Germany, Italy, was all the rage.

In our country one seldom now hears the name; and the rant, bombast, and fustian of Macpherson, have long been the ridicule, not merely of our critics but some of our greatest living poets. Wordsworth even waxes witty—and exclaims, "All hail! Macpherson! hail to thee, sire of Ossian! The phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin consistence took its course through Europe upon the breath of popular applause." He then speaks scornfully of "the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his

own issue for a beggarly pittance." That is coming it rather strong; for Macpherson was a man of genius, and all the world has allowed that there is poetry in the pseudo-Ossian. Wordsworth says, "that having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the world under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In nature every thing is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; every thing (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist—that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied; when with the steeps of Morvern before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his car-borne heroes of Morvern, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface." Wordsworth quotes a single description, as an instance of what he means—and in proof that all the imagery in Ossian is spurious; but that will never do; even true poets sometimes miss it—and then Macpherson was such a confirmed mannerist, and so proud of his manner, that he frequently kept jot, jotting down images just as they came to hand—and their variety is not great—at the time unaffected by that feeling of the beautiful, which nevertheless belonged to his nature, and which has infused the finest poetry into many of his descriptions of the wilderness. He also was born and bred among the mountains; and though he had neither the poetical nor the philosophical genius of Wordsworth, and was his inferior far in the perceptive, the reflective, and the

imaginative faculties, still he could *see*, and *feel*, and *paint* too in water-colours, and on air-canvas—and is one of the masters. “From the paucity of the images and interests introduced,” says William Howison finely, in his strange volume, “The Contest of Twelve Nations,” “Ossian approaches nearest, of all the poets, to a generalized uniformity of strain, and becomes monotonously pathetic. The characters of his heroes want discriminating traits. The beauty of the composition results from the feeling which has once commenced being never afterwards interrupted. The ghosts appear to exist in a state of unchangeable sadness, and every scene has nearly the same parts, a few separate trees, a torrent, a deer or two passing by the grey stones which mark the grave of a hero, and in the air, a profusion of mists, which reconcile the rest of the landscape to one tone.” Wordsworth does not seem to know that Morvern of old comprehended a greater extent of territory than now belongs to it; but he may rest assured that, in the region that bore that name, sledges have been seen for centuries, in their season, rattling along at rail-road speed. Malcolm Laing himself, speaking of the ancient Caledonians, says, “their cars are infallible marks of a pastoral nation recently migrating;” so the argument against the existence of car-borne heroes is not tenable, drawn from the unequal surface of Morvern.

The poet Gray fell into the delusion—if delusion it be—and in his letters frequently expresses his wonder and delight in the beautiful and glorious inspirations of the Son of the Mist. Scott, in an interesting letter to Anna Seward, says, (see *Life*, vol. ii.)—“Ossian and Spenser were the two books which the good old bard (Blacklock) put into my hands, and which I devoured rather than perused. These tales were for a long time so much my delight, that I could repeat, without remorse, whole cantos of the one, and duans of the other; and woe to the unlucky wight who undertook to be my auditor, for, in the height of my enthusiasm, I was apt to disregard all hints that my recitations became tedious. It was a natural consequence of progress in taste, that my fondness for these authors should experience some abatement. Ossian's poems, in particular, have

more charms for youth than for a more advanced stage. The eternal repetition of the same ideas and imagery, however beautiful in themselves, is apt to pall upon a reader whose taste has become somewhat fastidious; and though I entirely agree with you, that the question of their authenticity should not be confounded with that of their literary merit, yet scepticism on that head takes away their claim for indulgence as the productions of a barbarous and remote age; and what is perhaps more natural, it destroys that feeling of reality which we should otherwise combine with our sentiments of admiration. . . . Macpherson was a Highlander, and had his imagination fired with the charms of Celtic poetry from his very infancy. He knew, from constant experience, that most Highlanders, after they have become complete masters of English, continue to *think* in their own language; and it is to me demonstrable that Macpherson *thought* almost every word of Ossian in Gaelic, although he wrote it down in English. . . . These circumstances gave a great advantage to him in forming the style of Ossian, which, though exalted and modified according to Macpherson's own ideas of modern taste, is in great part cut upon the model of the tales of the Sennachies and Bards. . . . Macpherson, in his way, was certainly a man of high talents, and his poetic powers are honourable to his country, as the use which he made of them, and I fear his personal character in other respects, was a discredit to it.” Boys and virgins! you will not slight the songs that young Walter loved.

But let us talk together about the Doctor. How could such poetry be the product of a barbarous age?

“Barbarity,” saith he, “I must observe, is a very equivocal term; it admits of many different forms and degrees; and though, in all of them, it excludes polished manners, it is, however, not inconsistent with generous sentiments and tender affections. What degrees of friendship, love, and heroism, may possibly be found to prevail in a rude state of society, no one can say. Astonishing instances of them, we know from history, have sometimes appeared; and a few characters, distinguished by those high qualities, might lay a foundation for a set of manners being intro-

duced into the SONGS OF THE BARDS, more refined, it is probable, and exalted, according to the usual poetical license, than the real manners of the country."

That is an excellent observation: poets are not mere historians or statistæ—they beautify what they record, and all that is so recorded shines lovelier and lovelier, before the eyes of each succeeding generation, through the mist of years. And thus the genius even of a rude people, continually gathering power, may far transcend all surrounding realities; till, effulging with an almost miraculous splendour in some one gifted spirit—AS AN OSSIAN—it gives to future times of highest civilisation, in traditionary inspirations, assurance of a great poet singing in the early dawn.

"There are," saith the Doctor, "four great stages through which men successively pass, in the progress of society. The first and earliest is the life of hunters; pasturage succeeds to this, as the ideas of property begin to take root; next agriculture; and lastly, commerce. Throughout Ossian's Poems we plainly find ourselves in the first of these periods of society; during which hunting was the chief employment of men, and the principal method of their procuring subsistence. Pasturage was not, indeed, wholly unknown, for we hear of dividing the herd in case of a divorce; but the allusions to herds and to cattle are not many, and of agriculture we find no traces. No cities appear to have been built in the territories of Fingal. No arts are mentioned, except that of navigation and of working in iron. Every thing presents to us the most simple and unimproved manners. At their feasts the heroes prepared their own repasts; they sat round the light of the burning oak; the wind lifted their locks, and whistled through the open halls. Whatever was beyond the necessities of life was known to them only as the spoil of the Roman province—the gold of the stranger—the lights of the stranger—the steeds of the stranger—the children of the rein." And he adds—"Every where the same face of rude nature appears; a country wholly uncultivated, thinly inhabited, and recently peopled." All this we once believed—and it may be all true—but how happened it that the natives were all hunters? and that they never thought

of asking themselves if there might not be edible creatures in their rivers, lochs, and seas? Sure, they must have seen the salmon leaping up waterfalls with their tails in their mouths—

"The pellochs rolling in their mountain bays,"

and shoals of bottle-nosed whales wallowing shorewards before the storm. Angling may have been too recondite an idea for such a simple people; but, with spears in their hands, how could they avoid the discovery of the *lister*? How could they, acquainted as they were with "navigation and working in iron," escape the use of hook and line? Even nets—made of hair from the tails of the "steeds of the stranger"—might, one would think, have fallen within the range of their inventive genius. We can with difficulty imagine a nautical nation without some sort of fisheries. There *must* have been herrings in those days—even Lochfines—and it is hard to believe that there *might* not have been rizzar'd haddocks. It is strange that a Scotch philosopher like Dr Blair should have forgot "the fisher state." Is it credible that a hungry people should for ages have neglected the whole finny race? That it should never have occurred to the most ingenious of the heroes, or of their tails, to place an iron-pot under a salmon-leap?—or to take up a chance fish, who had unwittingly flung himself out of the water on the bank, and try what sort of eating might prove the monarch of the flood, even when raw? At a feast of shells a haunch of venison would have been fitly faced by a cut of salmon.

"Pasturage," the Doctor says, "was not indeed wholly unknown, for we hear of dividing the herd in the case of a divorce." That passage in Ossian we do not at this moment remember—and we are sorry to think that there was such a law. Was it customary to insert a clause to that effect in marriage-settlements? If so, then pasturage, so far from being "not wholly unknown," must have been universally prevalent; and we must believe *now* to have usually constituted the bride's tocher. At no time could all the mountains have been covered with wood; the pasturage, as high up as some fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the level of the sea, must always have been

succulent; and once introduced, there is no setting bounds to the propagation of red and black cattle of a smallish size, running, when *gralloched*, from ten to twenty stone, the sweetest perhaps of any, almost as fine flavoured as deer.

With regard to agriculture, it is true that "we find no traces of it" in Ossian. Of what, then, think ye, did they brew beverage for the "Feast of Shells?" Strong drink they had—and we shrewdly suspect it was Glenlivet. There must have been, depend on't, bonnie riggs o' barley here and there among the bloomin' heather—and not in fear of the excise-man, but simply because in nature it is best, not unfrequent, in solitary places, the sma' still faintly tinging the desert air with its salutary peat-reek.

Of fowling, there are no traces in Ossian, any more than of fishing; but as bows and arrows were in the hands of all, even of the females, an occasional *whawp*—shy bird though it be—must have been shot sitting on the moor; and now and then, surely, a heedless capercailzie, in breeding time, brought down from his pine-top. "The birds and animals of the country," saith the Doctor, "were probably not numerous; and his acquaintance with them was limited, as they were little subjected to the uses of man." The Doctor is here accounting for the scanty notices of natural history in Ossian's poems; but we have an eye to the table or genial board. "Some comparisons," he says, "are taken from birds and beasts; as eagles, sea-fowl, the horse, the deer, and the mountain-bee;" and honey, therefore, we may remark, they no doubt had in abundance. Glenlivet, we have seen, was not wanting—and of that amalgamation is *Athole-brose*.

We hold, then, for reasons now shortly assigned, that the Fingallians, at whatever era they flourished, though perhaps not amply provided with, were far from being destitute of fish and fowl—without puzzling the question with poultry; and that, in addition to roe and red deer, they had cattle, probably sheep, and certainly goats. They were a people in the fishing, fowling, hunting, and herding state; and it is not easy to imagine a state more favourable for poetry.

Let it not be said that these asser-

tions are mutely contradicted in Ossian's poems. Ossian was not a grazier—therefore his talk is not of bullocks. Deer-hunting, in all its branches, must have been well known to him; but he did not write for the *Sporting Magazine*—therefore he but shows us "the hunter of deer and the warrior," with his gray dogs—and we imagine, in all its forms, the chase—

"High mirth of the desert, fit pastime for kings!"

There is nothing heroic in fishing, nor in cooking or eating fish, nor in sheep-shearing, nor in sheephead and trotters; nor in a hundred other useful arts and occupations then rife, but of which the old blind bard deigns not to sing the praises to his harp, vocal but to those of the mighty.

The Doctor says truly, "that no cities appear to have been built in the territories of Fingal." It is no such easy matter to build a city; but there were—for there must have been—*clachans*. We are all of us by nature gregarious; and we defy the human mind to imagine Morvern dotted but with single huts, with here and there a hall. Bothies—shiellings—hovels—huts—there were, single or in pairs—and far and high aloof; nor uninhabited the caves facing mountain or sea; but many and many a low turf-roofed village laughed by loch or riverside; and so far from being "recently peopled," as the Doctor affirms, the natives were indigenous to a degree, and had lived there since a few ages after the Judgment of the Flood. Neither do we believe with the Doctor, that "the wind whistled through the open halls." From time immemorial cozy have been the Highland huts; and though the windows of the halls were not glazed in Fingal's time, the nobles were not such ninnies as not to weather-fend them—perhaps with furze—against wind and snow. It seldom blows—even in the Highlands—at once from all the airts; and in the lea of the hurricane, the bard embowered could smite, with unruffled hair, his harp to the deeds of the heroes.

The Doctor believes that Fingal licked the Romans as they never had been licked in their born days—and without especial wonder. "He was enriched with the spoils of the Roman province"—he "was ennobled by his victories" over them—from them he

won gold, and "lights," and horses—so that his "age was an era of distinguished splendour in that part of the world." His success in war was as admirable—more it could not be—as his moderation in peace. His "country was wholly uncultivated, thinly inhabited, and recently peopled." "His armies seem not to have been numerous," and his battles with kindred tribes "were disorderly, and terminated, for the most part, by a personal combat, or the wrestling of the two chiefs;" yet he routed the Roman legions, plundered the Roman province; and then, with gold galore, and captive cohorts, "the desert," says Fingal, "is enough for me, with all its woods and deer." "The great objects pursued by heroic spirits," says the Doctor with much animation, "was to receive their fame;" that is, to become worthy of being celebrated in the songs of bards, and "to have their name inscribed on the four gray stones." Elated by the grandeur of the Ossianic songs, the Doctor goes at once to the fountain-head of uninspired poetry.

"As Homer is, of all the great poets, the one *whose manner, and whose times*, come the nearest to Ossian's, we are naturally led to run a parallel, in some instances, between the Greek and the Celtic bard." The times of Homer do not seem to us to have borne a very close resemblance to those of Ossian as above described by the Professor—nor the times of Trenmor, great-grandfather of Fingal, to those of Peleus, father of Achilles. The good Doctor candidly admits, while "running his parallel," that "Homer lived in a country where society was much farther advanced; he had beheld many more objects—cities built and flourishing—laws instituted; order, discipline, and arts *begun*. His field of observation was much larger and more splendid, his knowledge of course more extensive, his mind even, it shall be granted, more penetrating." Homer lived, we believe, some considerable time after the fall of Troy. Such a city as Troy would have astonished Ossian not a little—particularly in the Highlands. Nor were the Trojans any more than the Greeks "in the hunter state." A few generations after the sack of Ilium, "order, discipline, and the arts," had not only "begun," as the Doctor

candidly admits, but they had really made very respectable progress,—and as Homer appears to have been a great traveller and voyager, he assuredly had a "larger field of observation" than Ossian, who had probably never been farther from home than to the north of Ireland and some of the Orkneys. If this be "running a parallel," we should have liked to see the Doctor "reasoning in a circle." How, then, does the Doctor get out of the scrape? With boldness and agility—"in a rude age and country, though the events that happen be few, the undissipated mind broods over them more; they strike the imagination, and fire the passions in a higher degree; and, of consequence, become happier materials to a poetical genius, than the same events scattered through the wide circle of the more varied actions of cultivated life." If Ossian's ideas and objects be less diversified than Homer's, they are all, however, of the kind, best fitted for poetry—the bravery and generosity of heroes, the fondness of lovers, the attachment of friends, parents, and children. Therefore, though there can be "*no parallel run*" between the Greek and Celtic Bard, it turns out that Ossian was more fortunately born and bred than Homer—and that Fingal is at least as great an Epic as the Iliad.

"Fingal is an epic"—so say—not we, nor any friend of ours in Blackwood's Magazine, but James Macpherson and Hugh Blair. Hugh Blair declares, "that to refuse the title of an epic poem to Fingal, because it is not, *in every little particular*, exactly conformable to the practice of Homer and Virgil, were the mere squeamishness and pedantry of criticism. Examined even according to Aristotle's rules, it will be found to have all the essential requisites of a true and regular epic." Nor ought this to astonish us, quoth the Doctor, for Homer knew no more of the laws of criticism than Ossian. Guided by nature, he composed in verse a regular story, founded on heroic actions, which all posterity admired. Aristotle, with great sagacity and penetration, traced the causes of this general admiration—deduced the rules which poets ought to follow, who would wish to write and please like Homer, and to a composition formed according to such rules he gave the name of an epic

poem. Aristotle studied nature in Homer—Homer and Ossian both write from nature. No wonder that among all the three there should be such agreement and uniformity.

This is making short work of the matter—the argument is unanswerable—and whoever wonders at the creation, under any circumstances, of an epic poem—equal in grandeur to the Iliad—can know as little of Aristotle's rules as of the laws of human nature—and must have yet to learn the distinction between poetical genius and philosophical criticism!

The honest man then sets seriously to work to show that the epic poem, Fingal, is superior to the Iliad—for that in it is better preserved the unity of the epic action, which of all Aristotle's rules is the chief. "It is a more complete unity than what arises from relating the actions of one man, which the Greek critic justly censures as imperfect—it is the unity of one enterprise, *the deliverance of Ireland from the invasion of Swaran.*" What is the wrath of Achilles—with all its woes—the Will of Jove—to such "a one end" as this? It sinks into absolute insignificance—and we pity the poor poem for ending with the funeral of Hector the tamer of horses. Then, "no double plot is carried on," as in the Iliad; and all the "parts unite into a regular whole"—there having been but one Ossian, but many Homers. But not only "is unity of subject maintained, but that of time and place also. *The Autumn* is clearly pointed out as the season of the action, and from beginning to end the scene is never shifted from the heath of Lena along the sea-shore." We were not aware that Aristotle had insisted on unity of time and place as essential in the construction of an Epic Poem. That it was in Autumn that Ireland was delivered by Fingal from the invasion of Swaran, is a fact that does not of itself affect us with high patriotic ardour—nor can we prefer the heath of Lena, which we believe is in Ulster, as the scene of an Epic poem—to the Troad. "The duration of the action in Fingal is much shorter," observes the Doctor, "than in the Iliad or the *Æneid*;" and here we naturally expect him to say, much better too—but he is too deep read in Aristotle to make such a mistake—and exclaims triumphantly,

"sure there may be shorter as well as longer Epic poems; and if the authority of Aristotle be also required for this, he says expressly that the Epic composition is indefinite as to its time of duration." The action of the Iliad lasts, the Doctor says, only forty-seven days—of the *Æneid* a year—of Fingal—so far as we see—four days and a half—quite sufficient for the deliverance of such an island as Ireland from such an invader as Swaran.

Of the few days consumed in action, as it is called by Hugh, but which consists in great part of "a wise passiveness," Fingal is not on the scene, till the afternoon of the second; and he is occupied during the fifth in hunting, and then in preparing to set sail for Morvern. His intermediate time is devoted less to fighting than to telling and listening to old stories. Short as the period is, the Bard has some difficulty in spinning it out, and the Epic Poem finally slips out of one's fingers like a knotless thread. The action of the Iliad occupies, as the Doctor says, some forty-seven days, be it more or less; but they belong to a war, as it is generally understood, of some nine years. Swaran lands in Ireland from Lochlin, on the first day of the poem, and capitulates on the fourth, or rather is taken prisoner with the remains of his army, and told he may be off on condition of promising "never to come there no more;" while Fingal, arriving on the afternoon of the second, departs on that of the fifth—his deliverance of Ireland being but an enterprise undertaken on the sudden, accomplished with all the ease in the world, and never more thought of by a warrior accustomed to such exploits. In all this there is intense unity of action no doubt, of time and of place; but we doubt if Aristotle, had he never read the Iliad, would have drawn the same rules or laws for epic poetry from such an epic poem as Fingal.

But it is "on the character and description of Fingal that Ossian triumphs almost unrivalled; for we may boldly defy"—cries Dr Hugh Blair—"all antiquity to show us any hero equal to Fingal." What say you to Hector? Why, Hector is only a secondary personage in the Iliad—we see him only occasionally—and, though he faithfully discharges his duty to his country, his friends, and

his family—the Doctor don't deny that—yet “he is tinctured with a degree of the same savage ferocity which prevails among all the Homeric heroes,” and shockingly insults the fallen Patrocles. Whereas, in the character of Fingal, “concur almost all the qualities that can ennoble human nature; that can either make us admire the hero or love the man.” What say you to Achilles? Why, the Doctor admits that “Homer's art in magnifying the character of Achilles has been universally admired. But Ossian certainly shows no less art in aggrandising Fingal.” Fingal, in short, is “a perfect character”—Achilles was not—the slave of passion. But “to draw a perfect character, in such a manner as to render it distinct and affecting to the mind—there,” says the Doctor, “though it is not commonly attended to,”—there lies the rub. Virgil has failed in the attempt—witness his perfect hero, Æneas—“an unanimated, insipid personage” (so thought not Dido)—“whom we may pretend to admire, but whom no one can heartily love. What Virgil failed in, Ossian, to our astonishment, has successfully executed.” And how? Pray guess. “*By representing him as an old man!*” In this lies the art and felicity of the Celtic Bard. For mark—“youth and old age are the two states of human life capable of being placed in the most picturesque lights. Middle age is more general and vague, and has fewer circumstances peculiar to the idea of it.” Then Fingal is surrounded with his family—he instructs his children in the principles of religion—he is narrative of his past exploits—he is frequently disposed to moralize on human vanity and the prospect of death—he is venerable with the gray hairs of age. All this gives him—as a perfect character—an immense advantage, in point of interest, over Æneas, in whom—though a perfect character too—“middle age was more general and vague,” and therefore less impressive. In the natural representation of human character, therefore, though “there can be no doubt of Homer's excelling all the heroic poets who have ever wrote”—so saith Hugo, not quite consistently with himself—“Ossian will be found to be equal at least, if not superior, to Virgil.”

What if all this, prodigious non-

sense as it now appears to us, be true? Hugh Blair is a far higher name than Christopher North—and his Sermons, though not proper reading for Sunday, are not to be sneezed at, though they may be blamelessly yawned over; but his Lectures, they are indeed words of power to charm to the couch of the wakeful, “tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

Homer, in Doctor Blair's opinion, and in ours, “is a more cheerful and sprightly poet than Ossian. You discern in him all the Greek vivacity, whereas Ossian uniformly maintains the gravity and solemnity of a Celtic hero.” Besides, Homer lived much in society—Ossian, in his old age at least, chiefly in solitude; and “the solitary wild state is always a serious one.” An American savage “is noted for his gravity and taciturnity;” and “somewhat of this taciturnity,” the Doctor thinks, “may be also remarked in Ossian.” He is “frugal of his words.” Not more than twenty thousand lines of his poetry have been handed down by tradition through some fourteen centuries or so—he is so very laconic. Homer is more extended in his descriptions—and, “with the Greek vivacity, had also some portion of the Greek loquacity.” His speeches are highly characteristic—but not a few of them are tedious, or trifling, or unseasonable; whereas “Ossian is concise and rapid in his speeches as he is in every other thing.” In sublimity they are “much of a muchness”—Homer's sublimity being “accompanied with more impetuosity and fire, Ossian's with more of a solemn and awful grandeur.” Yet, strange to say, every image of Ossian is a “blaze of lightning which flashes and vanishes.” “WITH REGARD TO DIGNITY OF SENTIMENT, THE PRE-EMINENCE MUST CLEARLY BE GIVEN TO OSSIAN.” And Dr Hugh Blair, one of the Ministers of the High Church, while he laments that there is no recognition of a Supreme Being in Ossian's poetry—no religion—yet maintains that it is a surprising circumstance, that in point of humanity, magnanimity, virtuous feelings of every kind, our rude Celtic Bard should be distinguished to such a degree, that not only the heroes of Homer, but even those of the polite and refined Virgil, are left far behind by those of Ossian. Homer's and Ossian's ideas concern-

ing ghosts were, he says, of the same nature, but that we cannot but observe "that Ossian's are drawn with much stronger and livelier colours. Ossian describes ghosts with all the particularity of one who had seen and conversed with them, and whose imagination was full of the impression they had left upon it—*simulacra modis palentia miris*." The ghost of Patroclus appearing to Achilles, resembles, he thinks, one of Ossian's; of Hector's appearing to Æneas, he speaks not. Ossian's are drawn in stronger and livelier colours! Yet he mentions the visit of Ulysses to Hades—while of the Sixth Book of the Æneid he is mute. Shakspeare's ghosts—even that of Hamlet's Father—harrow not up the soul more than Ossian's. "Crugal's Ghost, in particular, may vie with any appearance of the kind, described by any epic or tragic poet." Here he comes. "A dark red stream of fire comes down from the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam; he that lately fell by the hand of Swaran, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beam of the setting moon. His robes are of the clouds of the hill. His eyes are like two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast. Dim, and in tears, he stood, and stretched his pale hand over the hero. Faintly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lego. 'My ghost, O Connal! is on my native hills, but my corse is on the sands of Ulla. Thou shalt never talk with Crugal, or find his lone steps on the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla, and I move like the shadow of mist. Connal, son of Colgar, I see the dark cloud of death: it hovers over the plains of Lena. The sons of Green Erin shall fall. Remove from the field of ghosts.' Like the darkened moon, he retired in the midst of the whistling blast." Is this a good ghost? Is he awful? We used to think so of old, walking all alone by ourselves in stormy moonlight midnights among the mountains. Would our cry now be, on sight of such an apparition, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us?" We fear not. A ghost—with a face like the beam of the setting moon—with robes like the cloud of the hill—and eyes like the decaying flames—sitting on a dark red stream of fire coming down from the hill, is an unimaginable spectre—and such meteorous images are in-

compatible with "a dark wound in the breast." "Dim and in tears he stood," is what it ought to be—"*Mæstissimus Hector*." But how could there be tears in "eyes like the decaying flames?" Yet, after all, it may be—we hope it is—a ghostlike apparition; but we cannot for our lives agree with the Doctor when commenting on it, that "most poets would have contented themselves with telling us that he resembled, in every particular, the living Crugal; that his form and dress were the same, only his face more pale and sad; and that he bore the mark of the wound by which he fell." Neither can we approve of the purpose of the ghost's visit to Connal—to prophesy the defeat of his friends, and to warn him—in vain—from the field of death, which he triumphantly survives. His words were futile—but a ghost's should be fatal, or strong to save.

Dr Blair, finding nothing in Homer or Virgil to be compared with Ossian—in the article of ghosts—refers to Scripture. "Trenmor came from his hill at the voice of his mighty son. A cloud, like the steed of the stranger, supported his airy limbs. His robe is of the mist of Lano, that brings death to the people. His sword is a green meteor half-extinguished. His face is without form and dark. He sighed thrice over the hero; and thrice the winds of the night roared anew. Many were his words to Oscar. He slowly vanished like a mist that melts on the sunny hill." This we pronounce bad. At dead of night, gazing on a ghost, no great poet could think of day. "Like a mist that melts on the sunny hill" is an image fatal to the superstitious passion—at that moment there was no sun in nature. Only listen, then, to the Doctor in Divinity—"It brings to mind that noble description in the Book of Job: 'In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice, Shall mortal man be more just than God?'" What were the Presbytery about, not to call the Doctor

over the coals for such profane comparison?

BUT HAVE YOU READ OSSIAN? No! Then read now—*COMALA, the Maid of the Pleasant Brow*—a dramatic poem—which we used, long before thou wast born, to think very beautiful, and for many years had almost the whole of it by heart. That you may understand it throughout, from beginning to end, we from the argument shall tell you the story, “as it has been handed down”—*we shall suppose*—by tradition. Comala, the daughter of Sarno, King of Inistore, having fallen in love with Fingal on his return from Lochlin, followed him to Morvern in disguise of a youth. She was soon discovered by Hidallan, a rejected suitor; but Fingal, won by her beauty and romantic passion, had resolved to wed her; meanwhile, having been called away to repel an expedition of Caracul, he left her on a hill in sight of the armies, with a promise, if he survived, to return to her at night. Hidallan, in revenge, tells her that the king has fallen—Fingal appears—and she dies of passion. Melilcoma, *the Soft-rolling eye*—and Dersagrena, *the Brightness of the sun-beam*—have been chasing the deer, and at nightfall come to Comala in her solitude, near the banks of Carun—the winding river. Laing says the poem is an ambitious imitation of the Song of Solomon, with a regular chorus of bards from Caractacus. But Laing, while he acknowledges that Macpherson’s genius was equal to that of any poet of his day, except perhaps Gray, not only denies the originality of the conception of every one of his compositions, but seeks, often on the most frivolous pretences, to strip him of all his diction, and leave his *caput mortuum* as bald as a block. Thus, Melilcoma says to Comala in the evening dusk, as she dimly sees a form like Fingal’s, “What sound is that in Ardven? Who is that light in the vale? Who comes like the strength of rivers, when their crowded waters glitter to the moon?” And Malcolm, *the Inveterate*, quotes in a note the sublime verse of Isaiah—“Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah; this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?” This means, as explained by the commentators, re-

turning with the tokens of victory on his garments—and the critic says here, “This that is glorious in his apparel, is converted, in Fingal’s triumphant return, into him that is bright in the vale; and the greatness of his strength, is disguised by the strength of rivers, when their crowded waters glitter to the moon.” Again—the Bards, at the close, sing of Comala, “the maids shall seek thee on the heath, but they shall not find thee”—and this thought, so natural to the occasion, is said to be stolen and disguised from Proverbs i. 28, “Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me.” The words are the same—but how different the thoughts!—so different that they can hardly be brought together, in order to be likened, without impiety!

“*Dersagrena*. The chase is over. No noise on Ardven but the torrent’s roar! Daughter of Morni, come from Crona’s banks. Lay down the bow and take the harp. Let the night come on with songs; let our joy be great on Ardven.

“*Melilcoma*. Night comes apace, thou blue-eyed maid! gray night grows dim along the plain. I saw a deer at Crona’s stream; a mossy bank he seemed through the gloom, but soon he bounded away. A meteor played round his branching horns! the awful faces of other times looked from the clouds of Crona.

“*Dersagrena*. These are the signs of Fingal’s death. The king of shields is fallen! and Caracul prevails. Rise, Comala, from thy rock; daughter of Sarno, rise in tears! the youth of thy love is low; his ghost is on our hills.

“*Melilcoma*. There Comala sits forlorn! two gray dogs near shake their rough ears, and catch the flying breeze. Her red cheek rests upon her arm, the mountain wind is in her hair. She turns her blue eyes towards the fields of his promise. Where art thou, O Fingal? The night is gathering around.

“*Comala*. O Carun of the streams! why do I behold thy waters rolling in blood? Has the noise of the battle been heard; and sleeps the King of Morven? Rise, moon, thou daughter of the sky! look from between thy clouds; rise, that I may behold the gleam of his steel on the field of his promise. Or rather let the meteor, that lights our fathers through the night, come with its red beam, to show me the way to my fallen hero. Who will defend me from sorrow? Who from the love of Hidallan? Long shall Comala

look before she can behold Fingal in the midst of his host; bright as the coming forth of the morning in the cloud of an early shower.

"*Hidallan*. Dwell, thou mist of gloomy Crona, dwell on the path of the king! Hide his steps from mine eyes, let me remember my friend no more. The bands of battle are scattered, no crowding tread is round the noise of his steel. O Carun! roll thy streams of blood, the chief of the people is low.

"*Comala*. Who fell on Carun's sounding banks, son of the cloudy night? Was he white as the snow of Ardven? Blooming as the bow of the shower? Was his hair like the mist of the hill, soft and curling in the day of the sun? Was he like the thunder of heaven in battle? Fleet as the roe of the desert?

"*Hidallan*. O that I might behold his love, fair-leaning from her rock! Her red eye dim in tears, her blushing cheek half hid in her locks? Blow, O gentle breeze! lift thou the heavy locks of the maid, that I may behold her white arm, her lovely cheek in her grief.

"*Comala*. And is the son of Comhal fallen, chief of the mournful tale! The thunder rolls on the hill! The lightning flies on wings of fire! They frighten not Comala; for Fingal is low. Say, chief of the mournful tale, fell the breaker of the shields?

"*Hidallan*. The nations are scattered on their hills! they shall hear the voice of the king no more.

"*Comala*. Confusion pursue thee over thy plains! Ruin overtake thee, thou king of the world! Few be thy steps to thy grave; and let one virgin mourn thee! Let her be like Comala, tearful in the days of her youth! Why hast thou told me, *Hidallan*, that my hero fell? I might have hoped a little while his return; I might have thought I saw him on the distant rock; a tree might have deceived me with his appearance; the wind of the hill might have been the sound of his horn in mine ear. O that I were on the banks of Carun! that my tears might be warm on his cheek!

"*Hidallan*. He lies not on the banks of Carun: on Ardven heroes raise his tomb. Look on them, O moon! from thy clouds; be thy beam bright on his breast, that Comala may behold him in the light of his armour.

"*Comala*. Stop, ye sons of the grave, till I behold my love! He left me at the chase alone. I knew not that he went to war. He said he would return with the night; the king of Morven is returned! Why didst thou not tell me that he would fall, O trembling dweller of the rock?

Thou sawest him in the blood of his youth; but thou didst not tell Comala.

"*Melilcoma*. What sound is that on Ardven? Who is that bright in the vale? Who comes like the strength of rivers, when their crowded waters glitter to the moon?

"*Comala*. Who is it but the foe of Comala, the son of the king of the world! Ghost of Fingal! do thou, from thy cloud, direct Comala's bow. Let him fall like the hart of the desert. It is Fingal in the crowd of his ghosts. Why dost thou come, my love, to frighten and please my soul!

"*Fingal*. Raise, ye bards, the song; raise the wars of the streamy Carun! Caracul has fled from our arms along the fields of his pride. He sets far distant like a meteor, that encloses a spirit of night, when the winds drive it over the heath, and the dark woods are gleaming around. I heard a voice, or was it the breeze of my hills? Is it the huntress of Ardven, the white-handed daughter of Sarno? Look from thy rocks, my love; let me hear the voice of Comala!

"*Comala*. Take me to the cave of thy rest, O lovely son of death!

"*Fingal*. Come to the cave of my rest. The storm is past, the sun is on our fields. Come to the cave of my rest, huntress of echoing Ardven!

"*Comala*. He is returned with his fame! I feel the right hand of his wars! But I must rest beside the rock till my soul returns from my fear! O let the harp be near! raise the song, ye daughters of Morni.

"*Dersagrena*. Comala has slain three deer on Ardven, the fire ascends on the rock; go to the feast of Comala, king of the woody Morven!

"*Fingal*. Raise, ye sons of song, the wars of the streamy Carun; that my white-handed maid may rejoice: while I behold the feast of my love.

"*Bards*. Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled! The steed is not seen on our fields; the wings of their pride spread on other lands. The sun will now rise in peace, and the shadows descend in joy. The voice of the chase will be heard; the shields hang in the hall. Our delight will be in the war of the ocean, our hands shall grow red in the blood of Lochlin. Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled!

"*Melilcoma*. Descend, ye light mists from high! Ye moonbeams, lift her soul! Pale lies the maid at the rock! Comala is no more!

"*Fingal*. Is the daughter of Sarno dead; the white-bosomed maid of my love? Meet me, Comala, on my heaths, when I sit alone at the streams of my hills,

"*Hidallan*. Ceased the voice of the huntress of Ardden? why did I trouble the soul of the maid? When shall I see thee, with joy, in the chase of the dark-brown binds?

"*Fingal*. Youth of the gloomy brow! no more shalt thou feast in my halls. Thou shalt not pursue my chase, my foes shall not fall by thy sword. Lead me to the place of her rest, that I may behold her beauty. Pale she lies at the rock, the cold winds lift her hair. Her bowstring sounds in the blast, her arrow was broken in her fall. Raise the praise of the daughter of Sarno! give her name to the winds of heaven!

"*Bards*. See! meteors gleam around the maid! See! moonbeams lift her soul! Around her, from their clouds, bend the awful faces of her fathers; Sarno of the gloomy brow! the red-rolling eyes of Fidallan! When shall thy white hand arise? When shall thy voice be heard on our rocks? The maids shall seek thee on the heath, but they shall not find thee. Thou shalt come, at times, to their dreams, to settle peace in their soul. Thy voice shall remain in their ears, they shall think with joy on the dreams of their rest. Meteors gleam around the maid, and moonbeams lift her soul!"

Macpherson tells us that the variety of the measure shows that this poem was originally set to music, and perhaps personated before the chiefs upon solemn occasions. *The Inveterate* exclaims, "When we contemplate such outrageous fictions, as a dramatic poem upon the subject of Caracalla's expedition against the Caledonians, a Celtic drama, performed of old (in the third century) in the Highlands of Scotland, with a Greek chorus, as revived by Mason, we are at a loss whether to admire the effrontery of the translator, or the credulous simplicity of the public." But the public has all her life long been a credulous and simple soul, as well as a pensive; and if the plant you show her be delicate and graceful, she will believe it grew wherever you choose to tell her; and the poorer the soil, and colder the climate, with tenderer kisses will she touch the unbroken dewdrops on the wondrous flowers.

Fingal has returned to Selma, from an expedition into the Lower Province, and resolves to visit Cathulla, King of Inistore, and brother to Comala. The deliverance of Carriethura, the palace of Cathulla, is the subject of the poem of that name.

The night before "he bade his sails to rise," was "the night of Selma's joy;" and there is presented before the King the "dramatic interlude" of Shilric and Vinvela, which forms the opening of Carriethura, a poem. It is Laing who calls it a "dramatic interlude;" but Macpherson says, "one should think that the parts of Shilric and Vinvela were represented by Cronnan and Minona, whose very names denote that they were singers who performed in public. Cronnan signifies a *mournful sound*, Minona *soft air*. All the dramatic poems of Ossian appear to have been presented before Fingal upon solemn occasions." Laing cannot stomach this, and says bitterly, "that a heroic poem, with short dramas by way of episodes, is a species of composition unknown to Aristotle; and we may conceive the improvement of which the *Æneid* would have been susceptible, if Virgil had introduced the Pastorals as dramatic poems, exhibited before *Æneas* at the Court of Dido, *Acestes*, or *Evander*. Dramatic representation, indeed, was unknown to Homer; but in the employment of females to personate female characters, Ossian's Celtic theatre, of the third century, has not only outstripped the Grecian drama, but anticipated the improvements of the French and English stage." A picture within a picture, a play within a play, is a well-known contrivance of art. But we feel the force of Laing's sarcasm; and, waving all question as to the improbabilities of the case, we content ourselves with asking, is "the dramatic interlude of Shilric and Vinvela" true to nature? You shall judge.

"Hast thou left thy blue course in heaven, golden-haired son of the sky! The west has opened its gates; the bed of thy repose is there. The waves come to behold thy beauty. They lift their trembling heads. They see thee lovely in thy sleep; they shrink away with fear. Rest, in thy shadowy cave, O sun! let thy return be in joy.

But let a thousand lights arise to the sound of the harps of Selma: let the beam spread in the hall, the king of shells is returned! The strife of Carun is past, like sounds that are no more. Raise the song, O bards! the king is returned with his fame!

"Such were the words of Ullin, when Fingal returned from war: when he returned in the fair blushing of youth, with all his heavy locks. His blue arms were on the

hero; like a light cloud on the sun, when he moves in his robes of mist, and shows but half his beams. His heroes followed the king: the feast of shells is spread. Fingal turns to his bards, and bids the song to rise.

"Voices of echoing Cona! he said: O bards of other times! Ye, on whose souls the blue hosts of our fathers rise! strike the harp in my hall; and let me hear the song. Pleasant is the joy of grief; it is like the shower of spring, when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf rears its green head. Sing on, O bards! to-morrow we lift the sail. My blue course is through the ocean, to Carric-thura's walls; the mossy walls of Sarno, where Comala dwelt. There the noble Cathulla spreads the feast of shells. The boars of his woods are many; the sound of the chase shall arise!

"Cronnan, son of the song! said Ullin; Minona, graceful at the harp! raise the tale of Shilric, to please the king of Morven. Let Vinvela come in her beauty, like the showery bow, when it shows its lovely head on the lake, and the setting sun is bright. She comes, O Fingal! her voice is soft, but sad.

"*Vinvela*. My love is a son of the hill. He pursues the flying deer. His gray dogs are panting around him; his bow-string sounds in the wind. Dost thou rest by the fount of the rock, or by the noise of the mountain stream? The rushes are nodding to the wind, the mist flies over the hill. I will approach my love unseen; I will behold him from the rock. Lovely I saw thee first by the aged oak of Branno; thou wert returning tall from the chase; the fairest among thy friends

"*Shilric*. What voice is that I hear? that voice like the summer wind! I sit not by the nodding rushes; I hear not the fount of the rock. Afar, Vinvela, afar, I go to the wars of Fingal. My dogs attend me no more. No more I tread the hill. No more from on high I see thee, fair moving by the stream of the plain; bright as the bow of heaven; as the moon on the western wave.

"*Vinvela*. Then thou art gone, O Shilric! I am alone on the hill! The deer are seen on the brow; void of fear they graze along. No more they dread the wind; no more the rustling tree. The hunter is far removed; he is in the field of graves. Strangers! sons of the waves! spare my lovely Shilric!

"*Shilric*. If fall I must in the field, raise high my grave, Vinvela. Gray stones, and heaped-up earth, shall mark me to future times. When the hunter shall sit by the mound, and produce his food at noon, 'Some warrior rests here,' he will say; and my fame shall live in his praise. Re-

member me, Vinvela, when low on earth I lie.

"*Vinvela*. Yes! I will remember thee! alas! my Shilric will fall! What shall I do, my love, when thou art for ever gone? Through these hills I will go at noon: I will go through the silent heath. There I will see the place of thy rest, returning from the chase. Alas! my Shilric will fall; but I will remember Shilric.

"And I remember the chief, said the king of woody Morven: he consumed the battle in his rage. But now my eyes behold him not. I met him, one day, on the hill; his cheek was pale; his brow was dark. The sigh was frequent in his breast: his steps were towards the desert. But now he is not in the crowd of my chiefs, when the sounds of my shields arise. Dwells he in the narrow house, the chief of high Carmora?"

You pronounce "the Dramatic Interlude" beautiful? But it closes without a catastrophe; and Cronnan, laying aside the character he had assumed, sings an elegiac strain.

"Cronnan! said Ullin of other times, raise the song of Shilric! when he returned to his hills, and Vinvela was no more. He leaned on her gray mossy stone; he thought Vinvela lived. He saw her fair moving on the plain; but the bright form lasted not; the sunbeam fled from the field, and she was seen no more. Hear the song of Shilric; it is soft, but sad!

"I sit by the mossy fountain: on the top of the hill of winds. One tree is rustling above me. Dark waves roll over the heath. The lake is troubled below. The deer descend from the hill. No hunter at a distance is seen. It is mid-day: but all is silent. Sad are my thoughts alone. Didst thou but appear, O my love! a wanderer on the heath! thy hair floating on the wind behind thee; thy bosom heaving on the sight; thine eyes full of tears for thy friends, whom the mists of the hill had concealed! Thee I would comfort, my love, and bring thee to thy father's house!

"But is it she that there appears, like a beam of light on the heath? bright as the moon in autumn, as the sun in a summer-storm, comest thou, O maid, over rocks, over mountains, to me? She speaks; but how weak her voice! like the breeze in the reeds of the lake."

"Returnest thou safe from the war? Where are thy friends, my love? I heard of thy death on the hill; I heard and mourned thee, Shilric! Yes, my fair, I return: but I alone of my race. Thou shalt see them no more; their graves I raised on the plain. But why art thou on the desert hill? Why on the heath alone?

" 'Alone I am, O Shilrie! alone in the winter-house. With grief for thee I fell. Shilrie, I am pale in the tomb.'

"She fleets, she sails away; as mist before the wind! and wilt thou not stay, Vinvela? Stay, and behold my tears! Fair thou appearest, Vinvela! fair thou wast, when alive!

"By the mossy fountain I will sit; on the top of the hill of winds. When mid-day is silent around, O talk with me, Vinvela! come on the light-winged gale! on the breeze of the desert, come! Let me hear thy voice, as thou passest, when mid-day is silent around!

Such was the song of Cronnan, on the night of Selma's joy. But morning rose in the east; the blue waters rolled in light. Fingal bade his sails to rise: the winds came rustling from their hills. Inistore rose to sight, and Carric-thura's mossy towers!"

Look back at the opening of Carric-thura, and say if it be not poetry—full of placid and cheerful beauty—the night-scene without, and the night-scene within the hall of Selma—felt together in the harmony of a gentle contrast. Yet Laing will not allow any sunset in Ossian to be unborrowed; and traces "the gates of the west," "the bed of thy repose," "lovely in thy sleep," to Milton, and Dryden, and Collins. The Glasgow gander himself was not much more abroad in his attempts, by parallel passages, to prove Mrs Grant of Laggan the author of the Waverley novels. "*The gates of the west*," quoth Malcolm, "so frequent in Ossian, is Milton's *eastern gate*, where the great sun begins his state." "Wavy bed," in Collins, suggested "The waves come to behold thy beauty." "They lift their trembling heads," is a translation of Virgil's "*Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus*!" "On such slight hints," he growls, "were his imitations often constructed." "They see thee lovely in thy sleep," is copied from—O gentle reader! from what, think ye?—from the picture of Adam hanging over Eve in Paradise!

"He on his side

Leaning, half-raised, with looks of cordial love

Hung over her enamoured, and beheld
Beauty, that, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces!"

"Much as I am accustomed to Macpherson's plagiarisms I am lost in astonishment at such unexpected imita-

tions!" By an acute man, never surely was such nonsense written before—he looks like a monomaniac.

In the Poem of Carric-thura, or the morning after the night of joy in Selma, Fingal sets sail for Inistore. "It rises to sight, and Carric-thura's mossy towers! But the sign of distress was on their top: the warning flame edged with smoke." Laing cannot believe it possible in nature that Macpherson could have seen in his mind's eye a light on the top of a tower, and have said so, had he not read Homer—and jots down, with these *italics*, "*literatly* from Pope's *Iliad*:"—

"As when from some beleaguered town,
arise

The smokes, high curling to the shaded
skies,

(Seen from some island o'er the main
afar,

When men distressed hang out the sign
of war,)

Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the *flaming beacons*
blaze;

With long-projected beams the seas are
bright,

And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy
light."

Pope's version, by the way, is execrable, and all unlike Homer. In Homer the description is powerful; but its greatness lies in the similitude of the sudden fire to Achilles. Ossian's few words *simply state a fact*; and, knowing that the flame announces evil, "the King of Morven struck his breast." Laing continues—"But the warning flame edged with smoke is an incongruous combination of two distinct images; as the flame can no more be seen by day than the smoke by night. Had our translator beheld the Orkneys, when involved in summer, as at this present moment, in clouds of smoke from their numerous kelp-kilns, he would have perceived the extreme accuracy and propriety of Homer's description." Poets have as good eyes as other people—or better; and, though what Mr. Laing says about kelp-kilns is correct, Macpherson knew, as well as he did—either by night or day—flame from smoke. It was not day-time, but well on in the evening; for it is said immediately, "Night came down on the sea." And late in a cloudy evening, fire on a tower-top—and smoke, too—is visible "far far at sea."

The "Songs of Selma" opens with an address to the "star of descending night" — eminently beautiful; and here, of course, the word-hunter is again at work, insensible, it would seem, to the mournful influence of the hour so congenial with the profound sadness everlasting in the soul of Ossian.

"Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings: the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!"

"Star of descending night" is borrowed from Milton's

"Fairest of stars, last in the train of night;" and "thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud," from Milton's image of Lucifer suddenly reappearing in Pandemonium,

"At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape, star-bright, appeared."

That beats Banagher. Because a great poet has gloriously likened the apparition out of nothing, of a fallen angel to a star issuing from a cloud, nobody looking on the sky shall be suffered to speak of a star rising above a cloud, without being assailed with the cry of "stop thief!"—"Thy steps are stately on thy hill." From what think ye is that stolen or strayed? From the ballad of *Hardyknute*!

"Stately stept he east the wall,
And stately stept he west!"

"Towering waves climb the distant rocks." What is amiss there? It is, saith merry Malcolm, a happy application of Pope's ludicrous description of a caldron upon the fire—*Odyssey*, viii. 473:—

"The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
And foaming waters bubble o'er the blaze."

That is wit! "The flies of evening are on the wing." That is stolen, it seems, from Gray. "The insect

youth are on the wing." But Sharp-eye does not see that "*insect youth*" is the idea that gives Gray's line its peculiar moral charm, and distinguishes it from every other line, perhaps, about flies in our vernacular.

'Tis a perfect night-piece—Read on—

"And it does arise in its strength: I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist! his heroes are around: and see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin, with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended, like gales of spring, as ye fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly-whistling grass.

"Minona came forth in her beauty: with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

"Colma. It is night, I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard on the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No but receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

"Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise! Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone! With thee, I would fly from my father; with thee, from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

"Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent awhile! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer here me! Salgar! it is Colma who calls. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming! Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale.

The rocks are gray on the steep, I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

"Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love, and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me; I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold, are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill, from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half-drowned in the storm!

"I sit in my grief; I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the loud winds arise; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

"Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad," saith Ossian; and well they might—for nothing can be more mournful than thy song, Minona. Then came Ullin with his harp, and he gave the song of Alpin. In former days he had overheard Alpin and Ryno on the hill singing the fall of Morar, and had received the song into his heart. Now they both rest in the narrow house—and Minona's eyes are full of tears—the sister of car-borne Morar. "She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp with Ullin; the song of mourning rose."

"Ryno. The wind and the rain are past: calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the bill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream!

but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

"Alpin. My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung!

"Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

"Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass, which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed! Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morgan.

"Who on his staff is this? who is this whose head is white with age; whose eyes are red with tears; who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field; but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

"When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?"

is sublime, and was probably in Beattie's mind when he wrote—

“But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?

Oh, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

Ha! we are startled to see these lines quoted by Laing, and remarked on with a true and fine feeling—“The ‘spring’ dawning, instead of the ‘morning’ on ‘the night of the grave’ is certainly no improvement.” But what can the man mean by *this*? Alpin says—“Weep, thou father of Morar! weep, but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice—no more awake at thy call!” This lamentation, he affirms, is an imitation of—

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,

The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,

No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.”

Gray, he adds, when the Fragments were communicated to him, *was unconscious of his own poetry, so complete was the deception!*”

At the close of the song of Alpin, the grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin—for he remembered the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth. Why art thou sad, O Armin, chief of sea-surrounded Gorma? asked Carmor, the chief of the echoing Galmal.

“Sad I am! nor small is my cause of woe! Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant lives; and Annira, fairest maid. The boughs of thy house ascend, O Carmor; but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! deep thy sleep in the tomb! When shalt thou awake with thy songs? with all thy voice of music?

“Arise, winds of autumn, arise; blow along the heath! streams of the mountains, roar! roar, tempests, in the groves of my oaks! walk through broken clouds, O moon! show thy pale face, at intervals! bring to my mind the night, when all my children fell! when Arindal the mighty fell! when Daura the lovely failed! Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon on Fura; white as the driven snow; sweet as

the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong. Thy spear was swift in the field. Thy look was like mist on the wave: thy shield, a red cloud in a storm. Armar, renowned in war, came, and sought Daura's love. He was not long refused: fair was the hope of their friends!

“Erath, son of Odgal, repined: his brother had been slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea: fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar! There Armar waits for Daura. I come to carry his love! She went; she called on Armar. Nought answered, but the son of the rock. Armar, my love! my love! why tormentest thou me with fear! hear, son of Arnart, hear: it is Daura who calleth thee! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice; she called for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve your Daura!

“Her voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill; rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand: five dark gray dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore: he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick wind the thongs of the hide around his limbs: he loads the wind with his groans. Arindal ascends the deep in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the gray-feathered shaft. It sunk, it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal, my son! for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once; he panted on the rock and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood! The boat is broken in twain. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill came over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more,

“Alone, on the seabeat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries. What could her father do? All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; the rain beat hard on the hill. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks; Spent with grief she expired; and left thee, Armin, alone. Gone is my strength in war! fallen my pride among women! When the storms aloft arise; when the north lifts the wave on high; I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of my children. Half viewless, they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity?

They do not regard their father. I am sad, O Carmor, nor small is my cause of woe.

"Such were the words of the bards in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! but age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed: I hear, at times, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years; they say, as they pass along, Why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!"

Carthon is a noble strain, and contains some of the finest descriptions in all Ossian. Clessammor, an uncle of Fingal by the mother's side, had been driven by a storm into the river Clyde, on the banks of which stood Balclutha, "a town belonging to the Britons within the walls." Here he marries Moina, daughter of Reuthamir, a chief; but is driven away in his ship soon after his nuptials by Reuda, a Briton, who was in love with Moina. Moina, who had been left with child, brought forth a son, and soon after died—and he is reared by Reuthamir, and called Carthon, *the murmur of the waves*, from the storm which carried off Clessammor, who was supposed to have been cast away.

In Carthon's childhood Balclutha had been burnt by Comhal, Fingal's father, and having come to man's estate, he resolves to avenge its fate on the posterity of the destroyer. He invades Morvern, and, after defeating two of Fingal's heroes, is killed in single combat by his own father Clessammor. In this poem occurs the celebrated description, "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate," &c.—of itself, in its scriptural sublimity, sufficient to immortalize its poet.

"Carthon stood on a rock: he saw the hero rushing on. He loved the dreadful joy of his face: his strength in the locks of age! 'Shall I lift that spear,' he said, that never strikes but once a foe? Or shall I, with the words of peace, preserve the warrior's life? Stately are his steps

of age! lovely the remnant of his years! Perhaps it is the husband of Moina, the father of car-borne Carthon. Often have I heard that he dwelt at the echoing stream of Lora.'

"Such were his words when Clessammor came, and lifted high his spear. The youth received it on his shield, and spoke the words of peace. 'Warrior of the aged locks! is there no youth to lift the spear? Hast thou no son to raise the shield before his father to meet the arm of youth? Is the spouse of thy love no more? or weeps she over the tombs of thy sons? Art thou of the kings of men? What will be the fame of my sword shouldst thou fall?'

"It will be great, thou son of pride! began the tall Clessammor. I have been renowned in battle, but I never told my name to a foe. Yield to me, son of the wave, then shalt thou know that the mark of my sword is in many a field. 'I never yielded, king of spears!' replied the noble pride of Carthon: 'I have also fought in war, I behold my future fame. Despise me not, thou chief of men! my arm, my spear is strong. Retire among thy friends; let younger heroes fight.' Why dost thou wound my soul? replied Clessammor with a tear. Age does not tremble on my hand. I still can lift the sword. Shall I fly in Fingal's sight, in the sight of him I love? Son of the sea! I never fled: exalt thy pointed spear.

"They fought, like two contending winds, that strive to roll the wave. Carthon bade his spear to err: he still thought that the foe was the spouse of Moina. He broke Clessammor's beamy spear in twain: he seized his shining sword. But as Carthon was binding the chief, the chief drew the dagger of his fathers. He saw the foe's uncovered side, and opened there a wound.

"Fingal saw Clessammor low: he moved in the sound of his steel. The host stood silent in his presence: they turned their eyes to the king. He came like the sullen noise of a storm before the winds arise: the hunter hears it in the vale, and retires to the cave of the rock. Carthon stood in his place, the blood is rushing down his side; he saw the coming down of the king, his hopes of fame arose, but pale was his cheek: his hair flew loose, his helmet shook on high: the force of Carthon failed, but his sword was strong.

"Fingal beheld the hero's blood; he stooped the uplifted spear. 'Yield, king of swords!' said Comhal's son, 'I behold thy blood; thou hast been mighty in battle, and thy fame shall never fade.' Art thou the king so far renowned? replied the car-borne Carthon; art thou that light of death

that frightens the kings of the world? But why should Carthon ask? for he is like the stream of his hills, strong as a river in his course, swift as the eagle of heaven. O that I had fought with the king, that my fame might be great in song! that the hunter, beholding my tomb, might say, he fought with the mighty Fingal. But Carthon dies unknown: he has poured out his force on the weak.

"But thou shalt not die unknown, replied the king of woody Morven: my bards are many, O Carthon! their songs descend to future times. The children of years to come shall hear the fame of Carthon, when they sit round the burning oak, and the night is spent in songs of old. The hunter, sitting in the heath, shall hear the rustling blast, and, raising his eyes, behold the rock where Carthon fell. He shall turn to his son, and show the place where the mighty fought: 'There the king of Balclutha fought, like the strength of a thousand streams.'

"Joy rose in Carthon's face; he lifted his heavy eyes. He gave his sword to Fingal, to lie within his hall, that the memory of Balclutha's king might remain in Morven. The battle ceased along the field, the bard had sung the song of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon: they heard his words with sighs. Silent they leaned on their spears, while Balclutha's hero spoke. His hair sighed in the wind, and his voice was sad and low.

"'King of Morven,' Carthon said, 'I fall in the midst of my course. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the last of Reuthamir's race. Darkness dwells in Balclutha; the shadows of grief in Crathmo. But raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora, where my fathers dwelt. Perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon.' His words reached the heart of Clessammor: he fell in silence on his son. The host stood darkened around: no voice is on the plain. Night came: the moon, from the east, looked on the mournful field; but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

"Three days they mourned above Carthon; on the fourth his father died. In the narrow plain of the rock they lie; a dim ghost defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often seen, when the sunbeam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There she is seen, Malvina; but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the stranger's land, and she is still alone!

"Fingal was sad for Carthon; he commanded his bards to mark the day when shadowy autumn returned: and often did

they mark the day, and sing the hero's praise. 'Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud? Death is trembling in his hand! his eyes are flames of fire! Who roars along dark Lora's heath? Who but Carthon, king of swords! The people fall! see how he strides, like the sullen ghost of Morven! But there he lies a goodly oak, which sudden blasts overturned! When shalt thou rise, Balclutha's joy? When, Carthon, shalt thou arise? Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud?' Such were the words of the bards in the day of their mourning; Ossian often joined their voice, and added to their song. My soul has been mournful for Carthon: he fell in the days of his youth: and thou, O Clessammor! where is thy dwelling in the wind? Has the youth forgot his wound? Flies he on clouds with thee? I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around!

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven: but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more: whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth! age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

All this, from beginning to end, we maintain, is poetry; the concluding famous address to the sun the very highest poetry—and you, who have sense and soul of your own, will, we are confident, continue to think and feel it to be so, notwithstanding all

the scorn that has been heaped against it, because of its resemblance to something glorious in Milton.

Homer was blind, and Milton was blind—Ossian could not help that—and he was blind too—without meaning the least in the world to be like them “in old age and the loss of eyes.” As for Lucifer, he is not blind (we wish he were), and surely he may hate the beams of the sun, and say so till he is tired, in Miltonic blanks, as Tweedie calls them, without standing in the way of honest men’s addresses to that luminary, whether presented by a Celt in the second, or a Saxon in the eighteenth century, and graciously accepted. No man was ever less like Lucifer after his fall out of the sky-light than Ossian. Is his address to the sun natural? It is. How the devil, then, can it be like the Devil’s? But it may be like Milton’s? Yea—not merely may—but must! “To Ossian thou look’st in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.”

“But thou

Revisitest not those eyes that roll in vain
To find thy piercing light.”

And so on. Just shut your eyes, delightful reader, and imagine them out. Muse a few minutes, and then effuse an unpremeditated address to the sun. Ay—there you murmur. Why, you are repeating Ossian’s very words—Milton’s very words—the words of every blind man that, since the creation, has saluted the morn. But, if published, would it prove equally affecting to the whole human race, as—

“Hail! holy light! offspring of Heaven’s
First-born,” &c.

Or,

“O Thou that rulest above,” &c.

Send it to Blackwood, that all the world may judge. You pause, and hint that the subject is exhausted. What! the Sun? No, no—not the Sun. What then? Why, the subject. Well, then—the subject—but when, and by whom? But we are pressing you too hard—you are an excellent creature, but no genius—so shut you mouth, and open your eyes, and whatever you may think of the authenticity, believe in the inspiration, of Ossian’s poems.

Young hearts, we verily believe, are now-a-days the same as young hearts some fifty years ago, and often weep for Ossian. Not that he is blind, for they know that the blind may be perfectly happy—but because he is alone in this world. Throughout all his poetry they have a dim consciousness of thinking on himself—even when the song kindles into a brightest flame, they feel that the singer is sorrowful—the sadness, the humiliation of the present, hang over the gladness, the glory, of the past—his life is almost death-like—a shadow on earth holding converse with shadows in the sky—moving from grave to grave so like one of themselves, as not to disturb the phantoms sitting there in the moonlight! “Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged pines bend from its face: green is the narrow plain at its feet. Two stones, half sunk in the ground, show their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place; for he beholds a dim ghost standing there. The mighty lie, O Malvina, in the narrow plain of the rock.”

Malvina! The name is sweet, but she is more than a name—but for her Ossian would soon be dead. We see her—always—at his side, or sitting a little way aloof—now a shadow—now a sunbeam—silence or music, still his only comfort; if for a while out of sight and out of hearing, never for one moment out of memory. “Pleasant is thy song in Ossian’s ear, daughter of streamy Lutha!”

“‘It was the voice of my love! seldom art thou in the dreams of Malvina! Open your airy halls, O fathers of Toscar of shields! Unfold the gates of your clouds: the steps of Malvina are near. I have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of my soul. Why didst thou come, O blast! from the dark-rolling face of the lake? Thy rustling wing was in the tree; the dream of Malvina fled. But she beheld her love, when his robe of mist flew on the wind. A sunbeam was on his skirts, they glittered like the gold of the stranger. It was the voice of my love! seldom comes he to my dreams!”

“But thou dwellest in the soul of Malvina, son of mighty Ossian! My sighs arise with the beam of the east; my tears descend with the drops of night. I was a lovely tree, in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me; but thy death

came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low. The spring returned with its showers; no leaf of mine arose! The virgins saw me silent in the hall; they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina: the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou sad? they said, thou first of the maids of Lutha? Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and stately in thy sight?

"Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the music of departed bards in the dream of thy rest, when sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth. When thou didst return from the chase, in the day of the sun, thou hast heard the music of bards, and thy song is lovely! It is lovely, O Malvina! but it melts the soul. There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breast of the sad. But sorrow wastes the mournful, O daughter of Toscar! and their days are few! They fall away, like the flower on which the sun hath looked in his strength, after the mildew has passed over it, when its head is heavy with the drops of night. Attend to the tale of Ossian, O maid! He remembers the days of his youth!

Read in tears, daughter of our love, the opening and the close of Berrathron—the last of Ossian's songs.

"Bend thy blue course, O stream! round the narrow plain of Lutha. Let the green woods hang over it, from their hills; the sun look on it at noon. The thistle is there on its rock, and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving at times, to the gale. 'Why dost thou awake me, O gale?' it seems to say: 'I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. Tomorrow shall the traveller come: he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, but they will not find me.' So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. The hunter shall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp shall not be heard. 'Where is the son of car-borne Fingal?' The tear will be on his cheek! Then come thou, O Malvina; with all thy music, come! Lay Ossian in the plain of Lutha: let his tomb rise in the lovely field.

"Malvina! where art thou, with thy songs, with the soft sound of thy steps? Son of Alpin, art thou near? where is the daughter of Toscar? 'I passed, O son of Fingal, by Torlutha's mossy walls. The smoke of the hall was ceased. Silence was among the trees of the hill. The voice of the chase was over. I saw the daughters of the bow. I asked about Malvina, but

they answered not. They turned their faces away: thin darkness covered their beauty. They were like stars, on a rainy hill, by night, each looking faintly through her mist.'"

"Pleasant be thy rest, O lovely beam! soon hast thou set on our hills! The steps of thy departure were stately, like the moon, on the blue-trembling wave. But thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha! We sit at the rock, and there is no voice; no light but the meteor of fire! Soon hast thou set, O Malvina, daughter of generous Toscar! But thou risest like the beam of the east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit, in their stormy halls, the chambers of the thunder! A cloud hovers over Cona. Its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it, with their wings. Within it is the dwelling of Fingal. There the hero sits in darkness. His airy spear is in his hand. His shield, half-covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one-half still remains in the wave, and the other looks sickly on the field!

"His friends sit around the king, on mist! They hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half-viewless harp. He raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina rises in the midst; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers. She turns aside her humid eyes. 'Art thou come so soon?' said Fingal, 'daughter of generous Toscar! Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son is sad! I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there. Its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers! Go, with thy rustling wing, O breeze! sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids are departed to their place. Thou alone, O breeze, mournest there!'

"But who comes from the dusky west, supported on a cloud? A smile is on his gray, watery face. His locks of mist fly on wind. He bends forward on his airy spear. It is thy father, Malvina! 'Why shinest thou, so soon, on our clouds,' he says, 'O lovely light of Lutha? But thou wert sad, my daughter. Thy friends had passed away. The sons of little men were in the hall. None remained of the heroes, but Ossian king of spears!'

"And dost thou remember Ossian, car-borne Toscar, son of Conloch? The battles of our youth were many. Our swords went together to the field. They saw us coming like two falling rocks. The sons of the stranger fled. 'There come the warriors of Cona!' they said. 'Their steps

are in the paths of the flying! Draw near, son of Alpin, to the song of the aged. The deeds of other times are in my soul. My memory beams on the days that are past: on the days of mighty Toscar, when our path was in the deep. Draw near, son of Alpin, to the last sound of the voice of Cona!"

The son of Alpin must now be his guide, but not long—for Ossian may not survive Malvina. Hesings to the son of the friend of his youth a dying song of his own deeds of old, and of Toscar, the father of her, the beloved one, now a ghost; and this is the farewell of Ossian.

"Such were my deeds, son of Alpin, when the arm of my youth was strong. Such the actions of Toscar, the car-borne son of Conloch. But Toscar is on his flying cloud. I am alone at Lutha. My voice is like the last sound of the wind, when it forsakes the woods. But Ossian shall not be long alone. He sees the mist that shall receive his ghost. He beholds the mist that shall form his robe, when he appears on his hills. The sons of feeble men shall behold me, and admire the stature of the chiefs of old. They shall creep to their caves. They shall look to the sky with fear: for my steps shall be in the clouds. Darkness shall roll on my side.

"Lead, son of Alpin, lead the aged to his woods. The winds begin to rise. The dark wave of the lake resounds. Bends there not a tree from Mora with its branches bare? It bends, son of Alpin, in the rustling blast. My harp hangs on a blasted branch. The sound of its strings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, O harp, or is it some passing ghost? It is the hand of Malvina! Bring me the harp, son of Alpin. Another song shall rise. My soul shall depart in the sound. My fathers shall hear it in their airy hall. Their dim faces shall hang with joy from their clouds; and their hands receive their son. The aged oak bends over the stream. It sighs with all its moss. The withered fern whistles near, and mixes, as it waves, with Ossian's hair.

"Strike the harp, and raise the song: be near, with all your wings, ye winds. Bear the mournful sound away to Fingal's airy hall. Bear it to Fingal's hall, that he may hear the voice of his son: the voice of him that praised the mighty!

"The blast of the north opens thy gates, O king! I behold thee sitting on mistdimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant. It is like a watery cloud; when we see the stars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy shield

is the aged moon: thy sword a vapour half kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief who travelled in brightness before! But thy steps are on the winds of the desert. The storms are darkening in thy hand. Thou takest the sun in thy wrath, and hidest him in thy clouds. The sons of little men are afraid. A thousand showers descend. But when thou comest forth in thy mildness, the gale of the morning is near thy course. The sun laughs in his blue fields. The gray stream winds in its vale. The bushes shake their green heads in the wind. The roes bound toward the desert.

"There is a murmur in the heath! the stormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Fingal. Long has it been absent from mine ear! "Come, Ossian, come away," he says. Fingal has received his fame. We passed away, like flames that had shone for a season. Our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent, our fame is in the four gray stones. The voice of Ossian has been heard. The harp has been strung in Selma. "Come, Ossian, come away," he says; "come, fly with thy fathers on clouds." I come, I come, thou king of men! The life of Ossian fails. I begin to vanish on Cona. My steps are not seen in Selma. Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds whistling in my gray hair, shall not awaken me. Depart on thy wings, O wind, thou canst not disturb the rest of the bard. The night is long, but his eyes are heavy. Depart, thou rustling blast.

"But why art thou sad, son of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy soul? The chiefs of other times are departed. They have gone without their fame. The sons of future years shall pass away. Another race shall arise. The people are like the waves of ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high.

"Did thy beauty last, O Ryno? Stood the strength of car-borne Oscar? Fingal himself departed! The halls of his fathers forgot his steps. Shalt thou then remain, thou aged bard! when the mighty have failed? But my fame shall remain, and grow like the oak of Morven; which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the wind."

And now, our good children, when asked, HAVE YOU READ OSSIAN? you will answer, "Yes—at the feet of Christopher." The mirthful are often the most melancholy, and know best that there is "a joy in grief." That is the chief charm of the poetry at which you have now been looking, as at the

moon, "seen but by glimpses," or the soft-burning stars. We shall say no more about the genius of 'Ossian. We never write critiques, you know, on any great poet; and it has even been said, that, during our whole critical career, we have never shown favour to original genius, but have bestowed laurel crowns only on minor worthies like ourselves—congenial spirits. Be it so. "Pride was not made

for man,"—yet there, methinks, our friend out-herauded Heraud.

What made us think just now, we wonder, of the American Indians? We dare say you never saw these verses, written half-a-century ago by Philip Freneau, a descendant of the French Protestants, who went to America upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

"In spite of all the learn'd have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead,
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

"Not so the ancients of these lands—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

"His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And ven'son, for a journey dress'd,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that knows no rest.

"His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

"Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit—
Observe the swelling turf, and say,
They do not lie, but here they sit.

"Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

"Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest play'd!

"There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah, with her braided hair),
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

"By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase array'd,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade!

"And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here."

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Vol. XLVI.

Contents.

	PAGE
DON PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA,	715
ON AGRICULTURE. A LETTER FROM EUSEBIUS TO HIS FRIEND; AND HIS REPLY,	733
LECTOR ON LAY QUIBBLING,	744
COLONIAL NEGLECT AND FOREIGN PROPITIATION,	752
QUEEN ARGENIS,	767
MILTON,	775
MATHEWS THE COMEDIAN,	781
ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. PART II.,	799
OTHO III. BY ARCHÆUS,	812
DINNER REAL AND REPUTED,	815
TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR. PART III.,	832

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DON PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

WITH the exception of some scenes from Lopé and Guillen de Castro, contained in Lord Holland's Life of Lopé de Vega, the first English specimens of translation from the Spanish Theatre, we believe, appeared in this Magazine; where Lopé's *Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas*,* and Calderon's *Devotion of the Cross*,† his *Courtesy not Love*,‡ and his *Dancing-Master*,§ were analysed at length, with liberal extracts, in which the peculiarities of the Spanish dramatic versification, on which so much of the effect of the original depends, were in general imitated in English. These specimens of that noble theatre, it is our intention, from time to time, to resume; and in the mean time, to preface our translations by some general remarks on the greatest ornament of the Spanish drama, Calderon de la Barca.

We know little of the private life of Shakspeare. The incidents of his history, prior to his leaving Warwickshire, are few and doubtful. Even the incidents of his theatrical career in London, so far as they are established from any authentic sources, afford but slight glimpses of the outward surface of the poet's character; and after his return to Stratford, his life is for the biographer a mere blank. As a man, in short, Shakspeare is to us little more than a name.

This want of authentic materials for the private history of one, who, even in his own day, was the object of some interest and curiosity, and whose dramas had certainly eclipsed in popularity those of his predecessors and contemporaries, may, however, in Shakspeare's case, have been in some degree accounted for by the fact, that his habits and employments disinclined him to letter-writing, while his theatrical associates and rival authors were too much occupied with their own bustling and precarious employments, to find time for recording the memorabilia of a brother dramatist, whose vast superiority to themselves their very proximity to him prevented them from appreciating.

The extreme meagreness of our information, however, with regard to the prince of Spanish dramatists, Calderon de la Barca, is more unaccountable, when we recollect, that from about 1628 to his death in 1687, he lived at the Spanish Court, the favourite of two successive monarchs, Philip IV. and Charles II.—that he was a man of rank and of learning, enjoying all the sweets of lettered ease—that his fame, eclipsing even that of Lopé, was spread over all Europe, and his pieces imitated on every stage. And yet, of his personal history we know nothing more, at the present day, than what is contained in the meagre notice prefixed by his friend

* Vol. xviii. p. 680. † Vol. xviii. p. 83. ‡ Vol. xvii. p. 641. § Vol. xx. p. 539.
No. CCXC. VOL. XLVI.

and editor, Don Juan de Vera Tassis, to the collected edition of his works, (undertaken by him in 1685,) in which the incidents are as scanty as the style is pompous and unmeaning. The substance of the whole is simply this: That he was the descendant of a noble family, and born in 1601; that he studied at Salamanca, and afterwards served during some campaigns in Italy and Flanders; that in consequence of the success of some of his earlier dramas, he was invited by Philip IV. (himself a passionate admirer of the drama, and, it is said, the author of some theatrical pieces of tolerable merit,) to the court of Madrid, where he received the appointment of court poet, and continued till 1652, (when he entered into holy orders,) to pour out tragedies and comedies for the stage, with equal facility, brilliancy, and success. From that time to his death, his compositions, though in a dramatic form, and not unfrequently on subjects of a secular character, were chiefly *Autos Sacramentales*, and *Loas*, pieces of a spiritual, moral, or religious character. The whole number of his plays contained in Vera Tassis' collection, (excluding those on religious subjects,) amounts to a hundred and eight. Twelve others, intended by Vera Tassis for the tenth volume of his works, were never printed, and are supposed to be now lost.

The number here mentioned is great; but, after all, the dramatic activity of Calderon is scarcely greater than that of Shakspeare. The thirty-six plays of Shakspeare range over a period of only seventeen years, (1597 to 1614;) the one hundred and twenty of Calderon—if Schlegel's statement be correct, that he began to write for the stage when only fourteen years old—must be distributed over a period of seventy-three years, in which case his fertility, though still great, is by no means astonishing. It would be a mistake, no doubt, to suppose that Calderon rivalled or sought to rival the almost preternatural rapidity of Lopé, to whom twenty-four hours, it is said, were sufficient for the composition of a play. On the contrary, his plots were generally carefully studied and digested, the combinations of the intrigue very artfully and elaborately prepared, the brilliant passages in his dramas highly wrought up; though long practice and extensive acquaintance with the stage,

coupled with the facilities afforded by a musical language, copious in rhymes, and by occasional repetitions of the same incidents and imagery, enabled him to produce a drama in a space of time, which, though long if compared with that usually given by Lopé to his brilliant improvisations, certainly appears wonderfully short in comparison with that which an English dramatist would have bestowed upon a play of corresponding length.

It is certainly singular, that in the case of a person so distinguished as Calderon, enjoying in his own day the favour of successive sovereigns, and the proud title of "Phœnix of Poets," no life but this meagre memorial of Vera Tassis should have appeared; and that no correspondence, or documents illustrative of his character or his poetical views, have yet been published. It is difficult to believe that such materials do not exist in Spain, if sufficient zeal and perseverance were bestowed on their acquisition: and we could scarcely point out a subject of greater interest and novelty for a critical biography than that which a life of Calderon, constructed from materials of sufficient minuteness and personal interest, combined with an impartial and temperate appreciation of his works, would afford.

The task would undoubtedly be a difficult one. The sudden and total neglect into which not only the works of Calderon, but that of all the Spanish dramatists of the early school, sank upon the introduction of the French taste into Spain, under the Bourbons, and from which, in their own country, they have never emerged, has left the theatre of Calderon with a most corrupted and mutilated text—so corrupt, indeed, as to be occasionally unintelligible, notwithstanding the attempts at emendation by Vera Tassis and Apontes. Frequently nothing exists, except the internal evidence of style, or allusions to passing events, or the date of representation, to mark the date of the composition of any particular play. All of them are left without the slightest commentary to explain the many difficulties arising sometimes from a real obscurity in the ideas themselves, sometimes from a form of expression now antiquated, sometimes from plays on words which escape the notice of the foreign reader—and still more frequently from the per-

petual allusions to incidents of the day, or to passages in contemporary authors or plays, which are made the subject of satire or praise;—to prevailing fashions, absurdities, proverbial expressions, or popular ballads of the time—many of which would now baffle the research of the best Spanish scholar and antiquarian. Recollecting by what slow degrees, and by means of what a combination of labours, our own critical commentaries on Shakspeare, imperfect as they still are, have grown into shape, we could not, indeed, hope that any single individual, whatever might be his learning or his enthusiasm for his task, could hope to dispel the obscurity which hangs over many parts of Calderon—to reform the many errors of the text—or to supply the defective lines which occur in many of the plays, from any authentic readings. But much, we are persuaded, might be done by any one critically acquainted with the original—approaching the task with a due understanding of the peculiar views and feelings of the poet, and confining himself to a few of the best specimens of Calderon's tragic and comic powers—to amend their present mutilated condition, and, by a judicious commentary, to render intelligible, and even pointed and appropriate, much which at present appears puerile, impertinent, or absolutely unmeaning. Even among the Germans, where masterly translations of select plays of Calderon, by Schlegel, Gries, and Malsburg, (not to mention the inferior names of Bärmann and others,) have appeared, there is an extreme want of any such commentary to explain the allusions to passing events, or the double meaning through which the plays on words derive their point. Sometimes,

indeed, this may be, and has been, effected with much skill by Gries, by the adoption of some equivalent in the German language sufficient to give an idea of the Spanish dramatist's meaning, without a formal explanation; but not unfrequently this has been found, even by Gries, with all his metrical facility, his perfect knowledge of the original, and unwearied pains, to be impossible; and although the words are literally translated, their spirit and meaning does not appear in the German. A short accompanying commentary, such as that of which some brief specimens are given by Schmidt, (*Wiener Jahrbücher*, vols. xvii. xviii. and xix. *Anzeige Blatt*,*) would be invaluable, in explaining the leading allusions to those historical events of the day of which Calderon's dramas are full,†—as well as to the popular modes and passing subjects of interest—to the dramas of Moreto, Mira d'Amescua, Montalvan, Molina, and De Hoz, or the novels of Cervantes from *Don Quixote*‡ to the *Jealous Estremaduran*, to which Calderon constantly refers either with candid praise, or good-humoured raillery:—pointing out the meaning of the plays on words which are perpetually occurring; a few of them excellent, but the greater part forced and trivial, and appearing to us doubly so, from the doubtful glimmering of meaning which we are able to discern in them. As an instance how inadequately a mere translation, however literal, must be to convey any idea of the allusions intended by Calderon, and on which doubtless the effect of his verses upon his audience mainly depended, take a few verses from the opening scene of the *Dama Duende*, (the Goblin Lady,) The Gracioso Cosme, in

* Kritische uebersicht und anordnung der Dramen des Calderon de la Barca. Mit bemerkungen ueber Quellen und Nachahmungen und Erläuterungen wichtiger Einzelheiten.

† See for example the allusion to the baptism of the Prince of Asturias, and to the war of Savoy under Feria, *La Dama Duende*, Scene 1;—to the reception of the Infanta Maria in Vienna, before her nuptials with the King of Hungary, afterwards Ferdinand III., *Mejor esta que Estava*, Scene 1, Act I.;—to the festivities in honour of the Prince of Asturias, *La Vanda y la Flor*, Scene, 1. In fact, there is scarcely a drama of Calderon in which such allusions do not abound.

‡ See allusions to verses in Moreto's *Lindo Don Diego*, in the *Astrologo Fingido*, the origin of Dryden's *Mock Astrologer*;—to Tirso de Molina's *Combidado de Piedra*, the original of Molière's *Festin de Pierre*, and Shadwell's *Don Juan*, in the *Mananas de Abril y Mayo*; to Lope's *Melindres de Belise*, in *No ay burlas con el amor*;—to the *Don Quixote*, *Dama Duende*, Act I.;—*El Sitio de Breda*, *Manos Blancas no ofenden*;—to the *Curious Impertinent*, *Casa con dos puertas Mula es Guardar*;—to the *Jealous Estremaduran*, in *El escondido y la Tapada*, and so on.

answer to his master's observation, that they had come an hour too late to witness the festivities on the occa-

sion of the baptism of the Prince of Asturias, observes,—

Come las cosas se aciertan,
O se yerran por una hora!
Por una hora que fuera
Antes Piramo a la fuente,
No hallara a su Tisbe muerta
Y las moras no mancharan ;
(Porque dicen los poetas,
Que con arroyo de moras
Se escribió aquella tragedia.)
Per una hora que tardara,
Tarquino hallara a Lucretia
Recogida, con lo cual
Los autores no auduvieran,
Sin ser Vicarios, llevando
A salas de competencias,
La causa sobre saber,
Si hizo fuerza on o hizo fuerza,
Por una hora que pensara,
Si era bien hecho o no era,
Echarse Hero de la torre,
No se echara es cosa cierta,
Con que le hubiera excusado,
El Doctor Mira de Mescua
De haber dado a los teatros,
Tan bien escrita comedia.

These instances quoted by the Gracioso seem to us far-fetched and pointless enough ; but to the Spanish spectators of the year 1629, when the *Dama Duende* was first played, they had something of the same interest which the parodies in the *Rehearsal* had for those who were familiar with the originals in the heroic plays of Dryden. The allusion to Pyramus and Thisbe is pointed against the tragedy of that name by Pedro Rosete Niño ; and the remark as to the mulberry juice probably embodies some of the satirical commentaries of the day upon that production. The *Tarquin and Lucretia* of Francesco de Roxas, a celebrated *cultist* in style, and many of whose dramas were played under Calderon's name, is next referred to ; while the compliment paid to Mira de Mescua has reference to his play of *Ero*, than a favourite on the Spanish stage.*

While an explanation of the difficulties and obscurities of the text would thus be indispensable in any English selection of the dramas of Calderon, a candid and impartial criticism, both of their general scope and of the details of their execution, freed alike from

Ah ! how many things in life are
Met or miss'd but by an hour !
Pyramus, had he but hasted
One hour sooner to the fountain,
Had not found his Thisbe dead,
And our mulberry dye were wanting—
(For, with mulberry juice the poets,
Say that tragedy was written ;)

Had he come but one hour later,
Tarquin would have found Lucretia
Safe retired within her chamber,
And the tribe of learned authors
Need not have so stoutly wrangled,
Whether 'twere a rape or no.

Had she had an hour's reflection,
Ere she leapt from off the turret,
Whether she should leap or tarry,
Hero would have wiser been ;
And our Doctor Mira Mescua,
Might have spared himself the trouble
Of enriching our collections
With so well composed a play.

narrow and national prejudices on the one hand, and from indiscriminate admiration and extravagant eulogy on the other, would be a most valuable addition for the English reader. It was unfortunate for the due appreciation of Calderon's dramatic powers, that when attention was again called to the Spanish stage by the essays and translations of Augustus William Schlegel, the subject was taken up rather in a spirit of blind and superstitious adoration, than of rational and intelligent admiration, of a genius unquestionably of a high order, but as undeniably deformed by grievous errors of taste. Calderon was at once exalted into an idol, an object of reverence, in whom all that in other men was regarded as faulty was suddenly converted into beauty. Frederick Schlegel, with all the zeal of a "new convertite," did not hesitate to claim for the Catholic poet not only an equality of rank, but a superiority over Shakspeare, on the ground that the latter "has the fault of too often placing before our eyes, in all its mystery and perplexity, the riddle of life, like a sceptical poet, without giving us any hint of the solution ;" while

* Wiener Jahrbücher, vol. xliii. p. 112 ; and vol. xvii. Anzeige Blatt, p. 4.

in Calderon, "the enigma of life is not barely expressed, but solved;" that he uniformly "makes spiritual purification the result of external sorrows;" that in him "every thing is conceived in this spirit of Christian love and purification—every thing seen in its light, and clothed in the splendour of its heavenly colouring."* How far this may be applicable generally to the religious plays of Calderon we shall not pretend to judge, for our acquaintance with them is extremely limited; although, were we to draw any conclusions from the *Devotion of the Cross* or the *Purgatory of St Patrick*, pieces which have been rightly characterised as the very sublime of Catholic antinomianism, we should hold his solution of the riddle of life, and his scheme of spiritual purification, a most extraordinary one indeed.

But how perfectly erroneous and delusive is this observation of Schlegel, when applied to that large, and by far the most interesting class of Calderon's plays, the *Comedias de Capa y Espada*—gay pieces of intrigue, in which the only morality is that which the Spanish code of gallantry and honour had for the time consecrated, and in which, after a series of perplexities, disguises, duels, and white lies told without remorse, to deceive fathers or brothers, the whole winds up with a marriage! If the spirit of Christian love and spiritual purification can be traced in the temptation, fall, and restoration to virtue of Cyprian in the *Magico Prodigioso*, or in the heroic devotion of the martyr Ferdinand in the *Constant Prince*, what traces of their existence are to be found in such gay imbrolios as the *Peor esta que estava*, (It is worse than it was,) or its pendant, *Mejor esta que estava?* (It is better than it was;) in the bombastic nursery extravagances of the *Puente de Mantible*, (Bridge of Mantible,) which Schlegel has unaccountably honoured with a translation; or in those dark tragedies of jealous vengeance which recur so frequently in Calderon—such as *El Medico de su Honra*, (The Physician of his Honour;) *A Secreto Agravio Secreto Venganza*, (Secret Vengeance for Secret Injury;) or *El*

Pintor de su Dishonra, (The Painter of his own Dishonour;)—the last, indeed, conspicuous for gloomy power but all of them tending to justify, and even to consecrate the crime of secret and barbarous murder, when honour appears to have been wounded, or even, as in the *Medico de su Honra*, where the marriage ties have not been broken in fact, but only in imagination. In short, Frederick Schlegel has absurdly applied, as a general characteristic of Calderon, what is only true of a very limited and peculiar portion of his works. Many of his plays have either no moral at all, or a very bad one: and, in point of a pure, elevated, and humanizing spirit, generally informing his works, no impartial reader, in the least degree acquainted with the writings of both dramatists, could ever hesitate to give the preference to Shakspeare.

We feel it just as difficult to admit the high merits which have frequently been claimed for Augustus William Schlegel's estimate of Calderon, in his "Dramatic Course." It fills the ear, indeed, with expressions which have an air of much profundity, and philosophical generalization; but, as a characteristic of Calderon, nothing can be more vague and unsatisfactory. It is indeed surprising how a writer, whose thorough acquaintance with Calderon had been evinced by his "Spanisches Theater," and whose enthusiasm for his subject was unbounded, could have submitted to the public a criticism from which so little light as to Calderon's peculiarities, the points of distinction between him and Lope, or the merits or demerits of his principles of composition, can be gathered. We are glad to find our own view of the vague and unsatisfactory nature of this celebrated effusion confirmed by the authority of the accomplished Spanish scholar and German critic, Solger. In his review of Schlegel's work, he observes—"At last follows the delineation of Calderon; but it deals so entirely with externals, that we rise from its perusal with entire disappointment. How instructive might the author have proved, who appears to have studied the poet with peculiar preference, had he favoured us with some intelligent insight into

* Lectures on the History of Literature. Lecture 12.

the character of that poet whom he has tried to popularize in Germany, and in regard to whom the Germans, as they so often do, have run into a thoughtless and visionary admiration! But, in regard to the position which Calderon occupies in art, nothing is said; and the author confines himself either to general elucidations of the Spanish character, or rhetorical eulogies of the poet himself. . . . As to the point of view from whence Calderon views human life, his manner of contemplating the world, his characteristic qualities, his composition, and exposition, we find not a word."

Where Schlegel has failed, we certainly are not vain enough to think we should succeed; on the contrary, we confess we shrink from the hazardous task of attempting a general characteristic of Calderon. In some

En el teatro del mundo
Todos son representantes;
Cual hace un Rey soberano,
Cual un principe, un grande,
A quien obedecen todos.
Y aquel punto, aquel instante
Que dura el papel, es dueno
De todas las voluntades.
Acabose la comedia
Y como el papel se acabe
La muerte en el vestuario
A todos los deja iguales.

Or the following couplet, in which a fine sentiment is briefly and tersely expressed.

Que al cuerpo le viste el oro
Pero al alma la nobleza.

points, we find it difficult, even after considerable study of the subject, to come to any satisfactory conclusion in our own minds: as, for instance, how far Calderon adopted the affectation and extravagance of the *Estilo Culto*—the euphuism of Madrid—from choice, or simply in compliance with a fashion which he knew to be contrary to good taste and good sense, but believed to be indispensable to the popularity of his dramas at Court. On this point, we think the internal evidence of his works extremely contradictory. It is certainly true, that no one can occasionally express an image, or illustrate a comparison more simply and effectively.

Witness the following quaint but forcible lines from the speech of the captive Portuguese knight, Don Alvar de Viseo, in *Saber del Mal y del Bien*:—

On 'the theatre of earth
All mankind are merely players.
One enacts a sovereign king,
One a prince, and one a noble,
Unto whom the rest do homage;
For the space and for the instant
That the part endures, he seems
Master of the wills of all;
But the play of life played out,
With the dropping of the curtain,
Death within the green-room brings
All the actors to their level.

Gold may be the body's dress,
But the soul's is nobleness.

—*A Secreto Agraviado Secreto Venganza.*

Calderon sneers at times, too, at the professors of the *Estilo Culto*, including himself.

De esos hyperboles llenos
De crepusculos y albores
E mundo cansada esta.

—*Cual es Mayor p rfeccion.*

And, again, in *Hombre pobre todo es Trazas*, in the description of Clara.

Dejo a parte locuciones
Porticas, aunque aqui
Pudiera decer que fue
Su cabello oro de Ofir
Su frente campo de nieve.

And yet to find a whole play, even in those of a level and domestic character, undeformed by some of the very hyperboles or subtilties which he reprobates, would be difficult, if not impossible. In his more extravagant plays, such as the *Judas Maccabeus*, *La Gran Zenobia*, or *La Hija del Ayre*, nay, we are constrained to add,

in the first act of the much-lauded *Constant Prince*, Calderon might dispute the palm of pompous affectation with the Italian Marino, or with the prince of the Cultoristos, Gongora himself; and, like Shadwell—

"Be own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of nonsense absolute."
The few remarks, then, with which

we intend to preface our translations, shall be confined to such points in the literary character of Calderon, as we conceive to be attended with the least dispute.

I. That there are certain general points of *resemblance* between the drama of England and that of Spain—such as the disregard of the unities and the union of the comic and tragic in the same composition, is sufficiently known. It is more important to discriminate the points of distinction between them. And here, in comparing the general character of Calderon's dramas with those of Shakspeare, we at once perceive one important difference. The drama, as a picture of human life, exhibits *actions* as resulting from the combined operation of two influences—the native character and disposition of the actor, on the one hand, which may be considered as representing the principle of free-will, and the combination of external circumstances, over which he has no control, which represent the antagonist and necessitating principle. Man cannot, indeed, escape from the influence of circumstances; nor modify his external position; but, according to the constitution of his own intellectual or moral being, these circumstances act differently upon his volition, and lead to different results. One man, in a certain position, yields to temptation; another struggles against and overcomes it; a weak mind bends submissively to fancied obligations, which have no better foundation than fashion or national prejudice; a strong mind, in the same circumstances, rises above these, and, under the direction of a higher morality, braves the tyranny of custom, and the opinion of the world. In the representation of this action and reaction of circumstances and character upon each other; in the harmonious and natural adjustment of their respective provinces, so as neither to necessitate the action, as if by a blind fatality, nor, on the other hand, to insulate the characters from the operation of events, no one has ever been so successful as Shakspeare. In his works, the influence of circumstances on the one hand, and the natural strength of character on the other, keep their re-

spective places, as in the world of reality. The action seems to grow out of their joint operation, as the boughs which spring from a trunk which has been grafted, partake of the character of both the original trees. Hence as the same events, or the same combination of circumstances, produce the most opposite or varying effects on different beings in the world of reality, so on Shakspeare's dramatic system, something of the same variety is obtained. No one in his plays can predict, from the mere announcement of the position in which a particular character stands, even combined with a *general* knowledge of his character, such as that he is ambitious, jealous, revengeful, and so on, what course the action is to take. Looking at it retrospectively, we shall rarely fail to perceive that it is in precise accordance with what may be supposed to be the result of the combined forces, subjective and objective, which have been brought into collision; but, as the possible combinations resulting from the ever-varying action of *mind* upon unvarying circumstances are endless, it is impossible to anticipate them beforehand; and the result, therefore, possesses for us at once the charm of nature and of novelty.

On the Spanish stage, and particularly in the dramas of Calderon, this balance between the principle of liberty and that of necessity is by no means preserved. The independent energy of character in a great measure disappears; the human beings are surrounded by certain external events, or by certain real or supposed fixed principles of religion and morality, which operate upon them like so many necessities, against which, in general, they scarcely struggle, and never with any hope or chance of success. What may have led to this radical distinction in the spirit of the dramas of the two countries, giving to that of Spain much of the fatalistic character of the Greek, is an enquiry both curious and difficult. A late German critic, Ulrici, in a comparative view of the dramatic principles of Shakspeare, Calderon, and Goethe,* to which we willingly acknowledge our obligations, and from whose temperate, judicious, and *intelligible* criticisms, a far more satisfac-

* Ueber Shakspeare's Dramatische Kunst, und Sein Verhältniss zu Calderon und Goethe. Von Dr Hermann Ulrici.—Halle, 1839.

tory estimate of Calderon may be formed, than from the eloquent rhapsodies of Schlegel, ingeniously attempts to trace this distinctive difference between the systems of the English and Spanish poets, to the respective influences of the Protestant and Catholic religions; and, as applied to one class of Calderon's works, there is a considerable degree of truth in his theory. It is, undoubtedly, the tendency of Catholicism to reduce religion to an objective, external, and almost sensible form; to encourage the idea that it is something not growing out of, and contained within, the mind itself, nor even operating through the medium of intelligence and the moral sense in guiding human conduct, but acting upon it through the permission of the Deity, like an irresistible outward force; the effects of which the morality or reason of man neither furthers nor prevents; a proposition, not perhaps in itself untrue, if taken merely in the sense that all good influences spring from God, but which, when embodied in the form which it assumes in the Spanish drama, is calculated to lead to the most startling and revolting consequences.

Now, this total isolation of religion from morality, and the unconditional and irresistible influence attributed to the former—a practical result of Catholicism, which Calderon adopts to its fullest extent in all his religious plays—has one obvious consequence. It annihilates all free agency on the part of his heroes, and makes the intended result, as explained by Frederick Schegel, viz. their spiritual purification, in no way dependent on the character or disposition, which remain, up even to the very moment of their apotheosis, just as desperately wicked and apparently irreclaimable as before. For example, in the *Devotion to the Cross*, up to the time when Eusebio, after being fairly slain, is miraculously recalled to life for the purpose of having his confession heard, and of being thereafter, as an immediate consequence, received into paradise, what has been his life? That of a profligate, a robber, a habitual murderer; not to mention the unconscious incest which Calderon has added to this catalogue of offences; while the solitary gleam of a better nature which enlightens this dark mass of crime, is a superstitious reverence for the cross, a feeling which he has never been

entirely able to eradicate; and one which Eusebio, we believe, shares with most of the Italian Banditti, who seldom fail to erect a cross above the grave of their victims, and are generous enough to afford, out of the plunder, a small per centage to provide masses for the repose of the deceased. In the *Purgatory of St Patrick*, the hero, Ludovico Ennio, describes his previous career to his mistress Polonia, in the following agreeable colours:—

No te contare piedades
Ni maravillas del cielo
Obrados por mi; *delitos*
Hurtos, Muertes, Sacrilegios,
Tracciones, Alevosias.
Te contare.

"Thefts, murders, sacrilege, treachery, and falsehood"—a general description, to which the particular enumeration which follows adds rape and adultery. To be sure, there is one redeeming point in this catalogue on which Ludovico piques himself considerably; and that is, having slain a bumbailiff who attempted to apprehend him; a kind of compensation to the cause of morality, which he thinks not without its importance in balancing the ultimate account of good and evil.

Ya en la resistencia puesto
A un corchete di' la muerte
Algo habia de hacer bien hecho
Entre tantas cosas malas;
Tengule Dios en el cielo.

Yet this monster, for he really is no better, is selected as the special object of this principle of irrespective grace in which Calderon so much delights. He is destined to be converted and saved through the sudden horror produced by an awful apparition, specially commissioned for that purpose, and apart from the slightest evidence of any moral change in the character of the individual, and though, as far as any one can see, "cut off even in the blossoms of his sin," is pronounced at once a fit candidate for heaven. But we should, at the same time, be doing great injustice to Calderon, while objecting to this principle of a wondrous and external agency controlling human volition, without the aid of natural reason or moral feeling, and thus extinguishing all legitimate dramatic interest, if we did not acknowledge the wild and terrible grandeur of the scene which occasions the conversion of Ennio, though even there, we think the conception better than the

execution. Maturin, who had either read or heard of the incident, has introduced it in one of his plays. Ennio has for some time been on the watch to assassinate an enemy; a cloaked figure constantly comes in his way, calls on his name, induces him to follow, and disappears. It is night; accompanied by his servant Paulin, Ennio is determined that, on this occasion at least, the mysterious intruder shall himself be the victim of

his temerity. Suddenly the figure again appears, shrouded in a cloak, calls, as before, Ludovico! and invites him to follow. Ennio draws his sword, strikes at it, and wounds—the air. The cloaked figure retreats before him; Ennio follows, in vain attempting to touch it with his weapon; they re-enter (as in the Ghost scene in *Hamlet*) in a lonely spot, Ludovico still pursuing the unknown Cavalier, and addressing him—

Cavalier, the street already
We have left; if aught prevented
There our combat, here we stand,
Man to man, with none beside us.
Since against thy frame my weapon
Strikes in vain, I dare to ask thee
Who art thou, strange being? Speak!
Art thou mortal, spectre, devil?
—Still no answer! Thus I dare then
Cast aside that cloak of thine
And discover—

[*He pulls open the cloak and discovers a skeleton.*]

God protect me!
What is this? O fearful image!
Horrid vision! mortal terror!
What art thou, gaunt corpse, that, crumbled
Into earth and ashes, still
Livest?

Voice from the Skeleton. Know'st thou not thyself?
See in me thine own resemblance:

I am Ludovico Ennio.

[*Disappears.*]

Lud. Aid me heaven! what do I hear?

Aid me heaven! what do I see? [*He falls on the ground.*]

Lud. Ya salimos caballero
De la calle; se era estorbo
Reñir en ella, ya estamos
Cuerpo a cuerpo, los dos solos.
Y pues mi espada no ofende
Vuestra persona, me arrojo
A saber quien sois. Decidme!
Sois hombre, sombra, o' demonio?
No hablais? Pues he de atreverme
A quitaros el embozo,
Y saber—

[*Descubre la capa, y halla debaxo un esqueleto.*]

Valgame el Cielo!
Que miro? Ay Dios, que espantoso
Espectaculo! que horrible
Vision! que mortal asombro!
Quien eres, yerto cadaver,
Que deshecho en humo y polvo
Vives hoy?

Emb. No te conoces?

Este es tu retrato propio,

Yo soy Ludovico Ennio.

[*Desaparece.*]

Lud. Valgame el Cielo! que oigo?

Valgame el Cielo! que veo?

II. Calderon's Catholicism, then, communicated this character of fatalism to his religious dramas, making the

agency of visions and miraculous interpositions from without, not the reflections or energies of the mind within, the mainspring of the action. It is not, however, so easy to see how Catholicism should be chargeable with the introduction of a similar principle into his other dramas; and yet that it is found in almost all of them is undeniable. For as in the religious plays an objective power, over which man has no command, operates, so in the Comedias the sense of honour in men, the passion of love in women, the feeling of jealousy, the obligations of friendship, the laws of knightly gallantry, seem all erected by mankind into so many external necessities, which act with a uniform and irresistible effect upon the *dramatis personæ*, overpowering differences of character, and leading to invariable results. The consequence of this is, that while in Shakspeare's plays we are curious to know how an individual will think and act in a given situation, according to the peculiarities of his individual nature, on the Spanish stage, our only curiosity is as to the series of events by which the dramatist will surround him, and by which he will mechanically be put in motion. Once placed in a given situation, his course seems susceptible of almost mathematical calculation. That Calderon, whose characters are always at bottom Spaniards of the seventeenth century, found these unbounding laws of honour, jealousy, love, and courtesy, (the relics of a past period of the national history, when chivalrous feeling, national and individual pride, and a system of artificial gallantry, established by custom, had prevailed,) actually influencing the society of his time, there can be no doubt. Had not the audience sympathized with the despotism which such feelings were supposed to exert over the will and conduct of the personages of the drama, they never could have been reconciled to a system, the uniformity and monotony of which were so obvious; by which individuality of character was in a great measure effaced—and the personages of the piece reduced to classes like the *père noble*, *premier amoureux*, &c., of the opera, whose line of business and whole conduct were chalked out beforehand, with little possibility of deviation.

Of all the feelings which are thus influential on the Spanish stage, hon-

our is represented as the most despotic and unalterable. "Spanish ingenuity," says Ulrici, "had reduced its laws to a highly refined system, rigorously pursued into the minutest details, and pervading life in all its vital relations. It was a part of the harshness and indolence of the national character, not to move a hair's breadth from its fixed notions and principles—to carry them out into relentless execution—to be sensitively suspicious of every infringement of them. The national history, too, contributed its part, as any one will at once perceive who recollects the protracted and chivalrous contest, with the conclusion of which, in Spain, the middle ages may be said to merge into modern times; and remembers also how, in the sixteenth century, Spain raised herself to the foremost rank in the politics of Europe;—what additional nourishment was thus imparted to the national pride, and how much more rigidly the feudal distinctions between the nobility and the common people, and in the former, between different ranks and classes, were adhered to in Spain than elsewhere. But in consequence of this separation, the conception of honour had only a particular and limited application. The system had immediate reference to the nobility; the citizens and the populace had no part in it—they had their own peculiar code of morals. Thus Calderon's servants have always a different morality from their masters, generally, no doubt, to the disadvantage of the former—sometimes, however, to their advantage, when contrasted with the perverted and inflated system of the latter. Calderon never undertakes to paint the people; he deals with kings, princes, and knights. To the former he cannot descend, since in doing so he would be under the necessity of stepping entirely out of the sphere to which alone his views of the world and of life are suited. Two entirely different circles, moving beside each other, but without any point of contact, could not possibly have been united in one work without destroying its external and internal unity."

It may be noticed, that while this observation is in the main correct—since Calderon deals chiefly with certain aristocratical and conventional notions of honour, love, and gallantry, which he found either traditionally or actually existing among the

higher classes; he *has* occasionally stepped beyond this limited circle, and has excited a warm interest in the reader, plainly because he was himself impressed with the truth and poetry of the conception, in the character of a personage selected from the humbler ranks—a simple country magistrate, with no pretensions to nobility, whose conceptions of honour are those only of an honest peasant, but who has encountered the most grievous wrong, in an outrage offered to his daughter by one of these privileged aristocratic tyrants, in whose mouths the maxims of chivalrous courtesy, gallantry, and honour which are so rife, are constantly in contradiction to their practical conduct. No character in Calderon is painted with stronger and more characteristic traits, or in a manner more calculated to convey the impression that the dramatist fully sympathized with the native simplicity and nobleness of the man, than the old peasant judge Pedro Crespo, in the *Alcalde de Zalamea*. We see him boldly determined, at all hazards, to do himself justice on the titled ravisher of his daughter;—proceeding with strict form to his arrest and condemnation; afterwards when accused before his King, Philip II. of Spain, satisfying him by his simple eloquence of the truth of his story, and of the guilt of Don Alvaro; and then, when the King, admitting the justice of the sentence, orders him to deliver over his prisoner to the royal custody, directing the doors of the Court to be thrown open, disclosing to view the guilty officer strangled and sitting on a chair—and calmly telling the King, that the surrender of the prisoner would now be difficult, as in Spain it was the custom of the Court which pronounced the sentence to carry it also into execution.

If Calderon, while giving full play to this extravagant conception of honour, and representing it to be, as it probably was, omnipotent over inferior minds, had occasionally exhibited a picture of the collision between this airy phantom and higher duties, in a mind of greater strength and compass, and of the triumph of the latter over the former, he might unquestionably have imparted to some of his subjects of this class, an originality, variety, a tragic depth and interest, which at present they do not possess. As it is, Calderon's plays, which turn on

the feeling of honour, as applied to the marriage tie, appear to be the gloomiest developments of an iron principle of destiny, frequently wreaking its vengeance on the innocent, suffering the guilty to escape, or even rewarding the author of crime with worldly favour, and exalting his cruelty into a virtue.

Thus, in the *Medico de su Honra*, this principle of honour, which impels Don Gutierre to the murder of his wife, merely because he suspects that her affections have been alienated from him by Henry of Trástámara, the brother of Pedro the Cruel, forbids him, in the shape of loyalty, to attempt any thing against the brother of his sovereign. The royal seducer escapes; the innocent wife is sacrificed. The same principle, too, which exacts vengeance requires that it shall be secret. Donna Mencía is secretly bled to death, that all memory of the wrong may be buried with its author. This maxim is carried still further in *A Secreto Agravio Secreto Venganza*, where Donna Leonora has yielded to the seductions of Don Luis. The last act of the play is one of the most dramatic and terrible in its character with which we are acquainted. Leonora is awaiting her lover in the garden of her husband's country house, looking out upon the Tagus. Instead of the expected lover Don Luis, her husband Don Lopé enters; his clothes are dripping with wet; he informs his wife that he had with difficulty escaped a watery grave; that a certain Don Luis de Benavides, a stranger to him, had solicited a place in the boat in which he was crossing to the summer residence of the king, which he had granted; the boat, he regrets to say, had struck on a sand-bank, and his companion had perished. Leonora faints; her husband, with the deepest apparent sympathy, assures the bystanders it is the effect of terror at the danger he had encountered; she is conveyed to her room. The scene changes to the sea-shore; it is midnight. Don Sebastian and his army are preparing for their African expedition, and the king, walking up and down with the Duke of Braganza, admires the twinkling lights in the ships at sea, and in the numerous country houses which line the shore, among which is that of Don Lopé de Almeyda. Suddenly a cry of fire is heard, and the house of Don Lopé is

seen in flames. He himself rushes out, bearing Leonora *dead* in his arms. She has perished, *he says*, in the flames; after the loss of such a pattern

He consigns his secret

To the waves, and to the flames,

That he only who the outrage

Knew, should know the vengeance too.

Asi el secreto

Al aguay, fuego le entrega,

Porque el que supo el agravio

Solo la venganza sepa.

III. The consequence of these objective inflexible principles of action is, of course, a very considerable monotony, both in the characters of Calderon, and in the general treatment of his themes. All his characters of the same class have the strongest resemblance to each other. They are brothers of a great Spanish noble family; all brave, punctilious, chivalrous, courteous, somewhat arrogant and overbearing; in short, their leading features are so alike, that they leave upon the mind no impression of individuality, as those of Shakspeare do, but become confounded with each other in the memory. Who, for instance, could point out any characteristic differences between the heroes of the two plays, *Mejor esta que estava*, and *Peor esta que estava*—Count Carlo Colonna, and Don Caesar Ursino; except that the latter has a little of the disposition of Don Galaor about him; and, though not absolutely faithless to his first attachment, cannot resist the temptation of an intermediate love passage with the daughter of the governor of Gaeta? Again, in his picture of jealous husbands, what feature of distinction can be pointed out between Don Gutierre in the *Medico de su Honra*, Don Juan in the *Pintor de su Deshonra*, and Don Lopé in *A Secreto Agravio*? How different, on the contrary, in Shakspeare, is the jealousy of Leontes from that of Othello or Posthumus; as the passion acts on different natures, and its blind impulses are modified by an energy from within! Generally speaking, then, Calderon's characters are simply the representatives of classes: husbands, fathers, princes, lovers; all partaking of the same type, and rarely, if ever, discriminated from each other by any marked differences in the strength of passion in tragedy, or of humours and peculiarities in comedy. Indeed, the portraiture of humours or oddities of any kind, Calderon has never attempted. All his characters of the higher classes are grave and serious; they quibble and refine in the dialectics of love and compli-

ment, but they never jest; and the province of humour is entirely abandoned to the servants, one of whom is invariably the established jester of the piece. The part of the Gracioso, with his satirical observations on the pompous sentiments of the higher personages, his cowardice or covetousness, his perfect insensibility to the punctilios of honour, courtesy, or gallantry, by which they are distracted or embarrassed, is, in fact, a perpetual commentary of vulgar common sense upon the sentimental refinements of chivalry; and nothing but the secret consciousness which probably existed in the breast of every spectator—namely, that much real meanness of spirit, or baseness of heart, often lurked beneath these high-sounding manners of morality, just as a ragged doublet was often concealed beneath the cloak of some knight of Calatrava—and the pleasure of thus gratifying the imagination, and satisfying the reason at the same time, by a picture of romance in the Master, and of homely reality in the Man, could explain the invariable introduction of these privileged buffoons into the most serious scenes, and the pleasure with which their sallies appear to have been received. Generally speaking, then, the plays of Calderon are in the highest degree conventional as to character. Among the pieces with which we are acquainted, we should be disposed to say that the comedy entitled, *Guardate de la Agua Mansa*, (Beware of Still Water,) is the one in which the characters appear to us to have most the air of being taken from real life. Another, *Hombre Pobre todo es trazas*, (The Poor are full of Projects,) of which the hint appears to have been taken from the Picaresco Romances of Mendoza, has also more of characteristic delineation, though not of a very pleasing kind, than is usual with Calderon.

IV. While the characters appear thus stereotyped, there is also not a little monotony in the constant recurrence of the themes. In all Calderon's plays, the motives are nearly

the same; love and jealousy, honour and revenge, gratitude for services rendered, the obligations of loyalty or friendship, appeals to generosity, which convert the foe for a time into the friend, or make a cavalier encounter any risk to shield the fame of a lady to whom he is an utter stranger. But herein lies the dramatic strength of Calderon, that with characters which are little more than fixed masks, and a set of themes of a very limited compass, his boundless invention enables him so to vary the incidents by which the characters are set in motion, and so to discriminate the shades of situations, that, while the main theme may correspond exactly in two plays, the details shall appear entirely new. A fertile invention of incidents is, indeed, characteristic of the Spanish stage. It was possessed in no ordinary degree by his predecessor Lope. "Among the many plays I have read," says Lord Holland, "I have not fallen on one which does not strongly fix the attention; and, though many of his plots have been transferred to the French and English stage, and rendered more correct and more probable, they have seldom or never been improved in the great article of exciting curiosity and interest." But what in Lope we cannot help thinking was accidental, is in Calderon the result of the most ingenious and artful combination. Lope, while he fixes curiosity, startles, surprises, and not unfrequently puzzles us, by a maze of intrigue. Calderon, on the contrary, leads us on step by step, through a combination of incidents at once complicated and clear; the plot is involved in the most ingenious manner, so that, while the actors themselves are in doubt, the spectator possesses the key to the whole, and enjoys their perplexities. Then, when the spectator or reader begins to believe that the resources of the author are exhausted; that he is fairly driven to the wall, and that the denouement must take place; he finds some new loophole or means of escape, at once unexpected and yet perfectly natural; the mystery remains unsolved, or, as one doubt is cleared up, another more puzzling and inextricable is found to arise. As models of these felicitous escapes and masterpieces of a progressive dramatic interest, in which all appears

plain, simple, and well devised to the reader, while the characters seem the sport of malicious accident, and are lost in a maze of wonder, we would point to the scene in the second act of the *Dama Duende*—where Donna Angela is detected in her chamber by Don Manuel, when the secret of her visits in her goblin character seems about to be abruptly disclosed to him, and yet where Calderon, by an ingenious contrivance, effects her escape, and leaves Don Manuel in deeper perplexity than before;—and to the series of incidents in the house of Don Caesar in *Mejor esta que estava*, where the interest of the reader is constantly kept on the stretch by the dangers which threaten Count Colonna, the fugitive who has taken refuge there, and the happy and natural turns by which they are evaded. But, indeed, it is hardly possible to refer to any of the *Comedias de Capa y Espada*, without meeting with instances of this mastery of invention, both of serious and comic incident. In the serious class, Calderon's *Casa con dos puertas mala es guardar*, ('Tis ill guarding a house with two doors,) which has only the fault of a needless complication of incidents, though of a very ingenious kind; *Mananas de Abril y Mayo*, (Mornings of April and May;) *El Encanto sin Encanto*, (Enchantment without Magic,) a sort of pendant to his favourite *Dama Duende*; *Los Empenos de un Acaso*, (The complications of Accident,) a title which, indeed, might be applied to all his comedies, are conspicuous. Among the comic, *Guardate de Agua Mansa*, and *La Senora y la Criada*, (Mistress and Maid,) particularly the latter, are proofs, that Calderon was not less successful in devising comic distresses, or ludicrous mistakes, than in the creation of those dilemmas, mysteries, and hairbreadth escapes, through which he delights to hurry his more earnest and dignified characters.

A dull play, then, with Calderon is a phenomenon of rare occurrence; indeed, except in his merely religious pieces, when the object is rather to embody in a visible form some dogmatic doctrine of faith, or some subtle distinction of school divinity, than to present a picture of human life, however conventional, it is scarcely possible to take up any one of his many plays without being irresistibly

attracted by the ingenuity of the incidents, the clear, rapid, and at the same time unexpected march of the story. Even into his mythological plays, or those founded on subjects of ancient history, he throws the same spirit of adventure, love, and gallantry which characterise those based on modern or Spanish incidents. Ulysses, in *El mayor Encantò Amor*, and Semiramis, in the *Hija del Ayre*, differ little, except in name, from the enamoured dukes and princesses of the *Secreto a Vozes*, *La Vanda y la Flor*, and *Nadie fie su Secreto*; they are surrounded with nearly the same web of difficulties, misunderstandings, collisions of duty and inclination, and the same fantastic array of Graciosos and waiting-women, which form the chief source of interest in the latter class of plays; while the points of resemblance between the rhodomontades of *Judas Maccabeus*, and the heroes of the *Puente de Mantible*, are obvious. Calderon has, in truth, treated subjects of mythology and ancient history much in the same way as Scuderi, Calprenede, and Gomberville, in their tedious romances; that is to say, he has, like the French novelists, applied, without ceremony, incidents, manners, and conventional modes of expression, borrowed from the romances of chivalry, to the classic times; with just this difference, that the French romances (the popularity of which is one of the strangest phenomena in the history of literature) are unredeemed by any ray of talent, while Calderon, by the magic of an exhaustless invention, by the happy traits of comprehensive reflection and knowledge of human nature, which, without any elaborate display, are scattered over even his worst pieces, and by the glow and fire of an imagination pouring forth imagery almost spontaneously, and arraying its images in a rich attire of poetical and musical expression, imparts a species of unity and amalgamation even to these apparently conflicting elements;—and, at all events, stamps the undoubted character of genius upon many scattered scenes and passages of plays, which upon the whole are little in harmony with a cultivated taste.

V. Yet, in recognising Calderon's astonishing invention of incident, and that prodigious variety which enables him, under circumstances which in their general complexion are nearly

identical, to give a new turn to the situations, so as to give to the second version of the same theme all the charms of an original, it is necessary to remind the reader, that certain postulates are assumed, as of constant occurrence, to which it is not very easy to accommodate our notions of the probable. Secret doors and sliding passages may be allowed as necessary and not improbable instruments for furthering those intrigues and strange rencontres, on which many of the Spanish plays turn; and, with the aid of night and darkness, we may allow also that some happy escapes may be made, and some confusion naturally caused by the use of the invariable cloak, which is worn by the male personages of the play; to which, indeed, along with the use of the mantilla on the part of the ladies, Calderon laughingly alludes as part of the indispensable machinery of his plays.

Es comedia de Don Pedro

Calderon donde ha de ser

Por fuerza, amante escondido

Y rebozada muger.

—No ay Burlas con el Amor.

But the extent to which, in broad daylight, the mere use of the veil is supposed to disguise the person, and to occasion those equivokes which are necessary for the complication of the plot, we must fairly confess goes far beyond the concessions which we think a dramatic poet is entitled to demand. Fathers are represented, notwithstanding the resemblance of height, figure, &c., as unable to detect their own daughters, with whom they have just been talking half an hour before, (*Peor esta que estava*, Act I.;) brothers their sisters, lovers their mistresses, (*Mejor esta que estava*, Act III.)—and on this very simple, but we must be allowed to think not very probable *nodus*, is suspended the denouement of nearly one-half of Calderon's *Comedias de Capa y Espada*. At the same time, let us add, that nothing can be more conspicuous than the skill with which Calderon contrives, in such cases, to avoid the additional improbability which would arise if the disguised heroines were allowed to speak: he contrives, with uncommon art, to fill up the dialogue in such a way, as to allow them to remain entirely silent, and ultimately to withdraw them from the scene without subjecting them to any such ordeal; as he probably felt

that this would have been generally considered a demand upon the credulity of the spectator too violent to be admitted—except, perhaps, in an English farce or a French vaudeville.

After all, however, nothing on the Spanish stage exceeds, if indeed it approaches, in point of improbability, the equivokes and mistakes which are attributed by Dryden and his followers, of the close of the seventeenth and commencement of the eighteenth century, to the use of masks in England. That this established piece of stage mechanism must have had its origin in the facilities which masks actually afforded to licentious gallantry, and the occasional escapes which they had facilitated, we suppose admits of no doubt; but there can be just as little, that the effects attributed to them, as in the case of the Spanish *basquiña* and *mantilla*, are altogether disproportioned to the cause. Nothing but wilful blindness, perhaps, could, in either case, account for the result; but certainly a *Marriage in a Mask*, which is a result not uncommon in Shadwell, and we rather think, though we have not time to verify the fact, in Dryden, is a pitch of improbability surpassing any of the dramatic postulates of the Spanish stage.

VI. And here, also, while referring to our English comedies of the Spanish school, let us notice, to the honour of the Spanish stage, the infinite superiority in point of decency and morality which the plays, both of Lope and Calderon, (even those in which gallantry plays the most conspicuous part,) possess over the whole of our English comedies, from Shakspeare downward. That the Spanish national character was better than the English in point of morality, we do not believe; if the Spaniards were more temperate in some respects, they were more passionate and unscrupulous in others; the obligations of chastity, the sanctity of the marriage tie, were not merely more rigidly enforced in England by public opinion, but appear to have been more in harmony with our inborn northern notions, which treated the female sex not with a delusive gallantry, but a real respect, and acknowledged in woman the "*sanctum aliquid et providum*," which their Gothic ancestors recognised as their peculiar appanage. And yet, while even Shakspeare sins

grievously against good feeling in some of his plays, while Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ben Jonson, and Shirley, set all decency, so far as regards expression, at defiance: and while Dryden, Shadwell, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Etherege, carry the license which their predecessors had applied to expression into the whole body of the drama itself, and represent society as little better than a mass of intrigue, unchastity, and brutality, in which the coarseness of the language is but the reflection of the general corruption of heart from which it flows; the plays of Calderon scarcely contain an indecent allusion, and never a single scene of that licentious character which deforms almost every play of Beaumont and Fletcher, or Dryden. We may revolt against the morality of the Spanish stage, from the false notions of honour which it inculcates, the boundless toleration for sanguinary revenge which it sanctions, the dangerous, nay, even detestable maxims which it encourages, in regard to the omnipotence of simple belief in matters of religion, though combined with the darkest crimes; but at least it contains nothing to inflame the passions, and nothing to revolt the moral feeling in point of decency. Even the *Graciosos*, while indulging in the most reckless saturnalia of merriment, and laughing throughout (at the expense of frequent drubbings) at the failings, misfortunes, or perplexities of their masters, cautiously abstain from those coarse equivokes, or sometimes very *unequivocal* ribaldries, by which even Shakspeare's clowns and servants found it necessary to enliven the scene, and bespeak the favour of the populace at the Globe or Blackfriars, and which seem to have become the staple of the piece in the time of Dryden. The same contrast of a *surface* dramatic morality, with great internal laxity of morals in real life, it may be observed, is afforded by the French stage; which, next to the Spanish, was (until lately) the most moral in Europe in point of expression, a phenomenon which certainly verifies to some extent the observation of Voltaire, *La pudeur s'est effugée des cœurs pour se réfugier sur les lèvres*; and which seems to indicate a much earlier progress in civilisation and outward refinement in those nations, than Britain could

boast of either in the days of Elizabeth or of Charles II.

VII. The whole *diction* of Calderon is as different from that of Shakspeare, as is the relative importance they attach to character and incident. In Shakspeare there is abundance of imagery, but it is the imagery which passion not only tolerates but creates, springing out of the predominant feeling, and appearing as its natural language. In Calderon, on the contrary, it is impossible not to feel that the long descriptions, the accumulation of ingenious comparisons and analogies, the point and subtlety of the thoughts and reasonings, the careful musical arrangement of the verses, the undisguisedlyrical passages, such as glosses, sonnets, &c., which are of perpetual occurrence, all show that the natural results of strong feeling have been subjected to a process of reflection in the poet's mind; that the thoughts have been turned in every point of view; that all the aids of fancy and learning have been called in to deck them out in a more ornate form than nature would ever have dictated. The only play of Shakspeare which has any analogy in its diction to those of Calderon, is the early one of *Love's Labour Lost*, which, in its sublimity and point, reminds us occasionally of those dialectic passages in which Calderon discusses speculative questions of love; as for instance, "What is the greatest pain in loving?" a theme which is debated with much ingenuity and grace, in the first act of *El Secreto a Vozes*, (The Secret told Aloud,) and again with perfect novelty in Act I. of *Hombre Pobre Todo es Trazas*—or, "Which is the most difficult—to feign or to conceal?" a question which is handled in the same ingeniously sophistical spirit by Ulysses and his companions, in Act II. of *El mayor Encantò Amor*, (Love the greatest of Enchantments.)

In these discussions in the style of courts of love, Calderon certainly manifests extraordinary resources. There is one, for instance, of singular beauty, on the respective merits of blue and green, in the *Vanda y la Flor*, (the Scarf and the Flower.) He occasionally places his characters too in such situations, that, while apparently conveying one meaning to one individual, another of a very different kind is conveyed to another. Thus, in *A Secreto Agravio*

Secreta Venganza, (Act I.,) the sonnet in which Leonora appears to be conveying to her husband the assurances of the tenderest affection, is so ingeniously constructed, as at the same time to convey to her former lover, who stands disguised as a merchant in the background, a pretty decisive intimation that she has not forgotten her early passion. The masterpiece, however, of this species of contrivance, is perhaps *El Secreto a Vozes*, where two lovers communicate with each other aloud in the presence of jealous rivals by means of a cipher, which consists in selecting the first word of every line as conveying the meaning, the rest being mere *remplissage* to deceive the bystanders.

These subtle discussions, which appear to have been great favourites on the Spanish stage, as well as the long descriptive narratives, of which one or two seem to have been considered as indispensable in every Spanish play, and on which the actors invariably bestowed their most elaborate and finished efforts of declamation, can only be accounted for, *first*, from the avowed and understood principle of composition to which we have alluded—namely, that the language was not supposed to represent the immediate effusions of passion, but rather the finished and refined results of judgment, reflection, and fancy, exerted upon the natural dictates of the feelings; and *secondly*, because they formed points of repose amidst the incessant hurry and bustle of a complicated action, and allowed the poet to recapitulate, and to show the connexion of incidents which, in the rapid movement of the piece, might have escaped the notice even of the practised Spaniard, skilful as he is said to be in following the most involved thread of intrigue, and finding order and sequence where a foreigner perceives nothing but confusion.

Yet fertile and inventive as we admit Calderon's fancy to be, we cannot give him credit for that variety of imagery which is ascribed to him by Schlegel. On the contrary, though from the vast mass of his works a rich collection of images and comparisons, which are at once appropriate and novel, might be selected, we have seldom met with any distinguished poet who repeats the same image, in nearly the same words, so often or with so little ceremony as

Calderon. Indeed, nothing but the necessity of supplying the exigences of the theatre with a rapidity which did not permit a very rigorous *elimination* of former ideas; and the fact, that during his own lifetime most of his plays were confined in an unpublished shape to the theatre, so that he might safely trust that his plagiarisms from himself would remain undetected, could account for the frequency with

which an ingenious comparison, and sometimes a very indifferent joke, are made to run the gauntlet of many comedies. A few instances will illustrate the extent to which this system is carried.

In the *Dama Duende*, Act II., love, as producing effects of the most opposite kind, is ingeniously enough assimilated to the serpent producing at once the poison and its antidote.

. . . Like the aspic,
Which, if it engenders venom,
Bears no less the healing salve.

. . . Bien como el aspid,
De quien se sale el veneno,
Tambien la triaca sale.

The same image occurs again in the *Galan Fantasma*, (the Spectre Lover.)

Una vibora, no tiene
La ponzoña y la triaca?

And a third and fourth time in *No hay burlas con el Amor*, and *Las Armas de la Hermosura*.

DONNA ANGELA, in the *Dama Duende*, Act. III.

As the pencil can invent
Forms that vary with the light,
And from different sides present
Different pictures to the sight;
So the painter Love unites
In my form two different lights, &c.

Pincel que lo muerto informa
Tal vez un cuadro previene
Que una forma a una luz tiene,
Y a otra luz tiene otra forma;
Amor que es pintor conforma
Dos luces que en mi teneis, &c.

The same image, with very little variation in the expression, again occurs in *La Vanda y la Flor*, Act II.

Nay, within the same play, the same image is sometimes repeated.

DON MANUEL, *Dama Duende*, Act II.

Wonders surely must be hydras,
Since from one a thousand others
Spring in turn.

Hidras, a mi parecer
Son los prodigios, pues de uno
Nacen mil.

Again, in Act III.—

My ills are hydras, since they still contrive
Even from their lifeless ashes to revive.

Hydras parecen las desdichas mias
Al renacer de sus cenizas frias.

Again, in *Mejor esta que estava*, Act I.—

And again, with a slight variation of the idea, they are like the Phœnix, because when one dies another springs from its ashes.

Desdichas
A la imitacion del Fenix
Unas de las otras nacen.

—*La Vida es Sueno*, Act I.

Again, in *No hay burlas con el Amor*—

Que bien dicen que los males,
Son, se hay uno, como el Fenix,
Pues cuna en què uno nace,
La Tumba donde otro muere.

And finally, misfortunes are like cowards, because they never come single, but always in pairs.

Que eran cobardes decia,
Un sabio, por parecerle,
Que nunca andaba una sola.

La Vida es Sueno.

This absurd comparison, which might be tolerated as a joke in the mouth of the gracioso, but which in Calderon is given with all gravity, occurs a second time in *Mejor esta que estava*, and a third time in *Los Tres Mayores Prodigios*.

If, then, within the limited portion of Calderon's works with which we profess to be acquainted, so many repetitions of the same images, comparisons, or thoughts occur, it may fairly, we think, be assumed, that in the vast mass of his plays with which we are not familiar, many other instances of this system of making the most of an idea might be pointed out. We certainly are not disposed, therefore, implicitly to subscribe to the opinions of his German critics as to the unbounded variety of his imaginative powers. On the contrary, we think his range of imagery, on the whole, rather limited, and that his dexterity is chiefly shown in giving an air of novelty to ideas with which we were formerly familiar, by the new situations in which they are introduced.

On the whole, we feel disposed to give a very decided preference to Cal-

deron's comic over his tragic plays. Of pathos we think he has very little, at least we must confess our insensibility to the pathetic effect even of the *Constant Prince*, which is generally referred to as a favourable specimen of his powers; and the mere stateliness and elevation of his manner, seem to us but a poor substitute for the profundity, and the deep human feeling, of Shakspeare. He carries our sympathies with him when he paints scenes of chivalrous honour, loyalty, or courtesy; but when he seeks to move the tender feelings, we cannot recognise the master of the human heart. In plays of a mystical character, we readily admit the wild and gloomy grandeur—the strange visionary effect, like that of a troubled dream, which he imparts to such themes as *La Vida es Sueno*, (*Life a Dream*;) and *En esta Vida todo es Verdady todo Mentira*, (In this life all is truth and all is falsehood;) both of which illustrate nearly the same idea, viz., that of the hollow and unreal character of that "little life" of ours which is "rounded by a sleep."

What is life? 'tis but a madness,
What is life? a mere illusion,
Fleeting shadow, fond delusion,
Short-lived joy that ends in sadness,
Whose most steadfast substance seems
But the dream of other dreams.

La Vida es Sueno, Act II.

But in his comedies, which, like Shakspeare's, often deal with matters of very serious interest, though terminating in a happy conclusion, we acknowledge with less qualification Calderon's mastery over the subject. His comic powers are great; while the principle upon which his dramas are constructed, making human conduct seem the sport of mere accident, suits better with the lighter interests, em-

barrassments, and distresses of comedy, than with the more earnest passions which it is the province of tragedy to delineate.

In our next Number we shall resume our translations from the Spanish theatre, and present to our readers ample specimens from one of the best of Calderon's comedies of the *Cloak and Sword*.

ON AGRICULTURE.

A LETTER FROM EUSEBIUS TO HIS FRIEND, AND HIS REPLY.

It was long before I could bring myself to think seriously of your intentions. You farm!—are you demented? I have imagined you in all possible positions agricultural—and have laughed at the wretched figures I have conjured up, very heartily, *more meo*; but that I should label them with your name!! Oh, what a pity it is, the cap and bells are out of vogue!—You had better by far, sith you will follow vagaries, turn merry-andrew. You farm! whom I have hundreds of times heard say, that though you had lived in the country so many years, you did not know peas from potatoes. So now, other means of ruin in this perfectable world failing, you must set yourself up as a plougher, a sower, a hedger, a ditcher—and little wot you, in your simplicity, what a sackful of troubles each of those nouns-substantive is ready to lay at your door. It is not that you make an ill choice alone; you make a laughable one. You will be the butt of the whole race of fat-faced farmers, and before you have been in it six months, will be reduced to be the scarecrow for your own fields—and even then, the very hedge-sparrows will cock up their tails at you, and chirp witticisms upon you in their depredations. Well—it is your own doing—and remember the saying, “He that makes his choice without discretion, doth sow his corn he knows not when, and reaps he knows not what.” Your reason is sophisticated, and your heart is not in the matter, and never can be. The very style of your letter proves you are deluding yourself. You used to be a plain-spoken man, told a plain tale in plain words; now you write, and to me your familiar, as if you were labouring at a prize essay, and run your periods into Ciceronian English. And because Virgil tossed about the dung with dignity, you think it incumbent on you to walk out of your library, with a pitchfork over your shoulder, upon your campaign of folly!! It suited you very well to read eclogues, and look over your portfolios, rich in masters old and

new, and then to go to bed, and dream of Pan and Sylvanus—nymphs, satyrs, and *id genus omne*—but waking, to dream on that you would meet them in the disguise of overseer, churchwarden, waywarden, clod-hoppers and weeders, would justify your friends in holding an inquest, *de lunatico inquirendo*, upon the dead body of your understanding, and it is not your friend Eusebius could rescue you—“*Pit rusticus*” would be the only answer to every attempt. “How can he have understanding whose talk is of bullocks?” And there you are, I dare to say, at this moment, in your easy-chair, dreaming on, and glorifying yourself, leading a prize ox by the halter; dream on—it will soon turn out—“The Vicar my defeat, and all the village see.” You speak with delight of living “*Ut prisca gens mortalium*”—you quote Horace, but forget that the usurer Alpheus, just upon the point “*janjam futurus rusticus*,” wisely changed his mind, or expended it in verbal praise, and bought in again on Monday what he had sold out on the Saturday. You have Horace at your fingers’ ends—but you cautiously omit the apt story of Vultejus Mena, hooked by the old crafty lawyer Philippus, in his sport of human weaknesses and sufferings, to accept a farm—who, “*ex nitido*” a town dandy, “*fit rusticus*”—who, when he had lost his sheep to the thieves, and his cattle to the murrain, quite distracted, takes horse, and calls up his patron in the middle of the night, entreating him to take all, and restore him to his former way of living.

How admirably the old lawyer quizzes his victim!—“*Durus*,” as Horace calls him. The hard-hearted old sinner sees him worn to a chitterling by care, and compliments him upon his anxiety, the too deep interest he takes in his country affairs. You know the passage well. It will be as good as a glass, a perspective glass to you, “*janjam futurus rusticus*”—but don’t come to knock me up in the middle of the night, when your daily disasters have driven you out of your

new farming senses that you have adopted—I will be “*durus*,” harden’d against you as Old Philip.

There now, is a piece of rascally callous philosophy for you, worthy of Philippus himself. Come to me—ay, at any hour by night and by day, mocked, laughed at, cheated, beggar’d, like the prodigal son, sneezing from the husks of your own swine—I will receive you, welcome you, caress you, and never breathe a syllable of your past folly; for were we not “nursed upon the self-same hill,” but never, never will we “Feed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.” You cannot surely have been deluded by poetry—by your reading Virgil and Theocritus and Hesiod. You don’t imagine either would have handled a plough, but in verse. Eclogues and Georgics indeed! In the former the very shepherds are miserables, all lamentation and regrets, and richly deserve the stick they contend for; and in the latter the poet does not even colonize his Australia with respectable people. The pastor Aristæus would disgrace any parish, running after another man’s wife, and being the death of her. Here was a pretty fellow to pop his nose into a bee-hive, and (serve him right) find his colony defunct. But the poet was sick of his apprenticeship to ploughmaking, and was glad to plunge into episode and fable.

And in truth, the fabulous part of ancient rusticity is pleasant enough, when there was a sort of golden age, and no taxes, and shepherds had nothing to do but pipe, and nymphs to dance—but now we must “pay the piper”—and who now-a-days ever sees Chawbacon like Alpheus dancing the “satyrs?” The only tune the Farmer delighteth to dance to, is “Money in both pockets”—I wish he may get it!—for “he danceth well to whom Fortune pipeth.” The country pipes now-a-days, are terribly fusticated with tobacco, not the bacca, hederæ, and olivæ. And can my friend—my classical, my tasteful friend—jog with bumpkins to fairs? Can he bear to fumigate away all his better ideas in the Cacus dens of “entertainment for man and horse, his damp clothes reeking of stall, stable, wool, and the weed.” You have been reading about “the Divine Swineherd,” and want to “go the whole hog.” It

won’t do—it is altogether a mistake—you are not “natural born and bred to it.”—You will be cheated by your servants, laughed at by your neighbours; and, worst of all, detested by yourself, before you have been initiated—if initiated you ever are. Your sheep will die of the rot, and your hay will be burned in the making—you have no Pan as the “*ovium custos*,” and so you will be out of the frying-pan into the fire. Your cattle will go astray, and your neighbours bring actions of trespass against you. You will be so sick of, and mad with troubles, that, like poor old King Lear in the storm, you’ll bid them “Blow and crack their cheeks.” Yes—the “pitiless storm”—it will come down, well directed upon your hay-field; whilst your host of labourers, your Damons, your Thestylus’, and Phillis’, are enjoying their idleness, and drinking you up by the gallons. In vain will you be classical, and cry out upon the “*ilia messorum*”—down pours the inexorable torrent, and the living tottering cider-casks and beer-barrels drink to you in their “swilled insolence,” and then fall off and snore like pigs in your presence. You must positively contrive to lose the delicacy of every sense; seeing, touching, smelling, tasting, hearing. There has been a story going the rounds, of a musical genius in the back settlements, for lack of other instruments, arranging his pigs. What think you of studying the gamut of grunts, in exchange for your “ancient concerts?” You that are wrapt in Elysium with Handel and Mozart, to be put off with a chorus of butchers cheapening your cattle! You used to delight in the song of birds, and would stay at the chirping of a hedge-sparrow, and say it was the very note of inquisitive happiness; you fed them with crumbs—but now, your innocent delight is gone, they are no longer your sweet choristers, but feathered depredators; you even teach poor children mercenary cruelty, by instigating the churchwarden to put a price upon their heads—a penny a dozen—nay, those you used to feed so familiarly from your window, you immolate into a sparrow pudding. You will no longer go out to admire nature, with your sketch-book and colours; your portfolio will contain nothing but maps and terriers; the

earth will be estimated by chain-acres. In vain will the sun's gleams glide before you, enticing you into wood and glen, you will bid them begone to ripen your mangel-wurzel. Do you remember showing your Italian landscape (a veritable old master) to Farmer S—, who asked you the value of it, and when you told him, was astonished, and enquired—"If that sort of paint was particularly dear, for he had painted all his front paling for fifty shillings?"—You will soon be like him. You will prefer coal-tar to ultramarine; sublime effects of cloud and vapour will no longer attract your eyes upward; your utilitarian aspect will be to the ground; you will not enjoy the weather Providence thinks fit to give you, without grumbling. In sunshine you will want rain, in rain sunshine; you will perpetually put on the crying philosopher, alternating your sorrows between arable and pasture.

Oh! you miserable man—and you must turn to farming!—to make yourself wretched indeed. I was much amused the other day by a little anecdote, (if it deserves the name,) and I will tell it you, for it is in point. Old M., the East Indian, wishing to invest some of his large fortune in land, went to look at the several estates advertised, among the rest at —, in Somersetshire. It was a sombre place, and, as he was alighting at the lodge, an old woman who had been born and bred on the estate under the old family, and relished not the change and new comers, came forth, and looking at his bilious and care-worn face, said to him—"What, hav'n't you had care and trouble enough already, old man, but you must come to put your foot on this estate?" It was a bad omen; he was superstitious, and did not make the purchase. Now you would have been a bolder man, and would have walked boldly up the old avenue, though all the owls of the ancient patrimony were hooting you at every step—nay, you would have slept in the haunted chamber, unscared by the frowning portraits of ancestors to be disinherited by you. Your present scheme is all of a piece with this rashness. And do you really think you have the making of a farmer in you?—not a bit of it. I have heard you declare that nature made men specially for their occupations. Have you looked in a glass

lately? Have you the broad hand and the large foot, to handle well the spade and press it into the soil, which is the very stamp and mould of a natural-born agriculturist; not forgetting, however, the broad shoulders and stout calves, to help a cart-wheel out of a rut, and if need be for breast-ploughing? Then how different are the "*Fruges consumere nati!*" Small hands and feet, of little worth for sturdy work—a goodly paunch, no very large head, but an undue proportion of mouth. Then comes the artisan, slender throughout, somewhat pinched, nimble fingers and a busy eye. Whatever of either of the two there may be in your compound, there is not an atom of the agriculturist. You are an offset, as it were, of an artisan, shooting out somewhat eccentric branches, and budding literature and the arts. Yet must you leave your natural bent, and try to invest your new vagary with something of yourself! You will spout continually—

"O Fortunati nimium sua si bona norint
Agricolæ!"

And then mark their discontent. Virgil tells you they don't know when they are well off. So will you prate on of the praises of agriculture; a second Cincinnatus, if any one would take you from your plough for any thing but out of pure charity. Your bungling work at it would sicken all that would offer you other employment. And you will fancy you are leading a life of simplicity! A life of absurdity and nonsense! Man was not created for a life of simplicity, and to be always stooping over clods. He was originally gifted with imagination, with faculties of investigation and invention, to make life an artificial acquirement—" *Vitam excoluere per artes.*" Oh, the life of simplicity indeed! An agriculturist's eyes have but one speculation—arable and pasture; all else is a desert. When you and I asked farmer John Turnsoil, who had gone to and returned from London, what he thought of St Paul's—what was his reply? "I don't think much o't; 'tseems there's a good deal of ground throw'd away."

And you think to lead a life of simplicity in the very calling that, above all others, as it appears to me, has come under the most artificial arrangement. You will not be allowed to sow, and reap, and eat alone; you must take

upon yourself much of the management of the country, and have to direct the vexatious detail, through the proper government of which the rest of the world live tolerably quiet—all of which you are as unfit for as you are to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and you are about as fit for that as Spring Rice. You must buy and sell,—there now is one of the nuisances of life from which Adam was exempt; and that answers satisfactorily the well-known questioning distich—

“When Adam dived, and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?”

You will have not only to pay rates and taxes, but to understand them, and collect them too. You must be versed in poor-laws, high-ways and by-ways; and the more you are versed in them, to see things going wrong a thousand ways, where you now see nothing. Often have I wondered how this world is managed at all. I am born asleep, in understanding at least: I awake by degrees, and find myself in an organized, well-arranged state of things, that for the life of me, study as much as I will, I cannot account for—it is all past my power of finding out; and I bless myself that the greater part of all this order is done for me. Now, the mystery of all this, you must plunge into. You must be one of the managers for me. You must be perpetually pulling the strings of the puppet-show, for my admiration, use, and advantage. I shall never see sheriff, nor javelin-men, but from my heart I shall pity you, who have to pay for and trick up the whole court. You must remember all this order of things beautiful to the Philosopher, but detestable to other people and in other lights, must be paid for out of the land—out of the land! You will never find your share of it out of yours. You will stand aghast and talk of these things; all the while you try to be deep in ways and means, like a man fumbling in his breeches pockets, and wondering where the minister gets his supplies. To be “Ignoramus in the fine arts,” like your friend C., is to be a fine fellow; but to be an ignoramus in parochials, before a whole vestry of farmers, is to be stung by hornets, to be kicked by asses, ay—and reversing all order of things—to be saddled by them too; for you need not doubt having a double share of the burthens. With your helpless incapacity, (excuse me for the

plainness,) how long will it take you, map in hand, to know your own lands,—and for the minutest trespass, you will suffer by encroachments, or worse penalties. You will cut your neighbours’ hedges for your own, by mistake, and not have the wood; and your neighbour will cut yours, and carry away all—and no mistake. Then you must have farming-servants—locusts—eating up the land, and their ignorant master too. Do you flatter yourself you can manage them? Can you bluster and swear at them? You will not even know if they have done what they ought to have done. Out of your genuine kindness you will thank them, and the first time you do so, you will be laying down a measure for their idleness, to say no worse of it, for their perquisites shall be measured by it, till they exceed all measure. You must have a hind to manage for you, who will inevitably be your master—the worst of masters—a semi slave-master—your taskmaster, whom, like any other madman, you will have to pay for being your keeper. He will whistle and sing all about your house, that used to be so quiet, and, if you gently remonstrate with him, won’t keep his mouth shut, nor his tongue and teeth idle, but will sulkily fling himself upon your bench, and sit down to your beef and pudding with a vindictive appetite. And all under him, and that have the run of your house, will think themselves bound to observe the fogleman, and do likewise—such is the *esprit de corps*. Do you remember the anecdote I once told you of the great Miss G—, who undertook the management of some of her land? She thought herself clever enough to manage John Chawbacon, and the rest of them: so one day she stood by when John was at his dinner—and he did not make the worse dinner for that. Now, knowing the elasticity of John’s stomach, as he was rising to his work, time up, she said, “John, I think it would save time of coming and going if you would sit down again and take your supper.” No objection in the world,” said John, and down he sits, and *instantly* despatches another pound or two, and drink in proportion, ending with her ladyship’s health, and many thanks. “Now then, John,” quoth the Lady Bountiful, “you may go to your work.” “Work, Ma’am!” said John, with a grin, “I never works, ma’am, after supper,” and so he threw

himself down, and in three minutes snored like a pig. Laugh at it—laugh at it; and so laugh at yourself. He sleeps—that is more than you will,—your head will never lie easy on your pillow again; when night closes upon your crops for growth or for blight, or if ripe for depredators, you will dream of thieves and foxes prowling about your poultry-yard. I went last week to see poor old farmer S—: you know something went wrong with him; and there he is in a lunatic asylum. He told me he could not sleep a wink at nights, for his sheep patting about his foot in all night. What misery, to be ruined by them when in his senses, and to be haunted by them when they had driven him out of his senses!! I thought of you:

Is it too late to be “a word to the wise?” When your labourer rests from his work, your work will be going on. You may, indeed, quote your favourite Gray—

“The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

You may well call it darkness, for you will have it black enough—all will be black; even your corn, for that will be sooted. And when all your projects fail, and you are really ruined—for I see no other end if you pursue this folly—what bantering, jeering, and insult there will be at the sale of your stock, and what bitter sacrifice! You had better sell off all now, while you can with a good grace; but “*quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat*.” You ought to have been made wise, for it was in your presence I heard our excellent old friend George Cartoon go through his experiences of farming. Do not you remember how we were sitting one summer evening in his little snugery, with all his drawings about him, and his portfolios of prints, his collection of Bonasonis and Mark-Antonios? and we looked out upon his little garden, which he had Italianized, and there were his vases, his antiques, his terra cottas; and between his rows of shelves of “choice Italian,” his beautiful drawing of the Lake of Nemi, the green transparent “speculum Dianæ,” and there was he, in the evening of life, the sun gilding a countenance beaming with benevolence, intelligence,

and fancy unextinguishable. His own head was the best of his bronzes. You thought his description exquisite—it was so—did it make no more permanent impression than that transitory admiration? Somehow or other the conversation fell upon the badness of the times. He described how, at the commencement of the war, he returned from his charming Italy; the funds had fallen immensely, and he found himself thereby minus half his property; at the same time, every thing else was rising. How he settled himself in a small neat villa near town, and still went on with his tasteful pursuits—the arts, literature, and benevolent schemes. Some of them, it must be confessed, whimsical enough; to do every body all the good in the world. Still he found that, if his means were decreased, his family was increasing; and so, in an evil moment, he thought of selling out his stock, and buying a farm! And how was he led to this? He found his neighbours first putting down one horse; then another, professing walking was much better for their health than a servant; adding, with a forced smile, how pleasant it was to be independent of such plagues. Then, rising one morning very early, he found his neighbour, who had hitherto been an indolent and luxurious man; up before him, and at work in his garden, professing, as his reason, that his physician had ordered the exercise for him; and so it went on, with a thousand little mean subterfuges, that every body was doing every thing he could for himself, and reducing expenditure as much as possible. Now, our excellent old friend, Cartoon, hated subterfuges and excuses, had always spoken his mind and told the truth, and would still do so. So he told all his neighbours why they did what they did, and thenceforth determined manfully to do his best; and so it was he bought a farm.

He had at first thought of going to America, and so being a settler in the back settlements—a friend had gone there; and sent him a true account of things; and such an account! The settler had scarcely arrived—was, in fact, putting up a few drawings, and his daughters were arranging their trifling ornaments around the room, and trying the keys of their piano—when in broke two monsters, who called

themselves visitors, come to introduce themselves to the new settler. One poked his stick through the glass of a drawing, the other threw a glass holding flowers out of the window, both saying, "We don't want such things here; if you live here, you must live as we do;" and then banging his stick down on the piano, enough to split it, "What," quoth one, "d'ye bring this thing here for; and I s'pose your daughters squall to it, hey?" and then he set up such a laugh. The new settler declared it was not human—"nec vox hominem sonat,"—and must have been acquired in the forests. Well, this new settler was soon sick of it; but, before he broke up, wrote to dissuade Cartoon from being a settler. So, to go back from this parenthesis, he bought a farm; and where do you think? Our worthy friend knew nothing of land but by sketching it, and his studies had been among mountains—he liked the wildness and beauty of them; and so, rather inconsiderately, he made his purchase among the stoney hills of —. In truth, his land was none of the best, and it would have broken the spirit of an iron farmer to have broken it in. It was about as stubborn a piece of goods, as had ever fallen to the lot of man to have to subdue. All this he did not know when he bought it. Experience is the thing, and happy is he who can get out of such experience as poor Cartoon did. But his description was not of his getting out of it, but into it. First, being, *totius in illis*, by nature an enthusiast in whatever he takes up, he read nothing but agricultural works; thought he must do the thing in earnest—had an auction of his curiosities of taste—his expensive library—nay, went so far as, finding some not fetch the price they should, he gave them away. But his real friends would not accept them, but deposited them for him, knowing well that their friend would come back to his taste, or his taste to him; and so it turned out; and many a day have you and I admired that happy remnant of books, portfolios, and pictures; and surrounded with which I drew his picture when he detailed to us his farming experiences. You remember the taking possession—how he settled first his family at the town of —, and arrived at his farm one morning before breakfast, where his land-bailiff,

or manager, met him. Then came a volley of disasters; the neighbours' cattle had broken into his pasture; the poor had destroyed his hedges for firewood. Half his sheep were going fast with the rot. "Well," thought he, as he push'd the man out of the room, "I will have my breakfast first," and so down he sat; and scarcely had he tasted the first morsel, when the man came in again to tell him that his cattle had broken into a neighbour's field, who had sent word to say he had put them in the pound, and would measter be pleased to go and get them out. "Hang 'em all," said Cartoon, "let me have my breakfast;" and away went the man. Then in rushed Jenny Lake, the dairymaid, in a rage, that Sally Goodman's big boy had throw'd a stick at the gander, and killed him. Her he pushed out of the room, and this time locked the door. It wasn't long before it was invaded again, but he was deaf to all entreaty to open it; repeating just—"Can't come in, can't come in." Breakfast over, out he went, fairly intending to buckle himself to his task of calamities, and know them all. The list was long, and bad enough; and he never found himself, he said, with all his imagined knowledge and power of invention, so completely at a loss. However, having in some sort settled the most urgent, and left others to settle themselves, he thought he had done enough for the first day; and he determined to indulge himself, and be free from all further interruptions. So being, as you know, a lover of the picturesque, he wandered among the rocks, and seeing a snug place under a broad shadow—"Here," thought he, "not a soul will ever find me out;" and here, down he sat, took out his little book and apparatus to sketch, thinking he would have the beauty, if not the profit of the country. Scarcely had he spread his paper before him, when a farmer, riding along the road some distance below him, (and nothing less than the sharp eyes of Malevolence, he yowed, could ever have found him out,) spied him, and thus called out to him:—"Holloa, measter; the craws be picking out the eyes of your lambs." "What," cried Cartoon, "do they do these things here too?" and so he gave up his sketching for that day. Nor did he close his first day without so many disasters unlook-

ed for, unspeculated upon, that when he laid his head on his pillow, he thought it stuffed with the thorns of his land; and when he did sleep, dreamed he was gored by his neighbour's bull, which he always considered a prophetic dream, for, a few weeks after, he had but a narrow escape from the ferocious creature of a more ferocious master. Thus ended his first day and night.

However, he was in for it, and could not well get out of it; and for several months endured torments agricultural, beyond what his imagination, a fertile one, could have drawn. He couldn't sell his sheep, he said; and one day asked a farmer, who seemed most friendly to him, the reason. "Why," quoth he, "you should put big buttons on your coat, and drive 'em to the fair, as we do, and be there, d'y'e see, yourself." "Well," said Cartoon, "since I had come to *infra dig*, I thought for once, buttons shouldn't stand in my way, and for once I would not have a soul above buttons; so I got the pattern of the farmer's, and big buttons had I to my coat." And so to fair he went. One came and pinched his sheep, and went away; another did the same; but nobody bought, ask what price he would; and by degrees all went away, and he found himself left in the fair with his detestable sheep. Nobody would buy them; and most grinned and walked off when they had felt them. Then the greatest annoyance he had in doing as the farmers did, was in returning from fairs—stopping with them at inns; and, in those fine days, they drank their bottles of wine, as well as spirits. Now, Cartoon detested drinking, and nearly killed himself in the attempt to do as "we farmers" do. On one occasion, he asked the same farmer again, when the wine was in him, why he could not sell his sheep. "Because, to tell you the truth, they don't like gemmen, and won't buy of a gemman." "Then," thought Cartoon to himself, "I'll give up;" and so he did; and sold his farm, luckily, at no great loss. He laughed very heartily, and said he had one trifling, and he hoped innocent, revenge upon his agriculturist neighbours. On the road, one day, he met some caravans going to the fair at B—, and fell into conversation with a gentleman riding the same road. He turned out to be the celebrated ventriloquist of the west of England.

This man he engaged to ride after a trio of farmers at a little distance. He did so; and when they came to the cross road, he pretended to turn his horse's head another way, and threw his voice into the beast's mouth—"Don't pull me so, for I'd rather go along with these farmers." Off set the farmers as fast as they could gallop, verily thinking a greater thief in grain than themselves was after them.

Dear, worthy, now, alas! too aged Cartoon, the world, with all its ingratitude, by which word "world" is always meant ten miles round, will be sad when all your days are numbered. Nothing can quench the glorious fire of your animation, while life lasts. Fortune has run full butt against you, and retreated "manca," maimed by your wit and cutting smile. No darkness, without nor within, can dim the illumination your rapid words throw upon all subjects. To know you still live, and are happy, is a recompense for some of the wrongs the world have done me; and when you die, if pure Christian benevolence ever ascended to happier mansions than of this world, there will be such provided for you, and who knows if you may not there again count over your Bonasonis? Terrestrial thoughts and images crowd upon terrestrial vision, and, till the mists be removed from before it, your cheerful and benignant face, in your snuggery of art and of books, will be ever to me a picture of present happiness, and of hope and promise of its continuance for ever.

Is this stepping out of philosophy? Now, my friend, be wise from his example, and turn once more to be a sensible man. Resist, if it be not too late, the temptation. "Take the bull by the horns"—no, that is an evil omen, have nothing to do with bulls, nor cows. You have already been vaccinated and caught the infection—the love of cattle. You are like St Antony, tempted by all unclean beasts. Soon your taste will degenerate into the porcine; they were devils that entered into swine, take care the swine do not enter into you. Then your very similes, and all your ideas, will be hoggish—you will consider the *summum bonum* to be a good bacon pig. "A-talking of sows," drawled out a farmer to another, "how's your wife?" Was any thing ever more thoroughly porcine? Such fellows are blind to every other beauty, they go

about with a sty in their eye. You will prefer offal to romance. A vile butcher will be your real Orlando, and Angelicas you will see no more: nay, the soft touch of woman's hand will furnish you with no other idea but that it would make good butter. Abel the student was rusticated "to sow his wild oats," fell in love with the butter-woman, and made horned cattle his friends, and became as one of them. There is no end to examples all around and about you, to deter you—but I fear you are infatuated. The *ignis fatuus* of agriculture is leading you a dance into a quagmire. Had you been weary of your letter'd ease, and wished more active employment, consistent with your profession, you might have worked your fingers to the bone with great eclat for bazars—you might have done any folly of that kind, and been praised and thought the worthier—you might have made reverend baby clothes—you might have cobbled from morning to night, and made infant shoes to defray expenses of building a church—any thing better than putting your own shoes down in the mire and clay at the tail of your plough. I suppose you have been reading *The Farmers' Boy*, or some such stuff—Bloomfield, by-the-by, was a cobbler, and left his trade for poetry, and wrote his agricultural praises, and one of his own lines expresses to a nicety the change,

"And dirt usurps the empire of his shoes."

He had better cobbled on; he might have risen to be Emperor of Morocco, Had he stuck to his trade, his trade would have stuck by him—and so I fear did his poetry, for it stuck, though it had Loftus's lift. If the *cacoethes scribendi* comes upon you, you will write in the *Farmers' Magazine*, and such works, and get into controversies upon the breeding of pigs and planting of cabbages—a worthy object indeed for all your learning and your acquire-

ments. You will waste your genius in inventing rat-traps, and when asked what is your study, will answer with Edgar in *Lezar*,

"To prevent the foul fiend; and kill vermin."

You will write against blockheads, and make no impression. I remember well when I was a boy at school, a shrewd little fellow that had lived in town all his little life till he came to school, laying a wager he would write in a Farmer's Magazine and be answered. We thought it impossible, as he knew nothing more of the matter, excuse me if I say, than you do. He wrote on the drilling of turnips—describing, with great ambiguity of expression and circumlocution; a new method, which, if it could be at all understood, was the mere momentary vagary of his brain. Away went his paper—it was inserted—more, it was answered—more, it raised a whirlwind of controversy, declarations of experiments, failures, and success. He had a host of abettors and antagonists—and by some the originality of his plan was doubted, and by others claimed as their own: A pretty tribe for your learned pen and learned leisure—but I forgot, leisure you will have none—not a moment; there will be always something to be done, to be looked at, or to be mended. You will be worn to a shred, to a skeleton; you will be pinched like a snipe, and your nose be as sharp—methinks I see you, like him, poking it into the ground to try to live upon suction. It will be the death of you. However, farewell; light lie the earth upon you when you die, for it will be the heaviest of burdens upon you as long as you live. Concern not yourself about your epitaph. That shall be the last office of the pen of your loving and truth-telling friend, not only till, but after death,

EUSEBIUS.

REPLY TO EUSEBIUS.

I have laughed very heartily, my dear Eusebius, at your fears, real or pretended, respecting my agricultural pursuits. I certainly told you I intended to turn farmer, and it was a specimen of the presumption of speech. I might, with as much truth, have said I was going to set up as physician, because I had recommended a recipe

for a cold. My farming has been on the smallest scale; yet, small as it has been, I was determined not to reply to your letter, until I could supply you with both the result and detail of my experience. But as, in the interval, you have neither come to me or written to me, nor, as far as I know, acted the cautious friend, by setting unseen

keepers about my ways to ascertain the extent of my lunacy, I conclude your letter to have been the result of one of your own vagaries, which evaporated as the ink dried. Small as the scale of my experiment has been, I am free to confess, my dear Eusebius, that had my scale been extended, I do not believe you to have been guilty of any exaggeration, nor that your picture would have been a caricature. I will, in the very commencement, set your mind at rest. My farming, of which you make so black an account, is at an end—"Othello's occupation's gone"—I have in disgust thrown all up—the unpleasant feeling has worn off, and I can now laugh with the best of them, at myself. I made known to you my intention to purchase a few acres; you said nothing to dissuade me from so doing. I bought, and thinking the next step in life was to acquire some knowledge of agriculture, determined to manage it myself; perhaps I should have said mismanage. I had no conception of the interest taken in these pursuits; my anxiety, at first pleasing, soon became so intense as to be perfectly painful. I will not tire you with an account of all my minute concerns—you have well described them by asserting they would afford no rest. But so had I been given up to other, I may say quite other, pursuits, that though for a time I had with much resolution discarded them practically, they would force themselves upon my mind, when I was striving to fix it upon matters relating to my new occupation. The effect was, that I began to be a cold utilitarian, and to look upon my former studies with something like contempt—then as enemies. This was a lamentable state; I had forsaken the delight of all my days, and resembled Cowley's state, described by him in the "Abeyance of Love,"

"Thousand worse passions then possess'd

The interregnum of my breast."

I felt degraded, for I had lost one ingredient of happiness, and certainly not found another. And I was conscious that I was, in all proper knowledge that should become a man, (*i. e.* a farmer,) decidedly inferior to the lowest of the grade. I am afraid, had prosperity crowned my little attempt, I should have become penurious

and avaricious. I was like the glass-seller in the "Arabian Tale," in building castles, and destroying the means whereof to build them. I will not be wearisome by enumerating all my little disasters, but merely tell you how I managed about my sheep. I had a day-labourer who served me as a hind: he was a faithful and honest fellow, I believe, but a bit of a wag; he had a dry humour about him, not that I, by any means, would say he did not do his best to moisten it; he was about forty years of age, a little man, every feature in his face seemed to have a screw in it, which he could move either way at pleasure; whenever he spoke seriously he always looked straight at a wall, (if one was near him,) or the bole of a tree, or, if no such object presented itself, at his fingers, (and they looked like things grown out of rough ground;) but whenever there was a sly meaning in what he had to say, he always looked up in your face, let out some of his screws, and tightened others, and nearly half-closed one eye, and all but quite the other, and inclined his head a trifle towards his right shoulder. This would have amused me, but I soon discovered it was his usual mode of telling that something or other went wrong, something out of its usual course, which he meant to show went wrong through my fault. But "re-venons a nos moutons"—my first purchase of sheep happened thus: I was recommended to send to the fair of —, and told what I ought to give for half-a-score of ewes. Before the fair day, however, as I was walking along the road, near my garden gate, I met a large flock of sheep, and some drovers. I found they were going to the fair. Here, thought I, is an opportunity not to be lost—no trouble of sending to fair—and a manifest saving in having them driven home; I found, too, the price was much under what I was told to give, so I thought myself perfectly safe: sheep were sheep, and the sheep I bought—and without the aid of my man. When he came up, (as he was sent for to put the sheep in the field,) I said with an air of some importance, never having been the master of so many animals before, "Here, Richard. I have bought to-night these sheep." "Which, sir," said he, "ewes or wethers?" I am ashamed to confess, Eusebius, that

I did not know; it was provoking—I looked like a fool. The man I had bought of, relieved me by pointing out my purchase, and Richard was for a time too busy to notice me. “These are pretty lightfoots,” said he then, with his arch look, “where shall I take ‘em, sir?” “Why,” said I, “you know very well, to the field.” “Oh, ay,” quoth he, “but may be they won’t like the field.” I could not in the least tell what he meant, never having heard of consulting their liking. “Well,” said he, “I will drive them there, but if they don’t like it they won’t stop.” “What do you mean?” said I. “Why, them sheep be all greyhounds.” Shortly after, I met a neighbour, and told him what a purchase I had made—“And where are they?” replied he. “In the field above the house,” said I. “No, they are not,” says he, “for I have just seen about that number break over hedges, and away with ‘em, as fast as they could scamper—if those are yours you had better send after them”—and going off—“When you’ve caught ‘em, sell ‘em.” This was, indeed, a bad beginning. I went for my man—he looked this time in my face as I told my story—and told him to go after them. “Oh! there’s not much use in going after them,” said he, “at least not without a dog—and away he went on the run. I, like a fool, I am ashamed to confess it, little dreaming he was gone to borrow a sheep dog, let loose my large Newfoundland, and away I went along the road, as fast as my legs could carry me. About a mile on I found the sheep; that is, I came in sight of them, and pointed them out to the dog. Off went Neptune, and off went the sheep; I saw him plunge into the midst of them—he had brought down one, and the rest went farther than ever. He had, indeed, brought down one, and, by the time I came up, had made a good hole in its side. The poor thing was killed sure enough. Now I didn’t mind the loss of the sheep, but was in dismay at Richard’s up-look, which I knew awaited me. I met it, and was humbled—“Your honour,” said he, “had better keep a hunter, and a pack of hounds, for them deer’s capital sport, and I see your honour’s in at the death.” After much time, trouble, and cost, the sheep were recovered, and as my friend advised, sold, at a loss. It was amusing enough to Richard the day of the disaster. I re-

turned in no very good humour, and finding two large pigs in my garden, made a boy, whom I had just hired, drive them instantly to the pound, and in the evening in came Richard with one of his looks, and asked for money to get the pigs out of the pound. “Out of the pound,” said I, “I get them out of the pound!—why I’ve had ‘em put in.” “Then your honour,” quoth Richard, “will be sure to get ‘em out.” “Not I!” said I, indignantly; “let those get ‘em out that own them.” The fellow gave a double screw, and slightly curled his thin lips, and, affecting great submission, replied in a low and slow voice, “Them is your honour’s own pigs.” This took me by surprise, effectually dissipated my bile, I threw myself back in my chair, and laughed out most heartily. Richard put his hand to his mouth, made antics with his knees to suppress his mirth; but it would not do. He gave way to his humour, laughed louder than I, and then as suddenly stopped—asked my pardon, adding—“Sure your honour knows best; but I think we’d better get ‘em out this time, and punish *them* (with a marked emphasis) next.”

My second purchase was still more unfortunate. This time I did not trust to my own judgment, but requested a neighbour farmer, who was going to a fair, to buy me six sheep. “Six sheep!” said Richard, who was present, looking up now at me and now at Farmer L—, “six ewes in lamb this time.” He looked again at me, as much as to say, “I doubt yet if measter knows one from t’other.” The six ewes were bought—twenty-five shillings a-piece. I had heard that a good shepherd knows every sheep in his large flock. I had the curiosity to study the physiognomy of mine:—in vain, I never could tell one from the other, and judging from the intenseness of my observation, I much doubt the fact. Well, I now had six ewes in lamb. These will produce me at least a lamb each; that will be twelve—twelve sheep—twice twelve, twenty-four—and so I went on counting, till (upon my fingers) I was master of a tolerable flock. In the morning before breakfast, if any met me and asked where I had been, the answer was, “To look at my sheep”—after breakfast, “to look at my sheep”—before dinner, “to look at my sheep”—after dinner, the same. I was looking at

my sheep all day, and "wool-gathering all night." I dreamed of them—I was Jason going after the golden fleece—I was a shepherd king. Great things, they say, arise from small beginnings; so it was with me, wonderful speculations arose out of my six ewes in lamb. I did Richard the justice to tell him, one day, that he was as watchful of my six sheep as I was. He gave one of his looks, and said, suddenly dropping his speech into great gravity, "They must be look'd arter, for I question if 'twouldn't be best to send 'em to the butcher!" Send my six ewes in lamb to a butcher! Why send them to a butcher? thought I. Not long after, seeing Richard, I said, for something to say, "Well, Richard, have you seen my six sheep this morning?" "No, sir," quoth Richard, and then screwing up some, and unscrewing others of his features, "I have seen five, for t'other's mutton, and mutton your honour wont like to eat." One of my sheep was dead. The week following, another. I had now but four sheep out of six.—"Bad work, Richard," said I, "four out of six." "Four sheep and two skins, your honour will please to count them," quoth the scrutinizing Richard. To make the best of it, and be beforehand with my joke to my friend Richard, I said to him, "Well, we have four sheep and two treasures of skins."—"No, your honour, excuse me, you're wrong there, four sheep only, the skins were stolen last night." There was no standing this—it was so. The day after came the saddest news of all—Richard called me from my bed. "Them as took the skins," said he, "have come for the sheep—they're gone." "Gone!" said I, "where?" "Most likely," replied he, "to — Fair." "The fair—that's twelve miles off, Richard." "Yes, sir, and them as took 'em must have took 'em in a light cart, for two of 'em never could have gone there a-foot, and be sure they're at the fair at L—— by this time." Thus of my six ewes in lamb, I had not even a skin. I thought it right to send after them, and accordingly Richard went, and returned the night following with my four sheep. The thief, either finding them not marketable, or from fear or other cause, had abandoned them, and they were found

about a mile from the town. "I've brought 'em back," said he, "but I doubt if two of 'em be worth the fetching!" The following day another died, and within a few days another. My six sheep were now reduced to two. Richard had no confidence in their looks, and said if one would lamb it would be lucky. After a time they did lamb, and here was a circumstance I thought very odd, one lambd a day or two before the other. "Well, Richard," said I, jokingly, "we have now three of 'em!" "Your honour won't have 'em long," was the reply, and ere many hours the lamb died. In a day or two the other ewe lambd—two lambs. One was taken from her, and put to the ewe that had lost her lamb. She smelled at it, and kicked it away. It was then taken back to its own mother, but she would have nothing to do with it, butted at it, and sent it packing. They were all of them put into a small orchard; it was quite curious and sad to see the poor little thing run first to one then to the other, and be rejected by both. Here Richard showed his knowledge. He made a sort of coat of the dead one's skin, and put it on the rejected living—on the "*Disown'd*." The creature took to it immediately. I had now two sheep and two lambs, for my purchase of six; then one of the sheep and one of the lambs got bad heads, and Richard pronounced their doom, and advised me to send them to the next fair—the lambs by this time were grown up to look as big nearly as their mothers—I took his advice, and to the fair he went with them, and brought me back £1, 3s. 8d.; a pretty business this was—keep thrown away—nearly all the purchase-money thrown away—all my looking at the sheep thrown away—nothing left but the remembrance of Richard's looks, sayings, and doings, which I doubt not, you, Eusebius, will think well worth the cost. I need not go on to tell you how the cow got staked, the horse wounded by a pick run into him at hay-making, how the sow devoured her young—these are minor annoyances. There were others much more serious, so that ere long I found my spirits flag; the love of farming, like most forced loves, departed from me, a general ennui came upon me. The "*Majorque videri*" came upon every trouble. I saw nothing in a pleasant light, for, as yet, I could not

return to my former pursuits. The worst of care is, that it makes a man see, as it were, quite through the layer of pleasure and delight, that like a kindly atmosphere envelopes the world, down to the bare skeleton of things, and presents to the intellectual eye nothing but deformity. We become disenchanted, ungifted. As in the fabulous times, when gods mingled in the battles of men, there was a cloud removed from before the eyes of the heroes to enable them to see deities; so is it now removed by care to enable us to see devils. So much, Eusebius, are we deteriorated from the golden age. We are even beyond the iron—we live in an age of mud and ditch-water, which is continually stirred into horrible commotion and restlessness, by the tempests of our own wilful passions.

After that splenetic burst, let me shortly tell you how I came to give up the whole concern. I had no sooner bought my land, than the agitation of the corn-laws began. If successful, my land, I found, would inevitably go out of cultivation, perhaps the best thing that could befall it, while I continued to farm. The agitation would not be successful, said one, because the Premier thinks it madness and folly. "Very well," said I, "but he thinks the people's follies must be given into, and that modern ministers are not to govern, but be governed." "They wont ruin your land," said another—"but they

are going to do it," said I. "There will be a revolution, if they do," said he. There was a man once, said I, condemned contrary to the opinion of his lawyer. They are going to hang me, said the unfortunate. No, they wont, said the lawyer. But they have condemned me, said the unfortunate criminal, and I am to be hanged on Monday. They dare not, said the lawyer. But they will, I tell you, said the condemned. Let me see them do it, said the lawyer; I wish they would, that's all. Some such satisfactory result generally ended these discussions. I was like the man that said, if he had been bred a hatter, men would have come into the world without heads. I determined, therefore, to give up farming, before it gave me up. I determined to dispose of my foolish speculation, and have done so; yet, I cannot but tell you the last farming conversation between me and Richard. You know what a horrible season we have had. One day, as it was pouring rain, Richard said there was no help for it, but the—what shall we call it, what ought to have been hay, must be drawn into the yard, it was good for nothing but muck. "It's terribly wet," says he—"and them oats is wet." "Ay, ay," said I, in disgust, "It's *all* wet, Richard, all wet, wet, wet." "No, your honour, quoth Richard, with his most exquisite look, "It ain't *all* wet, the *cow's* dry!"—

My dear Eusebius, ever yours —

LECTOR ON LAY QUIBBLING.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR former kindness in admitting into *Maga* an humble attempt of mine to correct and illustrate literature by a reference to legal principles, emboldens me, after a considerable interval, to address you again, and on a somewhat similar topic. I am not without a persuasion that my zealous though feeble efforts in that article, have had a beneficial effect on literary composition; and when I see the universal success of a member of the legal profession in fictitious narrative, I sometimes ask myself whe-

ther Leguleius has not contributed to inspire the public with a better taste for that union of imaginative invention and technical accuracy which so often distinguishes the pages of Dickens. I think also I see, though I am not entitled to say, that the very able contributor of "*Ten Thousand a Year*" must have studied in the same school. The greatest compliment, however, which I consider to have been paid to my views, is to be found in your own recent notice of Mr Moyle's *State Trials*, which, allow me to say, displays a taste for legal dis-

cussion that would have done credit to a silk gown.

Various circumstances, which it would be painful to particularize, have tended to disincline me for actual professional practice, which, although attended with its advantages, is on the whole, I believe, not worth desiring, and greatly beneath the level of a man of true genius. Not but what I should be willing enough to undertake the business of any of your friends or others, if particularly pressed upon me, and made worth my while; but, generally speaking, I feel quite indifferent as to either employment or emolument. I will not, however, yield to any member of the profession in a sense of its dignity, or a zeal for its advancement, and it is from these motives that I at present take up the pen. The legal profession, Mr North, has for ages been shamefully calumniated; in public or in private, in books or in conversation, on the stage or at the hustings, no jest is generally so ready or so acceptable as a wibe at the lawyers. They are denounced as the most mercenary, while in truth they are the most liberal, of mankind; as the most impudent, while they are the most modest; as the most tricky and treacherous, while they are the most fair and upright. Of their modesty and disinterestedness I may take another opportunity to speak; I propose at present to confine myself to their vindication in reference to the third charge that I have noticed.

It must be confessed, that the practice of the law leads occasionally to a good deal of verbal criticism and nice analysis. But it is utterly unjust to lay these faults, if faults they be, at the door of the lawyers, when they are in truth the legitimate progeny of human nature in general, and not of our profession in particular. In every town and hamlet in the kingdom, in all conditions and situations, innumerable persons are to be found, of every age and either sex, who possess the whole faculty of quirking and quibbling in the most consummate perfection. The same thing exists, and has existed in all ages and countries, civilized or savage; and, if these qualities are to be considered in any way characteristic of the legal profession, there are innumerable people in the world who have every thing of the

lawyer about them, except his phraseology. In this view we might justly exclaim, in the spirit of a great living poet,—

“O many are the lawyers that are sown
By nature; men endow'd with nicest
quirks,

The quibble and the fallacy refined:

But wanting the accomplishment of slang,
Which in the docile season of their youth
It was denied them to acquire, through
lack

Of lectures, or the inspiring food of inns;
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been
led

By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves for wig and
gown,

They go to the grave unheard of.”

But, in truth, the propensities to which I refer are, as I have said, neither a product nor a peculiarity of forensic pursuits. The lawyer may reduce them into method and system; he may give names to his tools, and acquire a readier facility of finding and of handling them when they are wanted. But he does not invent or make them; and common life furnishes daily instances of those who, by the force of native genius, can cast all his rules into the shade, and “snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.” The lawyer and the fencing-master have a near resemblance to each other; both of them acquire a technical facility which surpasses the average power of uninstructed talent; both of them invent a vocabulary of their own, to express the operations with which they are familiar; but both of them merely improve upon nature, and it is just as inherent in humanity to quibble and equivocate, as it is to thump or thrust. Let me add, that the legal profession ought to complete the parallel by chiefly performing its functions as a science of self-defence, by means of which the natural devices and subtleties of men may be parried and returned upon themselves, and the crafty foiled at their own weapons.

I propose in this paper to take a pretty comprehensive review of human history and manners, in order to demonstrate the universal prevalence of verbal frauds and evasions among all classes of laymen, to a degree far exceeding what is known or imagined among lawyers; and to establish incidentally, at the same time, that the

science of the law, instead of suggesting or promoting such deceptions, is chiefly occupied in extirpating or retrenching them. I shall not here trouble myself to reduce my examples to distinct categories, but shall give them as they come to hand. I begin with some striking instances from ancient history, where the "*prisca fides*" appears often to have been of the most unprincipled description in ages and countries in which lawyers had never been heard of.

There is some propriety, perhaps, in beginning the list with a Carthaginian anecdote; though the Punic faith of later times seems generally to have been content with an open violation of fair-dealing, without even the cloak of an equivocation to cover it. The foundress of Carthage, however, commenced on a different plan. Virgil, who, with all his Italian prejudices, intended undoubtedly to represent Dido in an amiable light, has only slightly touched upon her purchase of the site for Carthage in these general words,—

"Mercatique solum facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino quantum potuit circumdare tergo."

But historians leave us no room to doubt, that Dido having, in point of

fact, bought, for a small price, as much land as could be enclosed with a bull's hide, (in the terms, we presume, mentioned by Virgil,) had the ingenuity to cut the medium of measurement into slender thongs, and thus acquired a very large tract of country for an old song, contrary to the manifest good faith of the transaction. Ancient writers have much puzzled themselves about the origin and etymology of the name of Dido, which appears to have been superadded to the lady's earlier appellation of Eliza, some assigning one explanation of it and some another. An ingenious philological friend has happily suggested to me that it may have referred to the transaction we have above noticed, and may be closely connected with the English word "*diddle*"—a phrase so appropriate to the true character of that proceeding. He also observes, that the story may have led to the old English term of a *hide* of land.

Having mentioned the name of Virgil, I am naturally induced to notice a very unworthy quibble to which that great poet has descended in his immortal Epic. I allude to the terms and fulfilment of the prediction of the Harpies, denounced against Æneas on occasion of his unwarrantable attack upon their property and persons.

"Una in præcelsâ consedit rupe Celæno,
Infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem :
Bellum etiam pro cæde boum stratisque juvenis,
Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis,
Et patrio Harpyias insontes pellere regno ?
Accipite ergo animis atque hæc mea figite dicta :
Quæ Phœbo Pater omnipotens, mihi Phœbus Apollo
Prædixit, vobis, Furiarum ego maxima, pando.
Italiam cursu petitis, ventisque vocatis
Ibitis Italiam, portusque intrare licebit :
Sed non ante datam cingetis mœnibus urbem
Quam vos dira fames nostræque injuria cædis
Ambesas subigat malis absumere mensas."

ÆN. III. 254-257.

Dryden thus translates the passage, though not, perhaps, quite accurately, as *mensas* might be considered more properly to mean *tables* than *plates* :

"High on the craggy cliffs Celæno sate,
And thus her dismal errand did relate :
What ! not contented with our oxen slain,
Dare you with Heaven an impious war maintain,
And drive the Harpies from their native reign ?
Heed, therefore, what I say, and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd ;
And I, the Furies' Queen, from both relate :
You seek the Italian shores foredoom'd by fate :
The Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the port assign'd.

But know that ere your promised walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot for this misdeed,
Reduced to grind the plates on which you feed."

When we look to the formal and formidable manner in which this prophecy originates, delivered by Jupiter himself to Apollo, and repeated by the God of Oracles to the Queen of the Harpyian Furies, for announcement to the Trojans, it is impossible, in the first instance, not to believe that something very dreadful is intended, and that the unhappy wanderers are really destined to devour their own maho-

gany, an anticipation which the manifest consternation of the pious Æneas and his respectable father tends strongly to confirm. The feelings, however, both of lawyers and of laymen, are utterly outraged by the actual denouement; according to which, the Trojans, having served up their dinner upon flour-scones, proceed to make up for their short commons by a tug at their trenchers:—

"*Heus! etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Julius,
Nec plura adludens. Ea vox audita laborum
Prima tulit finem, primamque loquentis ab ore
Eripuit pater, ac stupefactus numine pressit."*

ÆN. VII. 115.

"*Ascanius this observed, and smiling said,
' See, we devour the plates on which we fed,'
This speech had omen that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies,
Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes."*

Not to discuss the propriety of suspending the interest of an epic on so slender a hinge as this, I put it to your readers, whether in ordinary business an evasion of this kind would have been tolerated in the poorest attorney that ever played the pettifogger? If Virgil excuses himself by appealing to the long prevalence of such a tradition in connexion with the Trojan adventure, the apology only the more clearly shows how very deep-seated a disease we have here to deal with.

The system, indeed, of ancient oracles and predictions, was to a great extent based upon the same foundation: though it further summoned to its aid that important principle of our nature, which, out of the most ambiguous indications or the most unmeaning sounds, can extract the prediction that is most flattering to its desires. The rule that the wish is father to the thought, or that "as the fool thinks the bell clinks," has had a wide influence in human affairs, both before and since the days of Whittington, and often with a very different result from what we are so pleased to meet with in the case of that worthy citizen. When the Delphic priestess foretold to Cæsar, on the eve of a military expedition, that he was marching to destroy a great army; or announced

to Pyrrhus, in the freedom of metrical or idiomatic involution, that

"The son of Æacus the Romans would subdue;"

or assured some other embarrassed applicant "that he would speedily be relieved from all his troubles," the ambiguity was sufficient at once to flatter the hopes of a sanguine enquirer, and to relieve the oracle from the charge of falsehood, whatever might be the event. There was here, though in a more complicated and cunning form, as much pitiful quibbling as ever a lawyer was charged with.

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words
deceiving:"

But man still finds in his own self-flattery a power of deception beyond what sybil or sorceress ever wielded.

In the department of prophetic predictions, a stronger illustration of genuine hair-splitting than any we have mentioned, may be found nearer our own door. I allude now to the representations made by the witch to Macbeth in Shakspeare, an author whom I always assume to be equivalent to history. Those representations are characterised by the worst possible faith, and would never, in a court either of

law or of equity, be held to be sufficiently fulfilled. The prediction that "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth," is a plain guarantee against injury, if not from any individual whatever, at least from any son of a woman. We demur entirely to the doctrine that a child brought into the world by the Cæsarean operation is *not born* of his mother; and have a strong notion that Macduff would not have been so ready to disclaim his being so "born," if the question had arisen as to his right to take the Thanedom of Fife, under a destination to Margaret Macduff his mother, and the eldest son lawfully born of her body. It is pretty plain that no court of law would have sustained any objection to his right of inheritance, in respect of the mere manner of his birth; and I doubt whether any practitioner at or around the bar, would be got to advance the plea. As the matter turned out, it seems perfectly clear that Macbeth or his representatives had a good action against the witches for deceit. The same may be said of the other security which was offered, that Macbeth should not be defeated "until great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him." Nothing can be more untenable than the attempted mode of evading this solemn assurance, by the mere marching of Malcolm's men with each a green bough before him. The merest tyro in an attorney's office, would see that the separation of the branches from the trees entirely destroyed their character as a wood. From that moment those branches ceased to be any part of the real estate, and would have belonged to the executors as personalty. On the whole, it is manifest that Macbeth was a most ill-used individual, and might well exclaim:

"And be these juggling fiends no more believed,

That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

He would have been differently treated if he had been dealing with the legal profession.

I return now to the subject of bargains or contracts, with which I began, and from which a reference to Virgil has led me away. I shall here give a few instances of verbal evasion, from a class of men, who of all others may

be considered to have the least community of feeling with the vocation to which I belong. I mean the *military*, who generally, as far as I can discover, affect to hold us in great contempt, and towards whom there is a pretty tolerable, though often a suppressed feeling of hearty detestation on our side. At least for myself I can say that I am never in company with these scarlet-robed gentlemen, particularly in the presence of ladies, without a most uncomfortable feeling of indignation, at witnessing their easy and successful impudence, and a strong wish, if prudence permitted, to transfix them on the point of their own bread-toasters. Considering, therefore, the little love that is thus lost between us, I think I cannot more effectually vindicate the men of law from the charge of a peculiar tendency to equivocation, than by showing the prevalence of that passion among those whose business it is to fight with more substantial weapons. I take my instances here chiefly from remoter scenes of history, as in later times the legal labours of Grotius and Puffendorff have been the means of introducing better faith into military transactions. Most of the instances are so flagrantly hostile both to law and to justice, that I shall give them without any comment. Excuse me, if they are not arranged in proper chronological order.

Cleomenes the Spartan, having made an armistice with the Argive army for seven days, fell upon them during the third night, and killed and captured a great number of them while they were fast asleep, in reliance on the truce. When reproached with his perfidy, he urged in his justification, that he had made a truce for seven *days*, but had not agreed for the *nights* also.

Temures promised the garrison of Sebastia, that, if they would surrender, *no blood should be shed*. The garrison surrendered, and Temures buried them all alive.

A promise to deliver prisoners, says a lawyer, implies that they shall be delivered living; not that they shall be first put to death, and then delivered, as was once done by the Platæans.

Labeo, the Roman general, having overcome Antiochus, stipulated as a condition of peace, that he should be

entitled to carry away the one-half of Antiochus' ships; this having been agreed to, he cut each of the ships in two, and carrying off the one-half, destroyed the king's whole navy.

A Roman officer, taken prisoner by Hannibal, was allowed to leave the camp on a promise that he would speedily return. Just after leaving, he returned on pretence of having forgotten something, and again went away. He then repaired to Rome, maintaining that his original promise to return, having once been performed, was no longer in force. The censors, however, would not sustain his plea, but fixed a stigma on him for his breach of engagement.

Tacitus tells us a story of Rhadamistus in Asia Minor, who, having besieged his uncle Mithridates, prevailed on him to leave his fortifications, by a promise that he would never hurt him either with steel or poison, which was ratified by a very peculiar method of lashing their thumbs together till the blood came. This assurance Rhadamistus affected rigorously to fulfil, but thought himself at liberty to tumble a huge wardrobe of clothes on his unsuspecting uncle, which fairly smothered him.

Aryandes, treating with the Barcœans, brought their ambassadors to a place prepared for the purpose, where he swore to observe the treaty as long as the earth on which they stood should continue firm. He had placed them on a pit having a trap-door covered with earth, which he lost no time in removing; and having thus, as he conceived, terminated the treaty, assailed his allies sword in hand, while wholly unprepared for an attack.

In more modern times, a distinguished Spanish general, having bound himself by oath never to fight against the French army, whether on foot or on horseback, took the field against them at the battle of Rocroy in a sedan-chair.

The same disposition to deception, by verbal cavilling in oaths and obligations, is to be found in other classes of men, wherever self-interest is the prompter. The celebrated magician Nostradamus, having, in return for the gifts of magic, stipulated that the devil should have him if he was buried either in the church or out of it, evaded the condition by having himself buried in a hole in the wall. It

appears, from the histories of magic, that the devil has often been outwitted in a similar way by other persons than lawyers.

Herodotus gives us an anecdote of which Cervantes has since transferred the scene to Barataria, under the government of Sancho. Archetimus of Erythrœa having made a journey to Tenedos, availed himself there of the hospitality of Cydias, with whom, for the sake of security, he deposited a sum of money which he had with him. Cydias, when requested to render up his trust, declined to do so, finding it more convenient to retain it. The parties went to law; and whether from the want of witnesses, or from the law of Tenedos resembling that of our own country, in allowing debts of this kind to be proved only *scripto vel juramento*, the case came to be referred to Cydias' oath. Cydias was too much of a knave to confess the truth, and too much of a coward to tell a bold lie, and devised the contrivance of concealing the cash in the hollow of a walking-cane, which he put into Archetimus' hands before taking the oath. He thereupon swore, that, although he had received the money in question, he had afterwards given it back. This was obviously what your lawyers would call an intrinsic quality, and, if the matter had thus been allowed to rest, was sufficient for Cydias' liberation. The fraud was detected, as Herodotus tells us, not by the ingenuity of the judge, or any cross-questioning by the plaintiff, for which there was ample room, but by the accident of Archetimus in his rage throwing down the stick with such violence as to break it, and bring at once the truth and the treasure to light. The old historian imputes the discovery to Divine Providence; and adds, that Cydias ultimately came to an unhappy end, which it is to be hoped was the case. It is certain, that upon such a state of the facts being established, under an indictment for perjury, any judge on the bench would have charged the jury to convict.

Many similar examples might be cited of the propensity I am here considering; and if in more recent times I were to resort to the writings of the Jesuits, I should be able to show a power of equivocation which would leave all other classes at an immeasurable distance. Those gentlemen

may be considered as having refined on all previous refinements in this department of human knavery. Solicitous to reconcile in themselves and their adherents the literal observance of morality, with a liberal use of every vice that could gratify their desires or advance their interests, they were at once bold and ingenious in their contrivances for this purpose. In order to secure the benefits, and at the same time avoid the sin of falsehood, they taught that it was lawful to use ambiguous terms in transactions, so as to understand them ourselves in a different sense from what they led others to adopt. If, however, at any time it was difficult to find equivocal words to serve the purpose, they had another expedient which could always be easily practised. This was the doctrine of mental reservations, according to which, as Sanchez delivers it, it is lawful to deny that you have done any thing which you have actually done, provided you accompany your asseveration with an understanding in your own mind, that you say you did not do it on a particular day, or before you were born, or with any similar mental qualification that may save from the perpetration of actual falsehood, although no indication of these additions be given to the party addressed. Thus it was allowable, either in giving testimony as a witness, or in taking a promissory oath, to deny or abjure any particular fact in the most explicit terms, and then to save yourselves from perjury by whispering in your sleeve, "I mean that I did not see it occur on the 31st of February," or "that I will not do it until I feel inclined," &c.

It is certainly, sir, a remarkable feature in the human conscience, that, with a full conviction of the turpitude of falsehood, it should thus lull itself asleep by the most fallacious opiates, and should think it innocent to deceive wilfully by a treacherous equivocation, while it believes it criminal to produce the same effect by an unequivocal lie. In whose sight it may consider itself to be justified by such means, it is difficult to tell: but the prevalence of the self-deception is undoubted, and shows how much most men, whether lawyers or not, are addicted, even in matters of moral sensibility, to look to the form rather than to the substance of things.

Many illustrations of this truth are to be found in more ordinary scenes than those I have hitherto noticed, and such as show that all flesh are subject to the frailty. The narration of such Jesuitical escapes and evasions, is found to be the most popular food both for the great vulgar and the small. You well remember, I dare say, the literal manner in which George Buchanan, the jester, is said to have obeyed the royal injunction never again to show his face at court; and the current fictions of Leper the Tailor, Lothian Tom, and others, which I see on your stalls in this country, are full of the same admirable trickery. Even the simplicity of the juvenile mind does not escape the contagion. I remember the case of a little schoolboy, who, having been convicted of some offence, and sentenced to the usual punishment, requested, as a favour, that its execution should be postponed until he had got his evening meal of bread and milk. This indulgence appearing reasonable, with the view of supporting him against the coming calamity, was formally granted to him, when the young delinquent declared that he did not mean to eat any bread and milk that evening, and contended consequently, that the promise made to him amounted to a reprieve *sine die*. I am sorry to add that the trap thus laid was not successful, and had no other effect than to bring down upon his head, or other portion of his body, an additional visitation of magisterial vengeance.

The poets themselves are not free from the vice I am condemning. "At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs," which it seems he was not in the habit of doing at other perjuries. But to make matters surer, we generally find that even lovers seldom venture to forswear themselves without some pretext or excuse, however flimsy—some loophole of retreat, however slender. Of this kind is the apology for inconstancy in those verses of which the musicians have made so pretty a canon:—

"I loved thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

Nothing can be more frivolous than this plea, which in Doctors' Commons would be treated with very little cere-

mony. There is a similar excuse assigned in *Love's Labour Lost* for a change of mind of a different description:—

"A woman I foreswore : but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I foreswore not
thee."

Half of the epigrams that have ever been written, and a pretty good proportion of poetical effusions that aspire to a higher character, owe their points and prettinesses to verbal equivocations. The pun or *paronomasia* is a strong instance of the same thing ; and Addison, a good judge of human nature, has told us that "the seeds of punning are in the minds of all men ; and, though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art."

When we ask a sportsman if that is "his own *hare* or a *wig* ?" or say, that "a door is not a door when it is a *jar* ;" or that "a nose is not a nose when it is a little *red-dish*," we push the system of verbal equivocation to its extreme limit, and, by outdoing the vilest quibbles of Old Bailey practice, confirm the old adage, that "He who makes a pun will pick a pocket."

Enigmas and riddles of all kinds have a strong flavour of the same ingredient. The old enquiry of the Sphynx, "What animal that was which in the morning went on four feet, at mid-day on two, and in the evening on three," was founded on an unusual and deceptive application of the words employed, so as to lead people away from the obvious characteristics of human life in its progressive stages. Of the same character is the point in the old story which Petrarch tells in his Book of Memorable Things, and which, if we remember right, was adopted by Mr Newberry, or his author, into the Nursery Adventures of Tommy Two-shoes. Petrarch's narrative is to this effect. "There was," he says, "in Sicily, a huge statue, on which this inscription was engraved in very ancient letters: 'On May-day I shall wear a golden head.' Some persons considered this statement as a jest ; while others, following the mere letter

of the words, went the length of piercing the head of the statue on the day appointed, when its structure was found to be of as thick and as worthless materials as the operator's own. One man, however, was led, after much meditation, to suspect a more hidden meaning under the announcement, and, upon the return of the declared time, observed where the first rays of the sun threw the shadow of the head of the statue on the ground. In that place, he dug up the earth at a private opportunity, and found an immense treasure of gold. The epitaph mentioned by Le Sage, "Here lies the soul of the licentiate Garcia," was a quibble of a similar kind, and attended with equally beneficial results to the discoverer.

The jest-books are full of many flagrant verbal sophisms, said to have been perpetrated by logicians, and more particularly by university students newly initiated into the study of that necessary art. It cannot be denied that the *fallaciæ æquivocationis*, or *amphibolæ*, as the logicians have called them, are very extensively resorted to by all sophistical reasoners, whether orators or philosophers ; and Dr Whateley, in his Logic, has given us a copious discussion upon the subject, with an appendix of ambiguous terms for the use of beginners. But these deceptions are no more the creation of logic than they are of law. They are congenital with us all: they accompany us from the cradle to the grave, growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength ; and no apter illustration can be furnished of the established maxim, that language was given us not to express but to conceal our sentiments.

I trust, sir, that after this exposition, the legal profession will in future be held exempt from at least one of the imputations to which it has hitherto been undeservedly subjected, and which, at the utmost, it can only be said to share with the whole of the human species.—I have the honour to be, my dear sir, your faithful and obliged servant,

LEGULEIUS LECTOR.

Mound Place, Edinburgh,
12th Nov. 1839.

COLONIAL NEGLECT AND FOREIGN PROPITIATION.

AMONG the various and pressing interests, the consideration of which is now brought home to the British Empire, there is none which is of such paramount and growing importance as the extension of our Colonial Empire, and the securing of our connexion with it. The more minutely and anxiously that our social condition at home is considered, the more it will be found that the maintenance, not only of our domestic prosperity but of our national independence, is entirely dependent upon promoting the growth and maintaining the connexion with our colonies; and that our trade with other countries, so far from being a source of strength, may at once be converted into the greatest cause of weakness on the next occasion in which this country is engaged in a maritime contest. The facts on this subject which are to be found in our *Parliamentary Reports* are of the very highest importance, and perfectly decisive of the vast superiority of colonial to foreign commerce. Nevertheless, that they are very little known, even by those whose whole fortune and interests are wound up with the subject, appears in the most striking manner from the astonishment which the facts connected with this subject never fail to excite when stated to an intelligent and respectable assembly; and, unless these facts are constantly brought home to the public mind, and come at length to influence the measures of Government by the accumulated force of public thought, it may confidently be predicted that a catastrophe, at some future and possibly not distant period, awaits the British empire, greater, perhaps, than has ever yet befallen any civilized nation.

We have now been so long in the enjoyment of profound peace, and in the possession of an export commerce to every quarter of the globe, that the older part of the present generation have forgotten, the younger never have experienced, what it was to have the export trade of England to nearly all but its own colonies closed by foreign hostility. Fortunately, however, the experiment has been tried, and a durable monument remains of

the consequences which result to all classes in this country from such a stoppage in the vent for our produce. In the year 1811, the hostility of Napoleon had closed all the harbours in Europe against our commerce, while the Americans, by a new Intercourse Act, shut us out from every harbour in the United States. The consequence was, that the exports of Great Britain, which, in the year 1810, amounted to forty-three millions, sank in the next year to twenty-seven; and the fall in the exports and imports taken together for the one year, amounted to no less than thirty-six millions. Mr Brougham, in terms no less just than eloquent, in the debate upon the Repeal of the Orders in Council in 1812, thus described the state to which the manufacturing districts in England were reduced by this calamity:—"Take, for example, one of our great staples, the hardware, and look to Warwickshire, where it used to flourish. Birmingham and its neighbourhood, a district of thirteen miles round that centre, was formerly but one village, I may say one continued workshop, peopled with about 400,000 of the most industrious and skilful of mankind. In what state do you now find that once busy hive of men? Silent, still, and desolate during half the week; during the rest of it miserably toiling at reduced wages, for a pittance scarcely sufficient to maintain animal life in the lowest state of comfort, and at all times swarming with unhappy persons, willing, anxious to work for their lives, but unable to find employment. He must have a stout heart within him, who can view such a scene and not shudder. But even this is not all: matters are getting worse and worse; the manufacturers are waiting for your decision, and if that be against them they will instantly yield to their fate, and turn adrift the people whom they still, though inadequately, support with employment."—"In the West Riding of Yorkshire, the applications to the parish officers have so alarmingly increased, that they have given repeated warnings to the master manufacturers, and I believe to the higher authorities,

of their utter inability to relieve the increasing distress, or to answer for its consequences. Among other circumstances which marked this part of the case, there was one peculiarly affecting to every one who heard it. It had been proved that at Kidderminster, where the great carpet manufacture is almost entirely destroyed, the wants of the poor became so pressing, that they were forced to part with their little stock of furniture, which used to make their cottages in some degree comfortable, and even the clothes off their backs, to raise food, until the pawnbrokers, having already loaded themselves with such deposits, refused to issue any more tickets. But at Sheffield the same feature recurred in a heightened and still more striking form. The workmen in the cutlery trade, unable to obtain any longer their usual market from the master dealers and merchants, or brokers refusing to purchase any more, were compelled to pawn their articles at a very low valuation for money, and even for food and clothes; so that this extraordinary state of things arose—the pawnbrokers came into the London market with the goods, and there met with the regular dealers, whom they were able greatly to undersell, in such wise as to supply to a considerable degree the London and other markets, to the extreme augmentation of the distresses already so severely pressing upon this branch of trade.”

Now, in order to appreciate the misery that would ensue to this country from a similar stoppage in its export trade at the present time, we have only to reflect upon the vast increase of exports, imports, and population, which have since taken place; we have only to recollect that our exports, which in 1810 were forty-three millions, had, in 1838, risen to one hundred and five millions; and that our imports, which in 1809 were thirty-one millions, had risen in 1838 to sixty-one millions; and that our population, which at the former period was seventeen millions, is now twenty-five. Now, if such wide-spread and heart-rending misery was produced then, what would be its effects now, when the manufacturing establishments of the country have nearly

tripled, and our manufacturing population has advanced in a proportion unheard of in any other age or country? It may confidently be affirmed, that the misery, devastation, and social convulsions that would ensue, would be greater than ever yet were experienced in the world.

If we look at the jealousy with which we are regarded by foreign powers, and the general aspect of the political world at this time, we shall see no reason to believe that the elements of strife are wanting in the political atmosphere, or that the time is far distant when war, even on as great a scale as it was waged with Napoleon, must be undertaken by the British empire. With Russia, it is universally admitted, we are in a state closely bordering on hostility; it is only a question of time when that gigantic contest is to arrive. The menacing aspect of the Baltic, of the thirty ships of the line lying ready, and thirty thousand land troops ready at a moment's warning to embark in them—of the Dardanelles, where fifteen British ships of the line are constantly stationed at the back-door of the Russian empire—of Afghanistan, where twenty thousand British troops are permanently stationed in the very heart of Asia,—all demonstrate that both parties are preparing for this great contest, and that it will be carried on on a scale which will render the world itself the field of battle. And on whom are we to rely for maritime support in such a contest? Is it on the Austrians, who could not furnish a ship of the line or two frigates to save England from destruction? or on the French, who, what between dread of Nicholas, and separate interests at Algiers, have drawn off from the British alliance at the very first outbreak of hostilities in the Archipelago? or the Americans, whose government is so weak, and their hostility to this country so inveterate, that thousands of armed pirates have for two years back kept up an almost incessant warfare upon the Canadian frontier? Every thing indicates that a great maritime contest is not far distant, and that, when it does arrive, we will have to depend almost entirely upon our own resources for our defence.

And are these resources, then, particularly our maritime strength, in such a state as to warrant us in any reasonable expectations that we shall be able to maintain our maritime superiority in the contest, and avert the evils of actual blockade from the British harbours? The preparations of the enemy are well known: they have thirty ships of the line and eighteen frigates constantly in commission in the Baltic, and fifteen ships of the line and twelve frigates constantly in readiness in the Euxine. In considering the force which England has at her command to resist aggression from such an enemy, we shall not go back to the higher palmy days of British exertion during the war; we shall not go back to the year 1809, when the British navy

consisted of two hundred and forty-two ships of the line, and a thousand and sixty-one armed vessels of all sizes. We shall content ourselves with reverting to a humbler and more parallel period, viz. the state of the British navy in 1838 compared with 1792, before the revolutionary war commenced, and when the naval and military establishments of the country were on the scale to which Joseph Hume always refers as the *ne plus ultra* point of economic perfection. Now, upon turning to authentic documents, viz. the returns of the navy in 1792, given by Mr James in his *Naval History*,* we shall find that the defensive naval establishments of the country at the two periods stood as follows:—

	Line in Commis.	Frigates in Commis.	Line, ordinary and building.	Frigates, ordi- nary and build.	Total Line.	Total Frigates.	Grand Total of all Vessels.
1792,	26	52	124	63	153	115	411
1838,	21	9	70	84	90	99	363

But perhaps it will be said, that though the British navy capable of meeting an enemy, is not thus one-half of what it was in 1792, yet this is because the resources of the country have so fallen off, that it *was not able* at the latter period to maintain the defensive establishment which was in existence at

the former. To ascertain whether this is the case, let us examine what was the state of the population, our exports and imports, at these two periods, as affording a measure of the agriculture, manufactures, and general resources of the country. They stood respectively as follows:†—

	Population of Great Britain and Ireland.	Exports. Official Value.	Imports. Official Value.	Tonnage.
1792,	12,680,000	£24,904,850	£19,659,358	1,540,145
1838,	27,250,000	105,170,549	61,268,320	2,785,387

Thus it appears that since 1792 the population of the British islands has more than doubled, the imports more than tripled, the exports more than quadrupled, and the commercial navy increased about seventy per cent., while the ships of war, in all branches, have *sunk to nearly a half of their standard in 1792*. This, too, has taken place during a time when the colonial empire of Great Britain has been multiplied above five-fold, and the chances of hostility with which we are brought in contact at different points over the globe, have been increased in a similar proportion. We invite the Whig-Radical writers to examine and contradict these facts if they can, and submit them to the deliberate consider-

ation of all the sober reasoners, and of all the intemperate admirers of democratic wisdom throughout the realm.

It is impossible for any one who is a friend to his country to contemplate such a state of things without the most serious alarm—an alarm which is only rendered the greater from the experienced difficulty of getting such future and contingent events to arrest the attention either of Government or the nation in this unthinking age. But, above all, if the matter is seriously considered, and if we reflect upon the imminent hazards of a maritime war, the miserable state of preparation in which the British navy is to meet it, and the awful effects which will ensue by the stoppage of trade, and the

* James's *Naval History*, II. 404; Barrow's *Anson*, App. 424.

† Porter's *Parliamentary Tables and Finance Accounts* for 1838.

blockade of our harbours by hostile squadrons, it must be evident that no more important subject of consideration ever was submitted to the attention of a thinking nation. And we dwell upon the subject with the more earnestness, because, when our situation as a whole is fairly looked in the face, and the policy which duty and interest alike prescribe, is adopted, there not only is no ground for alarm, but the most satisfactory prospects of future prosperity and welfare are opened on all sides to the nation. It is in our colonies that this source of strength is to be found; it is in our descendants on the other side of the Atlantic and the Pacific, that we are to look alike for the only certain market for our produce, and the only undecaying elements for our strength. Some very striking facts on this subject were brought forward upon the late dinner given upon the occasion of the embarking of the first emigrants to New Zealand, at Glasgow; and we willingly give a place to them here, as exhibiting, in a more striking light than has yet been done, the incalculable importance of the British colonies, not merely to the extension, but to the independence and existence of the mother country.

"Let us no longer strain," said Mr Sheriff Alison, "after the impracticable attempt to disarm the commercial jealousy of the European states; but, boldly looking our situation in the face, direct our main efforts to the strengthening, conciliating, and increasing of our Colonial Empire. There is to be found the bone of our bone, and the flesh of our flesh. There are to be found the true descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race; there the people, who, already imbued with our tastes, our habits, our artificial wants, must be chained for centuries to agricultural or pastoral employments, and can only obtain from the mother country the immense amount of manufactured produce which their growing wealth and numbers must require. So strongly, gentlemen, am I impressed with these principles—so clearly do I see the future path traced out to England, not less by her duty than her interests, that there is no one circumstance in her present condition, not even those which are most justly considered as pregnant with danger and alarm, that may not be converted into

the source of blessings, if a decided and manly course is taken by the nation and its Government in regard to its colonial interests. Indeed, so clearly does this appear, that one is almost tempted to believe that the manifold political and social evils of our present condition, are the scourges intended by Providence to bring us back, by necessity and a sense of our own interests, to those great national duties from which we have so long and so unaccountably swerved. Are we oppressed with a numerous and redundant population? Are we justly apprehensive that a mass of human beings, already consisting of five-and-twenty millions, and multiplying at the rate of a thousand souls a-day, will ere long be unable to find subsistence within the narrow space of these islands? Let us turn to the Colonies, and there we shall find boundless regions, capable of maintaining ten times our present population in contentment and affluence, and which require only the surplus arms and mouths of the parent state, to be converted into gigantic empires, which, before a century has elapsed, may overshadow the greatness even of European renown. Are we justly fearful that the increasing manufacturing skill and growing commercial jealousy of the Continental states may gradually shut us out from the European market, and that our millions of manufacturers may find their sources of foreign subsistence fail at a time when all home employments are filled up? Let us turn to the Colonies, and there we shall see empires of gigantic strength rapidly rising to maturity, in which manufacturing establishments cannot for centuries take root, and in which the taste for British manufactures, and the habits of British comfort, are indelibly implanted on the British race. Are we overburdened with the weight of our poor-rates and the multitude of our paupers, and trembling under the effect of the deep-rooted discontent produced in the attempt to withdraw public support from the maintenance of the adult and healthy labourer? Let us find the means of transporting these healthy workmen to our colonial settlements, and we shall confer as great a blessing upon them as we shall give a relief to the parent state. Are we disquieted by the rapid progress of corruption in our great towns, and

alarmed at the enormous mass of female profligacy which, like a gangrene, infests these great marts of pleasure and opulence? Let us look to the Colonies, and there we shall find states in which the population is advancing with incredible rapidity, but in which the greatest existing evil is, the undue and frightful preponderance of the male sex; and all that is wanting to complete their means of increase is, that the proportion should be righted by the transfer to distant shores of part of the female population which now encumbers the British isles. Are the means to transport these numerous and indigent classes to these distant regions wanting, and has individual emigration hitherto been liable to the reproach that it removes the better class of our citizens who could do for themselves, and leaves the poorest who encumber the land? The British navy lies between, and means exist of transporting, at hardly any expense to the parent state, all that can ever be required of our working population from that part of the empire which they overburden, to that to which they will prove a blessing. Gentlemen, I agree with my eloquent and esteemed friend, Dr M'Leod, that it is astonishing the attention of Government has not ere this been turned to this subject. And why, I would ask, may not part, at least, of the British navy be constantly employed in transporting emigrants of all classes to our Colonial possessions? Why should two hundred vessels of different sizes, that are now in commission in the British navy, be employed only in useless parades, when hundreds of thousands on the British shores are pining for the means of transport across the seas, and millions of acres on the other side of the ocean, teeming with verdant fertility, await only their robust hands to be converted into a terrestrial paradise? Why should the British navy not be employed, like the Roman legions in time of peace, in works of public utility? and why should their efforts not construct causeways across the deep, which would bind together the immense circuit of the British Colonial dominions, as strongly as the highways constructed by the legions cemented the fabric of their mighty empire? In this view the last inconvenience attending a redundant pauper population—that of being with diffi-

culty removed, would be converted into an element of national strength, because it would induce all classes cheerfully to acquiesce in the duplication of our naval force, from which they all derive such obvious advantages; the navy would augment in size and grow in usefulness under such a salutary system; and the very quality which Adam Smith long ago remarked as the greatest obstacle to the improvement of the human race, that of being the lumber which it is of all others the most difficult to transport, would become the means of augmenting the maritime force of England, and strengthening the unseen chain which holds together the far distant provinces of its mighty dominion."

We cannot help thinking that the suggestion here made, of directing a part at least of the British navy to the removal of such part of our population as desire it, to our colonial possessions, is well worthy of the most serious consideration. It must be evident to every one who considers the extraordinary reduction which has taken place in our naval force during the last thirty years, and which has brought it down from two hundred and forty ships of the line to eighty, that we have fallen now into an economical and commercial generation; and that the rulers of the state, and the democratic constituencies who direct the rulers, are entirely governed by that passion for present economy, and that disregard of future objects, which is the invariable characteristic of the masses of mankind. No surprise need be excited at a democratic community being influenced by such want of foresight, when all the eloquence of Demosthenes was unable to persuade the most enlightened of the states of antiquity to take any steps to ward off the danger arising from the invasion of Philip of Macedon; and all the wisdom of Washington, was unable to communicate to the greatest republic of modern times, sufficient strength or foresight to prevent its capital being taken, and its arsenals pillaged, by a British division not four thousand strong. It is of the last importance, therefore, to discover some method by which the increase of the navy, evidently essential to our national independence, and to avert the horrors of the actual blockade of our

harbours, may be rendered popular with the masses of the people. That these masses would make the most strenuous exertions to support the independence of the British flag, if a war actually broke out, may be considered as certain; but will they be equally ready to make those efforts *during peace*, and when the danger is as yet distant, which are requisite both to insure its success and shorten its duration? Experience proves that they will not; for, though menaced by maritime dangers of every kind, they have, in the last five-and-twenty years, let the royal navy sink down one-third of what it was during the war, and one-half what it was before its commencement. The only mode, therefore, that is apparently practicable of bringing up the royal navy to a level at all commensurate either with the strength of the state or the dangers with which it is threatened, is by giving the masses some present and personal object of advantage, which is to be gained by the expense requisite for its increase. Now, no object would be so generally popular, or universally felt to be important, as that which furnished the means of gratuitous emigration to a large proportion of our surplus working population. Every class in the country, every part of the empire, would at once feel the benefit of such an arrangement:—the poor, by the safe and easy means of emigration that would be afforded them to countries where their condition would at once become prosperous; the landholders, in the diminution of the number of paupers and the burden of poor-rates, which would be occasioned; the manufacturers, in the vast increase in the colonial market for their produce which would be opened up; the colonies, in the boundless supply of robust and efficient labourers with which they would be furnished. The increase in the population, now so much the object of concern to the mother country, would cease to be regarded with any disquietude; it would be considered only as the harbinger of the increased growth of our colonial possessions, and an increased vent for our produce for our colonial wants. The British navy would really become the chain which holds together the far distant parts of its immense dominion; the

means of uniting them in peace—the force to protect them in war; and the prosperity and extension of the far and distant parts of the empire, acting and reacting upon each other, would tend only to augment their mutual and highly beneficial dependence on each other, and to increase the strength of the naval force which was to protect alike all parts of the empire.

The British commercial policy, ever since the reciprocity system began, may be characterised in two words—“Colonial Neglect and European Propitiation.” As this system has now been in operation for sixteen years, ample time has been afforded to demonstrate, by experience, its effects, whether for good or for evil. The following statement of the effect of this system, which commenced in 1823, was made by Mr Alison at the Glasgow dinner above referred to:—

“Standing as I do in the midst of this great commercial city, second to none, after the metropolis, in the British empire, I need not say that we are people mainly dependent on commerce and maritime strength; and we have only to look around us, and contemplate the narrow extent of these islands, compared with the vast population already crowded within their shores, to feel convinced that any serious and permanent obstruction to our foreign commerce, or decline in our maritime power, would not only be attended with the greatest danger to our independence, but fraught with a degree of wide-spread misery, perhaps unparalleled even in the long annals of human suffering. But, gentlemen, when we minutely examine our maritime and commercial situation, we shall find many causes for serious alarm, and many reasons for concluding that our policy in these respects has hitherto been mainly directed to fruitless or unattainable objects; and that, in their prosecution, we have overlooked or neglected the certain elements of strength lying in our own bosom, in the growth of our colonial empire. If we look to our exports and tonnage returns, we shall see that our maritime resources for the last forty years have been far from keeping pace with our commercial growth, and that our exports to the countries whom we have made the greatest sacrifices to propitiate, have been constantly and rapidly declining, while those to our co-

lonies, for whose interests we have done so little, have been as constantly and rapidly increasing; and that it is the growth of the latter which has concealed and counterbalanced the decay of the former. Let us look at our total exports, imports, and tonnage in the present time, as compared with what they were during the peace of Amiens. They stood as follows:—

	Exports.	Imports.	Tonnage.
1802,	L.38,509,980	L.29,826,210	L.2,167,000
1838,	105,170,549	61,268,320	2,890,601

“Thus, gentlemen, you see, that while from 1802 to 1838, that is in six-and-thirty years, our exports have advanced from 38 to 105, that is about 280 per cent, and our imports from 29 to 61, that is about 210 per cent, our whole tonnage has only increased from 21 to 28, that is about 33 per cent. This broad and decisive fact is calculated to excite the most serious alarm in every rational bosom, as to the maintenance in future of the maritime superiority of Great Britain. For who has carried the remainder of our merchandise abroad, and wafted the remainder of our imports to our shores? Somebody must have done it. The conclusion is unavoidable that it was done in great part by *foreign states*, that is, by vessels and seamen that may any day be ranged against us by our enemies. And, gentlemen, the number of these foreign seamen and vessels now employed in the British trade, and the rapid encroachments they are making on British maritime strength, is decisively proved by the Parliamentary Tables collected with so much care and accuracy by Mr Porter, at the Board of Trade: for from them it appears that the relative proportions of Foreign and British shipping employed in conducting our trade at these two periods were as follows:—

BRITISH.		
	Vessels.	Tons.
1802,.....	11,285	1,668,060
1838,.....	16,119	2,785,387.

FOREIGN.		
	Vessels.	Tons
1802,.....	3472	447,611
1838,.....	8679	1,211,066.

“Thus, while the British tonnage in the last thirty-six years has advanced from sixteen to twenty-seven, the foreign employed in conducting our trade have advanced from 44 to 121,

that is, nearly *tripled*. This, gentlemen, is the general result; and unquestionably it is sufficiently alarming to every one who considers how essential our maritime superiority is to our foreign commerce; and what would be the condition of the British population if the empire of the seas were wrested from it, and the Thames, the Clyde, and the Mersey, were blockaded by hostile fleets? But the particulars of our trade with separate countries are far more instructive, because they demonstrate, in the clearest manner, where it is that the decay of our trade and shipping is going on, and where the counterpoising sources of strength and revival are to be found. It appears from Mr Porter's Parliamentary Tables, that since 1823, when the reciprocity system commenced, our tonnage with the countries with whom the reciprocity treaties were concluded has been decreasing in the most alarming manner, while no increase whatever has taken place during the same period in the amount of the goods which they take off our hands. The British and foreign shipping employed in the trade with Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, since 1820, have stood as follows:—

British declined with			
Prussia from 539 ships to 270			
Denmark,	57	...	16
Norway,	168	...	15
Sweden,	123	...	66.

And the foreign ships with Great Britain have increased during the same period in these states as follows:—

Prussia with Great Britain
increased from.....258 to 903
Danish,..... 44 to 624
Norwegian,.....558 to 785
Swedish,..... 71 to 250.
Such, gentlemen, is the working of the reciprocity system with these countries; and even in regard to America our trade stands thus:—

British.		American.	
Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
1836,	226 86,383	524	226,483.

“Thus you see, gentlemen, that while our commerce with Northern Europe is almost entirely passing into the hands of foreigners, nearly three-fourths of that with America is at this moment in the hands of the inhabitants of that country! It is easy to see, that if we had no commercial intercourse but with such foreign and independent states, we should, by the

very extension of our export of manufactures, be nursing up a foreign, and possibly hostile, commercial navy, which would ere long wrest from us the empire of the seas. It is needless to go farther into details; for the fol-

lowing is the general result of the change which the tonnage of our foreign commerce with all parts of the world has undergone during the last thirty-six years:—

“The trade of Great Britain with all Europe has declined from 1802 to 1836, from 65 to 48 per cent.

With British Colonies in America increased	... 18 to 26 ...
With United American States	... 6 to 9 ...
With India	... 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 5 ...”

These facts may be considered as decisive against the reciprocity system, so far as the maritime interests of the empire are concerned. They prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, after the most ample opportunity of trying the system by experience has been given, that under the reciprocity system the British flag is gradually becoming extinct in the trade with Continental Europe; and that, if it is continued for ten or fifteen years longer, our whole traffic with Europe will be carried on in the vessels of foreign states. Indeed, it is evident, from the extraordinarily rapid growth of foreign shipping in carrying on the British commerce, that if the present system continues many years longer, the foreign sailors and tonnage employed in carrying on our commercial intercourse, at least with the States of Europe, will be greater than our own; that is to say, we shall have nursed up a race of foreign seamen in our own harbours, and in conducting our own trade, superior in number to those of the British islands—in other words, sharpened, and put into the enemy's hands, the dagger which may at any moment pierce us to the heart.

Real reciprocity with these countries would evidently have consisted

Countries.	1827.	1828.	1835.	1836.
Russia,	£1,408,970	£1,318,936	£1,752,775	£1,742,433
Sweden,	46,731	42,699	105,156	113,308
Norway,	39,129	53,582	79,278	79,469
Denmark,	104,916	111,880	107,979	91,302
Prussia,	174,338	179,145	183,273	160,722.

It is needless to go farther into details, for the following statement by the learned and indefatigable Mr Porter, of the Board of Trade, on that subject is decisive:—“That part of our commerce,” says Mr Porter, “which, being carried on with the rich and civilized inhabitants of European nations, should present the greatest field for extension, will be seen to have

in stipulating, that in consideration of our admitting some article in which *they* had advantages over us, on the same terms as they admitted ours, that they should do the same with some article of our manufacture in which *we* had the advantage, and they had the worst of it by nature. But we never thought of doing this, but contented ourselves with surrendering to them the whole advantages which the navigation laws gave to our shipping, without ever stipulating even the smallest corresponding advantage in favour of our cotton, hardware, or woollen goods, in which we had by nature the start of them. The consequence has been that our own shipping employed in carrying on the trade with these nations has been almost destroyed, while no benefit whatever has been gained in our exports to these nations by the sacrifice. This decisively appears from comparing our exports to the powers with whom we concluded reciprocity treaties for the last ten years, during which time, in consequence of the action of these treaties, our shipping with them has been dwindling away to nothing. The following table exhibits the value of our exports to the Baltic powers, in 1827 and 1828, and 1835 and 1836:—

fallen off under this aspect in a remarkable degree. The average annual exports to the whole of Europe were *less in value by nearly 20 per cent in the five years from 1832 to 1836, than they were in the five years that followed the close of the war*; and it affords strong evidence of the unsatisfactory footing upon which our trading regulations with Europe are established,

that the exports to the United States of America, which, with their population of only twelve millions, are removed to a distance from us of 3000 miles across the Atlantic, have amounted to more than one-half of the value of our shipments to the whole of Europe, with a population fifteen times as great as that of the United States of America, and with an abundance of productions suited to our wants, which they are naturally desirous of exchanging for the products of our mines and looms."*

Thus it distinctly appears, that while we have completely sacrificed, by the reciprocity treaties, our shipping employed in the trade with Northern Europe, we have derived no countervailing advantage whatever in our exports to these countries, because they actually, as a whole, take off, on an average of five years, less of that produce than they did five-and-twenty years ago. It is evident, that while they have taken advantage of our simplicity to engross to themselves all the carrying trade between their harbours and Great Britain, they have taken care to give us no corresponding advantage whatever in our commercial intercourse with them. In fact, they have done more—the only return they have made for our concession in maritime affairs, has been to load our manufactures with additional duties. Prussia has rewarded us for our ample concessions to her by the Prusso-Germanic league. Every year brings a fresh ukase from the Emperor of Russia, imposing additional duties on our goods; and even our little puppet, the revolutionary Queen of Portugal, has shown her gratitude for the aid which put her on the throne, by nearly doubling the duties on every species of British manufacture?

Mr Alison, after dwelling on these facts, proceeded as follows to exhibit the very different picture which the colonial trade has presented:—

"Gentlemen, I will not fatigue you with farther details. You see here the astonishing facts that France, with its thirty-two millions of inhabitants, takes off only £1,500,000 worth; that Prussia, with a population of fourteen millions, takes off only £160,000 worth; and, most marvellous of all,

that Russia, now with a population of sixty millions, takes only £1,700,000 of our produce. From these facts we may estimate, with perfect certainty, the chance which Great Britain has of being able to maintain a lucrative commercial intercourse with the old European nations in the same stage of civilisation with herself, and influenced by the political hostility and commercial rivalry incident to their political situation. Gentlemen, I have said, however gloomy the prospects of our commercial interests with such states may be, there is not only hope but confidence to be derived from another quarter; and if we turn to the Colonies we shall at once see whence it is that England is now deriving its heart's blood, and from what commercial intercourse our wealth and greatness in future times is to be derived. Gentlemen, you will be astonished, your hearts will exult, at the magnitude of the returns which I am now to lay before you. In the year 1836 it appears that our—

Real Value.

Exports to the United States	
of America were no less	
than	£12,425,605
British North American	
Colonies,	2,732,291
British West Indies,	3,786,453
Australian Colonies,	1,180,000
East Indies,	4,285,829.

"The articulate returns of the trade of each country for the years 1837 and 1838, have not yet been laid before the public; but here is surely enough to excite our wonder and astonishment. You see that Canada, with its population that does not yet reach fifteen hundred thousand souls, takes off no less than £2,800,000 of our produce, or nearly twice as much as Russia, with its population of sixty millions. You see that the British West India Islands, with a population of about forty thousand white, and eight hundred thousand black inhabitants, consumed in 1836 no less than £3,700,000, or considerably more than twice as much as France, with its population of thirty-two millions. And what is most marvellous of all, and comes directly home to the object of this night's festive assembly, the Australian Colonies, with a population scarcely at this mo-

ment amounting to a hundred thousand, take off no less than £1,100,000 a-year of produce. Why, gentlemen, I venture to predict, that before the year 1840 the colonists of New Holland, reinforced as they will be by our friends around us proceeding to New Zealand, will consume more of British produce and manufactures, though they may not number a hundred and twenty thousand souls, than the sixty millions of the Muscovite empire. Such is the wonderful difference between the commercial intercourse we can maintain with our own descendants—our own flesh and blood—the Anglo-Saxon race whom we have sent forth to civilize the world—and the inhabitants of foreign states, subjected to the authority of hostile governments, or swayed by foreign commercial jealousy.”

Lord Brougham, in the debate on the repeal of the Orders in Council in 1812, has explained, with even more than his usual felicity, the causes of this remarkable difference between the commerce opened in our own colonies and that which can be maintained with any other independent state in the old world. “The extent,” says he, “and swift and regular progress of the American market for British goods, is not surprising; we can easily and clearly account for it. In the nature of things it can be no otherwise, and the reason lies on the very surface of the fact. America is an immense agricultural country, where land is plentiful and cheap; men and labour, though quickly increasing, yet still scarce and dear, compared with the boundless regions which they occupy and cultivate. In such a country manufactures do not naturally thrive; every exertion, if matters be left to themselves, goes into other channels. This people is connected with England with origin, language, manners, and institutions; their tastes go along with their convenience, and they come to us as a matter of course for the articles which they do not make themselves. Only take one fact as an example: the negroes in the southern states are clothed in English-made goods, and it takes 40s. a-year thus to supply one of these unfortunate persons. This will be admitted to be the lowest sum for

which any person in America can be clothed; but take it as the average, and make a deduction for the expenses above prime cost, you have a sum upon the whole population of eight millions, which approaches the value of our exports to the United States. But it is not merely in clothing. Go to any house in the Union, from their large and wealthy cities to the most solitary cabin or log-house in the forests, you find in every corner the furniture, tools, and ornaments of Staffordshire, of Warwickshire, and of the northern counties of England. The wonder ceases when we thus reflect for a moment, and we plainly perceive that it can be no otherwise. The whole population of the country is made up of customers who require, and who can afford to pay, for our goods. This, too, is peculiar to that nation, and it is a peculiarity as happy for them as it is profitable for us. I know the real or affected contempt with which some persons in this country treat our kinsmen of the West. I fear some angry and jealous feelings have survived our former more intimate connexion with them—feelings engendered by the event of its termination, but which it would be wiser, as well as more manly, to forget. Nay, there are certain romantic spirits who even despise the unadorned structure of their massive democratic society. But to me I freely acknowledge, the sight of one part of it brings feelings of envy as an Englishman: I mean the happy distinction that, over the whole extent of that boundless continent, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean, there is not one pauper to be found. Such are the customers whom America presents to us. The rapid increase of their culture and population, too, doubling in twenty-five or thirty years, must necessarily augment this demand for our goods in the same proportion. Circumstanced as the two countries are, I use no figure of speech, but speak the simple fact when I say, that not an axe falls in the woods of America which does not put in motion some shuttle, or hammer, or wheel in England.”*

Such is the astonishing effect of the causes thus eloquently described by

Lord Brougham, as occasioning the surprising demand for English manufactures in the British Colonies, or the independent States which have arisen from that origin, over other countries. The following Table, which, *a*

priori, would have been incredible, shows the exports to different states, as compared with their respective population, and the value of British manufactures which they consume per head:—

	Population.	Exports in 1856.	Proportion per head.
Russia, . .	60,000,000	£1,742,433	£0 0 5
Sweden, . .	3,000,000	113,308	0 0 9
Denmark, . .	2,000,000	91,302	0 0 11
Prussia, . .	14,000,000	160,472	0 0 3½
France, . .	32,000,000	1,591,381	0 0 11
Portugal, . .	3,000,000	1,085,934	0 0 8
Spain, . .	14,000,000	437,000	0 0 8
United States of America, } British North } American Colonies, }	14,000,000	12,425,605	0 17 0
British West } India Islands, }	1,500,000	2,739,291	1 11 6
British West } India Islands, }	900,000	3,786,453	3 12 0
British Australian colonies, }	100,000	1,180,000	11 15 0

It may truly be said that this table speaks as to the real interests and manufacturing establishments of Great Britain; and that, if our rulers were not struck with judicial blindness, they would at once perceive where it is that the steady and rising market for British manufactures, and where all our efforts to promote a successful traffic may be regarded as fruitless and unavailing. For fifteen years past our whole commercial policy has been directed to the object of gaining a more ready vent for our manufactures into the continental states of Europe. We have concluded no less than twelve reciprocity treaties with the principal powers; and, in order to propitiate their good-will, we have sacrificed by our treaties all our commercial advantages at least in our intercourse with these states. And what has been the result? Why, that our commerce with them is a perfect trifle when compared with that which we maintain with our own colonies, whom we have maltreated and neglected for their sakes; and that, while the old states take off a *few pence* per head of their population, our own colonies take off *as many pounds*. In this instance we have truly verified the old adage, that we have been penny wise and pound foolish, even in regard to our existing interests at the moment. But when, in addition to this, it is recollected that these colonies are part of ourselves—

distant provinces of our own empire, whose blood is our blood, whose strength is our strength; that they are increasing in numbers with a rapidity unparalleled in the annals of the world; and that, however fast they may augment, they are by their situation and circumstances chained for centuries to agricultural and pastoral employments, and consequently our export trade with them must increase in the same proportion as their numbers; while, on the other hand, the states of continental Europe are increasing far less rapidly in numbers—are actuated for the most part by commercial or political jealousy, and may any moment become our enemies, it may safely be affirmed that the neglect of the colonial provinces to propitiate foreign powers, is of all human absurdities the most absurd.

It is needless to enquire to what cause this marvellous difference between Colonial and European trade is owing. It is immaterial whether it is to be ascribed to the circumstance of the Continental states being in the same state of civilisation with ourselves, or being inhabited by people who have no taste for our manufactures, or no money to buy them; or governed by jealous and hostile foreign governments—or actuated by similar and rival commercial establishments. It is sufficient to state the *fact*, that, from one or other, or all of

these causes, their trade with us is trifling, and either stationary or declining, while that with our colonies is enormous, steady, and constantly increasing. In truth, however, it is not difficult to perceive to what cause the total failure of all attempts at commercial increase with the old states of Europe is to be ascribed. Mr Alison observed at the Glasgow dinner, "It is easy to see to what cause this remarkable decline in our trade with old nations, and this marvellous increase in our commercial intercourse with our own colonies, is to be ascribed. It is evidently owing to the fact, that these old states are in the same state of civilisation with ourselves, and therefore they are actuated by a natural desire to deal in the same articles, and to manufacture the same produce as ourselves. Are we cotton-spinners?—so are they. Are we iron-masters?—so are they. Are we silk manufacturers?—so are they. Are we cutlery and hardware merchants?—so are they. Are we clothiers and woollen-drappers?—so are they. There is no branch of industry in which we excel, in which they are not all making the greatest and most strenuous, and sometimes successful, efforts to rival and outstrip us. It is in vain that we meet them with the signs of amity, and hold out the olive branch in token of our desire to establish reciprocity treaties on the footing of real mutual advantage. We cannot, by so doing, either shut the eyes of their manufacturers to the danger of British competition, or close the vision of their governments to the dazzling spectacle of British greatness. They see that

we have risen to the summit of prosperity under the system of protection to domestic industry, and they naturally imagine that it is only by following our example that they can hope to rival our success. It is in vain that we now offer to meet them on the footing of perfect reciprocity. They say—'It is very well for you to throw down the barriers when your superiority in every branch of industry is incontestible. When ours is the same, we will follow your example; in the mean time, you must allow us to imitate the steps which enabled you to reach the elevated position which you now enjoy.' Gentlemen, it is difficult to see the answer which can be made to such arguments."

Powerful as are these considerations, derived from the commercial and manufacturing interests of Great Britain, in favour of her colonial settlements, the facts pointing the same way, deducible from the shipping interests, are, if possible, still more conclusive. The essential difference between the shipping, which carries on a trade between the colonies and the mother country, is, that it is, as in the former case, *all our own*—in the latter, one-half belongs to our enemies. This difference is so enormous, the effects it produces on our maritime strength are so extraordinary, that, numerous as are the details which we have already given, we cannot resist the temptation of contrasting our shipping and tonnage with some of the principal foreign powers with whom we have concluded reciprocity treaties with that which we carry on with our own colonies.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN TONNAGE WITH RECIPROCITY COUNTRIES.

	BRITISH.		FOREIGN.	
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
Sweden, . .	66	10,865	250	42,439
Norway, . .	15	1,573	785	125,875
Denmark, .	16	2,152	694	51,907
Prussia, . .	270	42,567	903	174,439
France, . .	2,036	198,339	1,740	108,352
United States,	226	86,383	524	226,483

COLONIAL TRADE.

	BRITISH.	
	Ships.	Tons.
East India Company's Territories, Singapore and Ceylon,	227	97,034
New South Wales,	59	19,195
British Northern Colonies, . .	2,026	620,772
British West Indies,	900	237,922

Nor is the present magnitude of the British trade with these colonies more remarkable than its rapid increase. Some very remarkable facts on this subject were stated by Mr Alison at the public dinner in Glasgow:—"You have already seen how completely our shipping which trades with Northern Europe is withering away under the action of the reciprocity treaties; and you have seen that it is now little more than a fourth of what it was fifteen years ago; while that of the Baltic powers trading with us has quadrupled during the same period. But, gentlemen, turn to the colonies, and you will learn a very different result; and behold with delight a growth of our shipping as extraordinary, as its decline in our intercourse with Europe is serious and alarming. Gentlemen, it appears from Mr Porter's Parliamentary Tables, that the growth of our shipping employed between Canada, Australia, and the mother country, has been as follows:—

	Australia.	Canada.	Canada.
	Tons.	Coasting Trade.	With Britain.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
1820...	1,291	248,343	343,377
1836...	19,195	609,111	620,772

Thus the astonishing facts are apparent, that, in conducting the intercourse between Canada, the West Indies, and the mother country, there has grown up a commercial navy of nearly 1,200,000 tons, of which nearly 600,000 belong to Great Britain, and the remainder to her transatlantic offspring; while the tonnage with the Australian Colonies has increased in sixteen years, prior to 1836, from 1200 to 20,000, or nearly twenty-fold. When we recollect that the total commercial navy of Great Britain is only 2,800,000 tons, and that our vast foreign trade with America only employs 88,000 tons of our shipping, the whole remainder being in the hands of the Americans themselves; and that our intercourse with Canada and Australia, the population of which is not sixteen hundred thousand, already gives employment to 600,000 tons, or nearly seven times that employed in our whole immense commerce with the United States of America, the vital importance of colonial trade to maritime independence becomes at once apparent; and the general result of the comparative progress of the vessels belonging to Great

Britain, at home and in the colonies, from 1814 to 1836, is as follows:—

	Great Britain.	Colonies.
	Tons.	Tons.
1814.....	2,414,170	202,795
1836.....	2,349,749	442,897

Thus you see, gentlemen, that while the shipping of Great Britain and Ireland has declined in the last five-and-twenty years, notwithstanding the prodigious increase of our exports and imports, that employed in conducting the trade with the colonies has more than doubled. More decisive evidence cannot be imagined of the vital importance of the colonial trade, not only to our commercial wealth, but to our national existence. And if any one, after the facts that have now been stated, remains blind to our true national interests, and the quarter from which we must look for our wealth, our security, and independence, in future times, I say neither will he be converted though one rose from the dead."

When it is demonstrated by statistical facts like these, concerning which there can be no dispute, that interests so vast both in our colonial possessions and the parent state, are dependent upon the connexion between Great Britain and her Colonies; when it is recollected that the bread and very existence of millions at home depend upon the increasing trade and market with these Colonies; and that our maritime strength and national independence are entirely dependent upon the immediate adoption of such a system as shall extend and increase our colonial empire, it is with feelings of regret too profound to be mingled with bitterness—with sentiments of indignation too deep to exhale in angry words—that we look back upon the colonial policy of Great Britain for the last ten years. It may safely be affirmed, that the insane policy of Great Britain to her colonial possessions during that time has been unparalleled in modern times. She has first forced upon the West India Islands the monstrous project of negro emancipation, a step which has already reduced to *one-half* the produce of those splendid colonies, and given a blow to the prosperity both of the Negro and European population from which neither can ever recover. We have the details lying beside us, and were we not fearful of exhausting the patience of our readers by farther statis-

tical details, we could exhibit a picture from Parliamentary and authentic documents of progressive ruin in those noble establishments, which would amply bear out, and even exceed this statement.

She next, practically speaking, shortened by two years the period of negro apprenticeship, and thereby completely disorganized all the plans which the planters had laid, for enabling them to wind up their affairs during the period of apprenticeship. And when it became manifest that the negroes would not work, and that a fresh supply of labourers became indispensable to maintain industry in the West India Islands, we passed Acts of Parliament prohibiting the introduction of free Asiatic labourers, and promulgated regulations in the island, which, by giving the planters no security in the retention of the labour of free European workmen, have in effect cut off all means of supplying the place of the indolent negroes in the cultivation of the land.

What have we done during the same period in Canada? It would appear from our conduct to that noble colony, that we were desirous of disgusting it so completely with the rule of the mother country, as to throw it headlong into the arms of the United States. We first winked at and promoted republicanism and sedition to such a degree, as to fan them into actual rebellion; and, though aware for years that an insurrection was rapidly approaching, we left the colonies with only 3500 British soldiers to protect them from destruction. When the first revolt was put down by this gallant handful of men, and the strenuous support of the loyal North American British population, we carried the system of conciliation, concession, and dallying with treason to such a length, as to cause the rebellion to break out a second time under circumstances of still greater horror, and when it required to be extinguished in oceans of blood. While the wintry heavens were illuminated by the light of burning villages, and the wintry forests were strewed with the carcasses of slaughtered peasants, we submitted quietly to the insulting inroads of hundreds of buccaneers and pirates from the American territory, in a way that never yet was done by the government of any independent state.

When the royal banner of the loyal inhabitants in Upper Canada had surmounted these various evils, and a second time restored peace to a distracted land, the sympathy of our rulers with their old allies—the republican party in America—was so strong, that they have *never proposed a vote of thanks* in either House of Parliament or from the Crown, to the brave soldiers and patriots who saved the empire from dismemberment! Lastly, to show our sympathy with the anti-national party in our transatlantic possessions, in our total disregard to their vital interests, we placed at the head of the colonial department Lord Normanby, whose policy in Ireland was graced by the wholesale liberation of felons and anti-national convicts, and placed at the head of the Government in Quebec, Poulett Thomson, the President of the Board of Trade, who is chiefly known by his long established connexion with the Baltic timber trade, and his often avowed predilection for an equalisation of the duties on Baltic and Canadian timber.

Serious as these evils are, we much fear that greater and more heavy blows at our colonial interests are yet in the contemplation of our infatuated Government. Acting on the dictation of the urban constituencies, whose great object is to buy cheap, and still clinging to the blind system of foreign propitiation, there is little room for doubting that they will ere long, perhaps in the next Session of Parliament, bring forward ministerial plans for equalizing the duties on Baltic and Canadian timber, and Foreign and British sugar. Strong indications of these intentions have already appeared in the speeches of many of the supporters of Government, and the appointment of Mr Poulett Thomson to the viceroyalty of Canada may be considered as the official promulgation of their intention. Let no one imagine that these propositions are so obviously destructive in their effects, and bear so obviously the tendency to dismember the empire, that therefore they will not be attempted by a Ministry whose only principle seems to be to prolong their official existence, without any regard to the jeopardy which the means of accomplishing that object may place the existence or independence of the country. It is never to be

forgotten, that to procure the support of O'Connell's tail, they have surrendered the government of Ireland and the direction of the nation to the Popish faction, whose bond of cement is the repeal of the Union, that is, the dismemberment of the empire. True, by establishing a free trade in timber, we should annihilate the industry of our North American Colonies, and throw them at once into the arms of the United States, and cut off at once 600,000 tons of British shipping, and altogether extinguish both our maritime superiority and national independence. True, by equalizing the duties on Foreign and British sugar, we should utterly destroy our West India Colonies, and perpetuate that hideous tearing of 200,000 negroes from the shores of Africa, which we have professed ourselves so anxious to prevent. But what does all that signify?—the urban constituencies must be propitiated; a few stray seats at the next election may turn the balance in favour of the Destructive or Conservative party; and the cry of cheap sugar and cheap bread may catch these stray votes and cast the balance.

It is childish to descant always upon the weakness and imbecility of ministers, or suppose that a tortuous policy, so flagrantly dangerous and impolitic as that which we have just been considering, is to be ascribed to the mere recklessness or want of capacity of our present rulers. It is

perversity in the public mind which is the real source of the evil—it is the short-sighted views of the numerous constituencies that have so long rendered a remedy impossible. The colonies are wholly unrepresented in the House of Commons; the ten-pounders have the disposal of the majority of the seats in that Assembly; to buy cheap is their immediate interest, and it matters little to the short-seeing masses what effect that cheap buying may ultimately have upon their own or the national interests. Here is the true secret of colonial misgovernment; we are governed by masses who think only of buying cheap, and the interest of the colonies is to sell dear. Eight years ago we foresaw, and distinctly predicted this effect, as necessarily flowing from the Reform Bill.

All the colonial calamities that have since occurred are but the accomplishment of our predictions in this particular.*

The colonies were not actually represented under the old constitution, but they were virtually so, because colonial wealth found an easy entrance into Parliament through the means of the close boroughs. The Whigs have destroyed that avenue for colonial representation in the House of Commons; time will show whether they have not destroyed with it the colonial empire and national independence of Great Britain.

* Blackwood's Magazine, September 1831, vol. xxx: p. 436.

QUEEN ARGENIS.

" Now I believe the Troglodites of old,
Whereof Herodotus and Strabo told,
Since every where, about these parts, in holes
Cunicular men I find, and human moles."

How pleasant here to dream the hour away
On the bold shore of this indented bay ;
Or else to trace thy stream, romantic Dart !
'Mid savage scenes ne'er tamed by human art ;
Or, nursing high and holy thoughts, explore
The naked majesty of tall Dartmoor ;
Then shoreward to descend through whispering alleys,
And catch short glances of the smiling valleys,
And ever and anon the dancing gleam
Of that swift-gliding, coy, and arrowy stream ;
And from this hill-top look down on the sea,
That gently laves the fairest shores that be.
Cockneys ! it is a pleasant thing in May
To enjoy the beauties of remote Torbay.
Here could I live—bless'd if such lot were mine !
Nor for the world and all its follies pine ;
Here, careless of the crowd, pay life its dues,
With learned leisure court the willing muse ;
And while I gaze upon my gentle wife—
Dear, comfortable name !—forget the strife,
The hurry, jostling of the troubled stage,
Trodden by the wild Spirit of the Age.

Let lovely Devon now, reluctant Muse!
Give place to the Sicilian Syracuse ;
From Babbicombe, the nook we love so well,
Turn thee to Cytherea's golden shell ;
Now let us bid the fiery mountain hail,
And try what sweetness lurks in Enna's vale :
A crowned lady of that happy clime,
And her uncivil court demand our rhyme.

In the Trinacrian isle, where gloomy Dis
Gather'd his flower, once reign'd young Argenis,
A princess fair, not fairer than our own,
Nor came she younger to the perilous throne.
Death had, before she saw the light, removed
Another princess whom the Sicels loved ;
And oft his bow the insatiate archer drew,
And with the royal house familiar grew ;
Till to the sceptre which her grandsire bore,
She was herself presumptive successor.
Too soon, while yet her life was in the dawn,
Her noble sire was from the world withdrawn ;
And she, who for her training needed most
A father's manly care, that blessing lost.
Her widow'd mother, with devotion rare,
Loved her, nursed, rear'd with all a mother's care,
But guarded not 'gainst arts, to her unknown,
That circumvent the prince and sap the throne.

The Princess—ah ! too soon, and not too late—
Was call'd to meddle with affairs of state,
With tiny hand to sway the uneasy helm,
And wayward course of an unquiet realm,

Much had she read in history's glozing page,
 Much had been taught in her brief pupillage.
 The dancing of the young and lovely Queen
 Was like Titania's on the fairy green ;
 In all the graces feminine she shone,
 Though she could ride like quiver'd Amazon ;
 The soul of music from her lute she call'd,
 And every hearer's ear and heart enthrall'd.
 Her calm clear brow, her soft but piercing eye,
 Her gestures, voice, proclaim'd the royalty
 Of her high being : wheresoe'er she moved
 She was a creature seen to be beloved.
 She was the nation's bright peculiar star,
 Loved by those near her, worshipp'd from afar ;
 Pure as the dove, by Jordan's holy stream,
 Bright as the Dian of a poet's dream,
 A princess on her people's weal intent,
 A glowing beauty, young and innocent !
 Alas for Argenis ! she did not know
 What hurtful things around a palace grow ;
 What noxious reptiles, with injurious aim,
 Protend their feelers round a royal frame.
 Honest of heart, with pure intentions fraught,
 Of apprehension quick, and ready thought ;
 Suspicionless, herself without disguise,
 Mistrusting not her well-pleased ears and eyes,
 How could she think a dangerous faction bound her,
 And, while they cringed, threw treacherous meshes round her ?
 Alas that honesty should be deceived,
 That flattery more than truth should be believed !
 Alas that Argenis, the royal maid,
 Should be by her false favourites betray'd !

Whilst yet the Sicels were in war engaged,
 Amongst themselves no fierce contentions raged ;
 But madness seized the giddy multitude,
 Soon as the foreign tyrant was subdued.
 What they esteem'd before was now but dross,
 And victory by some was deem'd a loss.
 Oh crooked souls ! down drooping to the ground,
 Empty of heavenly things, unclean, unsound !
 Then a lewd faction, stung with long disgrace,
 Against the laws stirr'd up the populace ;
 Batter'd the state, and, out of public zeal,
 Broke down the fences of the common weal ;
 Made charters void, and at the altar strook
 The bishop's mitre, and the pastor's crook ;
 And he who saved them from the public foe
 Was doom'd their basest, fiercest hate to know :
 Nor for a moment paused this currish band
 In scattering firebrands through their native land,
 Till royalty became a scorned thing,
 And a brute rabble jostled lord and king.
 The leaders of the mob, for place and gain,
 Inflamed the passions they could not restrain ;
 And even peers of generous blood were known
 To make disorder's guilty cause their own.
 The prince, a man too easy for the time,
 With a good-humour'd scorn indulged the crime,
 Till he discover'd, when it was too late,
 Their object was the ruin of the state.

Law was despised, and order overborne,
And the old roots of civic peace upturn;
E'en the religion of their fathers came
To be accounted bigotry and shame.
The commonwealth by statist was deranged,
Who were not pleased till every thing was changed.
A realm so troubled the new Queen call'd hers,
And those mad statist were her ministers.

The first in favour and in place, not rank,
Was one whose age play'd many a youthful prank;
Like the tall mountain, fruitful oft of woe,
Fire in his bosom, on his head was snow;
A young old man, of keen and subtle wit,
Whom the Court suited, and who suited it.
Affairs of state he treated as a jest,
Mismanaged some, and cared not for the rest.
Fourth in descent from vigorous rustic blood,
In his ripe years was a green lustihood,
That made him look the character he play'd,
The well-graced favourite of the Royal Maid.
He was prime minister and palace-mayor,
Of royal dinners, pleasures, jests, purveyor;
As if he had not quite enough to do,
He was her private secretary too.
There never was a courtlier man than he,
A pleasanter and merrier could not be.
He had been, and was still one apt to win
The soft sex to the approach of pleasant sin.
In every trick of court finesse at home,
Gay, humorous, quick-witted, frolicsome;
His toil of state was how to take his ease,
His way to keep in office was—to please.
With seeming carelessness and playful art
The lively elder play'd the courtier's part.
With pleasure's bait his Queen he did entice,
And never wearied her with good advice;
With his good-will she gave up heart, ear, eye,
And mind, to soul-dissolving luxury.
Pity for Argenis he had not been
Court-jester, not adviser of the Queen.
Nor on himself did he alone depend
For being minister and private friend;
A quickset hedge he planted round her throne
In her attendants, creatures of his own;
They were about her court, about her bed,
Ladies of whom no harm was ever said,
Till old Andrugio brought them into play,
To serve his interest, and maintain his sway.
Too soon their mistress thought their converse sweet,
While they wink'd with their eyes, spake with their feet,
And to her ears their whisper'd scandal brought,
Invented signs, and with their fingers taught.
How could a chamber cabinet like this
Fail to deceive the youthful Argenis?
Won by their flattery, by their wiles deceived,
She in her mother's love no more believed;
But trusted them who thus her heart assail'd,
And their bad influence for a time prevail'd.
But after darkest gloom the day-beams rise,
And spread their welcome light along the skies;

So queenly Argenis shall show again,
Like the day-orb, a disc without a stain.

Among Andrugio's followers was one,
Who for adventures o'er the deep had gone ;
And with the lust of power recross'd the waves,
For he had ruled a tribe of Lybian slaves.
Although for place and pay he bent the knee,
Less than the first he much disdain'd to be.
Much he loved power, but loved distinction more,
A speech-maker and perfumed troubadour ;
A courtly coxcomb in the noon of life,
Who turn'd to good account his buxom wife,
And had her near the royal person placed,
That by her means he might himself be graced.
Oft by her aid, 'tis said, he hover'd near
The Queen's retirement, her sweet words to hear,
To throw himself into the royal way,
By accident, on some convenient day.
Beware, Andrugio ! lest by cunning spell
His lady get thy place for Sidrophell.

The third of this ill council was a man,
Who, like a high-fed colt, life's courses ran.
The foremost still to raise the hue and cry
Against the fall'n, and from their side to fly.
The party next in power to him was best,
And with them, for their time, he took his rest.
His interest was the horizon of his view,
To keep in place the only aim he knew.
He viewed himself, with measureless content,
The slave of each succeeding government.
Ten times the helmsman of the state was changed,
But from his post Antonio never ranged.
Bold to the weak, and cringing to the strong,
He would, to serve his turn, abet the wrong.
He cared not for his country or her fame ;
His policy bequeath'd her lasting shame.
In wordy protocols what state-craft lies !
By them he managed courts and colonies ;
But managed so, that the victorious isle
Should be insulted, hated, scorn'd the while.

One was a gamester, spendthrift, debauchee,
From honour and religious scruple free.
Another, by a nephew's happy claim,
Partook the honour of a famous name—
A gross dull man that meant no harm in truth,
But little fit to be near virgin youth.
There was another differing from both,
Religious, moral, but a very sloth ;
That one day waking, rubb'd his solemn brow,
And found himself in place, he knew not how ;
Then smiling placidly, return'd to sleep
In company he never thought to keep ;
With slumberous dulness nodded night and day,
And slept e'en while they took his place away.

A sly Calabrian, who could well advance
His party's merit, managed the finance ;
Though given to wine-bibbing, he not the less,
When drunk, his windy nothings could express,

Speak against time, and, innocent of sense,
 Indulge in all the freaks of eloquence ;
 And, with an equal happiness, dilate
 On money matters, and affairs of state.
 Howe'er he did mismanage and abuse
 His office and the public revenues,
 He was with so much worldly wisdom blest
 As to take care to feather his own nest ;
 And for his younglings, with paternal pride
 As natural, he did no less provide.
 In his own praise he spouted much and long,
 Neither his taxes nor his costs were wrong ;
 And turning e'en defeat into a boast,
 He praised his colleagues, praised himself the most ;
 And to the last, with place and pay content,
 He never knew what public virtue meant,
 Till, when he was worn out, but still elate,
 A title crown'd his service in debate.

Then came Macario, bless'd with arts that win
 Titles and pelf, of Gallic origin ;
 His sire had traded where the Niger flows,
 And with his years his heap of treasure rose ;
 Wealth he amass'd with all a miser's love,
 Yet his affections set on things above ;
 At once hugg'd earth and heavenward turn'd his eye,
 And died in odour sweet of sanctity.
 His son Macario to state-craft was bred,
 And was a time-server in heart and head ;
 His party loved, for his especial gain,
 Too wise to work for nothing and complain :
 So he took care to be beforehand paid,
 And like his father drove a thriving trade ;
 Ready of speech and pen he work'd his way
 From life's inglorious gloom to the upper day,
 Became a counsellor and man of note,
 And from the palace his despatches wrote.

The next was he that had the most to do,
 And did with honesty his course pursue,
 Industrious, early at his post and late,
 A back in office and the slave of state.
 He had no sort of misgiving or fear,
 But play'd historian, playwright, pamphleteer ;
 He mended laws political, and broke
 The laws of grammar when he wrote, or spoke.
 He was self-confident to that degree,
 Nothing beyond his powers he thought could be.
 He would have led an army to the field,
 And as a warrior had been last to yield ;
 E'en against Tully would have tried to speak,
 Or write a better Iliad than the Greek.
 The winds, like Æolus, he'd dischain,
 As though with power to shut them up again ;
 But ah ! no like success his efforts crown'd,
 The storm-promoter was no storm-king found.
 His heart was honest, but his mind perverse,
 And what he tried to mend he made much worse ;
 To quench a spark he fann'd it into fire,
 Gave the steed rein that did the curb require ;
 Did greatest evil with the best intent,
 And all his zeal for right in error spent.

In private life he was an upright man,
 The best and trustiest of the Queen's divan ;
 He 'mid the rest e'en like a virtue shone,
 And still was call'd straight-forward Rousillon.

Others there were that seem'd preferr'd, because
 They scorn'd religion's, or their country's laws.
 Some had deserved to lose their knightly spurs,
 And some were heathen image-worshippers,
 Whose priests from their success began to try
 For restoration of their tyranny.

There was an orator of giant force,
 That like a meteor ran a zig-zag course ;
 A mind to fathom Nature's secrets deep,
 That could the flaming bounds of space o'erleap ;
 A voice that now fell soft as dropping snow,
 And now was as a sting or sudden blow ;
 The poet's fancy, the logician's skill,
 Persuasion, passion, irony at will,
 Were his : but he to vanity was thrall,
 And wanting moral power, he wanted all.
 He was as variable as the weather,
 True to no party for two weeks together.
 Like a mad bull at this or that he strook,
 And damaged any cause he undertook.
 Although he for himself could only feel,
 His theme was evermore the commonweal.
 As on his word no party could rely,
 He was a mischievous neutrality,
 And to cajole or rail was left at large,
 A patriot rampant at the public charge.

There was a demagogue, of vulgar race,
 Who sway'd a great part of the populace.
 Coarse, clever, vigorous, licentious, vain—
 The Athenian Cleon lived in him again.
 He wore a black cap, and a mantle green,
 And was a rebel—loyal to the Queen.
 He made his bears at will look pleased or grim,
 And ruled the council—through their fear of him.
 His accents in the senate fiercely rung,
 And at his betters boldly wagg'd his tongue.
 He could work wonders like his priestly crew,
 Unlike in this—his miracles were true ;
 For he obtain'd the spoils of war in peace,
 And from his mob he shore a golden fleece.
 He served and ruled the placemen of the court,
 Who were content to be his mock and sport.
 Degenerate Sicily ! where was thy shame,
 To let thy Queen be only Queen in name ?
 To let thine ancient laws be trampled down,
 And miscreants spoil thine altar and the crown ?
 Was there no valour, virtue, in the land,
 To save the nation from a clown's command ?

Valour there was, and virtue ; for a time
 Both were disarmed by the force of crime—
 Disarm'd, not subdued ;—at any cost
 Determined to retrieve the field they lost.
 Good order's champions, far and near renown'd,
 Ne'er lost their faith, but hope in patience found.

The mitred bishop, and the statesman sage,
 The young patrician in his pupillage,
 The chief, at once the nation's sword and helm,
 The banded nobles of the fruitful realm—
 All that were justly pious, truly brave,
 Stood fast, their country from its mob to save.

The land of Sicily was full of wealth,
 And every breeze was redolent of health ;
 And hope is rash, and modesty is rare,
 And royal Argenis was young and fair ;
 And eagles gather where their booty lies,
 And the sweet honey draws a crowd of flies ;
 No wonder, then, a troop of princes came,
 And felt for Argenis, or feign'd a flame.
 A Sicel cousin, generous and brave,
 Woo'd her as a frank lover, not a slave,
 But would not wear her Council's golden chains,
 And so was sent to travel for his pains.
 Two gallant princes, each in hope to please
 The princess, from Batavia cross'd the seas ;
 They, like their fathers, pious were and just,
 Each worthy of a loyal people's trust.
 Their very nobleness, and e'en their name,
 Was found a hindrance to their gentle aim ;
 For the bad Council fear'd the loss of power,
 Should such a consort share the royal bower.
 The youthful scions of the Bourbon stem
 Attempted, too, the Sicel diadem ;
 The heir of Scythia came to be denied,
 And was dismiss'd with his barbaric pride.
 A swarm of wooers travell'd to and fro,
 Of noble lineage some, and some of low.
 She look'd upon them carelessly : Love's dart
 Had miss'd as yet to touch her royal heart.
 But there was one Andrugio much approved,
 And she by his persuasion thought she loved.
 Son of a line unheard of until late,
 Royal by courtesy, of low estate,—
 A house of vaulting hopes and high desires,
 Whose means exceeded not a Sicel squire's ;
 This count without a wooer came to woo,
 And seem'd a thriving courtship to pursue ;
 For he had with the Premier made a league,
 And thought to win her through a court intrigue.

While the Queen's favourite, and wooer tall,
 Jested together and kept festival ;
 While the bold prince indulged his love's young dream,
 Glad to be party to the statesman's scheme,
 Which promised him a bright imperial bride,
 On terms well understood and ratified ;
 While joy was in the palace, earth and sky
 Untoward signs gave out portentously :—
 Strange voices startled both the hamlet lone,
 And city large with busy life o'ergrown ;
 The days were fill'd with terror, and the nights
 With prodigies, dread sounds and awful sights.
 Portending judgments which the conscience fear'd,
 As red as blood the sun and moon appear'd ;
 Wild vengeful eyes peep'd from the clouds on high,
 And frightful meteors danced athwart the sky.

Armies with banners were beheld in air,
 And fiery cars and shapes with horrent hair ;
 A snow-white steed came swiftly on their track—
 But who the fearful rider on his back ?
 While these dread signs from man to man were told,
 Which made the impious tremble, awed the bold ;
 Death from his quiver 'gainst the faithful hearts,
 Of those were godly shot his fatal darts ;
 And so made way for wolves, when he removed
 The trusty shepherds whom the people loved.
 To fearful head the worst offences grew,
 Such as the oldest memory never knew.
 Unnatural murders, poisonings were rife,
 And every where a recklessness of life ;
 Sins in high places one should blush to name,
 Foulest uncleanness without any shame ;
 Oppression eating through the poor man's bones,
 That to the people gave not bread, but stones,
 That tore asunder nature's holiest ties,
 And bruised the quivering heart in law's disguise ;
 Scorn of the gospel, pride that did defy
 The simple truth with gross idolatry ;
 Vice mocking at the wisdom of the wise,
 And rioting in Gentile sorceries ;—
 It needed not a prophet's power to know,
 What harvest from these baneful seeds should grow.
 Upon the branded forehead of the times,
 Gloom gather'd of unutterable crimes,
 While public criminals, a licensed band,
 Scatter'd rebellion through the fruitful land.

All was not lost, while faithful some remain'd
 With love of country in their souls engrain'd.
 But tears for public guilt and public woes
 Must dim the lustre of the Sicel Rose,
 And grief disturb the lilies of the breast,
 Which from misplaced trust must lose its rest.
 Oh, royal lady ! brief thy vernal smile,
 White innocence betray'd by hoary guile !
 Then weep the wrong done to thy youthful years,
 And let thy people see thy honest tears ;
 So shall their love, as from a natural urn,
 E'en as it was at first, to thee return.
 Then shall the good triumphant win for thee
 The worthy homage of the truly free ;
 Then shall no sudden fear thy slumber move,
 No birds of evil omen scare the dove,
 Now flutter'd from the lilies where they grow,
 Amid thy bosom's pure unsunned snow ;
 Then shall thy heart its confidence maintain,
 And the Sicilian Rose bloom out again,

MILTON.

WE have two ideas, which we are anxious to bring under public notice, with regard to Milton. The reader whom Providence shall send us will not measure the value of these ideas (we trust and hope) by their bulk. The reader indeed—that great idea!—is very often a more important person towards the fortune of an essay than the writer. Even “the prosperity of a jest,” as Shakspeare tells us, lies less in its own merit than “in the ear of him that hears it.” If *he* should happen to be unusually obtuse, the wittiest jest perishes—the most pointed is found blunt. So, with regard to books, should the reader on whom we build prove a sandy and treacherous foundation, the whole edifice, “temple and tower,” must come to the ground. Should it happen, for instance, that the reader, inflicted upon ourselves for our sins, belongs to that class of people who listen to books in the ratio of their much speaking—find no eloquence in 32mo, and little force of argument except in such a folio as might knock him down upon occasion of his proving restive against its logic—in that case he will despise our present essay.

Will despise it? He *does* despise it already: for already he sees that it is short. His contempt is a high *à priori* contempt: for he measures us by anticipation, and needs to wait for no experience in order to vindicate his sentence against us.

Yet, in one view, this brevity of an essayist does seem to warrant his reader in some little indignation. We, the writer, expect to bring over the reader to our opinion—else wherefore do we write? But, within so small a compass of ground, is it reasonable to look for such a result? “Bear witness to the presumption of this essay,” we hear the reader complaining; “it measures about fourteen inches by two—twenty-eight square inches at the most—and is it within human belief that I, simply as I stand here, shall be converted in so narrow an area? Here am I in a state of nature, as you may say. An acre of sound argument might do something: but here is a man who flatters himself—that, before I am advanced seven inches further in my studies, he is to work a notable change

in my creed. By Castor and Pollux! he must think very superbly of himself, or very meanly of me.”

Too true, we reply, too true; but, perhaps, there are faults on both sides. The writer is too peremptory and exacting; the reader is too restive. The writer is too full of his office, which he fancies is that of a teacher or a professor speaking *ex cathedra*: the rebellious reader is oftentimes too determined that he will not learn. The one conceits himself booted and spurred, and mounted on his reader's back, with an express commission for riding him: the other is vicious, apt to bolt out of the course at every opening, and resolute in this point—that he will not be ridden.

There are some, meantime, who take a very different view of the relations existing between those well-known parties to a book—writer and reader. So far from regarding the writer as entitled to the homage of his reader, as if he were some feudal superior, they hold him little better than an actor bowing before the reader as his audience. The feudal relation of fealty [*fidelitas*] may subsist between them, but the places are inverted; the writer is the liegeman—the reader it is who claims to be the sovereign. Our own opinion inclines this way. It is clear that the writer exists for the sake of the reader, not the reader for the sake of the writer. Besides, the writer bears all sorts of characters, whilst the reader universally has credit for the best possible. We have all heard of “the courteous reader,” “the candid reader,” “the enlightened reader.” But which of us ever heard of “the discourteous reader,” “the mulish reader,” “the barbarous reader?” Doubtless there is no such person. The Goths and Vandals are all confined to the writers. “The reader”—that great character—is ever wise, ever learned, ever courteous. Even in the worst of times, this great man preserved his purity. Even in the tenth and eleventh centuries, which we usually account the very noontide of darkness, he shone like a mould candle amongst basest dips. And perhaps it is our duty to presume all other virtues and graces as no less essential to him

than his glorious "candour," his "courtesy," (surpassing that of Sir Gawain,) and his truly "enlightened" understanding. Indeed, we very much question whether a writer, who carries with him a just feeling of his allegiance—a truly loyal writer—can lawfully suppose his sovereign, the reader, peccable or capable of error; and whether there is not even a shade of impiety in conceiving him liable to the affections of sleep, or of yawning.

Having thus, upon our knees as it were, done feudal homage to our great *suzerain*, the reader—having propitiated him with Persian adorations and with Phrygian genuflections, let us now crave leave to convert him a little. Convert him!—that sounds "*un peu fort*," does it not? No, not at all. A cat may look at a king; and upon this or that out-of-the-way point a writer may presume to be more knowing than his reader—the serf may undertake to convert his lord. The reader is a great being—a great noun-substantive; but still, like a mere adjective, he is liable to the three degrees of comparison. He may rise above himself—he may transcend the ordinary level of readers, however exalted that level be. Being great, he may become greater. Full of light, he may yet labour with a spot or two of darkness. And such a spot we hold the prevalent opinion upon Milton in two particular questions of taste—questions that are not insulated, but diffusive; spreading themselves over the entire surface of the *Paradise Lost*, and also of the *Paradise Regained*; insomuch that, if Milton is wrong once, then he is wrong by many scores of times. Nay, which transcends all counting of cases or numerical estimates of error, if, in the separate instances, (be they few or be they many,) he is truly and indeed wrong—then he has erred, not by the case but by the principle; and that is a thousand times worse; for a separate case or instance of error may escape any man—may have been overlooked amongst the press of objects crowding on his eye; or, if not overlooked, if passed deliberately, may plead the ordinary privilege of human frailty. The man erred; and his error terminates in itself. But an error of principle does not terminate in itself; it is a fountain; it is self-diffusive; and it has a life of its own. The faults of a great

man are in any case contagious; they are dazzling and delusive by means of the great man's general example. But his false principles have a worse contagion. They operate not only through the general haze and halo which invests a shining example; but even if transplanted where that example is unknown, they propagate themselves by the vitality inherent in all self-consistent principles, whether true or false.

Before we notice these two cases in Milton, first of all let us ask—Who and what is Milton? Dr Johnson was furiously incensed with a certain man, by trade an author and manufacturer of books wholesale and retail, for introducing Milton's name into a certain index thus—"Milton, Mr John." That *Mister*, undoubtedly, was hard to digest. Yet very often it happens to the best of us—to men who are far enough from "thinking small beer of themselves,"—that about ten o'clock A.M., an official big-wig, sitting at Bow Street, calls upon the man to account for his *sprees* of the last night, for his feats in knocking down lamp-posts and extinguishing watchmen, by this ugly demand of—"Who and what are you, sir?" And perhaps the poor man, sick and penitential for want of soda water, really finds a considerable difficulty in replying satisfactorily to the worthy *beek's* apostrophe. Although, at five o'clock in the evening, should the culprit be returning into the country in the same coach as his awful interrogator, he might be very apt to look fierce, and retort this amiable enquiry, and with equal thirst for knowledge to demand, "D— your eyes, if you come to *that*, who and what are *you*?" And the *beek* in his turn, though so apt to indulge his own curiosity at the expense of the public, might find it very difficult to satisfy that of others.

The same thing happens to authors; and to great authors beyond all others. So accustomed are we to survey a great man through the cloud of years that has gathered round him—so impossible is it to detach him from the pomp and equipage of all who have quoted him, copied him, echoed him, lectured about him, disputed about him, quarreled about him, that in the case of any Anacharsis the Scythian coming amongst us—any savage, that is to say, uninstructed in our literature,

but speaking our language, and feeling an interest in our great men—a man could hardly believe at first how perplexed he would feel—how utterly at a loss for any *adequate* answer to this question, suddenly proposed—“*Who and what was Milton?*” That is to say, what is the place which he fills in his own vernacular literature? what station does he hold in universal literature?

We, if abruptly called upon in that summary fashion to convey a *commensurate* idea of Milton, one which might at once correspond to his pretensions, and yet be readily intelligible to the savage, should answer perhaps thus:—Milton is not an author amongst authors, not a poet amongst poets, but a power amongst powers; and the *Paradise Lost* is not a book amongst books, not a poem among poems, but a central force amongst forces. Let us explain. There is this great distinction amongst books: some, though possibly the best in their class, are still no more than books—not indispensable, not incapable of supplementary representation by other books. If they had never been—if their place had continued for ages unfilled—not the less, upon a sufficient excitement arising, there would always have been found the ability, either directly to fill up the vacancy, or at least to meet the same passion virtually, though by a work differing in form. Thus, supposing Butler to have died in youth, and the *Hudibras* to have been intercepted by his premature death, still the ludicrous aspects of the Parliamentary war, and its fighting saints, were too striking to have perished. If not in a narrative form, the case would have come forward in the drama. Puritanical sanctity, in collision with the ordinary interests of life, and with its militant propensities, offered too striking a field for the Satiric Muse, in any case, to have passed in total neglect. The impulse was too strong for repression—it was a volcanic agency, that, by some opening or other, must have worked a way for itself to the upper air. Yet Butler was a most original poet, and a creator within his own province. But, like many another original mind, there is little doubt that he quelled and repressed, by his own excellence, other minds of the same cast. Mere despair of excelling him, so far as not, after

all, to seem imitators, drove back others who would have pressed into that arena, if not already brilliantly filled. Butler failing, there would have been another Butler, either in the same or in some analogous form.

But, with regard to Milton and the Miltonic power, the case is far otherwise. If the man had failed, the power would have failed. In that mode of power which he wielded, the function was exhausted in the man—species was identified with the individual—the poetry was incarnated in the poet.

Let it be remembered, that, of all powers which act upon man through his intellectual nature, the very rarest is that which we moderns call the *Sublime*. The Grecians had apparently no word for it, unless it were that which they meant by *το σφαιδρις*: for *ιδιος* was a comprehensive expression for all qualities which gave a character of grace or animation to the composition, such even as were philosophically opposed to the sublime. In the Roman poetry, and especially in Lucan, at times also Juvenal, there is an exhibition of a moral sublime, perfectly distinct from any thing known to the Greek poetry. The delineations of republican grandeur, as expressing itself through the principal leaders in the Roman camps, or the trampling under foot of ordinary superstitions, as given in the reasons assigned to Labienus for passing the oracle of the Lybian Jupiter unconsulted, are in a style to which there is nothing corresponding in the whole Grecian literature, nor would they have been comprehensible to an Athenian. The famous line—“*Jupiter est quocunque vides, quocunque moveris,*” and the brief review of such questions as might be worthy of an oracular god, with the summary declaration, that every one of those points we know already by the light of nature, and could not know them better though Jupiter Ammon himself were to impress them on our attention—

“*Scimus, et hæc nobis non altius inseret
Ammon:*”

all this is truly Roman in its sublimity; and so exclusively Roman, that there, and not in poets like the Augustan, expressly modelling their poems on Grecian types, ought the Roman mind to be studied.

On the other hand, for that species of the sublime which does not rest

purely and merely on moral energies, but on a synthesis between man and nature—for what may properly be called the Ethico-physical Sublime—there is but one great model surviving in the Greek poetry, viz. the gigantic drama of the Prometheus crucified on Mount Elbors. And this drama differs so much from every thing else, even in the poetry of Æschylus, as the mythus itself differs so much from all the rest of the Grecian mythology (belonging apparently to an age and a people more gloomy, austere, and nearer to the *incunabula mundi*, than those which bred the gay and sunny superstitions of Greece,) that much curiosity and speculation have naturally gathered round the subject of late years. Laying this one insulated case apart, and considering that the Hebrew poetry of Isaiah and Ezekiel, as having the benefit of inspiration, does not lie within the just limits of competition, we may affirm that there is no human composition which can be challenged as constitutionally sublime—sublime equally by its conception and by its execution, or as uniformly sublime from first to last, excepting the *Paradise Lost*. In Milton only, first and last, is the power of the sublime revealed. In Milton only does this great agency blaze and glow as a furnace kept up to a white heat—without intermission and without collapse.

If, therefore, Milton occupies this unique position—and let the reader question himself closely whether he can cite any other book than the *Paradise Lost*, as continuously sublime, or sublime even by its prevailing character—in that case there is a peculiarity of importance investing that one book which belongs to no other; and it must be important to dissipate any erroneous notions which affect the integrity of that book's estimation. Now, there are two notions countenanced by Addison and by Dr Johnson, which tend greatly to disparage the character of its composition. If the two critics, one friendly, the other very malignant, but both meaning to be just, have in reality built upon sound principles, or at least upon a sound appreciation of Milton's principles—in that case there is a mortal taint diffused over the whole of the *Paradise Lost*: for not a single book is clear of one or other of the two errors which they charge upon him.

We will briefly state the objections, and then as briefly reply to them, by exposing the true philosophy of Milton's practice. For we are very sure that, in doing as he did, this mighty poet was governed by no carelessness or oversight, (as is imagined,) but by a most refined theory of poetic effects.

I. The first of these two charges respects a supposed pedantry, or too ambitious a display of erudition. It is surprising to us that such an objection should have occurred to any man; both because, after all, the quantity of learning cannot be great for which any poem can find an opening; and because, in any poem burning with concentrated fire, like the Miltonic, the passion becomes a law to itself, and will not receive into connexion with itself any parts so deficient in harmony, as a cold ostentation of learned illustrations must always have been found. Still, it is alleged that such words as *frieze*, *architrave*, *cornice*, *zenith*, &c., are words of art, out of place amongst the primitive simplicities of Paradise, and at war with Milton's purpose of exhibiting the Paradisaical state.

Now, here is displayed broadly the very perfection of ignorance, as measured against the very perfection of what may be called poetic science. We will lay open the true purpose of Milton, by a single illustration. In describing impressive scenery, as occurring in a hilly or a woody country, every body must have noticed the habit which young ladies have of using the word *amphitheatre*: “*amphitheatre of woods*”—“*amphitheatre of hills*,”—these are their constant expressions. Why? Is it because the word *amphitheatre* is a Grecian word? We question if one young lady in twenty knows that it is; and very certain we are that no word would recommend itself to her use by that origin, if she happened to be aware of it. The reason lurks here:—in the word *theatre*, is contained an evanescent image of a great audience—of a populous multitude. Now, this image—half withdrawn, half flashed upon the eye—and combined with the word *hills* or *forests*, is thrown into powerful collision with the silence of hills—with the solitude of forests; each image, from reciprocal contradiction, brightens and vivifies the other. The two images act,

and react, by strong repulsion and antagonism.

This principle we might exemplify, and explain at great length; but we impose a law of severe brevity upon ourselves. And we have said enough. Out of this one principle of subtle and lurking antagonism, may be explained every thing which has been denounced under the idea of pedantry in Milton. It is the key to all that lavish pomp of art and knowledge which is sometimes put forward by Milton in situations of intense solitude, and in the bosom of primitive nature—as, for example, in the Eden of his great poem, and in the Wilderness of his *Paradise Regained*. The shadowy exhibition of a regal banquet in the desert, draws out and stimulates the sense of its utter solitude and remoteness from men or cities. The images of architectural splendour, suddenly raised in the very centre of Paradise, as vanishing shows by the wand of a magician, bring into powerful relief the depth of silence, and the unpopulous solitude which possess this sanctuary of man whilst yet happy and innocent. Paradise could not, in any other way, or by any artifice less profound, have been made to give up its essential and differential characteristics in a form palpable to the imagination. As a place of rest, it was necessary that it should be placed in close collision with the unresting strife of cities; as a place of solitude, with the image of tumultuous crowds; as the centre of mere natural beauty in its gorgeous prime, with the images of elaborate architecture and of human workmanship; as a place of perfect innocence in seclusion, that it should be exhibited as the antagonist pole to the sin and misery of social man.

Such is the covert philosophy which governs Milton's practice, and which might be illustrated by many scores of passages from both the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained*.^{*} In fact, a volume might be composed on this

one chapter. And yet, from the blindness or inconsiderate examination of his critics, this latent wisdom—this cryptical science of poetic effects—in the mighty poet, has been misinterpreted, and set down to the account of defective skill, or even of puerile ostentation.

II. The second great charge against Milton is, *primâ facie*, even more difficult to meet. It is the charge of having blended the Pagan and Christian forms. The great realities of angels and archangels are continually combined into the same groups with the fabulous impersonations of the Greek mythology. Eve is interlinked in comparisons with Pandora; sometimes again with Eurynome. Those impersonations, however, may be thought to have something of allegoric meaning in their conceptions, which in a measure corrects this Paganism of the idea. But Eve is also compared with Ceres, with Hebe, and other fixed forms of Pagan superstition. Other allusions to the Greek mythologic forms, or direct combination of them with the real existences of the Christian heavens, might be produced by scores, were it not that we decline to swell our paper beyond the necessity of the case. Now, surely this at least is an error. Can there be any answer to this?

At one time we were ourselves inclined to fear that Milton had been here caught tripping. In this instance, at least, he seems to be in error. But there is no trusting to appearances. In meditating upon the question, we happened to remember that the most colossal and Miltonic of painters had fallen into the very same fault, if fault it were. In his *Last Judgment*, Michael Angelo has introduced the Pagan deities in connexion with the hierarchy of the Christian heavens. Now, it is very true that one great man cannot palliate the error of an-

* For instance, this is the key to that image in the *Paradise Regained*, where Satan, on first emerging into sight, is compared to an old man gathering sticks "to warm him on a winter's day." This image, at first sight, seems little in harmony with the wild and awful character of the supreme fiend. No: it is *not* in harmony; nor is it meant to be in harmony. On the contrary, it is meant to be in antagonism and intense repulsion. The household image of old age, of human infirmity, and of domestic hearths, are all meant as a machinery for provoking and soliciting the fearful idea to which they are placed in collision, and as so many repelling poles.

other great man, by committing the same error himself. But, though it cannot avail as an excuse, such a conformity of ideas serves as a summons to a much more vigilant examination of the case than might else be instituted. One man might err from inadvertency; but that two, and both men trained to habits of constant meditation, should fall into the same error—makes the marvel tenfold greater.

Now we confess that, as to Michael Angelo, we do not pretend to assign the precise key to the practice which he adopted. And to our feelings, after all that might be said in apology, there still remains an impression of incongruity in the visual exhibition and direct juxtaposition of the two orders of supernatural existence so potently repelling each other. But, as regards Milton, the justification is complete; it rests upon the following principle:

In all other parts of Christianity, the two orders of superior beings, the Christian heaven and the Pagan pantheon, are felt to be incongruous—not as the pure opposed to the impure, (for, if that were the reason, then the Christian fiends should be incongruous with the angels, which they are not.)—but as the unreal opposed to the real. In all the hands of other poets, we feel that Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, Diana, are not merely impure conceptions, but that they are baseless conceptions, phantoms of air, nonentities; and there is much the same objection, in point of just taste, to the combination

of such fabulous beings in the same groups with glorified saints and angels, as there is to the combination, by a painter or a sculptor, of real flesh-and-blood creatures with allegoric abstractions.

This is the objection to such combination in all other poets. But this objection does not apply to Milton: it glances past him; and for the following reason: Milton has himself laid an early foundation for his introduction of the Pagan pantheon into Christian groups:—*the false gods of the heathen world were, according to Milton, the fallen angels.* They are not false, therefore, in the sense of being unreal, baseless, and having a merely fantastical existence, like our European fairies, but as having drawn aside mankind from a pure worship. As ruined angels under other names, they are no less real than the faithful and loyal angels of the Christian heavens. And in that one difference of the Miltonic creed, which the poet has brought pointedly and elaborately under his reader's notice by his matchless catalogue of the rebellious angels, and of *their Pagan transformations* in the very first book of the *Paradise Lost*, is laid beforehand the amplest foundation for his subsequent practice; and at the same time, therefore, the amplest answer to the charge preferred against him by Dr Johnson, and by so many other critics who had not sufficiently penetrated the latent theory on which he acted.

MATHEWS THE COMEDIAN.

SOME time has now passed since the publication of the former volumes of this ingenious and amusing performer's life. The two volumes now before us bring it to the close, and thus enable his countrymen to have a full view of his career.

Mathews was certainly a man of very remarkable ingenuity. Comparison is the only standard which we can adopt in matters of this kind, and he is immeasurably above the Dibdins, Stevensens, and the crowd of reciters and givers of imitations during the last fifty years. These volumes are often laudatory beyond all bounds; for some of his performances were intolerably *trainant*, and the more he laboured the less the audience smiled. But it must be acknowledged that this was the fault much more of the compilers of the recitations, clever as they sometimes were, than of the reciter. His imitations deserved a higher name than mimicry; they were always dexterous, often happy, and sometimes even refined.

In 1818, Mathews commenced his provincial ramblings once more. It is curious, that though his biographer sighs profusely, and he groans perpetually, over those travels, which they both pronounce the hardship of hardships, he was, somehow or other, constantly on the road. It is good philosophy to believe, that there are no effects without causes; and the unquestionable cause of this effect was, that the actor liked to be on the road, and the biographer had no possible objection to his being on it as much as he liked. We cannot discover a single instance in which the love of a quiet life prevailed over the charms of a country trip, or in which the pleasant sufferer was not permitted to run round half the empire for a "couple of nights," wherever he could be called by a speculating manager, or had a hope of swelling his banker's book by an additional guinea. In this we do not make the slightest objection to the better half or the worse. It was the business of both to make money when they could; we object only to the

sentimentality, to the contempt of money, in the midst of as eager a pursuit of it as we ever happen to have seen recorded; and to the lamentation over calamities which were encountered in spite of weekly experience, and which an offer from a manager at the Scilly Isles, or at the North Pole, would evidently have wiped clean from the complainant's brain, though it might have left the story among the treasures of his memorandum-book.

Soon after Mathews's partial retirement from his engagement with Arnold, he set out on a tour of the country towns,—a tour which, notwithstanding all his deprecation, he volunteered to the last hour of his life. One of his letters from Liverpool in 1818, gives an account, in his whimsical style, of the difficulties always thrown by fate or fortune in his way.

"We drove on to Coventry that night—got up early, to be ready for the Liverpool mail—at eight it arrived. Sent up to know if there was a place. Man returned—'Yes, sir, one place *outside*. Sent my portmanteau—gobbled breakfast—presently saw man return with my portmanteau. Smelt a misery—book-keeper had just discovered that the place had been promised to a gentleman the night before. No other coach to Liverpool that day. Set off on a mere scent of a coach to Birmingham, per gig—tired horse—eighteen miles—drove very fast to get there by twelve. Heard there was *no* coach till four—obliged to make up my mind to go by that. Gobbled up my dinner to be ready. Went to the coach-office at four—told London coach was not come in, and the other could not start till half an hour after its arrival. Went at five—not arrived—fidgets increased—promised to arrive at nine next morning. Did not believe that—saw two hours fast adding to that—anticipated alarm of Liverpool managers—rehearsal dismissed. At last coach arrived, and at half-past six I was turned off.

"I was told the coach was later by two hours than ever known. Found it was licensed to carry *six* inside, and travelled all night. Saw 'two women with a child

a-piece'—took outside place—it began to rain—in ten miles forced to get in—I made the eighth! One of the *ladies* was told 'not, on no account, to expose the child to night air'—five months old, sour milk in a bottle! One man did *howl* in his sleep, an eccentricity allied, I suspect, to madness. I awoke once, and found the windows close up. Eight inside—horrible, most horrible! I was stewed—but it rained the whole night, and I was obliged to endure it. I was compelled to have recourse to violent rage and ridicule wherever I could address the guard, to get any air at all.

"So, after all the pains and trouble to myself to avoid travelling at night in the mail, I exchanged it for the *heavy* Liverpool, (a term I shall never forget.) To travel all night with eight people, and that the night before I perform! However, its all over, and I am well."

One piece of his ill luck was to suffer for the rogueries and absurdities of would-be rivals, some of whom adopted his style, and others bore, or borrowed, his name. About this time, when he was playing at Gravesend, a sort of military-looking servant applied to him for "an admission to the theatre." Mathews asked, on what ground. The fellow said, that Mrs Mathews knew him very well, and that *she* would have given it him, if she were there. And, on being asked "where he had known the lady," his answer was equally prompt and startling. "Oh, very well, when she lived with Captain Silcox of the 10th. I lived with the Captain then, before she ran along with *you*." In fact, there had been a stroller, who called himself "Mathews, the celebrated comedian," and who had roved the country with the woman in question.

Mathews's sensitiveness to his professional dignity was sometimes amusingly touched. He was in the habit of using oranges and eggs for his voice. Copeland (we presume the manager of the Dover Theatre) saw "four oranges and two eggs in the list furnished. 'What,' said he to the property man, 'does he do tricks with them? I never heard that before. Why, I saw no *conjuring* mentioned in the bills.'"

An adventure of the supposed Mrs Mathews, rather oddly stimulates the biographer's recollection of an adventure, which promised very nearly to justify the footman's mistake. The lady's expression is, "this pleasant

reminiscence of a *caprice* imputed to me, reminded us of a ridiculous adventure which occurred about two years after our marriage." She tells the story at great length, and evidently *con amore*; but we must be content with an outline. She and her husband had driven into Kent in a low four-wheeled chaise, and enjoyed fine weather; but, on their return, as they reached Dartford, the weather broke, and they were driven to take shelter in the inn by a sudden storm. This was peculiarly unlucky, as both husband and wife were to play at the Haymarket on that evening. A stage-coach passed, but it was full; a post-chaise was ordered, but "all the horses were out." In this dilemma there was nothing for it but to order dinner, and, in case the weather should not clear up, take their chance in the open chaise. However, from this difficulty they were relieved at the close of dinner, by the landlord's coming in to mention that, if the lady would not object to a return chaise, there was one at the gate. To this the lady *did* object, on the ground that the man might take up other travellers. Finally, the matter was settled by calling in the postboy, and paying him a sum additional, on the express condition that he should *not* take up any other person by the way. It was necessary that Mrs Mathews should be early in town, as she played in the first piece of the night, and as Mathews played in the last, he was enabled to remain, and bring on the pony. The post-chaise was instantly on the road. Immediately after, a hussar officer, who had been dining in the inn, and had seen the departure of the lady *alone*, ordered his horse and followed her. Mathews perceiving this, and indignant at the possibility of an affront being offered to his wife, left his unfinished dinner on the table, ordered out his chaise, and galloped after her, through the storm. On reaching the parties at last, after a long and desperate chase, he found, to his astonishment, and we have no doubt to his indignation, the officer seated in the carriage. We give Mrs Mathews's own words—"He had whipt with such desperate energy, that he had gained ground so rapidly as at length to be near enough to the party in advance for his loud 'halt' to arrest the postilion, and somewhat to startle the occu-

pants of the chaise, which was immediately stopt. Another stroke of his whip brought the pursner parallel with it, and to the *surprise* of the *young lady*, and the confusion of the young gentleman, appeared the soaked and angry husband." The officer immediately got out of the carriage and ran away; the wife was, as she tells us herself, "ordered to descend from the vehicle, and was *pulled up hastily* into the little chaise." Of the officer's conduct, the narrator says, "that during his continuance in the chaise, all was refined politeness, and as *attention was not uncommon to one of my age*, that which he paid me was not calculated to *startle or displease*." What would startle her delicacy or displease her vanity, it would perhaps not be very easy to define; but we should not have been at all surprised if Mr Mathews had instantly sent the lady home to her mamma, if she had one.

In the autumn of this year he went to Ireland, from which he writes—"I have the pleasure to tell you I am safely landed, after a passage of nineteen hours. I was sick the whole of the way, and driven from my usual place, the deck, by rain, which poured all night, and my box-coat proved to be inadequate." On his landing he started for Kilkenny. Ireland, though a theatrical country, seems never to have been a theatrical one for Mathews. They are a people of jokers, and probably a professional joker from England was felt to be *de-trop*. He made his way into Kilkenny, then a great place for private theatricals, where, of course, *his* theatricals came to a bad market. Kilkenny has long since abandoned this road to fame, all its theatricals now consisting in the farce of Papist Election, and all its heroes reduced to the mummery of Joseph Hume's patriotism. But, in other days, it exhibited a general conflux of all the neighbouring gentry, and a compilation of amateur abilities, which might have done very well for a minor theatre in London.

Mathews, with his usual Irish ill luck, arrived *just in time* to find every spot occupied. "I came here," says his letter to his wife, "on Saturday night, time enough to see *Macbeth* and *High Life Below Stairs*. I have no hesitation in saying that they are

not only the best private theatricals I have ever seen, but that the whole play of *Macbeth*, in point of decoration, scenery, choruses, &c. &c., was better got up than it would have been in any theatre out of London. I was quite astonished, and highly amused with the farce. Crampton and a Mr Corry, in the two servants, inimitable. The latter is really a very fine actor."

But on the main point, his chance of making any addition to his own finance, all was a blank. He predicts the results with all the minuteness of vexation. "As to my performance here, all will be a total failure. I am just in the situation of a benefit at York on the Monday *after* the race week; and standing at the hotel on Tuesday, and seeing all the company pour *out* of the town! Kilkenny itself does nothing for the private theatricals. They are supported by families from the neighbourhood, and even as far as Dublin. They finished the plays on Saturday night, and on Sunday began to move. To-night there is a ball and masquerade, given by Major Bryan, and every body is going; and to-morrow morning all the horses in the town are ordered, and by night the town will be empty." This was a heap of calamity which might have overwhelmed a less experienced sufferer than Mathews. However, he consoled himself by the reflection, that the people who had thus deserted the town were of the first fashion in *Dublin*! Arguing, probably, that as they would not take the trouble to see him in Kilkenny, the consequence was clear, that they would in the capital.

To add to the other discomforts of this man of pleasantry, he was almost a constant sufferer from bodily indisposition. When he had not a broken arm, he had a rheumatism; when he had cured a fractured leg, he got a fever to supply its annoyance; when all else was well, he was regularly visited by some strange torture of the tongue, which swelled to an unusual extent, and alternately threatened dumbness and strangulation. At last he broke his hip, for a permanent occupation; and it employed him during the rest of his days. At this particular period the tongue was the tormentor. He writes—

"My tongue is *in statu quo*, relief appears hopeless. Every medical man I consult, totally disapproves of the mode of treatment resorted to by his predecessor. This is comfortable, and so *cheering*! I was miserably ill at Kilkenny, and, suspecting the cause, discontinued the medicine for a day or two. On my journey I commenced it again; and it nearly drove me mad. I can conceive nothing more horrible—the fever, headache, lassitude, sickness. I was afraid to attempt to walk by myself; my legs tottered under me, and I had the sensation of 'very drunk yesterday!' At last I became so miserably ill that a physician was sent for, and I was obliged to 'up and tell him' about my tongue. 'Why, sir, the man who gave you laudanum was mad, and you were mad to take it.' However, certain it is, I got gradually better when I discontinued the laudanum, though it has taken four or five days to drive away the effects from my constitution."

Mathews continually reminds us of the story of Carlini, the memorable mimic, who, going to a physician to complain of desperate dejection, received for answer, that, if he wanted to recover from it, he ought to go and laugh at Carlini! He seems to have been singularly assailed by mental depression, at a time when he was amusing the world. In Dublin he writes to his wife:—"Your letters are a great solace to me, for, in my blue-devil fits, my fiend is ingenious in tormenting, and I am sure to brood on all sorts of imaginary evils. A few lines of Curran's were very congenial to my own feelings, as I read them two or three days back, when wandering all alone on Kilkenny Hill:—

" 'Whether we're sunder'd by the final scene,

Or envious seas disjoining roll between,
Absence, the dire effect is still the same,
And death and distance differ but in name.' "

In the midst of his sorrows, however, the ancient merriment breaks out, and he gives a happy instance of native criticism. At some exhibition of private theatricals, a gentleman had corrected one of the amateurs, who pronounced the word *full* like *gull*. The amateur complied with the hint on the night of performance, but when Mathews next met him at a public table, he cried out to his corrector—"You were wrong about that word after all; I have found it in poetry, my boy. Hudibras has it; and I am

right, for he has made it rhyme to *pull*," (which he also, of course, pronounced like *gull*.)

From Waterford he writes again; his Irish ill luck never failed him:—"This is a wretched place for theatricals—the first night *very* bad. Nobody knew I was to act, till the morning of the day I appeared; and the second night the rain prevented the possibility of people going out. The theatre is only temporary—no boxes; I don't know a human being; but the manager is a *rara avis*—a gentleman, and I board with him in a most comfortable and clean house. The boxes are taken for to-night, and the day is beautiful."

All this promised well, but the spell was *not* to be broken. "I had written thus far," says he, "when the Mayor himself rapt at the door, to say, 'The Queen is dead!' This has so sadly deranged me and my plans, that I know not what to do, or what to say,—the play is stopped; and the poor manager in despair."

But England was always his true anchoring ground; and his next provincial tour made amends for his Hibernian disasters. It has been remarked of actors, that they come nearest to sailors in the labour of their gains, and the recklessness of their expenditure; and of sailors, that "what they earn like horses, they spend like asses." Mathews had no sooner made a little money, than he took a ninety-nine years' lease of a house and grounds near Highgate; a sufficiently long period at least for his personal tenure; and, as immediately, commenced that happy expedient for getting rid of money, building! He began, too, a collection of theatrical portraits, and for those he built a gallery. Common sagacity might have told him the inordinate expense which this especial addition must have involved. A *show-room*, attached to a *show-house*, belonging to a man of mirth and countless acquaintanceship, within three miles of all the idlers of London, must have been a perpetual inn, and so it happened. The visitors were *not* to be shut out, nor sent away; thus time, feasting, and hospitality were in perpetual requisition; and if Mathews had been a keeper of lions, instead of a lion himself, he could not have been more molested by popular curiosity; sometimes civil, sometimes

forward, but always obtrusive, and, in the end, intolerable. The result was, and it is difficult to state it without regret, the ruin of this clever man, the abandonment of the villa, on which he had wasted sums fully adequate to have secured to him a handsome competency for life; the sale of his pictures for little more than a third, perhaps a fourth, of what they had cost; and the consciousness that a little prudence would have relieved him from the most painful sacrifices, have rendered the desperate efforts of his latter years unnecessary, and in all probability have prolonged a life, which mere necessity compelled him to exhaust in the vain attempt to retrieve his broken fortunes.

The volumes contain a number of letters from his friends. One from Poole, the author of one of the most original dramas of the age, *Paul Pry*, gives an account of a melancholy event which he happened to witness in Paris, (July 1819.)

"A dreadful accident has occurred here, which I saw and heard from my window. Madame Blanchard ascended from Tivoli in a balloon the night before last. It was illuminated, and she carried fire-works with her. Soon after rising, she entered a cloud, and was lost to the sight during several seconds. On re-appearing she let off some of the fire-works, and shortly afterwards I perceived a stream of fire from the lower part of the balloon. In an instant it was in flames, and she fell with a terrible rapidity from a great height, still in her car, struck with a frightful crash on the roof of a house just opposite my window, and thence rebounded into the street. I need scarcely add, that the poor creature was taken up dead. She was buried yesterday. I cannot get rid of the recollection of what I saw and felt at the moment, knowing, as I did, that it was beyond all human power to save her."

To turn from this frightful topic—as Sterne says of the sentimentalist, comical things come in the way of comical men. Mathews dined one day at the barracks in York, on the invitation of one of the officers. A monkey was brought in, after dinner, equipped by them in the full dress of the regiment! He was placed upon the table and drank a glass of wine, bowing all round. "I laughed myself nearly into fits. You may easily imagine the odd effect, with the complete dress, which cost three guineas. When

the tail was hid, it was a miniature officer."

Undoubtedly gentlemen have a right to caricature themselves if they please, but Mathews had the additional advantage of picking up a bull. One of the company said, "Colonel Ross brings him (the monkey) upon the table every day, and if you don't immediately give him something, he will throw it at you."

But he caught a still more characteristic speech from the Colonel's servant, "a real Dermot," who, seeing the sun shining strongly in his face, said—"Sir, if you please, does the sun *disoblige* you? If he does, I'll be after putting him out of the room."

All the odd people in England came in the way of Mathews from time to time. One of his curiosities in his visits to the north was the little Polish Count Borolawski. This was the most diminutive of all dwarfs; a little creature, however, of elegant form, graceful manners, and even of considerable accomplishments. Mathews thus writes from Newcastle, (1819:—

"I had £53 at Durham. Mrs Siddons was there; and I dined in her company, at Dr Haggitt's, prebendary of the Cathedral; Count Borolawski, dear fellow, was on the look-out for me with open arms. He begged I would imitate him; I did, and he was in the theatre. I never heard louder shouts. I walked about the streets with him yesterday morning, with his hand in mine like a child. It is an undoubted fact, that the Count has lately grown an inch, though eighty-one years of age! I measured him years ago; he was certainly only three feet three inches; I measured him yesterday, and he was as certainly three feet *four*. He said, 'Oh, I grow; in five hundred years I will be big as you; I will be grenadier.'"

From Newcastle he went to Edinburgh, where he gives the people credit for having had the good taste to like him. Mathews's early feelings had made him hostile to all the sectaries; for he regarded his father as having been bewildered by them, and his own inheritance as having been plundered in consequence. This made him enjoy the triumph of the following little anecdote: "I have received a letter, (which I will preserve,) from a Methodist preacher here, to say that he was the pastor of a congregation

which could not afford to purchase a Bible, and requesting me to make them a present of one, and I did so. I have made a condition, that the following inscription should be upon it—'The gift of Charles Mathews, comedian.' It is finished, and will be announced to the congregation next Sunday."

Mathews had the most extraordinary ill luck with respect to weather. Every thunder storm of the summer seemed to be directed at his especial head; if a bridge was broken down, he either went down with it, or escaped only by miracle. If a road was flooded, he inevitably had to swim for his life. Winter warred against him with peculiar malice. He lived in snow-storms, was alternately drenched by torrents of rain, and dried by whirlwinds; and if our country had been fertile in avalanches and volcanoes, he would have been buried in the one and blown up in the other; or rather, if there were but one avalanche and one volcano, he would have been sure to be iced in the one, and been turned into sulphuric acid in the other. And yet we believe him to have been a man of veracity; but it certainly was his chance to meet perpetual scrapes of all kinds. This was in some measure to be accounted for by the rambling life which he led, crossing the empire at all times and seasons; still the proverb is true; *Il n'y a que bonheur et malheur*. Luck is every thing; and the Fates had evidently determined that he should encounter every possible accident, short of being hanged. He writes from Dumfries an account of a November adventure of this order:—

"Did you happen to think of me on Tuesday night about seven o'clock? and did it happen to blow a hurricane at Highgate as it did in Dumfries-shire? If you could, by possibility, have taken a peep at me about that moment, you must have screamed at the sight. We had proceeded from Glasgow to within seven miles of Moffat, where we proposed to stay for the night on our way to this town. There had been a deep snow of three hours' continuance, which was succeeded by a most tremendous storm of wind and rain. Daw (his attendant) was lulled to sleep, and I was enjoying home in perspective, when I was roused from my reverie by frequent warnings from our postilion, as I imagined, to some drivers of carts to keep on their own side. Suddenly a tremendous concussion

shook me directly off my seat, and threw me upon Daw; and in an instant the carriage broke down. George literally shrieked; and on lifting his head from under an umbrella, where he had crouched to protect himself from the storm, felt it instantly ascend (not his head but the umbrella) with the force of the wind; and found himself lying on the road, before he could account for the cause of his sudden removal. As the body of the carriage lay upon the axletree, and the head was up, it was some time before we could scramble out. My first thought was to discover the cause of our misery; and I sent George after the carts; there were about seven or eight without drivers! You may imagine our horror. The concussion was so forcible, that the front spring was forced quite out of its situation, two yards from the carriage, without being broken. Every bolt that attached it to the axletree was completely broken off, and there was apparently no possibility of its being moved from the spot."

The situation was hopeless enough; but he had not reached the limit of his misfortunes. On the carters coming up, who had been drinking at the toll-bar, and had left their carts to take their chance, it was discovered that the carriage could not be moved until it was repaired. This was a situation! "Seven miles," says he, "from any house but the toll-bar; pouring, blowing, standing up to our ankles in wet, a frightfully bleak and mountainous country. It was too dark to ascertain the extent of our damage; and for the first time since we had come out, we had forgot the candles for our lamps." Another misfortune then happened. The driver, finding his horses fidgety, took them off to prevent further mischief; the horses, probably seeing the folly of remaining out in the storm, and remembering their stable, instantly took themselves off, on the way to Moffat, with the postilion after them. Even this was not all; the carriage being dragged to the toll-bar by main force; and the post-horses being at last arrested in their flight, it was settled that Mathews should mount one of them, ride to Moffat, and send back a smith with ropes and bolts for the carriage. This was the worst experiment of all. "You may fancy my ride," says the unfortunate equestrian—"up mountains and down again, alternate sleet, snow, and pouring rain; and a stumbling old cart-horse, for he was

no better. At the top of a hill, one mile long, and equal to the steepest part of Highgate, a sudden gust blew my horse out of his course; I however reached Moffat in safety, drenched to the skin, and did not discover till I had arrived, that I had forgotten my hat, and had rode all the way in my cap, which I put on when the head of the carriage was up." He finishes, however, with a fun which never failed him,—“I am perfectly well; the carriage is repaired, and all right but a pair of old boots that were obliged to be cut off my legs with a knife, and Daw's umbrella, which we *suspect* to be the one seen on the coast of Aberdeen, going towards the coast of Holland."

Those who think that the life of an actor must be all sunshine, ought to read these volumes as well as the former. In the earlier portion of his career, disappointments were natural to him, as a young and unknown actor; but he was now popular, confident in his own ability, and remarkably clever; yet even now he had many a theatrical vexation.

"I played one night," said he, "in this tour for *nothing* at Montrose, for the use of all the manager's theatres. He had three; but I was told he had *six*. In one of them he was acting himself, which I understood I was to play in. Instead of that, (good fellow!) he marches me off to a place where he had *no company*, leaving these at one of the three, by which he left me one theatre, Aberdeen.—‘I thought I was to have Arbroath?’ ‘Yes, Sir, but my company is there; happy to give you half the house.’—‘Perth?’ ‘Why, Sir, that is repairing.’—Then Mr Mason would not let me have Glasgow under L.30 per night! A friend could have told me, had he known how to send to me, that I must be mortified if I came to Glasgow! failures to the greatest amount ever known in one year; twenty thousand poor out of employment; radical meetings. When Kean was there a fortnight before, not a name in the box-book all the time; a few took places, but with initials. He played to L.30 and L.40; and left it at the end of his sixth night, though engaged for twelve."

The accidents of the year were not over yet, though it must be acknowledged that his habits of travelling in the winter threw him in the way of such chances by flood and field; but there was a buoyancy of spirit about

the man which rendered prudence almost unnecessary, and which, if it did not carry him through uninjured, yet made him scarcely think of them when they were over, except as matters of pleasantry.

In November, being at Whitehaven, the question was, *how* to get to Liverpool, where he was to exhibit? His council of war determined, that there were peculiar advantages in going by water; "the land journey a hundred and forty miles, the mountains of Cumberland almost impassable in frosty weather, bad road, post-horses scarce, only eight hours' daylight, two long days on the road." The passage by sea had every thing in its favour, "about half the distance—safe passage—constant traders—do it in twelve hours—saveten pounds." It was agreed. A fishing-smack was hired on purpose; the carriage was put on board; the vessel was a wretched-looking one, *no* cabin or beds; a deep fog, too, came on; Mathews felt horror, longed to say "he would not go," and recollected Captain Skinner's (the commander of the Irish packet) saying, "never afraid of any thing at sea but a fog." However, he at last made up his mind to go; had just got the hand of a friend in his, saying farewell, and was descending the pier into the vessel with a heavy heart, when, crack went the foremast, and it broke off close to the deck. The act of hauling up the foresail had finished the rickety mast, and, Mathews observes, "if this had not providentially happened in the harbour, it must have happened at sea;" and the probability was, that all his tours would have been finished within the next five minutes.

Still he was evidently overjoyed at the fortunate compulsion which saved him from the voyage; yet the land journey at that season of the year was scarcely a happier alternative. Unshipping the carriage, they set off to cross the Cumberland hills. His description is, "deep fog, roads like glass, horses slipping one foot forward, the other back, and a hundred and forty miles before us; still we were as merry as grigs. I did not know how to contain my joy. 'Please to remember the boat,' was our watchword, when any little misery occurred. We made, spite of all impediments, fifty-six miles that night, but almost starved to death." Next day, his

horses and driver came down together, descending a hill. "The first effect was terrific;" however, they escaped, and Mathews charmed the hearts out of the bosoms, and the money out of the pockets, of the men and maidens of Liverpool.

In one of his letters, he mentions his having "dined at Wilton's yesterday. Very pleasant, but too many strangers for me; the house absolutely princely; I think I am correct in saying, that in point of taste and elegance I have never seen it equalled." This old gentleman was one of the remarkables of London, and was called Beau Wilton, from his peculiar attention to dress, and "the East Indian Chesterfield," from the laborious finish of his manners. His passion was dress; but dress not for the sake of its extravagance, but for the sake of his personal attractions. He was at this time upwards of seventy; but having been handsome in his youth, having taken remarkable care of his person, and possessing the opulence which enabled him to consult his own inclinations on the subject, he contrived to look (at the proper distance) little more than half his age. He lived the easy, idle, and trifling life of a "man about town." His associates were men of the clubs, actors, and old East Indians, like himself. But he never seems to have gone beyond this circle; he was never a man of fashion, and, as age came on, he made himself more ridiculous than respectable, by his dressy affectation of an appearance inconsistent with his time of life. Mrs Mathews says, that her husband considered him as the *beau idéal* of Lord Ogleby, and a perfect model for any performer of that character. We thought that Mathews had better taste. Lord Ogleby is an old nobleman, Wilton was nothing more than an old beau.

The life of an actor is a chapter of eccentricities, and often contains as many oddities of other men, as of his own. It also often lets us a good deal into the under-working of popularity. Mathews was perpetually assailed by the application of traders to give celebrity to their goods. One snuff-dealer offered to supply him with snuff for himself, and even for his friends, if he would only introduce his name and shop into one of his exhibitions. On the same terms another offered to supply "polish for his

boots" to the end of his days. Patients, from surgeons' instruments to mangles, called for his recommendation. Lozenges came to be tasted, razors to be used, razor-strops to be tried, wines and waistcoats, boots and boot-hooks, new ventilating hats, and even patent filters, came, to make the owners' fortunes by being introduced to fame in his dialogues. An advertising dentist once presented himself, offering to supply the whole family with teeth, on condition of a panegyric; and Mrs Johnson, the proprietor of the "American Soothing Syrup," one night held forth the tempting bribe, that she and a party of friends would appear in the boxes! in the fond hope of hearing this "real blessing to mothers" pointed out to the maternal portion of the audience.

Mathews occasionally indulged in the vulgar custom of hoaxes; but he often met with individuals whose conduct was a practical hoax, without even the doubtful palliative of ingenuity. One of these is described in the instance of a military man, whose name, however, the biographer does not venture to mention. We tell it as it is told.

The Captain having accidentally met Mathews in some of his ramblings, and having discovered that he kept an excellent table, contrived instantly to "idolize him;" found his way into his house, ate as many dinners there as he could, and repaid his pudding by his praise. At length, however, the Captain's sense of obligation made it necessary to propose some return, and he implored Mathews and his wife to visit him at Woolwich, where he resided; for the purpose of introducing the lady to his sister, and receiving them with a hospitality in some measure resembling their own. Mathews had no wish to go so far for an entertainment; but the more he resisted the more the Captain made it a matter of necessity. At length, an amateur play having been got up by the officers of the garrison, the Captain entreated that his dear friends would accept his hospitality on the occasion. Accordingly, Mathews gave way, and, something loth, he and his wife left their own very satisfactory *menage*, to take their chances of a bachelor's dinner in the suburbs of a very dirty town of a

very gallant corps. On referring to the Captain's letter, they, too late, observed that no particular address was to be found on it. This was the first symptom. However, Woolwich was deemed enough; and they drove up to the first inn to learn the Captain's address. On mentioning the name, a waiter ran out, told them "the gentleman" had been there, had settled every thing, and that they were to go into the inn. On enquiring for the Captain's house, the waiter "knew nothing more on the subject." "I see how it is," said Mathews, rather vexed, "that thoughtless fellow has forgotten my lameness, and expects me to walk, perhaps a mile, which he thinks nothing, to his house." Then, after a pause, and a look round, he added, "What a melancholy, wretched room this is. Well, we have not to remain long; it would drive me mad to sit here." However, after some sitting there, the door opened, and, not the Captain, but the landlord appeared, followed by a waiter, who laid the cloth, and placed dinner on the table, to the astonishment of the spectators. "Pray, do you know at what hour Captain ——— dines?" at length asked Mathews. "Can't say I do, sir," replied the landlord, and left the room. "Strange, that he does not come?" "When was he here, waiter?" "Last night, sir; he came to tell us he expected you and your lady here, and desired us to have dinner provided, to the exact time, as he said you were *very* particular." "What, *here*! then we are to dine *here*, are we?" "The fact is," said Mathews, turning to his wife, "I see; his means, I suppose, are not so competent to give us as good a dinner at his house as he wishes to give us, and the foolish fellow has therefore arranged it here. It's a great bore, but we must make the best of it." Mathews and his wife, tired of waiting for the Captain and his sister, now went to dress for the evening. Still the inviter did not come. At last, on the waiter's suggestion that the dinner would be spoiled, they sat down, *malgré*; dined; and, as the cloth was about to be removed, in rushed the Captain! welcomed them to Woolwich, "but could not stay a minute." "But won't you dine?" said Mathews, trying to detain him. "Dine! my dear sir," said the Captain; "I have

dined. I hope you found every thing here to your satisfaction." But, as the speaker was to dress for a part, he instantly fled. Tea, handsomely provided, was now brought in by the landlord. Equally vexed and surprised, they next set off for the Theatre. After walking a distance, which Mathews's lameness rendered painful, it occurred to them that they had heard nothing of the seats provided by their amateur friend. Mathews, who of course took it for granted that his admission was settled, mentioned his name to the box-keeper. The man "knew nothing of it." "Was it not in the box-plan?" "Oh yes," on enquiry, "in a back row; all the other places are taken." He proceeded to take possession of his seats, bad as they were, but was stopt by "Beg pardon, sir; you haven't paid." This was another omission of the worthy Captain! They paid; were stuffed into miserable seats, and Mathews, whose nature was simple in spite of all his knowledge of the world, still chiefly grieved over the vexation which the Captain *must feel* when he should recollect that he had not paid for their admission. At last, as every thing has an end, the play, *She would, or She would not*, was over, and Mathews's next embarrassment was the sight of the Captain in the stage-box, whom he concluded to be coming to receive compliments on his performance, the Captain's part of the play being one which his auditor could not compliment by any possible stretch of conscience. However, after waiting till the Theatre was empty, no Captain came. Now constrained to leave the house, he proceeded to the inn, where he supposed the Captain and his sister would, *at last*, have arrived. His first question was, whether his friends were not up stairs? "No, sir," was the answer; "but your supper is quite ready." They found a supper large enough for a hungry family. Of this they could eat nothing; but, irritated and surprised, their only resource was to go to sleep in the meagre accommodations of a shabby inn. The morning rose in clouds and threatened to be wet; still they felt an awkwardness in going away without giving the Captain and his sister at least time to apologize; but as Mathews was to perform that night, they at length mounted their tilbury and prepared to move.

But there was another unexpected preliminary still. The landlord came to the door, with the *bill* in his hand, and its amount absorbed nearly every shilling they had between them! The return was a fit finale to the visit. The clouds kept their promise: the rain soon fell in torrents, and, both utterly drenched, they had to drive, with the lady's gauze hat melted over her face, and her summer dress dissolved into a dew, through the crowded streets, where they were known by half the world, to their home.

"When we met again over our comfortable quiet dinner," says the biographer, "my husband asked me calmly, what I thought of the trick that had been played us, and whether I could recollect what injury we had ever done to the Captain, that could suggest such barbarous revenge? He then placed the bill before me, which was not only for the horse, but for the lavish entertainment with which we had been provided. 'Oh,' I exclaimed, 'you ought not to have discharged the whole; Captain —— will be quite vexed at your doing so, and perhaps offended.' But Mathews was at last wide awake. He only asked drily, '*Do you think so?*'"

We have given this little odd adventure as it has pleased the biographer to give it to us. But we must observe, that there is another version of the story; that the "Captain" has taken up the matter gravely in the newspapers, and that he has certainly thrown its authority into considerable disrepute. However, we have neither time nor space to pursue the topic, and as no name has been given, we are under no kind of obligation to right his fair fame. The story—as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says—"the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands." The story was an excellent one for Mathews's own style; and nothing could be more amusing than to have heard him tell it, with all its growing discomforts, its half-humorous, half-annoying offences, and the appropriate finish of the whole—his paying the unexpected reckoning! It reminds us of some of the adventures of Gil Blas, when he was laughed out of supper and money by his more knowing compatriots, and found that compliments cost him at once his time and his purse. It has the substance of a leash of French farces,

In a letter from Lichfield, Mathews gives a curious instance of local pride. At the inn, he had been drinking some fine Lichfield ale, which reminded him of the *Beaux' Stratagem*, and he exclaimed, "I eat my ale, and I drink my ale." "Sir," said the waiter, much to his surprise, and evidently familiar with the quotation, "there are two rooms in this house, exactly in the state they were, when that there play was written. Mr Boniface lived here, sir." "This is a curious town altogether," replied Mathews; "Mr Garrick ought to have been born here." "To be sure he ought, sir," exclaimed the waiter; "I am glad to hear you say that; it was *too bad* of his father to go to Hereford, when his wife was so near her time—but *we* claims him for all that, sir."

At Oswestry, his performances were visited by an extraordinary pair of originals, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who came from Llangollen, twelve miles, to see him, and returned that night; making it a rule never to sleep from home. Whatever amusement Mathews might have given to the "dear inseparable inimitables," they seem to have furnished him with quite as much in their turn. "Oh, such curiosities! I was nearly convulsed. I could scarcely get on, for the first ten minutes after my eye caught them. Though I had never seen them before, I instantaneously knew them. As they are seated, there is not one point to distinguish them from men. The dressing and powdering of their hair, their well starched neckcloths; the upper part of their habits, which they always wear, even at a dinner party, made precisely like men's coats, and regular black beaver men's hats, they looked exactly like two respectable superannuated old clergymen—one the picture of Borolawski! I was highly flattered, as they were never seen in the theatre before."

An anecdote is told during his residence in Dublin, of his happy power of imitation, in the instance of the celebrated Curran—a task peculiarly difficult, among a people to whom Mathews was nationally a stranger, and who were accurately acquainted with the peculiarities of that memorable individual. One day after dinner, at Seapoint, a boarding-house on the

borders of the bay of Dublin, at a time when Queen Caroline formed so frequent a subject of discussion, the conversation growing rather warm, one of the company, in order to divert it, proposed the health of John Philpot Curran. "Pooh," said another, "the man is dead; what do you mean by proposing his health?" The former still insisted on proposing his toast. "I'll bet you five guineas," said the matter-of-fact man, "that Curran is dead." The bet was accepted, the toast was drunk; Mathews rose, and, in the style of Curran, made a harangue on the trial of Queen Caroline. The imitation was so happy in both manner and language, that the *better* immediately handed over the money, exclaiming, "I have lost, fairly lost, Curran is *not* dead, and can *never* die, while Mathews lives!"

Yet it is certain, that, amusing as all his imitations were, he failed most in his attempts at Irish character. In the first place, he never could catch the true Irish tone, whether of high life or low life; his accent was a caricature, his humorous illustrations were palpably taken from jest-books and tours, and his Irish pathos was *especially* a failure.

While the Scotch seem to have acknowledged his close conception of their character; and his burlesques of the English were true to the life, no Irishman could ever endure to see Mathews in his Irish imitations. His Frenchmen were almost equally bad,—the mere caricatures of the stage, the common and vulgar exaggerations which our English novelists had been in the habit of imagining, during the last century, for Frenchmen. The reason in both instances was the same. The Irish are genuine humorists; and the manners of Frenchmen palpably approach extravagance. The imitator, to strike, must be more humorous than the one, and more extravagant than the other. Yet thus to exceed fact in both, without violating taste in either, is the difficulty—a difficulty which Mathews, clever as he was, never overcame. His outlines of the Irishman and the Frenchman were equally distorted; and his colours commonplace, glaring, and theatrical. It was in the English character that he showed his skill. The mingled sullenness and humour, the spleen and good-nature, the strong sense, yet simplicity, and the habitual oddity, with

the hatred of affectation, which constitute the better and more unadulterated specimens of John Bull, were caught by him with the happiest tact, and transmitted to his performance with living vividness.

One of the inconveniences which beset all public persons in London, is that of being called on to make speeches at public dinners. Nothing more deserves the name of a *bore*; and Mathews, having an especial abhorrence of those feats, never appeared at any but those of the "Theatrical Fund," and "Merchant Tailors' School," where he was educated. The manner in which he acquitted himself on one of those occasions, when he was called on to return thanks for the toast of "the Stewards of the Theatrical Fund," exhibits his usual pleasant dexterity. After some customary flourishes as to the lateness of the period at which he was appointed to this duty, which he called a too *serious* one to be imposed upon a *comic* performer, he touched upon the excuses which had been made by other actors:—"One of the principal tragedians," said he, "thought that he was too *Young* for such an undertaking. Surely *I* have a better right to this excuse, for every one knows I am but a *Minor* proprietor of the Adelphi. Mr Keeley, though so often seen to advantage, thought that he should not be seen here. He was too *short*, he said—I hope I shant be thought too *long*—and Mr Blanchard thought *his* voice too weak for the room, he not having been used to speak in a *larger* space than *Covent Garden* for the last twenty-five years; and I feared that I should not be heard at all, having lately *contracted* my voice for the Adelphi; and, having also set up to be my own master, I had some fear that it would be *infra dignitatem* to speak among his Majesty's *servants*." We may conceive with what good-humour a speech of this order, delivered in Mathews's happy and imitative style, must have been received at a dinner festivity.

One source of that ill health which wore out his latter days, was an extraordinary and unwise disregard of weather. We have seen how much he occasionally suffered from this species of heroism during his earlier life. But at length, one day returning from town on his pony, in an unusually

cold atmosphere, he complained of a "chill all over him," and an affection of the chest. From this attack he never completely recovered. In a subsequent letter to a friend, he calls it "his first illness."

Like all humorists he was fond of having *characters* round him. One of those was the man who attended him as his dresser at the theatre; an odd creature, who loved a *misery*, and was never so important, or perhaps so happy, as when he had some petty disaster to relate, which he regularly magnified into a great one. His master christened him Bat-Owlet, a double name of disaster. One night, when Mathews went to perform at the Adelphi, with spirits unusually depressed, from anxiety for his son, who was then extremely ill in Italy, Bat met him at the door of his dressing-room, with a lengthened face, and the ominous words—"I am *sorry* to say, sir, that I have some *very* unpleasant news to communicate to you."

"Heavens!" said Mathews, sinking into a chair, "tell me at once, and don't keep me in suspense."

"Well then, sir," said Bat, "I am sorry to say I can't find your *tinker's hat* any where."

Next night he met his master with less formality. "Sir, I have something *very extraordinary* to tell you."

"Well?"

"Sir, you will be *surprised* to hear, that, by a *very strange* coincidence, I have found your *tinker's hat*," (the hat belonging to his character in the play.)

Many of the happiest hits of Mathews's recitations were the result of chance. He was once teased by the reiterated invitations of a schoolmaster to attend his boys' speech-day. Always exceedingly vexed by this species of performance, on this occasion he started from his chair, and gave his wife a specimen, in the style of the presumed speakers, of the nonsense which he must be condemned to hear. His solitary auditor found the scene so amusing, that she insisted on his giving it to the public. His son wrote a song on it, and Mathews fabricated a dialogue; his mimicry of big boys and little boys did the rest, and the "School Orator" became a remarkably favourite scene with the public.

Some of his impromptus, too, were dexterous enough. One night his performance at Liverpool was interrupt-

ed by a tipsy sailor. The audience were fretted, and the performance was disturbed. Mathews was representing an astronomer, pointing with his telescope to the stars. "There's Jupiter—there's Venus"—the sailor gave another growl from the gallery—"and there," said the astronomer, turning his glass to the spot where the delinquent sat, "there is the *Great Bear*."

Mathews seems to have been perpetually the victim of accidents, and to have been "killed" as often as any ex-chancellor living. At Plymouth, performing in his "At Home," the curtain, which was as usual rolled up on a large pole, gave way through some awkwardness of the carpenters, and dropped on his head, striking him to the ground with such force that he lay insensible—the papers said for "an hour," but his letter to his wife "ten minutes." He was bled on the spot, and by due care set on his feet again.

A new project now entered the brain of this man of many projects. It was to play English humour to a French audience; and, in this idea, he and Yates went to Boulogne, and from Boulogne to Paris. At Boulogne, which was crowded with English, the exhibition was received with boundless applause. The enterprise was more delicate at Paris, where the notion that any one but a Frenchman understood nature, or that any language but French could express wit, had never occurred to ninety-nine out of every hundred of that brilliant community. However, they were well received; the Parisians satisfied themselves that they perfectly understood allusions which had often tasked the brains of his countrymen—that they felt all the force of *Cockneyisms* which, among us, are never known to the west of Temple Bar, and that they were masters of all the oddities of a national language, which no Frenchman has ever understood, or can understand—and of national character, which is as unknown to them as that of the inhabitants of the north star. But they were very civil, and they wrote criticisms in the spirit of civility; and so far they did all that could be expected of them. To suppose that they could *enjoy* the performance, was to suppose the most impossible of impossibilities.

But Mathews was still destined to be the real or reputed victim of ca-

sualty. A report reached England, that he had been killed by a theatrical rival, in the shape of a she-elephant, which also had gone to try her talents among the Parisians. He had thus the opportunity which the ex-chancellor is said to have since *innocently* enjoyed, of hearing a little of what the world thinks of him, before he shall be where newspapers come not. From the actor's instance, it is evident that to be talked of does not require to have had a travelling biographer. The tale produced its echo far and wide in the newspapers, and Falstaff himself was never more lamented. "Indeed," says his biographer, "this unaccountable report produced so much interest, such gratifying testimonies of regard from every quarter, that my dear husband knew, by anticipation, all that attended his actual demise,"—a knowledge which, we will presume, must have much reconciled him to the latter contingency. The story of the elephant was founded on some circumstance of its having kicked some one related to Yates, who being Mathews's partner in the Adelphi, was evidently regarded as bound to share his fortunes in all shapes and all directions.

As to the matter of newspaper opinions on any public man's decease, with all our respect for those "thunderers," we hold it cheap. We never knew an instance where there was not some panegyrist to be found for the departed exhibitor, whether saint or sinner, whether on the stage of Drury Lane or of St Stephen's. Some of those writers think it not worth their while to waste their pens in cutting up the dead subject, and dismiss him with a civil paragraph; others "snatch a grace" by exhibiting their forgiveness of the culprit when he can sin no more; others think it fashionable to make his elegy with "poor fellow—we could have better spared a better man;" "he was not so black, after all." In our experience we never remember any individual, however deserving of being scorned, who had not his modicum of this cheap praise. We have seen newspapers polished in praise of Waithman, patriotic on Cobbett, and magnanimous on Thurtell. We have no doubt, that when Lord Melbourne shall have met his *fate*, he, too, will have some equally glowing tribute to his virtues; and, if

they can discover nothing else to praise, "those bearers of the pall" will praise his indefatigable appetite, his inexhaustible indolence, and his unrivalled skill in doing the public business without giving himself more trouble on the point than her Majesty's monkey.

Mathews's sudden conception of character was certainly most extraordinary. The little incident which we are about to mention will at once show our meaning, and *his* powers. Old Godwin, the once celebrated author of *Caleb Williams*, wrote him the following note:—

"My dear Sir,—I am at this moment engaged in writing a work of fiction, a part of the incidents of which will consist of escapes in disguises. It has forcibly struck me that, if I could be indulged in the pleasure of half an hour's conversation with you on the subject, it would furnish me with some hints which, beaten on the anvil of my brain, would be of eminent service to me on the occasion. Would you condescend to favour me by making the experiment?—the thing will not admit of delay.—W. G."

Mathews appointed an early day, and Godwin dined with him at his cottage. Mathews, after dinner, entered into conversation on the subject, and, showing him a number of disguises, satisfied the author's conscience on the point of escapes. While they were engaged in this conversation, a knocking was heard at the door of the cottage, and the servant announced "Mr Jenkins." "A neighbour of ours," said Mathews, "and a very talking one, who sometimes makes his way in among us." He then went out to send the talker away, if possible, by mentioning that Mr Godwin was there, and on business. But this turned out the most unlucky of all intimations, for this eccentric gentleman instantly expressed the strongest desire to see a man "of whom he had heard so much," and forced his way, rather hurriedly, into the room.

Godwin was chagrined; but Mr Jenkins made his bow, introduced himself without any kind of embarrassment, and immediately began to overwhelm the author with recollections of his works, with panegyrics, and a thousand enquiries of what he had written, what he was about to write, what his ideas were upon all possible topics; until Godwin, exhausted by

this indefatigable talker, and hopeless of renewing the subject which had brought him there, turned round to bid Mr and Mrs Mathews good-night. The lady was there, but her husband had left the room. This, however, made no difference with the eloquent and enraptured Mr Jenkins; who, when he found that the fretted author could be detained no longer, politely did the honours, and attended him to the door. In the act of opening it, Mr Jenkins was suddenly metamorphosed into Mr Mathews! and Godwin thus returned home, furnished with an unanswerable proof of the power of disguise.

This was highly ingenious; but Mathews was more than a jester, and a letter of his, in which the character of Garrick is discussed, shows how rationally he could form his estimate of a character whom many contributed to malign, and how spiritedly he could express his judgment. He had been reading the *Correspondence* of Garrick then just published. His letter is to Fawcett the actor.

"I forward to you the second volume of the *Correspondence*. Did I say too much?—was it not a treat? Glorious Garrick! Putting an extreme case—that a large property, which had been fifty years in Chancery, could be awarded to the claimants only by the decision from evidence, whether Garrick was a generous or a parsimonious man? would not this correspondence completely settle the question in favour of the former quality?

"So much for contemporary biography. Davies, Murphy, and others, have all endeavoured, but, with affected candour in their statements, to leave an impression of his meanness, vanity, and various other despicable qualities. Here we have evidence clear as the noonday sun to the contrary. And observe the comments on the character of his future biographers (or libellers) from the great and good. I allude to the various observations on Murphy and Davies, two wretched actors, whose vanity induced them to believe that Garrick alone prevented their success. Yet even those men, while he was alive, repeatedly add their testimony to the universal admiration which he excited. Look at the repentance of those who quarrelled with him; observe the deathbed recantation of proud Messop, an open foe to David, whose enmity he repaid by relieving his distresses—he dies, calling on God to

bless him. I am sure you will have felt the same glow of delight, at the elevation of our art by the publication of such a work."

All this is well said, and justly said. It is true that Garrick's fame is now not much to any one. A man who has "slept well" for three-fourths of a century, may fairly henceforth sleep in peace. Yet there is some satisfaction in believing, that soon or late justice will be done to every one. A race of feeble authors and needy actors, who continually begged from Roscius during his life, attempted to make money of their own bitterness by scribbling memoirs of him when he was in his grave. His reluctance to pamper these paltry people with money was his crime; and Foote, and other profligates of the same school, who never kept a shilling nor deserved to have had one, employed themselves in railing at the parsimony of a man, who, by his mere talents, had made a handsome fortune—lived like a gentleman, while they were swindling every body—kept up a rank for his profession which it had never known before—associated with the first men of the land for ability, learning, and station—was the friend of Burke, Johnson, the great Chatham, Earl Camden, Reynolds, and a crowd of others, forming the best society of Europe—and after all this, at his death, left an opulent establishment to his widow. The man who did these things might be prudent, but he was the reverse of mean or parsimonious; in fact, he was evidently liberal where liberality could be well placed. Johnson and Goldsmith knew this by long experience, though coxcombs and swindlers, drudges and drones, might have felt that his purse-strings were too tight for them to dip their hands in.

Mathews was still to be the subject of adventure. The Speaker, Mannors Sutton, (since Lord Canterbury,) had, with the courtesy habitual to that very accomplished person, given him the privilege of a seat under the gallery of the House of Commons; he passing to it privately through the Speaker's house. There he frequently remained till a late hour, returning, not to Kentish Town, but to the house of a friend at Milbank to sleep. One night, after sitting out an unusually long debate, he returned to his friend's house,

with his lame limb cramped by long sitting, and forced to hold by the iron-railing, as he went along, through feebleness. All at once he heard a low tinkling sound behind him; he stopped, and the sound stopped too; he went on, and it followed. In this way he proceeded for some time, unable to see any body, yet hearing the mysterious sound. At length, growing nervous at the lateness of the hour and the loneliness of the place, he hurried forward, and the sound immediately came clanking after him. Determined to ascertain the cause, he stopped suddenly, and saw a man approach, who addressed him civilly; observing, in a mild tone, "I am afraid, sir, you are suffering—you seem in pain."—Mathews replied, "No, I am rather cramped by long sitting in the House of Commons, that's all."—"But you seem lame, sir."—"Yes, I am *rather*," was the answer. "Allow me then, sir, to offer you my arm. I, too, have come from the House of Commons, and it seems am going your way. It will give me pleasure to see you safe home, and to assist you with my arm." Mathews could not discern whether the person's dress was that of a gentleman or not. He could only perceive that he wore a greatcoat. The hazard of this strange companionship was obvious; but his infirmity prevailed, and he took the offered arm. They moved on a pace or two, and the sound came again. Mathews was startled, and stopped. Next moment, a policeman turned the corner, and looked full at the wayfarers. Mathews thought that he felt his companion agitated; but the policeman bid them "Good-night," and passed on. They now moved again. Suddenly, by the gleam of a lamp, Mathews saw a *fetter* on the ankle of his companion, from which a bit of broken chain hung, which occasioned the noise. It was evident that he was arm-in-arm with an escaped felon! However, he had presence of mind enough to keep his discovery to himself, and continued to lean upon him till he had reached his friend's house. The man assisted him to the door, and then darted away, and was seen no more. Mathews's version of this incident was, that the man had broken out of prison, and had hit upon the idea of closely following, or walking with the first person whom he might happen to meet in the streets;

to distract the attention of the police from himself, and the noise of his fetter. His walking arm-in-arm with Mathews, (who had at all times the look of a gentleman,) probably saved the felon from the scrutiny of the policeman. No more was heard of him; but the lesson was of some value to Mathews, who made no more midnight excursions to Milbank, but returned regularly to his own house.

One of his peculiarities was an extraordinary fondness for birds and beasts. He used to stay for hours in the Zoological Gardens, familiarizing himself with the animals so remarkably, that the Duke of Wellington once good-humouredly taxed him with "going there for studies of character." One night he had supped out with a party of gentlemen while living in London, and returned home between two and three in the morning; when, as he came up the street, a large *goat* met him, and made a sort of appeal. Mathews, in return, made him a *bow*, and talked to him, as was his habit to animals. The goat seemed to be in distress. Mathews enquired of him "whether he was locked out of his lodgings?" The animal muttered sounds, expressive to his ear of a distressed affirmative; and as he moved on, walked side by side with him to the door, where the goat paused, as if determined not to leave him. Mathews addressed him again, said that "he regretted his forlorn situation, but feared that he had not a bed to offer him suited to his convenience." As he was letting himself in with a key, his long-bearded friend seemed to say—"Pray, at least, don't shut your door against me." On this, Mathews told him that "he should have shelter for the night;" and on his entering, the goat rushed past him, ran down into the kitchen, and laid himself down in an attitude of content on the hearth. There he was left: Mathews giving him a lecture on propriety of conduct during the night; and the goat (as he translated it) entering into a compact *not* to break any of the moveables. In the morning, the servants, finding the animal in possession, endeavoured to turn him out, but it resisted until Mathews appeared. With some difficulty his wife prevented him from receiving the stranger as a regular inmate; but

it was at length traced to a livery stable, where its loss had been much regretted, and where Mathews afterwards paid it a formal visit—we are not told whether of condolence or congratulation.

We can trace some of the most effective pleasantries of his performances on the stage to his own observation. He was famous for a patriotic harangue, which he professed to make out of *three* words—"Liberty—Country—Corruption,"—the rest being filled up by mouthings and gesticulations. Perhaps the following *artiste* was his teacher. "A man," says he in one of his letters, "bought four hundred copies of the *Morning Herald*, came down to Brighton on the top of the coach this morning, blew a horn, called out lustily, 'Dreadful news—bloody news—frightful news—Belgium—Antwerp—Dutch—France,'—hesold all his stock, and pocketed four hundred shillings by the disposal of papers without an atom of news, and which had been in Brighton six hours before!"

If it should be asked why Mathews, though perpetually in the receipt of large sums of money, seems never to have *realized* any, the answer is perhaps to be found in his very eagerness to *realize*. He appears to have been seldom untempted by some scheme for making a hundred per cent: such a man naturally fell a prey to the *bubble* year, and the creditors of one of the companies in which he had purchased shares, at one time brought actions against him for no less than thirty thousand pounds! From these he could escape only by a compromise. A succession of the painful results of imprudence soon came upon him. He was first compelled to part with his cottage, which appears to have been, from the beginning, a remarkably injudicious possession for a man of precarious income; it requiring a handsome establishment of servants, gardeners, &c., with which *it* could not dispense, though its owner certainly ought, until he had a secure revenue.

The next blow was parting with his pictures. They were offered to the Garrick Club; but the club offered no more in return than a fifth of their cost. An attempt was then made to raise money on them by exhibition. This too was a failure; for the ex-

penses of the exhibition exceeded the receipts by a hundred and fifty pounds. But worse was to come. In 1834, he was induced, by hope of redeeming his fortunes, to cross the Atlantic a second time; but the impressions which the Americans were supposed to have received by his Yankee caricatures in England, had made him hesitate for a while. "I regretted this," says the biographer, "and pressed him to make up his mind to this certain mode of retrieving all losses." She offered to accompany him; and as Mathews hated all formal leave-takings of his friends and the public, he went down to Portsmouth to wait for the packet, the "Canada." After six weeks' passage they reached New York, and the day had arrived which she terms "the important day, big with the fate of Cato and of Rome," on which he was to re-appear, and either to triumph, or be swept from the American stage by the breath of the most patriotic and dram-drinking public on the face of the earth. The threats of the American press had certainly been violent—that press being the King, Lords, and Commons of America, a legislative and executive in one, and exercising the powers of a dictatorship, to which that of old Rome was a thing "of leather and prunella." Of course, the theatrical proprietors were also in great alarm; for the will of the sovereign people might have not merely extinguished the actor, but demolished the theatre. With all these perturbations startling them together, Mathews and his friends went to the theatre, where the state of things is thus described.

"We found the doors clogged up with crowds of people endeavouring to gain admission in vain. It was within five minutes of the curtain's rising—the day had been rainy, but it poured in the evening—and there stood more than I can guess the number of, in this wetting weather, striving to enter a place evidently filled. It was impossible for us to think of entering this dense mob of pressing people; and, had there not been an entrance by the stage-door, we must have returned home. When I got behind the scenes, Mr Simpson (the proprietor) met me with a countenance of dismay, '*wished I had not come,*' &c. We entered the private box, and there—what a house! Not a nook that was not crowd-

ed. I looked at the pit, where, every night before, I had seen the lowest order of men mixing with the more respectable, [females do not sit in the pit in New York,] and saw what appeared to me *all gentlemen*. This revived me. I looked at the boxes, and beheld all *elegantly dressed people*, such as I had never seen *here before*."

It happened, however, and this was certainly to the credit of the popular character, that all this alarm was the work of imagination; that the audience had too much of the original John Bull about them to cherish wrath against a humorist, whose trade it was to make all the world laugh *with* him, and at each other; and that they had no idea of regarding the pleasantest of mimics as worthy of the national thunder. As to the placards and paragraphs which had denounced poor Mathews as only fit to be exhibited to the public tarred and feathered, they had been evidently voted *vulgar* by the pit "full of gentlemen," and the boxes full of ladies costumed *à la Parisienne*. All was therefore charming. The biographer proceeds:—

"After the table and lamps were placed, a dead silence ensued for a minute, (my heart almost died in that minute;) but, when the prompter's bell was rung, and before the curtain could rise, a burst of the most stunning applause I ever heard, put all my fears aside. The curtain rose, and Mathews walked on sternly, but as pale as death, and was met by such plaudits and cheerings as can scarcely be imagined."

In his address, it was requisite that he should touch upon his expected repulse. This was certainly a point which required some adroitness; but he had too often appealed to audiences in his own country to feel much alarm in any other. Among his topics, he promised that he would perform his "trip to America," word for word, and leave it to an American audience to say, whether he was the national libeller that he was said to be. All this was received with good feeling by the audience, and his popularity was re-established, if it had ever been shaken.

His health was now decaying, and his feelings of the bitter climate certainly offer no encouragement to emigration. In December, he thus writes to his son:—"This will not do—I *must* come back. I am blighted; I *cannot*

work—I have been eleven days confined here—Siberian weather has set in. Thermometer ten degrees, sometimes *more, below zero!* and I jumping from a sick room to a stage, surrounded with blasts (*not draughts*) of wind. A rhinoceros could not endure it! All the illness of my fifty-eight years of life added up, is not equal to the number of *days* I have been ill here. Forty days' perfect health at sea, succeeded by instantaneous effects of miasma on landing."

In another letter, of equal misery, he writes—"The worst description of ill luck overwhelms me. Every seat was taken in the Boston theatre, when I totally lost my voice—nine days in one room!—On my recovery, the *winter* had commenced! I cannot describe it to an European; you have never seen any thing like it—twenty degrees below zero at night, ten in the daytime—houses warmed up to ninety—cold stage at night—no chance of a *partial thaw* till March."

Some of the most amusing parts of these memoirs consist of these little sketches from America. Mrs Mathews writes—"I have not walked out for days, until this morning, when I begin to hope that the weather is relaxing in a *small* degree. Nothing, however, but sleighs and buffalo skins is to be seen—nothing is to be heard but the jingling of the bells attached to the horses' heads, which is truly distracting. Your poor father cannot make the least effort towards air, and much less exercise. I induced him on Wednesday to accompany me in a 'booby hut,' (so a covered sleigh is called,) to make a few calls; but, though the *hut* was almost air-tight, the *boobies* within it were nearly frozen; and after I had got out once, and grazed my leg from ankle to knee, by slipping through the iron steps on my first attempt to get in again, we all returned home, where, after half an hour's experiment, we were satisfied that we had *not* lost our *noses*."

Mathews, with all his oddity, had English feelings in his nature, and he was therefore a *hater* of Whigs. He provides for those lovers of place, a *place* which all wellwishers of the empire would gladly see them possessing. He thus writes from Boston:—"There are a few hundred thousand Irish tyrants at least here, who, from a hackney coach upwards, drive you as

they please. I congratulate you on the return of the Tories. [1835.] I wish you could send all the Whigs here; I should like no better punishment for them, than their being compelled to visit America in search of liberty!"

He again expresses his horror of the climate in this graphic passage:—"When I came out [from his sick-bed] the thermometer was at twenty-four degrees below zero! I stood at my table one hour and a half, and the *bolt of ice* that then entered my head, and extended to my feet, has in fact remained in my lungs until this present moment *unthawed!*"

But the scene which closes on all in their turn, was now about to close on this clever, active, and rambling man of pleasantry. His return to England, though delighting him by the sensation that he had escaped the climate of the States, severe to all, but desperate to his frame, produced no renewal of his health. The blow, in fact, was already struck. He tried Devonshire, but unwisely, for mild as its coast comparatively is in winter, it is harsh and stormy in spring. The ice-bolt was still in him. After suffering much from difficulty of breathing, he died on his birthday, June 20th, 1835. His last hours were spent in a manner suited to his state, and which must be gratifying to all who remember him; he frequently read his Bible, and evidently thought deeply on its consolations. But two days before his death, he awoke in a kind of rapture, yet without extravagance. Though speaking with difficulty, he said—"Oh, I have had such beautiful visions—such lovely, heavenly visions—I wish some

imaginative poet, like Coleridge or Shelley, could have seen what I have seen; what a beautiful account he would give of it! Oh, such *heavenly visions!*"

It is true that language of this kind has been often uttered by enthusiasts and affectors of enthusiasm; but *he* was neither, but a man of simple mind, with all his acuteness, and doubtless spoke only what had solaced and brightened his sleeping hour.

Since the appearance of these volumes, a statement has been published by Arnold, the patentee of the Lyceum theatre, contradicting the biographer's account of the contract under which the "At Homes" had been given. The detail is long, curious, and supported by much testimony; but we cannot, in our space, more than advert to it now. It *strongly* denies that Mrs Mathews could have been in the state of ignorance relative to the transaction which she affects; declares that, by Arnold's own desire, it was fully and personally communicated to *her*; that it produced from her expressions not merely of acquiescence but of gratitude, pronouncing him "the saviour of the family," &c. The manager's offer certainly appears to have been a very handsome one—£1000 a-year for *seven* years' acting, and from this period an annuity of £1000 for life. If Mathews had abided by this agreement, he would, in all probability, have been alive at this moment; it would have saved him from all those dismal journeys which undermined his health; and, above all, from the American adventure, which decidedly laid him in his grave.

ON THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

PART II.

THE Church of Scotland, as it at present exists, with its Presbyterian form of government, was first established in 1592. To this period therefore, of all others, the greatest importance is necessarily attached in a discussion like the present. But there seems to be in the minds of some men, a strange misapprehension both as to the mode and the time in which the Presbyterian Church of Scotland was first called into existence as a national establishment. The reverence which is entertained for the names and characters of Knox, and the other early reformers, has led many, unconsciously perhaps, or at least without due consideration, to look back on the age in which they lived as a period of prosperity, and as affording the purest and most perfect example of Presbyterian polity. But there can be no greater mistake than this. Popery, no doubt, was abolished so early as 1560; but this was pre-eminently the work, not of the Church but of the Legislature of Scotland. The Records of Parliament, in 1560, contain a summary of Protestant doctrine, addressed to the whole people of Scotland, under the following title:—"The Confessioun of Faith, profest and believed be the Protestantes within the realme of Scotland, publisht be thaim in Parliament, and be the estaites thereof ratifeit and approvit as hailsome and sound doctrine, groundit upon the infallible trewth of God's word."* Not a syllable is said of "The Church," or of *any church*, apart from the Universall Church of Christ.† On the contrary, the Parliament, in their own name and authority alone, address themselves to "their naturall countrey-men, and to all utheris realmes and nationes." The opening passage of their address is most remarkable:—"Lang have we thristet, deir brethren, to have notifeit unto the warld the soume of that doctrine q^{lk} we profest, and for the q^{lk} we have sustenit infamy and dainger. Bot sick has bene the

rage of Sathan against us and against Christ Jesus, his eternal veritie laillie borne amangst us, that to this day na tyme hes bene grantet unto us to clear oure consciences, as maist glaidlie we wold have done, ffor how we have bene toset a haill zier past, the maist parte of Europe (as we supois) dois understand."‡ This, be it observed, is not the ecclesiastical but the civil government, not the Church but the Parliament, that is addressing itself to the people of Scotland, and explaining the sum and substance of that Protestant faith and doctrine which they had seen fit to embrace.

Again, in 1567, we have a ratification of the acts and proceedings of the Parliament of 1560, and a republication, by *civil authority alone*, of "The Confessioun of the Faith and Doctrine believit and professit be the Protestantes of the realme of Scotland, exhibitit to the Estatis of the same in Parliament, and *be thair public votis authorisit* as a doctrine groundit upon the infallibill word of God."§ The same Parliament declares, that the "jurisdiction" of "the true Kirk, and immaculate Spous of Christ Jesus," (*i. e.* obviously of the Church universal,) "consistis and standis in preiching of the trew word of Jesus Christ, correctioun of manneris, and administratioun of haly Sacramentis." No doubt, the examination and admission of ministers was, at the same time, committed to the general body of the clergy, under a special reservation of the rights of the "just and auncient patrones."¶ But the whole policy of the Parliament of 1567, leads to the conclusion, that this Act was passed rather by way of experiment, pending the discussion with the clergy, as to their rights and constitutional position, than as the final establishment of a national Church. Were it otherwise, however—even assuming that, by virtue of the Acts of 1567, there existed, *de facto*, an Es-

* Thomson's Acts, vol. ii. p. 526.

† Ibid. p. 526.

‡ Ibid. p. 24.

† Ibid. p. 530. Ar.—"Of the Kirk."

§ Thomson's Acts, vol. iii. p. 14.

¶ Ibid. p. 23.

tablished Church in Scotland—it was, at least, not the Presbyterian Establishment to which we belong, but a mixed and anomalous body, composed to a great extent of Episcopalians, holding general assemblies,* in which bishops sat and voted under the recognised title and with the authority of bishops.† Presbyteries were formed for the first time in the year 1581, and the Presbyterian Church, thus gradually modelled and organized, was, as already stated, established as the National Church in 1592.

The conditions and limitations of the Acts of Parliament by which this establishment was effected, have been already sufficiently explained. The power of collation was given to presbyteries, under the special condition that they should be “bound and restricted” to admit qualified presentees. Here, therefore, our historical enquiries might fairly enough be brought to a close. But we formerly intimated an intention of advertg to some more recent passages in the history of the Church; and we feel that we should hardly acquit ourselves of the task

which we have undertaken, if we failed to call the attention of our readers very shortly to the state of ecclesiastical affairs at the two great eras of the Usurpation and the Revolution, as affecting the rights and influence of the people in the choice and settlement of ministers.

Whatever opinion may be formed respecting the conduct and motives of the General Assemblies which sat during the period between 1638 and 1649, there can be no doubt that the power and influence of the Church was then practically both more varied and more extensive than it has ever been since the times of Popery. To this cause must be attributed the abolition of patronage by Parliament in 1649, and the large discretion committed to the General Assembly of that year, to provide for the “just and proper interests of presbyteries and congregations” under the new system.‡ The result of their deliberations was the celebrated “Directory,” which vested the election of the pastor in the *session*, not in the *people*. In the event of the acquiescence of the congregation, the presbytery are directed to proceed to take trial of

* An able and ingenious pamphleteer (the Reverend Andrew Gray, minister of Perth, author of “The Present Conflict between the Civil and Ecclesiastical Courts Examined,” 8vo, Edin. 1839,) has expended much labour in proving that the General Assemblies which sat during the period from 1560 to 1592, were convened without the authority, permission, or sanction of Parliament; and from this fact, which we presume no one will dispute, he draws the inference, that the Church, as it then existed, was possessed of inherent and independent powers derived directly from God. But does the reverend gentleman not perceive that the very same powers are (except under a system of intolerance) vested in every dissenting body? A private association formed for a religious, or any other legal purpose, may make and enforce rules affecting the management of its own affairs, and binding on its members, so long as these are not opposed to, or inconsistent with, the civil law.

† See numerous instances of this in the “*Bulk of the Universal Kirk*.”

‡ We have no intention of discussing the policy of this measure, but the language of the Act is well worthy of attention, as indicative of the irresistible influence which the Church at this time exercised over the deliberations of the Committee of Estates. The preamble contains a sanction and approval, almost in the words of the *Second Book of Discipline*, of all those doctrines on the subject of presentation and admission of ministers, which had been consistently and successfully reprobated and opposed by every parliament, from the year 1560 downwards. Now, the Legislature seems to have been compelled, in the most literal sense, *jurare in verba magistri*:—“The Estates of Parliament being sensible of the great obligation that layes upon them by the National Covenant, and by the Solemn League and Covenant, and by many deliverances and mercies from God, and by the late solemn engagement unto duties to preserve the doctrine, and maintain and vindicate the liberties of the Kirk of Scotland, and to advance the work of reformation therein, to the utmost of their power: And considering that patronages and presentations of kirks is an evill and bondage under which the Lord’s people and ministers of this land have long groaned, and that it hath no warrant in God’s word, but is founded only on the Canon law, and is a custom merely Popish, and brought into the Kirk in time of ignorance and superstition, and that the same is contrary to the *Second Book of Discipline*, in which, upon solid and good ground, it is reckoned among abuses that are desired to be reformed, and unto several

the person elected; "but if it happen that the major part of the congregation dissent from the person agreed upon by the session, in that case the matter shall be brought unto the presbytery, *who shall judge of the same*: and if they do not find their dissent to be grounded on causelesse prejudices, they are to appoynt a new election in manner above specified." * The presbytery are to enquire into the reasons of the people's objections, and to judge whether they be sufficient, or be grounded on causeless prejudices. It is impossible to imagine a more favourable opportunity than was afforded to the Church at this time of executing any fundamental law, or carrying into practical operation any fundamental principle of the Church in the settlement of ministers. The General Assembly was intrusted with full discretion—the Church was all-powerful—the leaders of that day, Rutherford, and Guthrie, and Livingstone, and Gillespie, were the most zealous and uncompromising reformers—the most enthusiastic, and in the judgment of many men the most bigoted, Presbyterians known in the history of the Church; and yet, under such auspices, the people were still deprived of a sacred privilege, to which we are told they have right by a fundamental law of the Church—no dissent, without reasons, being competent to be entertained by a presbytery under the Directory of 1649.

After times of unprecedented trial for the Church of Scotland, the Presbyterian form of ecclesiastical government was again established at the Revolution, and the right of patronage was then, not abolished altogether, but transferred from the "ancient patrons" to the heritors and elders in each parish. But what provision was made for listening to the wishes of the people? It is enacted that the heritors and elders "name and propose the

person to the whole congregation, to be either approved or disapproved by them; and if they disapprove, *that the disapprovers give in their reasons*, to the effect the affair may be cognosced upon by the presbytery of the bounds." Not one word is to be found in this statute which can by possibility be stretched to support the principle of giving effect to dissent without reasons assigned. The statute follows the unbending rule of Church law, that in all cases the objections of the congregation are to be considered and judged of by the presbytery.

It has been already observed, that after an experiment which lasted for twenty-one years, the Act of 1690 was repealed, and the "ancient patrons" were restored to precisely the same rights which they had enjoyed of old, under the same condition that their choice should be confined to persons qualified in the judgment of the Church. The 10th Anne is in effect simply a revival or re-enactment of that part of the Act of 1592 which relates to patronage and settlements; the law has now remained unchanged for more than 120 years, and the rights of patrons, therefore, are at the present day the same, both in kind and extent, as those of their ancestors in the sixteenth century; and the powers of the Church and the influence of the people in settlements, are confined within the same limits which were marked out and approved of, or at least acquiesced in, by all parties at the first establishment of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Scotland. We are told, indeed, that the absolute exercise of the right of patronage, and the exclusion of the people's voice in the election of ministers, was never cordially approved of by the Church; and that the ecclesiastical history of the last century furnishes numerous instances of attempts, unsuccessful certainly, but zealous and sincere, to extend the influence of the

Acts of General Assemblies; and that it is prejudicial to the liberty of the people, and planting of Kirks, and unto the free calling and entrie of ministers unto their charge: And the saids estates being willing and desirous to promote and advance the Reformation foresaid, That everie thing in the House of God may be ordered according to his word and commandment, doe therefore, from the sense of the former obligations, and upon the former grounds and reasons, discharge for ever hereafter, all patronages and presentations of kirks, whether belonging to the King or to any laicke patrone, presbyteries, or others, within this kingdome, as being unlawfull and unwarrantable, by God's word, and contrary to the doctrine and liberties of this Kirk."—*Thomson's Acts*, Vol. VI. p. 411.

* Acts of Assembly, 1649. 8vo ed. p. 649.

congregation. We shall select one example, which is the most important and the most frequently and confidently cited by our opponents.

In 1736, the General Assembly, in the vain hope of conciliating the original Seceders, passed an "Act against intrusion of ministers into vacant congregations, and recommendation to Presbyteries concerning settlements,"* which, though short and simple, is one of the most instructive passages in the Records of the Church. It consists, as might be gathered from the title, of two parts, a declaration and a direction. The General Assembly, after citing the *Second Book of Discipline*, and several of its own former acts, declares, "That it is, and has been since the Reformation, the principle of this Church, that no minister shall be intruded into any parish contrary to the will of the congregation." Now, here is an entire abandonment of the historical accuracy of the *Second Book of Discipline*. If it had been true—if the General Assembly of 1736 could safely and honestly have maintained—that previous to the Reformation, in the golden age pointed at in the *Second Book of Discipline*, when the "Kirk was not corrupted by Antichrist," the voice of the people was allowed to defeat or to control the choice of the patron, why introduce these limiting words "since the Reformation?" Why not adhere to the position assumed by their predecessors in 1578? The necessity of limiting the proposition to the period following the Reformation, is conclusive against the veracity of the *Second Book of Discipline*. The Churchmen of the eighteenth century thus virtually gave the lie to Andrew Melville and his coadjutors; but they are not one whit more accurate themselves, if the principle of the Act 1736 be interpreted to be, that the dissent of the congregation shall be given effect to without the presbytery judging of the grounds of objection. We have been altogether wasting our time, if we have not established that neither before nor since the Reformation, in no one of the various systems devised for the election and settlement of ministers, was an absolute and unexplained *Veto* ever

confided to or exercised by the people. But if there be any who still maintain that the principle of the Act 1736 is identical with that of 1834, we challenge them to produce a single instance in which such a principle was acted upon, either before or after the year 1736. The bare assertion, in the *Second Book of Discipline*, of a principle in some respects analogous to this, founded on a gross and palpable misstatement of historical fact, is but slender authority; and the re-assertion of the principle in 1736, accompanied with a new and equally glaring misstatement, would not make matters much better for the Church, supposing this construction of the Act 1736 to be correct. But we should not be doing justice to the General Assembly of 1736, were we to disguise our firm conviction, that nothing was farther from their minds than to confer on the people a privilege antagonistic to, or destructive of the right of the patron. The direction to presbyteries is to have a due regard to the principle announced in the declaratory part of the Act, and with that view to "be at pains to bring about harmony and unanimity in congregations, and to avoid every thing that may excite or encourage unreasonable exceptions in people against a worthy person that may be proposed to be their minister." If this be the working of the *non-intrusion* principle, our objections to its legality and its expediency are both equally at an end. If this be the duty of presbyteries in the maintenance of that principle, we contend that it has ever been the sacred and peculiar duty of presbyteries, as statutory functionaries, as officers of the Church, as spiritual teachers. If this be the fundamental law maintained by the Church, the Act and Regulations of 1834, waiving for the present the consideration of their mischievous tendency, were, on this ground alone, idle, useless, uncalled-for, and absurd. The fundamental *non-intrusion* law, as thus explained, required no re-enactment; it was neither obsolete nor neglected, but still in *viridi observantiâ*. But the *non-intrusion* Act of 1834, differs in its essence from that of 1736. It is illegal, because it arrogates a power to the Church which was not dreamt of by the Churchmen

* Acts of Assembly, 1736. c. 14, p. 33, fol. ed.

of the last century : it is at once illegal and inexpedient, because it bestows on the people a privilege for which no warrant is to be found within the four corners of the Act of 1736 ; in place of bringing about " harmony and unanimity in congregations," it is eminently calculated to " excite and encourage unreasonable exceptions in people against a worthy person that may be proposed to be their minister."

What then becomes of the fundamental law ? What is the result of the appeal to history ? The people's dissent without cause shown—the simple negative—the unreasoning rejection—the enfranchisement of the popular caprice, is an invention of the present age, unknown to the ecclesiastical constitution of Scotland, unheard of in the history of any other Christian Church.

But what is new is not for that reason necessarily bad ; the principle of an institution or an enactment may be defended on other grounds than its antiquity or its fundamental character.

We are not such exclusive and unreasoning lovers of the time that is past, as to refuse our assent to this proposition. But our readers must not forget the argument from antiquity, or the result of our researches. The induction, no doubt, might have been made much fuller and more complete, and we are deeply conscious that greater learning and greater talent might, with advantage, have been brought to bear on the subject. But we sincerely trust that our enquiries have been as impartial as they have been diligent. We at least shall be believed when we say, that so far from being actuated by a feeling of hostility to the Church, the sole end of our endeavours is to contribute to her present welfare, and to the extension of her usefulness. In the spirit of reverence and grateful affection, which becomes us both as members of the Church and as Scotchmen, but with the independence of thought which the Reformation has secured to all men, we have spoken boldly and candidly, because we feel that, on a subject of such vital importance, to withhold the expression of opinions deliberately formed and confirmed by every day's after consideration and experience, would have been an unpardonable dereliction of duty. Again, therefore, we say, let our readers bear in mind that the first proposition in

the Act of 1834, the groundwork of the whole system, is an historical untruth—that the rejection of a presbyter on the ground of the people's unexplained dissent is not warranted by any previously existing law of the Church.

The expediency of the Veto Act is a separate question ; but the supporters of that Act, bereft of the aid which they hoped to derive from history, must now undertake the task of showing good and sufficient cause for the *fundamental change* which they advocate—for the introduction of a new principle into the constitution of the Church. On all fair rules of argument the burden lies with them. It is not enough that a Reformer should defend the innovation which he proposes against the objections of his antagonist. He must show at least some reasonable prospect of benefit, present or future, otherwise he has made out no sufficient case to justify the change. But it is not the least remarkable feature in the present controversy, that, neglecting the task of furnishing materials for the direct support of their new principle—instead of showing at once the importance of the end which they seek to achieve, and the adequacy of the means employed—the advocates of the *Veto* principle act exclusively on the defensive—they appear to find sufficient employment for their logic and their ingenuity in endeavouring to answer the numerous and varied objections of detail to which it is exposed. They maintain, indeed, in general terms, that it is in the highest degree expedient, and almost indispensable to edification, that a minister should be *acceptable* to his flock. But they have provided no standard by which to measure this expediency ; and they have furnished no test by the application of which we may distinguish between that *acceptableness* which meets the reasonable desires and spiritual wants of the people, and that which is content with satisfying their caprice, or which possibly may promise to indulge their vicious habits or to give scope to their irreligious propensities.

It is the difficulty to which we now advert, that appears to constitute the most fundamental and the most fatal objection to the principle of the Veto Act. There are certain well-known qualifications which ought to be possess-

ed by every minister, and the absence of any of these may naturally and reasonably render a presentee unacceptable. But if any man be inducted into a parish, who is truly disqualified, from insufficiency of talent or attainments, from heresy, or from a sinful and godless life, the Church herself is deeply responsible for this calamity; for to her is committed the duty of examination, and every minister of a parish has twice undergone trials by a Church court, first, when he was licensed to preach, and a second time previous to his induction to the benefice which he holds. The people, too, by the existing law, are privileged to oppose, and will successfully oppose, the settlement of any man against whom they can establish objections, founded on such disqualifications as those of which we now speak. This is the ordeal to which every minister in the Church is subjected; it is the duty of the presbytery both to enquire and to judge, and it is the privilege of the congregation, if they see fit, to direct and assist the enquiries of the presbytery by the statement of objections. In this state of the law two things are clear, 1st, That the presbytery are the sole judges in the matter of qualification; and, 2d, That the grounds of objection competent to the people are limited to certain classes, definite and ascertained. But the new system reverses these rules; for the Act of 1834 proceeds on the assumption, that there is a certain class of objections of which the people and not the presbytery ought to be the judges; and so far from attempting a definition or even a description of this class, it commits to the people a power of absolute rejection, on any ground which may be satisfactory to their own minds, although it is confessedly *possible* that their objection, if stated, might turn out to be frivolous or positively immoral.

Some of the framers and supporters of the Veto Act are exceedingly indignant when they are charged with introducing into the Church the evils of popular election; and yet it is difficult to see the distinction, in principle or in substance, between a direct right of choice, and such a negative power as controls and nullifies the patron's choice, and ultimately leads to the gratification of the people's wish, by the appointment of their fa-

vourite candidate. But we shall not dispute about words. We condemn the principle of the Veto, because it, in fact, makes the people the uncontrolled judges of the presentee's qualifications for the benefice—of his fitness to minister to their spiritual necessities; while it is universally true that those who stand in need of spiritual aid are not only the very last to seek it, but are also the most incapable of understanding what kind of instruction, and admonition, and spiritual exercise and religious culture, is the best adapted to their own minds and hearts. We deprecate all free-trade notions in religion; we deny that the demand may safely be left to regulate the supply of spiritual instruction and pastoral superintendence; we therefore support civil establishments of religion, and *for the very same reason* we condemn the Veto Act. This analogy is close and obvious enough; and it is surprising, it is monstrous, that men, who, in defending the utility of church establishments, have, in the most eloquent and convincing language, demonstrated the absolute incapacity of the people to understand their own spiritual wants—who have argued in vindication of church establishments on the assumption, that the *wishes* and the *wants* of the people in spiritual matters are not only not identical or commensurate, but very often directly opposed—that these men should so far forget their own principles—the grounds of their own arguments—their own deliberate written opinions, as to maintain, in the present question, that this same people are the best judges of a presentee's fitness to minister to their spiritual *wants*—that the preacher selected because he is the most *acceptable* to the people, and most completely meets and gratifies their *wishes*, will necessarily, or naturally, or probably, be also the most zealous and the most successful—the most peculiarly fitted to minister to their *wants*. If we are not mistaken, it was Dr Chalmers—now the keen partisan of the Veto Act, the author of the resolution, which, in support of that Act, and for the sake of the principle which it embodies, pledged the Church to her present unequal, unseemly, and mischievous contest with the civil power—it was he who first detected, or at least who first explained and exposed, the miser-

able fallacy of applying the rules of free trade to religion—the dangerous error of leaving the *wishes*, the demand of the people, to regulate the supply of religious instruction.*

“The spontaneous demand (says he) of human beings for religion, is far short of the interest which they actually have in it. This is not so with their demand for food, or raiment, or any article which ministers to the necessities of our physical nature. The more destitute we are of these articles, the greater is our desire after them. In every case where the want of any thing serves to whet our appetite, instead of weakening it, the supply of that thing may be left, with all safety, to the native and powerful demand for it among the people themselves. The sensation of hunger is a sufficient guarantee for there being as many bakers in a country as it is good and necessary for the country to have, without any national establishment of bakers.

“But the case is widely different when the appetite for any good is short of the degree in which that good is useful or necessary; and above all, when just in proportion to our want of it, is the decay of our appetite towards it. Now this is, generally speaking, the case with religious instruction. The less we have of it, the less we desire to have of it. It is not with the aliment of the soul as it is with the aliment of the body. The latter will be sought after; the former must be offered to a people whose spiritual appetite is in a state of dormancy, and with whom it is just as necessary to create a hunger, as it is to minister a positive supply.”

Is it not a mockery to contend that the people, who, according to this reasoning, do not know when they want, or what they want, or how much they want, should yet be pronounced the best judges of the *quality* of the spiritual food most convenient for them—that those whose religious desires are represented as decaying and becoming cold in proportion to the increase of their spiritual destitution, should, in the appointment of their pastor, be invested with the irresponsible and uncontrolled power of gratifying their slightest wish—of indulging their caprice, however unreasonable? The glutton, or the drunkard, whose constitution has been impaired by excesses, may, by skilful

treatment, be restored to health; but the physician who undertakes his cure will not leave to such a patient the choice and regulation of his own diet.

No doubt, we are told, that the Veto will generally be exercised with prudence and moderation, and that the mere existence of the power in the people will, of itself, work out the benefit contemplated by the Act, without the necessity of calling that power into active operation. Now, this is either a dishonest or a very short-sighted statement. The Veto is introduced, because the people's power of stating special objections was thought to be inefficient in preventing the intrusion of unqualified or unacceptable ministers. The purpose of the Veto is to give effect to a certain class of objections, which could not be stated, or would not be listened to under the former law. These cannot, of course, be objections to the life, literature, or doctrine of the presentee, which would have been good without the help of the Veto. The *form* of objection is, that the presentee is *unacceptable*; but we enquire in vain for its grounds. He is a man of great talent and acquirements, of unquestioned character and orthodoxy; as a preacher, eloquent, impressive, convincing; in private life, distinguished by the most winning and agreeable manners; zealous and industrious in the performance of his duty, beloved and respected by all who know him; above all, he is in the judgment of the presbytery eminently qualified for performing the duties of a parish minister—yet such men as this may be rejected, ay, and have been rejected, under the operation of the Veto Act. We say nothing, in the mean time, of the hardship, or the pernicious influence of such an event. But the grounds of rejection are unexplained—no one but the objectors can tell why he is unacceptable; nay, it is contended that there may exist in the minds of the congregation, objections of too subtle a nature to admit of their being stated, and this is a favourite argument in support of the Veto Act. Objections which cannot be stated, seem to us marvellously like caprice; but let that also pass for the present. The Veto Act is intend-

* *Christian and Civic Economy*, vol. I. pp. 89, 90.

ed to give effect to such objections, and, in consequence of them, the presentee is rejected in the case supposed. The patron had selected him as the most distinguished, and most eminently qualified man in the Church, and the presbytery applauded the patron's choice. But now the patron is called on to present another, and yet he is not informed for what reason the object of his former choice was unacceptable. However anxious he may be to consult the wishes of the congregation, (consistently with the exercise of his own right of choice,) they furnish him with no means of doing so. To all his anxious demands of explanation, the hard, dry, ungrateful, unreasoning, unchristianlike answer invariably is, "we won't have him." The patron, therefore, is compelled a second time to exercise his right of choice, and in so doing to execute a public trust involving a high responsibility, without any new light—without any additional information. His conscience leads him to select the man whom he believes to be the best fitted for the office—his choice is, of necessity, regulated by the same considerations as formerly—the second presentee will, therefore, naturally very much resemble the first, and for that reason will, in all human probability, be equally *unacceptable* with the first. Again, therefore, we say, that it argues either dishonesty or short-sightedness in any man to maintain, that the object of the General Assembly's Act will be gained by the mere existence of the power which it confers, without the necessity of its frequent exercise; for the right of Veto cannot possibly influence the patron's choice indirectly and *ab ante*, while the objections to which the Veto is intended to give effect are unexplained and unintelligible to the patron.

The congregations in the Scotch Church have always, in the settlement of ministers, had the right and the power of scrutinizing the qualifications of the presentee, and, if they saw cause, of stating special objections founded on the deficiency of these qualifications. This certainly, unlike the Veto, was a power more in *posse* than in *esse*; and the very existence of the right operated as a check at once on patrons and presbyteries, inducing more diligence and more deliberation

in the selection by the former of a qualified person, binding the latter to greater care and strictness in taking trial of the qualifications both of presentees to benefices, and of candidates for license. But such was the natural effect of the people's right, simply because the patron and the presbytery were made fully aware how the objections of the people might, with certainty, be anticipated and obviated—they knew the precise line of duty prescribed to them by the Church, and, in particular, the duty implied in and necessarily arising out of the power vested in the people. No analogy exists between this system and that proposed under the Veto Act. The dissent which the people are encouraged to tender by the Act of 1834, is not founded on objections to the qualifications of the presentee, but is the mere expression of dislike, arising from causes which, if they will bear the light of day at all, are, at least, in point of fact, neither stated nor explained.

After all, then, what is the precise value of *acceptableness*, apart from qualification? If the presentee be a sound theologian, and an excellent scholar, a man of unimpeachable moral character, of earnest and unassuming piety, active and industrious in his profession, mild and agreeable in his manners—realize such a picture as this, and for our own part we care little whether on first acquaintance he be acceptable to the people or no, because it is impossible that such a man should be many days among them without conciliating the regards of the most prejudiced, and winning the esteem of all. Should it be otherwise, the phenomenon must be accounted for, not by the unfitness of the minister for his office, but by the present lamentable incapacity, or disinclination, of the people of that parish to profit by the instructions even of the most eminently qualified individual. Indulge the mere will of such a congregation—give way to their caprice, by arming them with the Veto, and the inevitable consequence must be, that they will reject every man who is highly qualified to reclaim them from their vicious and irreligious courses, and will at last choose him from whose apathy and indolence they anticipate the smallest amount of disturbance—with whom they

expect to strike the best compromise between virtue and vice—whose love of popularity and servile disposition, they think, will lead him rather to disguise the asperities of religion, and to connive at their laxity of morals, than to labour, “in season and out of season,” to convince them of sin. It is in such a parish as this that the Veto, will be most generally and most unscrupulously exercised, by men who, from obtuseness of moral perception, and the absence of religious habits and feelings, are least of all qualified to judge of the fitness of a minister, even if they were disposed to enquire and consider what is conducive to their own present and eternal welfare. The *unacceptableness*, therefore, of a presentee, may in certain cases be the very best evidence of his fitness to minister to the people who steadfastly reject him. But here let us speak in the language of one who treats the subject with the dignity and the candour of a true philosopher:—*

“Acceptableness is not a quality in the presentee at all, either absolutely, as connected with the duties of a pastor in general, or relatively, as regards the discharge of those duties in the particular parish to which he is presented. He may be perfectly able for the performance of those duties in the most efficient and edifying way—he may be peculiarly suited to that congregation, and yet he may be very unacceptable—perhaps on that very account the more unacceptable. When the Apostles first preached at Ephesus they were by no means acceptable; and it was not a majority of the male heads of families there who objected. We are told that the whole city rose and rushed into the theatre, threatening them with personal violence. If an apostle had preached one hundred years ago in some parishes on the coast of Orkney or Shetland against plundering wrecks, or if he had preached fifty years ago in any one of half the parishes in the north of Scotland against illicit distillation, he would probably have experienced a similar reception. Paul afterwards became very popular at Ephesus; and we know that many presentees, who were settled in Scotland with the assistance of a troop of dragoons, became useful ministers, and obtained the love and veneration of their parishioners. Acceptableness *per se* is a matter not within the province of collation at all, though collators may enquire whether

the want of it has arisen from a good and sufficient cause.”

Acceptableness, therefore, is an element in the choice of a minister which, even if it could be recognised and given effect to in all cases without difficulty, is not in itself a thing so absolutely desirable, or so necessary as some men have chosen to assume.

But the “act and regulations” for carrying out the principle of the Veto, are, in our opinion, productive of much direct and immediate evil to the people themselves. We cannot pause at present to describe or illustrate the animosities and heart-burnings, the wranglings, and the struggle for personal power and influence, between the factions in a parish who severally support two rival candidates for the office of the ministry. We need not picture the pernicious moral effects of such a contest—effects which cannot fail long to survive the contest itself, necessarily rendering the successful competitor, even after his induction, an object of hostility or jealousy to the defeated minority of his parishioners. The General Assembly have themselves assumed that the Veto may be exercised improperly, that the persons dissenting may be “actuated by factious and malicious motives;” and it would be idle for us to argue, because it cannot be disputed, that the *malicious* exercise of this petty tyranny must be productive of the most demoralizing influence on the hearts of the people. It may be said, indeed, that the right of dissent is confined to communicants, and that this affords a security against the abuse of the right. But such is not the opinion of the General Assembly, who think it necessary to provide against the operation of “factious and malicious motives” among this very class. He must be a partial and inattentive observer of human nature, who puts his faith in such a check as this. The *enfranchisement* of communicants exclusively, may lead some men to the communion table from a desire for power, who would never have appeared there from better motives; but it is too much to expect of the common people, that the mere circumstance of having joined in the celebration of the Sacrament should render them

* Lord Corehouse in Robertson's *Auchterarder Case*, vol. ii. p. 229.

proof against the influence of evil passions, and should enable them successfully to resist the temptation to the indulgence of those passions, which the Church has been guilty of throwing in their way. This is to attribute to the Sacrament the character and effects of a quack medicine, rather than of a religious ordinance. Our readers, therefore, cannot be surprised to be informed that the practical working of the Veto Act, during the few years which have elapsed since it was passed, has in most instances realized our worst anticipations; and that, in more than one parish, the exercise of the people's new-born power led to scenes which might have rivalled the horrors of a contested election in the most corrupt and degraded constituency in Great Britain.

But if such be the pernicious influence which the working of the Veto Act is calculated to exercise, both directly and indirectly, on the moral and religious habits of the people; if, at the same time, the situation of the patron—the honest and conscientious patron—anxious to discharge his duty in such a manner as at once to secure an efficient and worthy minister, and to gratify the reasonable wishes of the people—if his situation also be one of hardship and difficulty, tending to estrange his sympathy and to alienate his affections from the Established Church—what shall be said of the influence of this great constitutional change on the views, and feelings, and habits, and pursuits, of the probationers of the Church, and through them on the character of the whole clergy of Scotland? This is a most momentous enquiry, and, within our limits, it is altogether impossible to do justice to the subject. We must content ourselves with a mere statement of the case—with shadowing forth certain views and topics which invite and will repay much after thought.

The education required in a candidate for the ministry in the Church of Scotland—required by the letter of the law, and rigidly exacted in practice—is more laborious and more comprehensive than is known or demanded in any other of the liberal professions. Seven years of a university life are indispensable, of which the last four are devoted exclusively to theological learning, forming altogether a *curriculum* of study, which, unless the stu-

dent have wasted or misapplied his time, must ensure qualifications of no small excellence. But this is a matter too important to be presumed from the mere lapse of time, or from the circumstance of the candidate for the ministry having enjoyed sufficient opportunities of cultivating his talents and disciplining his mind. The presbytery, therefore, carefully try his qualifications by personal examination, before they license him to preach; and again, on his presentation to a benefice, a second trial takes place, for the purpose of ascertaining whether his qualifications continue to be as unexceptionable as before, and whether they have not fallen to decay from want of exercise. The Veto Act, however, is not content with this ordeal. It is not enough now, that a man should be qualified in the sense in which our ancestors from the earliest ages have understood qualification—he must be *acceptable* also to the people. But the science of *acceptableness* is not taught at the university; and the presentee is therefore not prepared by his education to practice the necessary art. And yet this is a condition precedent of his induction. Unless he can overcome the unstated and unexplained objections of the majority of male heads of families, he must be rejected; and it is too true that the rejected of one parish will probably become the rejected of every other to which he is presented. The young student, who is preparing himself for the office of the ministry with a zeal and an industry beyond all praise, anxiously enquires what is necessary to render himself acceptable, and what are the objections of the people, independent of qualification, to which the Church gives such fatal effect. Is it eloquence that the people demand, or the cultivation of a more polished style? Let him, in the name of justice, be told so, that he may spend more of his time with the elocutionist and the rhetorician. If the use of written sermons be generally distasteful or unpopular, and if the Church allow the people to dissent on such grounds, he can improve his memory by more assiduous exercise, and learn to dispense even with notes. No! *acceptableness* is something which he cannot acquire, because it is “not a quality in the presentee at all;” or, if it be part of qualification, then is the

curriculum prescribed by the Church imperfect, and the enactment of the Veto rule ought to have been accompanied by a corresponding change in the course of education required for the ministry. Admittedly, every man is exposed to the exercise of the Veto, however well qualified; and admittedly, also, the best qualified minister may be rejected from "factious or malicious motives." But, though there is no depth of learning, no soundness of doctrine, no purity of life and conversation, which can exempt a presentee from the danger of having his hopes blasted and his prospects sacrificed by the caprice of a mob—though years of laborious and expensive study, of anxious moral and intellectual discipline, may thus at once be thrown away, lest the "factious and malicious" among the people should lose an opportunity of giving vent to their spleen, or of avenging their quarrel with the patron—though qualifications and merit are comparatively worthless under the *fundamental law*, yet there is a school in which the probationer may be taught how to avoid the brand of *unacceptableness*; he will soon perceive by experience, without the help of any other teacher, that if he would ensure the favour of the mob—of those who, on all occasions, press forward the most eagerly to wield their newly acquired power, and to triumph in the destruction of its victim, he must have recourse to cunning sycophancy, to servile and unprincipled flattery—he must pander to the prejudices and vices of the mob—he must prefer the applause of man to the approval of God and his own conscience.

We shall be told, perhaps, that this picture is overdrawn, and that no evils of such magnitude can reasonably be apprehended as the result of the Veto Act. Would that it were so! But, granting this for the sake of argument, it is at least undeniable that the evil consequences of the Veto Act, as affecting the character of the clergy, are of the *kind* which we contemplate. A system of ecclesiastical polity which tends to foster worldly wisdom and ambition among the ministers of the Church—which seems altogether to disregard the unobtrusive but not less estimable virtues of the clerical character—to neglect and disparage learning, whe-

ther sacred or profane, and to discourage or rudely to check firmness and independence of mind—such a system surely is, of all others, the most to be condemned, and yet such is the tendency at least of the fundamental law. Far different were the principles of that church government which produced and nurtured the pious and single-minded, the energetic and useful race of clergy who taught our fathers; the advantages and consolations of whose ministry we ourselves experienced, ere yet the church had been distracted by the present mischievous and unjustifiable agitation. In those happy days it *was* learning, and piety, and a spotless life, that secured to the pastor the respect and the love of his flock. His time and his talents were consecrated to their service, and to the service of his God; his thoughts unbroken by any dream of ambition, his heart uncorrupted by the imagination, or the practice of deceit.

"Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying
hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to
prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to
rise.

* * * * *

And as a bird each fond endearment
tries,
To tempt its new-flighted offspring to the
skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the
way."

As regards presbyteries, the Veto Act is not less objectionable. It involves a delegation of the duty committed to them by the Church, and by the statute law, to take trial of the qualifications of presentees, and, *according to their own judgment* of these qualifications, to admit or reject. There is superinduced on the former useful and intelligible system a power which overrules the presbytery—the exercise of which the presbytery can neither review nor control—which can command the rejection of a presentee contrary to the judgment of the presbytery, or which at least can authoritatively forbid the presbytery to take the necessary steps for forming an opinion on his qualifications.

There is, no doubt, one case in which the presbytery are still, as formerly, made the sole judges of qualification,

where the right of presentation falls to them *jure devoluto*; and it is not a little remarkable, that though the *non-intrusion principle* seems to contemplate the tripartite division of influence between the patron, and the people, and the Church, as likely to be productive of the most salutary effects, yet, wherever the *jus devolutum* arises, there is concentrated in the presbytery alone the powers and privileges of the whole three. For the regulations of 1834 provide, "that if no presentation shall be given within the limited time, to a person from whose settlement a majority on the roll do not dissent, the presbytery shall then present *jure devoluto*;" and "that cases of presentation by the presbytery *jure devoluto*, shall not fall under the operation of the regulations in this and the relative Act of Assembly, but shall be proceeded in according to the general laws of the Church applicable to such cases." Here, therefore, the Church court nominates, examines, and inducts without the possibility of any other party interfering. This is the most absolute and uncontrolled exercise of patronage which it is possible to conceive—a right more absolute and more uncontrollable than any patron ever pretended to possess, or attempted to enforce—far more absolute and far more uncontrollable than that exercise of patronage which the Church declared to be so intolerable a grievance as to demand the harsh and sweeping remedy of the Veto law. It is certainly not a little curious to observe, "that while the Veto is a wall of brass against the patron, it is a web of gossamer against the presbytery."* We are told it is a fundamental law of the Church, that no minister shall be intruded into a parish who is unacceptable, *from any cause*, to a majority of the male heads of families. For the vindication of this principle we have already seen what the Church has done, and what she is yet prepared both to do and to suffer. The violation of this principle, even in a single instance, is looked upon as a most serious calamity—the omission by a presbytery, upon any presentation by a lay patron, to ascertain whether a majority of the congregation dissent, or the refusal to give effect to

their dissent, is described as a cowardly and inexcusable abandonment of the Church's duty to the people. And yet, in those cases where all power comes to be vested in the presbytery—where the Veto Act might be carried into the fullest operation without interfering with the civil rights of any patron—where they themselves are the patrons, they will not even listen to the people's voice, they will not deign to enquire whether their presentee be acceptable or no, or whether a majority of the male heads of families do not object to his induction. They are to proceed, forsooth, "according to the general laws of the Church." Is the fundamental law of non-intrusion not one of the "general laws of the Church?" Has the General Assembly not distinctly pledged itself to the maintenance of this proposition, that giving effect to the unexplained dissent of the congregation is not only warranted but enjoined by the laws of the Church? But the laws of the Church—the fundamental principle of non-intrusion—the interests of the people—the Church's consistency, and every thing else, must be sacrificed rather than interfere, in the slightest degree, with the uncontrolled exercise by the presbytery of that patronage which, so long as it remained in other hands, was denounced as inexpedient, immoral, unscriptural, tyrannical. This is the most unaccountable inconsistency, the most impolitic and useless deceit; for the congregations of the Church and the people at large, cannot fail to pierce the thin veil which is intended to hide the workings of clerical ambition.

But we have done. Our warnings and our remonstrances will probably have but little influence with those who seem to have assumed to themselves the lead in all cases in the General Assembly; and yet we would once more earnestly entreat them to pause, and for a moment to consider the condition of the Church. They have resolved to go to Parliament. But have they considered in what tone they are to address the Legislature—what it is that they propose to ask, and on what conditions? An acute observer has said, "that if we cannot obtain every vain thing we ask, our next business

* Lord Corehouse's Speech, Robertson's *Auchterarder Case*, vol. ii. p. 231.

is to take *pet* at the refusal."* Are they altogether sure that their present course has not been adopted in some such spirit as this, and therefore without proper deliberation? If it be not so—if they will not avail themselves of this apology—we say without hesitation that they have been guilty of the most unaccountable rashness and absurdity, and that they will too soon be made to understand the indecorous and mischievous position in which they have placed themselves and the Church.

In approaching Parliament, they have either given up the claim to independent jurisdiction, or they have not. If they are prepared to abandon this high ground, and to acknowledge the supremacy of the civil court in the interpretation of statutes, they may no doubt obtain the abolition or modification of the law of patronage, provided they can make out a sufficient case to justify the measure. But then this would be at once admitting their error, and sacrificing their boasted independence—it would be in effect an acknowledgment that they had pertinaciously and dishonestly maintained a doctrine which now they cannot justify to Parliament or to themselves—it would be a late and ungracious submission to the civil power, but *a submission which would bind them for ever*. They could never again be heard to question the power of the Court of Session to define and enforce the duties imposed on presbyteries by statute: nay, their new Act of Parliament, the reward of their submission, would necessarily be subject to the construction of that Court—the charter, which they had sacrificed their theoretical independence to obtain, would not render them practically one whit more free. And then, what becomes of the case of Mr Young and his intrusion into the parish of Auchterarder? They must proceed to *intrude* him, for they would then have admitted that his exclusion was illegal. But, on the other hand, if they still maintain their claim to independent jurisdiction, and contend that, the interference of the Court of Session being unwarranted by the constitution, its judgment is an absolute nullity—in this case they cannot, of

course, ask Parliament to repeal the existing law, because they say it is already sufficient for them, and they must therefore demand a declaratory enactment. Now, to ask Parliament to declare that a court of law is mistaken in its interpretation of statute, is to make Parliament a court of appeal—it is to confound the legislative function (*jus dare*) with the judicial (*jus dicere*)—an anomaly in constitutional law obvious to any schoolboy. They would be asking Parliament to reverse the judgment of the House of Lords, *the Court of last resort*—asking the House of Lords, as a branch of the legislature, to declare that it had committed iniquity in its judicial capacity. It is easier to conceive than describe the reception which such a proposal would inevitably and most deservedly meet with in that august assembly—the calm and dignified rebuke from the Woolsack—the withering scorn of Lord Brougham or Lord Lyndhurst—the sorrowing, commiserating, but conscientious and distinct negative of the Church's best friends, Lord Haddington and Lord Aberdeen—the manly and overwhelming denunciation, by the Duke of Wellington, of those whom he would not scruple to brand as lawbreakers and rebels. Is this a spectacle which the Church would wish to realize? Is the bare risk, the possibility of such a result, not enough to make the rashest and most reckless pause? But suppose that even this hostility might be disarmed, and this difficulty surmounted—suppose the House of Lords calmly to listen to the insolent plea, that as a court of law they have committed error, what is the nature of the statute which the Church must then obtain? To effect the avowed object of the Church, it must be different from every other in the Statute Book—it must not be subject to the interpretation of the civil court; the same law which recognises the propriety of the Church's present attitude of resistance, must constitute Church Courts their own interpreters of statutes, and must arm them with secular power to resist the encroachments of co-ordinate, or rather of what would then be *rival* jurisdictions. What the Church demands is not a repeal or alteration of

* Sir Roger L'Estrange.

the law of patronage, but a fundamental and destructive change in the British constitution.

We are members of the Church of Scotland, not merely from the influence of education and from habit, but also from a sincere conviction that it is in all respects the Church best adapted to the country and to the people of Scotland; above all, because we know that it has been the instrument, under Providence, by which the cause of morality and religion has been steadily and efficiently promoted; and because we believe that the eminent character which attaches to Scotland and to Scotchmen, is mainly attributable to the purity of the Church's doctrine, the zeal of her ministers, and the wisdom of her ecclesiastical polity. But we cannot forget that the prosperity and the glory of the Church has been advanced and matured under a system of government which it is the object of modern Churchmen to alter or to destroy. The law of patronage has ever formed a component part of the constitution

of that Church which we admire and reverence. We deprecate unnecessary change; and we refuse to yield to empty declamation, where there is no attempt to convince us by reasoning. Even if the demands of the present race of Churchmen were admittedly conducive to the welfare of the Establishment, and to the advancement of its influence and its usefulness, it is still possible that the prosperity or the aggrandizement of the Church might be purchased at too high a price. But we record our opinions on this subject, chiefly because we are persuaded, that the law which the Church is now engaged in maintaining and defending, is unconstitutional and revolutionary in its tendency; subversive of the principles of a church establishment; ruinous to the character of the clergy, both individually and as a body; most pernicious in its influence on the habits and feelings of the people, whose interests it professes to advance; and, by necessary consequence, destructive of the national character.

OTHO III.

1.

UPON a couch of golden woof,
In royal hall, King Otho lay;
Red banners hung along the roof
Spoke loud of war and battle-day.

2.

His long bright hair fell idly down
Above a cheek of pallid hue;
Though near him lay the imperial
crown,
His eye no kingly lustre knew.

3.

For he was sick, and cold, and weak,
Nor e'en the thought of Rome subdued
Could clear the rust that stain'd his
cheek,
Or sooth his dark distemper'd mood.

4.

In stepp'd to him a hoary lord—
"My Liege! that mocking tale again
A stranger brings, with boastful word
Assevering she can heal thy pain."

5.

"Now gold be hers, and thanks, and
praise!
For men by scores have come to me,
And said that they would ease my days,
And set my labouring spirit free.

6.

Still here I lie. But never yet
A woman's art to sooth me came.
E'en now my pangs I half forget—
But say what aspect bears the dame?"

7.

"My Liege! I wot her form is tall,
And dark and wide the cloak she
wears;
Her speech with finely cadenced fall
A noble Roman's birth declares."

8.

"Nay, let her in, and wait without;
To Rome's fierce men soul hate I
bore;
But even them 'twere dream to doubt
Since now Crescentius lives no more."

9.

In walk'd the leech in humble guiso,
With cloak, and hood that veil'd her
brow:
Upon the King she cast her eyes,
Who said—"fair dame what seekest
thou?"

10.

"Oh, King! I know a medicine strong
To heal the sting of mortal ill;
To thee of right its powers belong;
To thee I bring my best of skill."

11.

"Not thus a leech unknown we trust;
But I would fain behold thee more;
Thy speech assured in sound is just,
And I would read thy features o'er.

12.

"In these the soul may oft be found;
Yet even now methinks thy voice
Delights me with a lovely sound,
And bids my flagging heart rejoice."

13.

The King upon his elbow leant,
And open'd fair his broad blue eyes;
Her eyes' deep glow on his she bent,
And cast away her dull disguise.

14.

Swift change and dazzling! Bright
was she

With gold, and gems, and silk array,
That seem'd the fitting garb to be
Of beauty's goodliest summer day.

15.

The pearls amid her darkest hair
Adorn'd a brow of queenly span,
And cheeks and mouth so cunning
fair,
They lured away the will of man.

16.

The rubies floating o'er her breast
Drew warmth and love from where
they lay;
There vague delight was woo'd to rest,
And felt it death from thence to stray.

17.

Up sprang the King, and wondering
gazed;
He ne'er had look'd on aught so
bright;
His eyes, his lips with joy amazed,
Were drinking beauty's air and light.

18.

"O! more than health and more than
ease,
Thou givest me lady strength divine.
The draught thou bringest let me
seize,
And make thy maddest philtres mine."

19.

With downward smile, and shifting
glance,
Her soft white hand from his she drew;
She fill'd a cup with wine of France,
And in with it her spicery threw.

20.

"Drink first, my Liege, this potent
draught
To heal whate'er thou hast of pain."
With eager mouth her cup he quaff'd,
As if her kisses' depth to drain.

21.

"Hail this in truth is royal wine!
Thy breath, methinks, is in the bowl.
What earthly clogs can now confine
The strength that fills my limbs, my
soul?"

22.

"I seem on wings aloft to rise,
And float o'er fading land and sea;
And yet I would not climb the skies
To rule the stars, if torn from thee.

23.

"Thou turn'st away. At least a while
Come sit, enchantress, near my side.
'Tis much if but to see thee smile,
And hear thy lips' low music glide.

24.

"And ah! thou loveliest, now indeed,
While thus thy hand is lock'd in mine,
While on thy face my looks may
feed,
Thou hast a potion more than wine."

25.

"My Liege, the health my drugs can
give,
Will thus depart as soon as won.
An hour in throbless quiet live,
And then for thee my task is done.

26.

"And we will speak of simpler things
Than those deep moods that love in-
spires;
But say, if ease my medicine brings,
Or fills thy brain with flashing fires."

27.

"O! all within is calm and bliss;
Such never came from wine before.
Yet once I knew an hour like this,
When bold Crescentius' life was o'er.

28.

"I made him leave his guarded tower
By specious words of sage deceit;
Soon Rome was taught her emperor's
power;
Soon lay his corpse before my feet."

29.

"And dost thou still, O King! rejoice
To think how then the Roman died,
Who, trusting thine imperial voice,
For life, for all on thee relied?"

30.

"'Twas said, but sooth it cannot be,
That Otho's lips unfaltering swore
The Roman state should still be free,
It's consul ne'er be perill'd more."

31.

"By Peter! truly thus they say,"
The lithe Italian subtly thought;
"Our German wit could never play
With arms by Latin cunning wrought."

32.

"Thou needs must praise the shrewd
device
That wiled him down from Hadrian's
mole.
The Pope absolved me at the price
Of fifty masses for his soul."

33.

"Not soon shall Rome of freedom
speak,
And scorn our distant German crown;
But tell me why I feel so weak,
And why thy beauty wears a frown."

34.

"Full soon thy weakness, King! will
end,
And frowns are idle clouds to life;
But say, thou flattering amorous friend,
Did slain Crescentius leave a wife?"

35.

"The slave deserved no fondlings smile,
His wife, be sure, was nought to me;
I let my squires their toil beguile
With favours due from such as she."

36.

"Why glarest thou thus with horrid
eyes?
Nay, woman, would'st thou strike a
king?
I cannot speak—my shout but sighs—
Help—help—O! snakes my bosom
wring."

37.

"So perish, tyrant! know that I
Am wife to him so basely slain;
To me 'twas only left to die—
To die, but not to die in vain."

38.

"Thou canst not speak, but 'mid thy
pang
I still can pierce thy freezing ear;
Though loud the Emperor's triumph
rang,
My husband's ghost is monarch here."

39.

"O God! who bring'st to guilty souls,
By their own hands, the vengeance
due;
Thy thunder now above me rolls,
And hails the deed, not bids me rue."

40.

"The poison works, the brow is
stamp'd,
The cold eye stares, the jaw drops
down;
Pale corpse, my spirit too is damp'd,
And faints before thy lifeless frown."

41.

"And yet a righteous deed is done,
And I shake off that weariest load;
The thought of vengeance due to one
Who ne'er with truth or mercy
glow'd."

42.

"Corroding grief and madd'ning
shame
Are still the fiends that goad my life;
But 'twill not blot Crescentius' fame,
If men record his hapless wife."

43.

"Lie still thou heap that wert a King,
And yield thy signet gem to me;
My cloak, like night, and Otho's
ring,
Will soon have set the murderess
free."

44.

"But free to what? to pass her days
In some dark cell of cloister'd woe;
To hate the sunshine's gladdening
rays,
And long for death's releasing blow."

45.

"My Lords! the King for some two
hours
Will rest, and all without may wait;
This royal token shows my powers
To pass at will through guards and
gate."

ARCHÆUS.

DINNER REAL AND REPUTED.

GREAT misconceptions have always prevailed about the Roman *dinner*. Dinner [*cæna*] was the only meal which the Romans as a nation took. It was no accident, but arose out of their whole social economy. This we shall show by running through the history of a Roman day. *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* And the course of this review will expose one or two important truths in ancient Political Economy which have been wholly overlooked.

With the lark it was that the Roman rose. Not that the earliest lark rises so early in Latium as the earliest lark in England; that is, during summer: but then, on the other hand, neither does it ever rise so late. The Roman citizen was stirring with the dawn—which, allowing for the shorter longest-day and longer shortest-day of Rome, you may call about four in summer—about seven in winter. Why did he do this? Because he went to bed at a very early hour. But why did he do that? By backing in this way, we shall surely back into the very well of truth: always, if it is possible, let us have the *pourquoi* of the *pourquoi*. The Roman went to bed early for two special reasons. 1st, Because in Rome, which had been built for a martial destiny, every habit of life had reference to the usages of war.—Every citizen, if he were not a mere proletarian animal kept at the public cost, held himself a sort of soldier-elect: the more noble he was, the more was his liability to military service: in short, all Rome, and at all times, was consciously “in procinct.” Now it was a principle of ancient warfare, that every hour of daylight had a triple worth, if valued against hours of darkness. That was one reason—a reason suggested by the understanding. But there was a second reason, far more remarkable; and this was a reason dictated by a blind necessity. Is is an important fact, that this planet on which we live, this little industrious earth of ours, has developed her wealth by slow

stages of increase. She was far from being the rich little globe in Cæsar’s days that she is at present. The earth in our days is incalculably richer, as a whole, than in the time of Charlemagne: at that time she was richer, by many a million of acres, than in the era of Augustus. In that Augustan era we descry a clear belt of cultivation, averaging about 600 miles in depth, running in a ring fence about the Mediterranean. This belt, *and no more*, was in decent cultivation. Beyond that belt, there was only a wild Indian cultivation. At present what a difference! We have that very belt, but much richer, all things considered *æquatis æquandis*, than in the Roman era. The reader must not look to single cases, as that of Egypt or other parts of Africa, but take the whole collectively. On that scheme of valuation, we have the old Roman belt, the Mediterranean riband not much tarnished, and we have all the rest of Europe to boot—or, speaking in scholars’ language, as a *lucro ponamus*. We say nothing of remoter gains. Such being the case, our mother, the earth, being (as a whole) so incomparably poorer, could not in the Pagan era support the expense of maintaining great empires in cold latitudes. Her purse would not reach that cost. Wherever she undertook in those early ages to rear man in great abundance, it must be where nature would consent to work in partnership with herself; where *warmth* was to be had for nothing; where *clothes* were not so entirely indispensable but that a ragged fellow might still keep himself warm; where slight *shelter* might serve; and where the *soil*, if not absolutely richer in reversionary wealth, was more easily cultured. Nature must come forward liberally, and take a number of shares in every new joint-stock concern before it could move. Man, therefore, went to bed early in those ages, simply because his worthy mother earth could not afford him candles. She, good old lady, (or good young lady, for geolo-

* “*In procinct.*” Milton’s translation (somewhere in *The Paradise Regained*) of the technical phrase “*in procinctu.*”

gists know not* whether she is in that stage of her progress which corresponds to grey hairs, or to infancy, or to "a certain age,"]—she, good lady, would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations asking for candles. "Candles!" She would have said, "Who ever heard of such a thing? and with so much excellent daylight running to waste, as I have provided *gratis*! What will the wretches want next?"

The daylight, furnished *gratis*, was certainly "neat," and "undeniable" in its quality, and quite sufficient for all purposes that were honest. Seneca, even in his own luxurious period, called those men "*lucifugæ*," and by other ugly names, who lived chiefly by candle-light. None but rich and luxurious men, nay, even amongst these, none but idlers *did* live much by candle-light. An immense majority of men in Rome never lighted a candle, unless sometimes in the early dawn. And this custom of Rome was the custom also of all nations that lived round the great pond of the Mediterranean. In Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, every where, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock.* The Turks and other people, who have succeeded to the stations and the habits of the ancients, do so at this day.

The Roman, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round a table in the

dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Every body did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself, was obliged to trundle off in the dusk. Tarquinius might be a very superb fellow; but we doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight. And, though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered, that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men: both parties were in the dark.

Being up then, and stirring not long after the lark, what mischief did the Roman go about first? Now-a-days, he would have taken a pipe or a cigar. But, alas for the ignorance of the poor heathen creatures! they had neither one nor the other. In this point, we must tax our mother earth with being really *too* stingy. In the case of the candles, we approve of her parsimony. Much mischief is brewed by candle-light. But, it was coming it too strong to allow no tobacco. Many a wild fellow in Rome, your Gracchi, Syllas, Catilines, would riot have played "h— and Tommy" in the way they did, if they could have soothed their angry stomachs with a cigar—a pipe has intercepted many an evil scheme. But the thing is past helping now. At Rome, you must do as "they does" at Rome. So, after shaving, (supposing the age of the *Barbati* to be passed)—what is the first business that our Roman will undertake? Forty to one he

* "*Geologists know not.*"—Observe, reader, we are not at all questioning the Scriptural Chronology of the earth as a *habitation for man*, for on the pre-human earth Scripture is silent: not upon the six thousand years does our doubt revolve, but upon a very different thing, viz. to what age in man these six thousand years correspond by analogy in a planet. In man the sixtieth part is a very venerable age. But as to a planet, as to our little earth, instead of arguing dotage, six thousand years may have scarcely carried her beyond babyhood. Some people think she is cutting her first teeth; some think her in her teens. But seriously it is a very interesting problem. Do the sixty centuries of our earth imply youth, maturity, or dotage?

† *Every where the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock.*—As we are perfectly serious, we must beg the reader, who fancies any joke in all this, to consider what an immense difference it must have made to the earth, considered as a steward of her own resources—whether great nations, in a period when their resources were so feebly developed, did, or did not, for many centuries, require candles; and, we may add, fire. The five heads of human expenditure are,—1, food; 2, Shelter; 3, Clothing; 4, Fuel; 5, Light. All were pitched on a lower scale in the Pagan era: and the two last were almost banished from ancient housekeeping. What a great relief this must have been to our good mother the earth! who, at first, was obliged to request of her children that they would settle round the Mediterranean. She could not even afford them water, unless they would come and fetch it themselves out of a common tank or cistern;

is a poor man, born to look upwards to his fellow-men — and not to look down upon any body but slaves. He goes, therefore, to the palace of some grandee, some top-sawyer of the Senatorian order. This great man, for all his greatness, has turned out even sooner than himself. For he also has had no candles and no cigars; and he well knows, that before the sun looks into his portals, all his halls will be overflowing and buzzing with the *matin susurrus* of courtiers — the “*mane salutantes*.”* It is as much as his popularity is worth to absent himself, or to keep people waiting. But surely, the reader may think, this poor man he might keep waiting. No, he might not; for, though poor, being a citizen, he is a gentleman. That was the consequence of keeping slaves. Wherever there is a class of slaves, he that enjoys the *jus suffragii* (no matter how poor) is a gentleman. The true Latin word for a gentleman is *ingenuus*—a freeman and the son of a freeman.

Yet even here there *were* distinctions. Under the Emperors, the courtiers were divided into two classes; with respect to the superior class, it was said of the sovereign—that he *saw* them, (*videbat*;) with respect to the other—that he *was seen*, (“*videbatur*.”) Even Plutarch mentions it as a common boast in his times, *ἡμας ὁρᾷ ὁ βασιλεὺς*—*Cæsar is in the habit of seeing me*; or, as a common plea for evading a suit, *ἰτερος ἔρα μαλλον*—*I am sorry to say he is more inclined to look upon others*. And this usage derived itself (mark that well!) from the *republican* era. The aulic spirit was propagated by the Empire, but from a republican root.

Having paid his court, you will suppose that our friend comes home to breakfast. Not at all: no such discovery as “breakfast” had then been made: breakfast was not invented for many centuries after that. We have always admired, and always shall admire, as the very best of all human stories, Charles Lamb’s account of the origin of *roast pig* in China. Ching

Ping, it seems, had suffered his father’s house to be burned down: the outhouses were burned along with the house; and in one of these the pigs by accident were roasted to a turn. Memorable were the results for all future China and future civilisation. Ping, who (like all China beside) had hitherto eaten his pig raw, now for the first time tasted it in a state of torrefaction. Of course he made his peace with his father by a part (tradition says a leg) of the new dish. The father was so astounded with the discovery, that he burned his house down once a-year for the sake of coming at an annual banquet of roast pig. A curious prying sort of fellow, one Chang Pang, got to know of this. He also burned down a house with a pig in it, and had his eyes opened. The secret was ill kept. The discovery spread. Many great conversions were made. Houses were blazing in every part of the Celestial Empire. The insurance offices took the matter up. One Chong Pong, detected in the very act of shutting up a pig in his drawingroom, and then firing a train, was indicted on a charge of arson. The chief-justice of Peking, on that occasion, requested an officer of the court to hand him a piece of the roast pig, the *corpus delicti*; for pure curiosity led him to taste: but within two days after it was observed that his lordship’s town-house was burned down. In short, all China apostatized to the new faith; and it was not until some centuries had passed, that a great genius arose, who established the second era in the history of roast pig, by showing that it could be had without burning down a house.

No such genius had yet arisen in Rome. Breakfast was not suspected. No prophecy, no type of breakfast had been published. In fact, it took as much time and research to arrive at that great discovery as at the Copernican system. True it is, reader, that you have heard of such a word as *jentaculum*; and your dictionary translates that old heathen word by the Chris-

* “The *mane salutantes*.”—There can be no doubt that the *leves* of modern princes and ministers have been inherited from this ancient usage of Rome; one which belonged to Rome republican, as well as Rome imperial. The fiction in our modern practice is—that we wait upon the *levé*, or rising of the prince. In France, at one era, this fiction was realized: the courtiers did really attend the king’s dressing. And, as to the queen even up to the Revolution, Marie Antoinette, almost from necessity, gave audience at her toilette.

tion word *breakfast*. But dictionaries, one and all, are dull deceivers. Between *jentaculum* and *breakfast* the differences are as wide as between a horse-chestnut and chestnut horse; differences in the *time when*, in the *place where*, in the *manner how*, but pre-eminently in the *thing which*.

Galen is a good authority upon such a subject, since if (like other Pagans) he ate no breakfast himself, in some sense he may be called the cause of breakfast to other men, by treating of those things which could safely be taken upon an empty stomach. As to the time, he (like many other authors) says, *πρὶν τρίτην, ἢ (το μακρότερον) πρὶν τέταρτην*, about the third, or at farthest about the fourth hour: and so exact is he, that he assumes the day to lie exactly between six and six o'clock, and to be divided into thirteen equal portions. So the time will be a few minutes before nine, or a few minutes before ten, in the forenoon. That seems fair enough. But it is not time in respect to its location that we are so much concerned with, as time in respect to its duration. Now, heaps of authorities take it for granted, that you are not to sit down: you are to stand: and as to the place, that any place will do: "any corner of the forum," says Galen, "any corner that you fancy:" which is like referring a man for his *salle à manger* to Westminster Hall or Fleet Street. Augustus, in a letter still surviving, tells us that he *jentabat*, or took his *jentaculum* in his carriage; now in a wheel carriage, (*in essedo*,) now in a litter or palanquin (*in lecticâ*.) This careless and disorderly way as to time and place, and other circumstances of haste, sufficiently indicate the quality of the meal you are to expect. Already you are "sagacious of your quarry from so far." Not that we would presume, excellent reader, to liken you to Death, or to insinuate that you are "a grim feature." But would it not make a saint "grim" to hear of such preparations for the morning meal? And then to hear of such consummations as *panis siccus*, dry bread; or, (if the learned reader thinks it will taste better in Greek,) *ἀρτος ξηρός*! And what

may this word *dry* happen to mean? "Does it mean stale bread?" says Salmasius. "Shall we suppose," says he, in querulous words, "*molli et recenti opponi*," and from that antithesis conclude it to be, "*durum et non recens coctum, eoque sicciorum*?" Hard and stale, and for that reason the more arid! Not quite so bad as that, we hope. Or again—"siccum pro biscocto, ut hodie vocamus, sumemus?"* By *hodie* Salmasius means, amongst his countrymen of France, where *biscoctus* is verbatim reproduced in the word *bis* (twice) *cuit*, (baked;) whence our own *biscuit*. Biscuit might do very well, could we be sure that it was cabin biscuit: but Salmasius argues—that in this case he takes it to mean "*buccellatum, qui est panis nauticus*;" that is, the ship company's biscuit, broken with a sledge-hammer. In Greek, for the benefit again of the learned reader, it is termed *διπυρος*, indicating that it has passed twice under the action of fire.

"Well," you say, "no matter if it had passed fifty times—and through the fires of Moloch; only let us have this biscuit such as it is." In good faith, then, fasting reader, you are not likely to see much more than you *have* seen. It is a very Barmecide feast, we do assure you—this same "*jentaculum*;" at which abstinence and patience are much more exercised than the teeth; faith and hope are the chief graces cultivated; together with that species of the *magnificum* which is founded on the *ignotum*. Even this biscuit was allowed in the most limited quantities: for which reason it is that the Greeks called this apology for a meal by the name of *βυκκισμός*, a word formed (as many words were in the Post-Augustan ages) from a Latin word—viz., *bucca*, a mouthful; not literally such, but so much as a polished man could allow himself to put into his mouth at once. "We took a mouthful," says Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general, "took a mouthful; paid our reckoning; mounted; and were off." But there Sir William means, by his plausible "mouthful," something very much beyond either nine or nine-

* "Or again, 'siccum pro biscocto sumemus?'"—It is odd enough that a scholar so complete as Salmasius, whom nothing ever escapes, should have overlooked so obvious an alternative as that of *siccus* meaning without *opsonium*—*Scoticè*, without "kitchen."

teen ordinary quantities of that denotation, whereas the Roman "*jentaculum*" was literally such; and, accordingly, one of the varieties under which the ancient vocabularies express this model of evanescent quantities is *gustatio*, a mere tasting; and again it is called by another variety, *gustus*, a mere taste: [whence by the usual suppression of the *s*, comes the French word for a collation or luncheon, viz. *gouter*.] Speaking of his uncle, Pliny the Younger says—"Post solem plerumque lavabatur: deinde gustabat; dormiebat minimum; mox, quasi alio die, studebat in cœnæ tempus." "After taking the air he bathed; after that he broke his fast on a bit of biscuit, and took a very slight *siesta*: which done, as if awaking to a new day, he set in regularly to his studies, and pursued them to dinner-time." *Gustabat* here meant that nondescript meal which arose at Rome when *jentaculum* and *prandium* were fused into one, and that only a *taste* or mouthful of biscuit, as we shall show farther on.

Possibly, however, most excellent reader, like some epicurean traveller, who, in crossing the Alps, finds himself weather-bound at St Bernard's on Ash-Wednesday, you surmise a remedy: you descry some opening from "the loopholes of retreat," through which a few delicacies might be insinuated to spread verdure on this arid desert of biscuit. Casuistry can do much. A dead hand at casuistry has often proved more than a match for Lent with all his quarantines. But sorry we are to say that, in this case, no relief is hinted at in any ancient author. A grape or two, (not a bunch of grapes,) a raisin or two, a date, an olive—these are the whole amount of relief* which the chancery of the Roman kitchen granted in such cases. All things here hang together, and prove each other; the time, the place, the mode, the thing. Well might man eat standing, or eat in public, such a trifle as this. Go home to such a breakfast as this! You would as soon think of ordering a cloth to be laid in order to eat a peach, or of asking a

friend to join you in an orange. No man makes "two bites of a cherry." So let us pass on to the other stages of the day. Only in taking leave of this morning stage, throw your eyes back with us, Christian reader, upon this truly heathen meal, fit for idolatrous dogs like your Greeks and your Romans; survey through the vista of ages, that thrice-cursed biscuit, with half a fig, perhaps, by way of garnish, and a huge hammer by its side, to secure the certainty of mastication, by previous comminution. Then turn your eyes to a Christian breakfast—hot rolls, eggs, coffee, beef; but down, down, rebellious visions: we need say no more! You, reader, like ourselves, will breathe a malediction on the classical era, and thank your stars for making you a Romanticist. Every morning we thank ours for keeping us back, and reserving us to an age in which breakfast had been already invented. In the words of Ovid we say:—

"Prisca juvent alios : ego me nunc denique
natum
Gratulor. Hæc ætas moribus apta meis."

Our friend, the Roman cit, has therefore thus far, in his progress through life, obtained no breakfast, if he ever contemplated an idea so frantic. But it occurs to you, our faithful reader, that perhaps he will not always be thus unhappy. We could bring waggon-loads of sentiments, Greek as well as Roman, which prove, more clearly than the most eminent pikestaff, that, as the wheel of fortune revolves, simply out of the fact that it has carried a man downwards, it must subsequently carry him upwards, no matter what dislike that wheel, or any of its spokes, may bear to that man: "*non, si male nunc sit, et olim sic erit*:" and that if a man, through the madness of his nation, misses coffee and hot rolls at nine, he may easily run into a leg of mutton at twelve. True it is he may do so: truth is commendable: and we will not deny that a man may sometimes, by losing a breakfast, gain a dinner. Such things have been

* "The whole amount of relief;" from which it appears how grossly Locke (see his *Education*) was deceived in fancying that Augustus practised any remarkable abstinence in taking only a bit of bread and a raisin or two, by way of luncheon. Augustus did no more than most people did; secondly, he abstained only with a view to dinner; and thirdly, for this dinner he never waited longer than up to four o'clock.

in various ages, and will be again, but not at Rome. There are reasons against it. We have heard of men who consider life under the idea of a wilderness—dry as “a remainder biscuit after a voyage:” and who consider a day under the idea of a little life. Life is the macrocosm, or world at large: day is the microcosm, or world in miniature. Consequently, if life is a wilderness, then day, as a little life, is a little wilderness. And this wilderness can be safely traversed only by having relays of fountains, or stages for refreshment. Such stages, they conceive, are found in these several meals which Providence has stationed at due intervals through the day, whenever the perverseness of man does not break the chain, or derange the order of succession.

These are the anchors by which man rides in that billowy ocean between morning and night. The first anchor, viz. breakfast, having given way in Rome, the more need there is that he should pull up by the second; and that is often reputed to be dinner. And as your dictionary, good reader, translated *breakfast* by that vain word *jentaculum*, so, doubtless, it will translate *dinner* by that still vainer word *prandium*. Sincerely we hope that your own dinner on this day, and through all time coming, may have a better root in fact and substance than this most visionary of all baseless things—the Roman *prandium*, of which we shall presently show you that the most approved translation is *moonshine*.

Reader, we are not jesting here. In the very spirit of serious truth, we assure you, that the delusion about “*jentaculum*” is even exceeded by this other delusion about “*prandium*.” Salmasius himself, for whom a natural prejudice of place and time partially obscured the truth, admits, however, that *prandium* was a meal which the ancients rarely took; his very words are—“*raro prandebant veteres*.” Now, judge for yourself of the good sense which is shown in translating by the word *dinner*, which must of necessity mean the chief meal—a Roman word which represents a fancy meal, a meal of caprice, a meal which few people took. At this moment, what is the single point of agreement between the noon meal of the English labourer and the evening meal of the English gentle-

man? What is the single circumstance common to both which causes us to denominate them by the common name of *dinner*? It is that in both we recognise the *principal* meal of the day, the meal upon which is thrown the *onus* of the day's support. In every thing else they are as wide asunder as the poles; but they agree in this one point of their function. Is it credible that, to represent such a meal amongst ourselves, we select a Roman word so notoriously expressing a mere shadow, a pure apology, that very few people ever tasted it—nobody sate down to it—not many washed their hands after it, and gradually the very name of it became interchangeable with another name, implying the slightest possible act of trying or sipping? “*Post lavationem sine mensâ prandium*,” says Seneca, “*post quod non sunt lavandæ manus*,” that is, “after bathing, I take a *prandium* without sitting down to table, and such a *prandium* as brings after itself no need of washing the hands.” No; moonshine as little soils the hands as it oppresses the stomach.

Reader! we, as well as Pliny, had an uncle, an East Indian uncle; doubtless you have such an uncle; every body has an Indian uncle. Generally such a person is “rather yellow, rather yellow,” [to quote Canning *versus* Lord Durham:] that is the chief fault with his physics; but, as to his morals, he is universally a man of princely aspirations and habits. He is not always so orientally rich as he is reputed; but he is always orientally munificent. Call upon him at any hour from two to five, he insists on your taking *tiffin*: and such a *tiffin*! The English corresponding term is *luncheon*: but how meagre a shadow is the European meal to its glowing Asiatic cousin! Still, gloriously as *tiffin* shines, does any body imagine that it is a vicarious dinner, or ever meant to be the substitute of dinner? Wait till eight, and you will have your eyes opened on that subject. So of the Roman *prandium*: had it been as luxurious as it was simple, still it was always viewed as something meant only to stay the stomach, as a prologue to something beyond. The *prandium* was far enough from giving the feeblest idea of the English *luncheon*; yet it

stood in the same relation to the Roman day. Now to Englishmen that meal scarcely exists; and were it not for women, whose delicacy of organization does not allow them to fast so long as men, would probably be abolished. It is singular in this, as in other points, how nearly England and ancient Rome approximate. We all know how hard it is to tempt a man generally into spoiling his appetite, by eating before dinner. The same dislike of violating what they called the integrity of the appetite, [*integram famem*,] existed at Rome. Every man who knows any thing of Latin critically, sees the connexion of the word *integer* with *in* and *tetigi*: *integer* means what is *intact*, unviolated by touch. Cicero, when protesting against spoiling his appetite for dinner, by tasting any thing beforehand, says, *integram famem ad cœnam afferam*; I shall bring to dinner an appetite untampered with. Nay, so much stress did the Romans lay on maintaining this primitive state of the appetite undisturbed, that any prelusions with either *jentaculum* or *prandium* were said, by a very strong phrase indeed, *polluere famem*, to pollute the sanctity of the appetite. The appetite was regarded as a holy vestal flame, soaring upwards towards dinner throughout the day: if undebauched, it tended to its natural consummation in *cœna*: expired like a phoenix, to rise again out of its own ashes. On this theory, to which language had accommodated itself, the two prelusive meals of nine o'clock A.M., and of one P.M., so far from being ratified by the public sense, and adopted into the economy of the day, were regarded gloomily as gross irregularities, enormities, debauchers of the natural instinct; and, in so far as they thwarted that instinct, lessened it, or depraved it, were universally held to be full of pollution; and, finally, to *profane* a motion of nature. Such was the language.

But we guess what is passing in the reader's mind. He thinks that all this proves the *prandium* to have been a meal of little account; and in very many cases absolutely unknown. But still he

thinks all this might happen to the English dinner—that might be neglected; supper might be generally preferred; and, nevertheless, dinner would be as truly entitled to the name of dinner as before. Many a student neglects his dinner; enthusiasm in any pursuit must often have extinguished appetite for all of us. Many a time and oft did this happen to Sir Isaac Newton. Evidence is on record, that such a deponent at eight o'clock A.M., found Sir Isaac with one stocking on, one off; at two, said deponent called him to dinner. Being interrogated, whether Sir Isaac had pulled on the *minus* stocking, or gartered the *plus* stocking, witness replied that he had not. Being asked if Sir Isaac came to dinner, replied that he did not. Being again asked, “at sunset, did you look in on Sir Isaac?” Witness replied, I did. And now, upon your conscience, sir, by the virtue of your oath, in what state were the stockings? *Ans. In statu quo ante bellum.* It seems Sir Isaac had fought through that whole battle of a long day, so trying a campaign to many people—he had traversed that whole sandy Zaarrah, without calling, or needing to call at one of those fountains, stages, or *mansiones*,* by which (according to our former explanation) Providence has relieved the continuity of arid soil which else disfigures that long dreary level. This happens to all; but was dinner not dinner, and did supper become dinner, because Sir Isaac Newton ate nothing at the first, and threw the whole day's support upon the last? No, you will say, a rule is not defeated by one casual deviation, nor by one person's constant deviation. Every body else was still dining at two, though Sir Isaac might not; and Sir Isaac himself on most days no more deferred his dinner beyond two, than he sate with one stocking off. But what if every body, Sir Isaac included, had deferred his substantial meal until night, and taken a slight refection only at two? The question put does really represent the very case which has happened with us in England. In 1700, a large part of London took a meal at two P.M., and another at seven

* “*Mansiones*”—the halts of the Roman legions, the stationary places of repose which divided the marches, were so called.

or eight P.M. In 1839, a large part of London is still doing the very same thing, taking one meal at two, and another at seven or eight. But the names are entirely changed: the two o'clock meal used to be called *dinner*, and is now called *luncheon*; the eight o'clock meal used to be called *supper*, and is now called *dinner*.

Now the question is easily solved: because, upon reviewing the idea of dinner, we soon perceive that time has little or no connexion with it: since both in England and France, dinner has travelled, like the hand of a clock, through *every* hour between ten A. M. and ten P. M. We have a list, well attested, of every successive hour between these limits having been the known established hour for the royal dinner-table within the last 350 years. Time, therefore, vanishes from the equation: it is a quantity as regularly exterminated as in any algebraic problem. The true elements of the idea, are evidently these:—1. That dinner is that meal, no matter when taken, which is the principal meal; *i. e.* the meal on which the day's support is thrown. 2. That it is the meal of hospitality. 3. That it is the meal (with reference to both Nos. 1. and 2.) in which animal food predominates. 4. That it is that meal which, upon necessity arising for the abolition of all *but* one, would naturally offer itself as that one. Apply these four tests to *prandium*:—How could that meal answer to the first test, as *the day's support*, which few people touched? How could that meal answer to the second test, as *the meal of hospitality*, at which no body sate down? How could that meal answer to the third test, as the meal of animal food, which consisted exclusively and notoriously of bread? Or to the fourth test, of the meal *entitled to survive the abolition of the rest*, which was itself abolished at all times in practice?

Tried, therefore, by every test, *prandium* vanishes. But we have something further to communicate about this same *prandium*.

I. It came to pass, by a very natural association of feeling, that *prandium* and *jentaculum*, in the latter centuries of Rome, were generally confounded. This result was inevitable. Both professed the same basis. Both came in the morning. Both were fictions. Hence they were confounded.

That fact speaks for itself:—Breakfast and luncheon never could have been confounded; but who would be at the pains of distinguishing two shadows? In a gambling-house of that class where you are at liberty to sit down to a splendid banquet—anxiety probably prevents your sitting down at all; but, if you do, the same cause prevents your noticing what you eat. So of the two *pseudo* meals of Rome, they came in the very midst of the Roman business; viz from nine A. M. to two P. M. Nobody could give his mind to them, had they been of better quality. There lay one cause of their vagueness, viz.—in their position. Another cause was—the common basis of both. Bread was so notoriously the predominating “feature” in each of these prelusive banquets, that all foreigners at Rome, who communicated with Romans through the Greek language, knew both the one and the other by the name of *ἀρτοποιίας*, or the *bread repast*. Originally this name had been restricted to the earlier meal. But a distinction without a difference could not sustain itself: and both alike disguised their emptiness under this pompous quadrisyllable. In the identity of substance, therefore, lay a second ground of confusion. And then, thirdly, even as to the time, which had ever been the sole real distinction, there arose from accident a tendency to converge. For it happened that while some had *jentaculum* but no *prandium*, others had *prandium* but no *jentaculum*; a third party had both: a fourth party, by much the largest, had neither. Out of which varieties (who would think that a nonentity could cut up into so many somethings?) arose a fifth party of compromisers, who, because they could not afford a regular *cæna*, and yet were hospitably disposed, fused the two ideas into one; and so, because the usual time for the idea of a breakfast was nine to ten, and for the idea of a luncheon twelve to one, compromised the rival pretensions by what diplomatists call a *mezzo termine*; bisecting the time at eleven, and melting the two ideas into one. But by thus merging the separate times of each, they abolished the sole real difference that had ever divided them. Losing that, they lost all.

Perhaps, as two negatives make one

affirmative, it may be thought that two layers of moonshine might coalesce into one pancake; and two Barmecide banquets might compose one poached egg. Of that the company were the best judges. But probably, as a rump and dozen, in our land of wagers, is construed with a very liberal latitude as to the materials, so Martial's invitation, "to take bread with him at eleven," might be understood by the *rustici* as significant of something better than *apertus*. Otherwise, in good truth, "moonshine and turn-out" at eleven A. M., would be even worse than "tea and turn-out" at eight P. M., which the "fervida juvenitus" of young England so loudly detests. But however that might be, in this convergence of the several frontiers, and the confusion that ensued, one cannot wonder that, whilst the two bladders collapsed into one idea, they actually expanded into four names, two Latin and two Greek, *gustus* and *gustatio*, *γυσις*, and *γυστιον* which all alike express the merely tentative or exploratory act of a *prægustator* or professional "taster" in a king's household: what, if applied to a fluid, we should denominate sipping.

At last, by so many steps all in one direction, things had come to such a pass—the two prelusive meals of the Roman morning, each for itself separately vague from the beginning, had so communicated and interfused their several and joint vaguenesses, that at last no man knew or cared to know what any other man included in his idea of either; how much or how little. And you might as well have hunted in the woods of Ethiopia for Prester John, or fixed the parish of the everlasting Jew,* as have attempted to say what "jentaculum" might be, or what "prandium." Only one thing was clear—what they were *not*. Neither was or wished to be any thing that people cared for. They were both empty shadows; but shadows as they were, we find from Cicero that they had a power of polluting and profaning better things than themselves.

We presume that no rational man will henceforth look for "dinner"—that great idea according to Dr Johnson—that sacred idea according to Cicero—in a bag of moonshine on one side, or a bag of pollution on the other. *Prandium*, so far from being what our foolish dictionaries pretend—dinner itself—never in its palmy days was more or other than a miserable attempt at being *luncheon*. It was a *conatus*, what physiologists call a *nisus*, a struggle in a very ambitious spark, or *scintilla*, to kindle into a fire. This *nisus* went on for some centuries; but finally issued in smoke. If *prandium* had worked out his ambition, had "the great stream of tendency" accomplished all his wishes, *prandium* never could have been more than a very indifferent luncheon. But now,

II. We have to offer another fact, ruinous to our dictionaries on another ground. Various circumstances have disguised the truth, but a truth it is, that "prandium" in its very origin and *incunabula*, never was a meal known to the Roman *culina*. In that court it was never recognised except as an alien. It had no original domicile in the city of Rome. It was a *vox castrensis*, a word and an idea purely martial, and pointing to martial necessities. Amongst the new ideas proclaimed to the recruit, this was one—"look for no '*cæna*,' no regular dinner, with us. Resign these unwarlike notions. It is true that even war has its respites; in these it would be possible to have our Roman *cæna* with all its equipage of ministrations. Such luxury untunes the mind for doing and suffering. Let us voluntarily renounce it; that, when a necessity of renouncing it arrives, we may not feel it, among the hardships of war. From the day when you enter the gates of the camp, reconcile yourself, tyro, to a new fashion of meal, to what in camp dialect we call *prandium*." This "prandium," this essentially military meal, was taken standing, by way of symbolizing the necessity of being always ready for the enemy. Hence the posture in which it was taken at Rome, the very counter-pole to the

* "*The everlasting Jew*;"—the German name for what we English call the Wandering Jew. The German imagination has been most struck with the duration of the man's life, and his unhappy sanctity from death, the English by the unrestingness of the man's life—his incapacity of repose.

luxurious posture of dinner. A writer of the third century, a period from which the Romans naturally looked back upon every thing connected with their own early habits, and with the same kind of interest as we extend to our Alfred, (separated from us as Romulus from them by just a thousand years,) in speaking of *prandium*, says, "Quod dictum est *parandium*, ab eo quod milites ad bellum *paret*." Isidorus again says, "Proprie apud veteres *prandium* vocatum fuisse omnem militum cibum ante pugnam;" *i. e.* "that, properly speaking, amongst our ancestors every military meal taken before battle was termed *prandium*." According to Isidore, the proposition is reciprocating, viz. that, as every *prandium* was a military meal, so every military meal was called *prandium*. But, in fact, the reason of that is apparent. Whether in the camp or the city, the early Romans had probably but one meal in a day. That is true of many a man amongst ourselves by choice; it is true also, to our knowledge, of some horse regiments in our service, and may be of all. This meal was called *cæna*, or dinner in the city—*prandium* in camps. In the city it would always be tending to one fixed hour. In the camp innumerable accidents of war would make it very uncertain. On this account it would be an established rule to celebrate the daily meal at noon, if nothing hindered; not that a later hour would not have been preferred had the choice been free; but it was better to have a certainty at a bad hour, than by waiting for a better hour to make it an uncertainty. For it was a camp proverb—*Pransus, paratus*; armed with his daily meal, the soldier is ready for service. It was not, however, that all meals, as Isidore imagined, were indiscriminately called *prandium*; but that the one sole meal of the day, by accidents of war, might, and did, revolve through all hours of the day.

The first introduction of this military meal into Rome itself, would be through the honourable pedantry of old centurions &c., delighting (like the *Trunnions*, &c., of our navy) to keep up in peaceful life some image or memorial of their past experience, so wild, so full of peril, excitement, and romance, as Roman warfare must have been in those ages. Many non-military people for health's sake, many as an excuse for eating early, many

by way of interposing some refreshment between the stages of forensic business, would adopt this hurried and informal meal. Many would wish to see their sons adopting such a meal as a training for foreign service in particular, and for temperance in general. It would also be maintained by a solemn and very interesting commemoration of this camp repast in Rome.

This commemoration, because it has been grossly misunderstood by Salmasius, (whose error arose from not marking the true point of a particular antithesis,) and still more, because it is a distinct confirmation of all we have said as to the military nature of *prandium*, we shall detach from the series of our illustrations, by placing it in a separate paragraph.

On a set day the officers of the army were invited by Cæsar to a banquet; it was a circumstance expressly noticed in the invitation, by the proper officers of the palace, that the banquet was not a "*cæna*," but a "*prandium*." What followed, in consequence? Why, that all the guests sate down in full military accoutrement; whereas, observes the historian, had it been a *cæna*, the officers would have unbelted their swords; for, he adds, even in Cæsar's presence the officers lay aside their swords. The word *prandium*, in short, converted the palace into the imperial tent: and Cæsar was no longer a civil emperor and *princeps senātus*, but became a commander in-chief amongst a council of his staff, all belted and plumed, and in full military fig.

On this principle we come to understand why it is—that, whenever the Latin poets speak of an army as taking food, the word used is always *prandens* and *pransus*; and, when the word used is *prandens*, then always it is an army that is concerned. Thus Juvenal in a well-known satire—

—————"Credimus altos
Desicasse amnes, epotaque flumina, Medo
Prandente."

Not *cænante*, observe: you might as well talk of an army taking tea and toast: Nor is that word ever applied to armies. It is true that the converse is not so rigorously observed: nor ought it, from the explanations already given. Though no soldier dined, (*cænabat*,) yet the citizen sometimes adopted the camp usage and took a *prandium*. But generally the poets

use the word merely to mark the time of day. In that most humorous appeal of Persius—"Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?" "Is this a sufficient reason for losing one's *prandium*?" He was obliged to say *prandium*, because no exhibitions ever could cause a man to lose his *cæna*, since none were displayed at a time of day when any body in Rome would have attended. Just as, in alluding to a Parliamentary speech notoriously delivered at midnight, an English satirist must have said, is this a speech to furnish an argument for leaving one's bed?—not as what stood foremost in his regard, but as the only thing that *could* be lost at the time of night.

On this principle, also, viz. by going back to the military origin of *prandium*, we gain the interpretation of all the peculiarities attached to it: viz.—1, its early hour—2, its being taken in a standing posture—3, in the open air—4, the humble quality of its materials—bread and biscuit, (the main articles of military fare.) In all these circumstances of the meal, we read, most legibly written, the exotic and military character of the meal.

Thus we have brought down our Roman friend to noonday, or even one hour later than noon, and to this moment the poor man has had nothing to eat. For, supposing him to be not *impransus*, and supposing him *jentasse* beside; yet it is evident, (we hope,) that neither one nor the other means more than what it was often called, viz. *βυζικισμός*, or, in plain English, a mouthful. How long do we intend to keep him waiting? Reader, he will dine at three, or (supposing dinner put off to the latest) at four. Dinner was never known to be later than the tenth hour in Rome, which in summer would be past five; but for a far greater proportion of days would be near four in Rome, except for one or two of the Emperors, whom the mere business attached to their unhappy station kept sometimes dinnerless till six. And so entirely was a Roman the creature of ceremony, that a na-

tional mourning would probably have been celebrated, and the "sad augurs" would have been called in to expiate the prodigy, had the general dinner lingered beyond four.

But, meantime, what has our friend been about since perhaps six or seven in the morning? After paying his little homage to his *patronus*, in what way has he fought with the great enemy Time since then? Why, reader, this illustrates one of the most interesting features in the Roman character. The Roman was the idlest of men. "Man and boy," he was "an idler in the land." He called himself and his pals "*rerum dominos, gentemque togatam*;" *the gentry that wore the toga*. Yes, and a pretty affair that "*toga*" was. Just figure to yourself, reader, the picture of a hard-working man, with horny hands like our hedgers, ditchers, weavers, porters, &c., setting to work on the high-road in that vast sweeping toga, filling with a strong gale like the mainsail of a frigate. Conceive the roars with which this magnificent figure would be received into the bosom of a poor-house detachment sent out to attack the stones on some new line of road, or a fatigue party of dustmen sent upon secret service. Had there been nothing left as a memorial of the Romans but that one relic—their immeasurable toga,*—we should have known that they were born and bred to idleness. In fact, except in war the Roman never did any thing at all but sun himself. *Ut se apricaret* was the final cause of peace in his opinion; in literal truth, that he might make an *apricot* of himself. The public rations at all times supported the poorest inhabitant of Rome if he were a citizen. Hence it was that Hadrian was so astonished with the spectacle of Alexandria, "*civitas opulenta, fecunda, in qua nemo vivat otiosus*." Here first he saw the spectacle of a vast city, second only to Rome, where every man had something to do; "*podagrosi quod agant habent; habent cæci quod faciant; ne chiragrici*" (those with gout in the fingers) *apud eos otiosi vivunt*."

* "*Immeasurable toga*." It is very true that in the time of Augustus the *toga* had disappeared amongst the lowest plebs, and greatly Augustus was shocked at that spectacle. It is a very curious fact in itself, especially as expounding the main cause of the civil wars. Mere poverty, and the absence of bribery from Rome, whilst all popular competition for offices drooped, can alone explain this remarkable revolution of dress.

No poor-rates levied upon the rest of the world for the benefit of their own paupers were there distributed *gratis*. The prodigious spectacle (so it seemed to Hadrian) was exhibited in Alexandria, of all men earning their bread in the sweat of their brow. In Rome only, (and at one time in some of the Grecian states,) it was the very meaning of *citizen* that he could vote and be idle.

In these circumstances, where the whole sum of life's duties amounted to voting, all the business a man *could* have was to attend the public assemblies, electioneering, or factious. These, and any judicial trial (public or private) that might happen to interest him for the persons concerned, or for the questions, amused him through the morning; that is, from eight till one. He might also extract some diversion from the *columnæ*, or pillars of certain porticoes to which they pasted advertisements. These *affiches* must have been numerous; for all the girls in Rome who lost a trinket, or a pet bird, or a lap-dog, took this mode of angling in the great ocean of the public for the missing articles.

But all this time we take for granted that there were no shows in a course of exhibition, either the dreadful ones of the amphitheatre, or the bloodless ones of the circus. If there were, then that became the business of all Romans; and it was a business which would have occupied him from daylight until the light began to fail. Here we see another effect from the scarcity of artificial light amongst the ancients. These magnificent shows went on by daylight. But how incomparably greater would have been the splendour by lamp-light! What a gigantic conception! Eighty thousand human faces all revealed under one blaze of lamp-light! Lord Bacon saw the mighty advantage of candle-light for the pomps and glories of this world. But the poverty of the earth was the ultimate cause that the Pagan shows proceeded by day. Not that the mas-

ters of the world, who rained Arabian odours and perfumed waters of the most costly description from a thousand fountains, simply to cool the summer heats, would have regarded the expense of light; cedar and other odorous woods burning upon vast altars, together with every variety of fragrant torch, would have created light enough to shed a new day over the distant Adriatic.

However, as there are no public spectacles, we will suppose, and the courts or political meetings, (if not closed altogether by superstition,) would at any rate be closed in the ordinary course by twelve or one o'clock, nothing remains for him to do, before returning home, except perhaps to attend the *palaestra*, or some public recitation of a poem written by a friend, but in any case to attend the public baths. For these the time varied; and many people have thought it tyrannical in some of the Cæsars that they imposed restraints on the time open for the baths; some, for instance, would not suffer them to open at all before two, and in any case, if you were later than four or five in summer, you would have to pay a fine which most effectually cleaned out the baths of all raff, since it was a sum that *John Quires* could not have produced to save his life. But it should be considered that the Emperor was the steward of the public resources for maintaining the baths in fuel, oil, attendance, repairs. We are prepared to show on a fitting occasion, that every fourth person * amongst the citizens bathed daily, and non-citizens, of course, paid an *extra* sum. Now the population of Rome was far larger than has ever been hinted at except by Lipsius. But certain it is, that during the long peace of the first Cæsars, and after the *annonaria provisio*, (that great pledge of popularity to a Roman prince,) had been increased by the corn tribute from the Nile, the Roman population took an immense lurch ahead. The subsequent increase of baths, whilst no

* That boys in the *Prætexta* did not bathe in the public baths, is certain; and most unquestionably that is the meaning of the expression in Juvenal so much disputed—"Nisi qui nondum *are* lavantur." By *are* he means the *chenum*, a common name for the public bath, which was made of copper; in our navy, "the *coppers*" is a name for the boilers. "Nobody believes in such tales except children," is the meaning. This one exclusion cut off three-eighths of the Roman males.

old ones were neglected, proves *that* decisively. And as citizenship expanded by means of the easy terms on which it could be had, so did the bathers multiply. The population of Rome in the century after Augustus, was far greater than during that era; and this, still acting as a vortex to the rest of the world, may have been one great motive with Constantine for "transferring" the capital eastwards; in reality, for breaking up one monster capital into two of more manageable dimensions. Two o'clock was often the earliest hour at which the public baths were opened. But in Martial's time a man could go without blushing (*salvâ fronte*) at eleven, though even then two o'clock was the meridian hour for the great uproar of splashing, and swimming, and "larking" in the endless baths of endless Rome.

And now, at last, bathing finished, and the exercises of the *palestra*, at half-past two, or three, our friend finds his way home—not again to leave it for that day. He is now a new man; refreshed, oiled with perfumes, his dust washed off by hot water, and ready for enjoyment. These were the things that determined the time for dinner. Had there been no other proof that *cæna* was the Roman dinner, this is an ample one. Now first the Roman was fit for dinner, in a condition of luxurious ease; business over—that day's load of anxiety laid aside—his *cuticle*, as he delighted to talk, cleansed and polished—nothing more to do or to think of until the next morning: he might now go and dine; and get drunk with a safe conscience. Besides, if he does not get dinner now, when will he get it? For most demonstrably he has taken nothing yet which comes near in value to that basin of soup which many of ourselves take at the Roman hour of bathing. No: we have kept our man fasting as yet. It is to be hoped that something is coming at last.

It *does* come:—Dinner, the great meal of "*cæna*;" the meal sacred to hospitality and genial pleasure, comes now to fill up the rest of the day, until light fails altogether.

Many people are of opinion that the Romans only understood what the capabilities of dinner were. It is certain that they were the first great people that discovered the true secret and meaning of dinner, the great office

which it fulfils, and which we in England are now so generally acting on. Barbarous nations, and none were, in that respect, more barbarous than our own ancestors, made this capital blunder: The brutes, if you asked them what was the use of dinner, what it was meant for, stared at you and replied, as a horse would reply if you put the same question about his provender, that it was to give him strength for finishing his work! Therefore, if you point your telescope back to antiquity about twelve or one o'clock in the day-time, you will descry our most worthy ancestors all eating for their very lives, eating as dogs eat; viz. in bodily fear that some other dog will come and take their dinner away. What swelling of the veins in the temples! (see Boswell's natural history of Dr Johnson at dinner;) what intense and rapid deglutition! what odious clatter of knives and plates! what silence of the human voice! what gravity! what fury in the libidinous eyes with which they contemplate the dishes! Positively it was an *indecent* spectacle to see Dr Johnson at dinner. But, above all, what maniacal haste and hurry, as if the fiend were waiting with red-hot pincers to lay hold of the hindmost!

Oh, reader, do you recognise in this abominable picture your respected ancestors and ours? Excuse us for saying—"what monsters!" We have a right to call our own ancestors monsters; and, if so, we must have the same right over yours. For Dr Southey has shown plainly in the "*Doctor*," that every man having four grand parents in the second stage of ascent, (each of whom having four, therefore,) sixteen in the third, and so on, long before you get to the Conquest, every man and woman then living in England will be wanted to make up the sum of my separate ancestors; consequently, you must take your ancestors out of the very same fund, or (if you are too proud for that) you must go without ancestors. So that, your ancestors being clearly mine, I have a right in law to call the whole "*kit*" of them monsters. *Quod erat demonstrandum*. Really and upon our honour, it makes one, for the moment, ashamed of one's descent; one would wish to disinherit one's-self backwards, and (as Sheridan says in the *Rivals*) to "cut the connexion." Wordsworth has an admirable picture in Peter Bell of "a snug party

in a parlour," removed into *limbus patrum* for their offences in the flesh:—

"Cramming, as they on earth were cramm'd;

All sipping wine, all sipping tea;

But, as you by their faces see,

All silent, and all d—d."

How well does that one word describe those venerable ancestral dinners—"all silent!" Contrast this infernal silence of voice and fury of eye with the "*risus amabilis*," the festivity, the social kindness, the music, the wine, the "*dulcis insania*," of a Roman "*cœna*." We mentioned four tests for determining what meal is, and what is not, dinner: we may now add a fifth, viz. the spirit of festal joy and elegant enjoyment, of anxiety laid aside, and of honourable social pleasure put on like a marriage garment.

And what caused the difference between our ancestors and the Romans? Simply this—the error of interposing dinner in the middle of business, thus courting all the breezes of angry feeling that may happen to blow from the business yet to come, instead of finishing, absolutely closing, the account with this world's troubles before you sit down. That unhappy interpolation ruined all. Dinner was an ugly little parenthesis between two still uglier clauses of a tee-totally ugly sentence. Whereas with us, their enlightened posterity, to whom they have the honour to be ancestors, dinner is a great reaction. There lies our conception of the matter. It grew out of the very excess of the evil.

When business was moderate, dinner was allowed to divide and bisect it. When it swelled into that vast strife and agony, as one may call it, that boils along the tortured streets of modern London or other capitals, men began to see the necessity of an adequate counterforce to push against this overwhelming torrent, and thus maintain the equilibrium. Were it not for the soft relief of a six o'clock dinner, the gentle manner succeeding to the boisterous hubbub of the day, the soft glowing lights, the wine, the intellectual conversation, life in London is now come to such a pass that in two years all nerves would sink before it. But for this periodic reaction, the modern business which draws so cruelly on the brain, and so little on the hands, would overthrow that

organ in all but those of coarse organization. Dinner it is, meaning by dinner the whole complexity of attendant circumstances, which saves the modern brain-working men from going mad.

This revolution as to dinner was the greatest in virtue and value ever accomplished. In fact, those are always the most operative revolutions which are brought about through social or domestic changes. A nation must be barbarous, neither could it have much intellectual business, which dined in the morning. They could not be at ease in the morning. So much *must* be granted: every day has its separate *quantum*, its dose (as the doctrinists of rent phrase it) of anxiety, that could not be digested so soon as noon. No man will say it. He, therefore, who dined at noon, was willing to sit down squalid as he was, with his dress unchanged, his cares not washed off. And what follows from that? Why, that to him, to such a canine or cynical specimen of the genus *homo*, dinner existed only as a physical event, a mere animal relief, a mere carnal enjoyment. For what, we demand, did this fleshly creature differ from the carrion crow, or the kite, or the vulture, or the cormorant? A French judge in an action upon a wager, laid it down in law, that man only had a *bouche*, all other animals had a *gueule*: only with regard to the horse, in consideration of his beauty, nobility, use, and in honour of the respect with which man regarded him, by the courtesy of Christendom, he might be allowed to have a *bouche*, and his reproach of brutality, if not taken away, might thus be hidden. But surely, of the rabid animal who is caught dining at noon-day, the *homo ferus*, who affronts the meridian sun like Thyestes and Atreus, by his inhuman meals, we are, by parity of reason, entitled to say, that he has a "maw," (so has Milton's Death,) but nothing resembling stomach. And to this vile man a philosopher would say—"Go away, sir, and come back to me two or three centuries hence, when you have learned to be a reasonable creature, and to make that physico-intellectual thing out of dinner which it was meant to be, and is capable of becoming." In Henry VII.'s time the court dined at eleven in the forenoon. But even that hour was considered so shockingly

late in the French court, that Louis XII. actually had his grey hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave, by changing his regular hour of half-past nine for eleven, in gallantry to his young English bride.* He fell a victim to late hours in the forenoon. In Cromwell's time they dined at one P.M. One century and a half had carried them on by two hours. Doubtless, old cooks and scullions wondered what the world would come to next. Our French neighbours were in the same predicament. But they far surpassed us in veneration for the meal. They actually dated from it. Dinner constituted the greater part of the day. *L'après diner* is almost the sole date which you find in Cardinal De Retz's memoirs of the *Fronde*. Dinner was their *Hegira*—dinner was their *line* in traversing the ocean of day; they crossed the equator when they dined. Our English revolution came next; it made some little difference, we have heard people say, in Church and State; but its great effects were perceived in dinner. People now dined at two. So dined Addison for his last thirty years; so dined Pope, who was coeval with the revolution through his entire life. Precisely as the rebellion of 1745 arose, did people (but observe, very great people) advance to four P.M. Philosophers, who watch the "*seminarum rerum*," and the first symptoms of change, had perceived this alteration singing in the upper air like a coming storm some little time before. About the year 1740, Pope complains to a friend of Lady Suffolk's dining so late as four. Young people may bear those things, he observes; but as to himself, now turned of fifty, if such doings went on, if Lady Suffolk would adopt such strange hours, he must really absent himself from Marble Hill. Lady Suffolk had a right to please herself: he himself loved her. But if she would persist, all which remained for a decayed poet was respectfully to "cut his stick, and retire." Whether

Pope ever put up with four o'clock dinners again, we have vainly sought to fathom. Some things advance continuously, like a flood or a fire, which always make an end of A, eat and digest it, before they go on to B. Other things advance *per saltum*—they do not silently cancer their way onwards, but lie as still as a snake after they have made some notable conquest, then when unobserved they make themselves up "for mischief," and take a flying bound onwards. Thus advanced dinner, and by these fits got into the territory of evening. And ever as it made a motion onwards, it found the nation more civilized (else the change would not have been effected,) and raised them to a still higher civilisation. The next relay on that line of road, the next repeating frigate, is Cowper in his poem on *Conversation*. He speaks of four o'clock as still the elegant hour for dinner—the hour for the *lautiores* and the *lepidi homines*. Now this was written about 1780, or a little earlier; perhaps, therefore, just one generation after Pope's Lady Suffolk. But then Cowper was living amongst the rural gentry, not in high life; yet, again, Cowper was nearly connected by blood with the eminent Whig house of Cowper, and acknowledged as a kinsman. About twenty-five years after this, we may take Oxford as a good exponent of the national advance. As a magnificent body of "foundations," endowed by kings, and resorted to by the flower of the national youth, Oxford is always elegant and even splendid in her habits. Yet on the other hand, as a grave seat of learning, and feeling the weight of her position in the commonwealth, she is slow to move: she is inert as she should be, having the functions of *resistance* assigned to her against the popular instinct of *movement*. Now, in Oxford, about 1804–5, there was a general move in the dinner hour. Those colleges who dined at three, of which there were still several, now dined at four: those who had

* "*His young English bride*:"—The case of an old man, or one reputed old, marrying a very girlish wife, is always too much for the gravity of history; and, rather than lose the joke, the historian prudently disguises the age, which after all, was little above fifty. And the very persons who insist on the late dinner as the proximate cause of death, elsewhere insinuate something else, not so decorously expressed. It is odd that this amiable prince, so memorable as having been a martyr to late dining at eleven A.M., was the same person who is so equally memorable for the noble answer about a King of France not remembering the wrongs of a Duke of Orleans,

dined at four now translated their hour to five. These continued good general hours, but still amongst the more intellectual orders, till about Waterloo. After that era, six, which had been somewhat of a gala hour, was promoted to the fixed station of dinner-time in ordinary; and there perhaps it will rest through centuries. For a more festal dinner, seven, eight, nine, ten, have all been in requisition since then; but we have not yet heard of any man's dining later than 10 P.M., except in that single classical instance (so well remembered from our father Joe) of an Irishman who must have dined *much* later than ten, because his servant protested, when others were enforcing the dignity of their masters by the lateness of their dinner hours, that *his* master dined "to-morrow."

Were the Romans not as barbarous as our own ancestors at one time? Most certainly they were; in their primitive ages they took their *cæna* at noon,* that was before they had laid aside their barbarism; before they shaved: it was during their barbarism, and in consequence of their barbarism, that they timed their *cæna* thus unseasonably. And this is made evident by the fact, that, so long as they erred in the hour, they erred in the attending circumstances. At this period they had no music at dinner, no festal graces, and no reposing upon sofas. They sate bolt upright in chairs, and were as grave as our ancestors, as rabid, and doubtless as furiously in haste.

With us the revolution has been equally complex. We do not, indeed, adopt the luxurious attitude of semi-recumbency; our climate makes that less requisite; and moreover the Romans had no knives and forks, which could scarcely be used in that posture: they ate with their fingers from dishes already cut up—whence the peculiar

force of Seneca's "*post quod non sunt lavandæ manus.*" But exactly in proportion as our dinner has advanced towards evening, have we and has that advanced in circumstances of elegance, of taste, of intellectual value." That by itself would be much. Infinite would be the gain for any people that it had ceased to be brutal, animal, fleshly; ceased to regard the chief meal of the day as a ministration only to an animal necessity; that they had raised it to a far higher standard; associated it with social and humanizing feelings, with manners, with graces both moral and intellectual; moral in the self-restraint; intellectual in the fact, notorious to all men, that the chief arenas for the *easy* display of intellectual power are at our dinner tables. But dinner has *now* even a greater function than this; as the fervour of our day's business increases, dinner is continually more needed in its office of a great *reaction*. We repeat that, at this moment, but for the daily relief of dinner, the brain of all men who mix in the strife of capitals would be unhinged and thrown off its centre.

If we should suppose the case of a nation taking three equidistant meals all of the same material and the same quantity, all milk for instance, it would be impossible for Thomas Aquinas himself to say which was or was not dinner. The case would be that of the Roman *ancile* which dropped from the skies; to prevent its ever being stolen, the priests made eleven *fac-similes* of it, that the thief, seeing the hopelessness of distinguishing the true one, might let all alone. And the result was, that, in the next generation, nobody could point to the true one. But our dinner, the Roman *cæna*, is distinguished from the rest by far more than the hour; it is dis-

* "*Took their cæna at noon.*"—And, by the way, in order to show how little *cæna* had to do with any evening hour (though, in any age but that of our fathers, four in the afternoon would never have been thought an evening hour in the sense implied by *supper*,)—the Roman *gourmands* and *bons vivants* continued through the very last ages of Rome to take their *cæna*, when more than usually sumptuous, at noon. This, indeed, all people did occasionally, just as we sometimes give a dinner even now so early as four P.M., under the name of a *dejeuner à la fourchette*. Those who took their *cæna* so early as this, were said *de die cænare*—to begin dining from high day. Just as the line in Horace—"Ut jugulent homines surgunt de nocte latrones," does not mean that the robbers rise when others are going to bed, viz., at nightfall, but at midnight. For, says one of the three best scholars of this earth, *de die, de nocte*, mean from that hour which was most fully, most intensely day or night: viz.—the centre, the meridian. This one fact is surely a clencher as to the question whether *cæna* meant dinner or supper.

tinguished by great functions, and by still greater capacities. It is most beneficial; it may become more so.

In saying this, we point to the lighter graces of music, and conversation more varied, by which the Roman *cæna* was chiefly distinguished from our dinner. We are far from agreeing with Mr Croly, that the Roman meal was more "intellectual" than ours. On the contrary, ours is the more intellectual by much: we have far greater knowledge, far greater means for making it such. In fact, the fault of our meal is—that it is too intellectual: of too severe a character: too political: too much tending, in many hands, to disquisition. Reciprocation of question and answer, variety of topics, shifting of topics, are points not sufficiently cultivated. In all else we assent to the following passage from Mr Croly's eloquent Salathiel:—

"If an ancient Roman could start from his slumber into the midst of European life, he must look with scorn on its absence of grace, elegance, and fancy. But it is in its festivity, and most of all in its banquets, that he would feel the incurable barbarism of the Gothic blood. Contrasted with the fine displays that made the table of the Roman noble a picture, and threw over the indulgence of appetite the colours of the imagination, with what eyes must he contemplate the tasteless and commonplace dress, the coarse attendants, the meagre ornament, the want of mirth, music, and intellectual interest—the whole heavy machinery that converts the feast into the mere drudgery of devouring!"

Thus far the reader knows already that we dissent violently; and by looking back he will see a picture of our ancestors at dinner, in which they rehearse the very part in relation to ourselves that Mr Croly supposes all moderns to rehearse in relation to the Romans; but in the rest of the beautiful description, the positive, though not the comparative part, we must all concur:—

"The guests before me were fifty or sixty splendidly dressed men," (they were in fact Titus and his staff, then occupied with the siege of Jerusalem,)

"attended by a crowd of domestics, attired with scarcely less splendour; for no man thought of coming to the banquet in the robes of ordinary life. The embroidered couches, themselves striking objects, allowed the ease of position at once delightful in the relaxing climates of the South, and capable of combining with every grace of the human figure. At a slight distance, the table loaded with plate glittering under a profusion of lamps, and surrounded by couches thus covered by rich draperies, was like a central source of light radiating in broad shafts of every brilliant hue. The wealth of the Patricians, and their intercourse with the Greeks, made them masters of the first performances of the arts. Copies of the most famous statues, and groups of sculpture in the precious metals; trophies of victories; models of temples; were mingled with vases of flowers and lighted perfumes. Finally, covering and closing all, was a vast scarlet canopy, which combined the groups beneath to the eye, and threw the whole into the form that a painter would love."

Mr Croly then goes on to insist on the intellectual embellishments of the Roman dinner; their variety, their grace, their adaptation to a festive purpose. The truth is, our English imagination, more profound than the Roman, is also more gloomy, less gay, less *riante*. That accounts for our want of the gorgeous *triclinium*, with its scarlet draperies, and for many other differences both to the eye and to the understanding. But both we and the Romans agree in the main point; we both discovered the true purpose which dinner might serve,—1. to throw the grace of intellectual enjoyment over an animal necessity; 2. to relieve and antagonize the toil of brain incident to high forms of social life.

Our object has been to point the eye to this fact; to show uses imperceptibly suspected in a recurring accident of life: to show a steady tendency to that consummation; by holding up, as in a mirror, (together with occasional glimpses of hidden corners in history,) the corresponding revolution silently going on in a great people of antiquity.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

PART III.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc illi benigna.
 Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
 Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et meâ
 Virtute me involvo, probamque
 Pauperiem sine dote quero,
 HOR. CARM. LIB. III. 49.

TITMOUSE continued in what he doubtless imagined to be a devout frame of mind, for several minutes after quitting the church at the door of which I left him. But close by the aforesaid church, the devil had a thriving little establishment, in the shape of a cigar-shop; in which a showily dressed young Jewess sat behind the counter, right underneath a glaring gas-light—with a thin stripe of greasy black velvet across her forehead, and long ringlets that rested on her shoulders—bandying slang with two or three other such puppies as Titmouse and Huckaback. Our friends entered and purchased a cigar a-piece, which they lit on the spot; and after each of them had exchanged an impudent wink with the Jewess, out they went, puffing away—all the remains of their piety! When they had come to the end of their cigars they parted, each speeding homeward. Titmouse, on reaching his lodgings, sunk into profound depression. He felt an awful conviction that his visit to the cigar-shop had entirely spoiled the effect of his previous attendance at the church, and that, if so disposed, he might now sit and whistle for his ten thousand a-year. Thoughts such as these drove him nearly distracted. If, indeed, he had foreseen having to go through such another week as the one just over, I think it not impossible that before the arrival of the ensuing Sunday, Mr Titmouse might have afforded a little employment to that ancient but gloomy functionary, a coroner, and his jury. At that time, however, inquests of this sort were matter-of-fact and melancholy affairs enough; which I doubt not would have been rather a *dissuasive* from suicide, in the estimation of one who might be supposed ambitious of the *eclat* of a modern inquest; where, indeed, such strange antics are played

by certain new performers as would suffice to revive the corpse, (if it were a corpse that had ever had a spark of sense or spirit in it,) and make it kick the coroner out of the room. But to one of so high an ambition as Tittlebat Titmouse, how delightful would it not have been, to anticipate becoming (what had been quite impracticable during life) the object of public attention after his death—by means of a flaming dissertation by the coroner upon his own zeal and spirit—the nature and extent of his rights, powers, and duties;—when high doctors are brow-beaten, the laws set at defiance, and public decency plucked by the beard, and the torn and bleeding hearts of surviving relatives still further agonized by an exposure, all quivering under the recent stroke, to the gaping vulgar! Indeed, I sometimes think that the object of certain coroners, now-a-days, is twofold,—first, public—to disgust people with suicide, by showing what horrid proceedings will take place over their carcasses; and secondly, private—to get the means of studying anatomy by *post mortems*, which the said coroner never could procure in his own practice; which enables us to account for some things one has lately seen, viz. that if a man come to his death by means of a waggon crushing his legs, the coroner institutes an exact examination of the structure of the *lungs* and *heart*. I take it to be getting now into a rule—the propriety whereof, some people think, cannot be doubted—namely, that bodies ought now to be opened only to prove that they ought not to have been opened; an inquest must be held, in order to demonstrate that it need not have been held, except that certain fees thereby find their way into the pocket of the aforesaid coroner, which would otherwise not have done so. In short, such a coroner as I have in my eye

may be compared to a great ape squatting on a corpse, furiously chattering and spitting at all around it; and I am glad that it hath at last had wit enough first to *shut the door* before proceeding to its horrid tricks.

Touching the *moral* of suicide, it is a way which some have of *cutting* the Gordian knot of the difficulties of life; which having been done, possibly the very first thing that is made manifest to the spirit, after taking its mad leap in the dark, is—how very easily the said knot might have been UNTIED; nay, that it was *on the very point* of being untied, if the impatient spirit had stayed only a moment longer:—a dismal discovery, which may excite ineffable grief at the folly and horror of the crime of which such spirit has been guilty. But ah! it is too late! The triumphant fiend has secured his victim. I said it was not *impossible* that Mr Titmouse might, under the circumstances alluded to, have done the deed which has called forth the above very natural and profound reflexions; but, upon the whole, it is hardly *probable*, for he knew that by doing so he would (first) irreparably injure society, by depriving it of an enlightened and invaluable member; (secondly,) inflict great indignity on his precious body, of which, during life, he had always taken the most affectionate care, by securing for it a burial in a cross road, at night time, with a stake run through it,* and moreover, peril the little soul that had just leaped out of it, by not having any burial-service said over his aforesaid remains; and (lastly) lose all chance of enjoying Ten Thousand a-Year—at least upon earth. I own I was a little startled (as I daresay was the reader) at a passage of mournful significance in Mr Titmouse's last letter to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, viz. "How full of trouble I am, *often thinking of death*, which is the end of every thing;" but on carefully considering the context, I am disposed to think that the whole was only a device of Titmouse's, either to rouse the fears, or stimulate the feelings, or excite the hopes, of the three arbiters of his destiny to whom it was addressed.

Mr Gammon, he thought, might be thereby moved to pity; while Mr Quirk would probably be operated upon by fears, lest the sad contingency pointed at might deprive the house of one who would richly repay their exertions; and by hopes of indefinite advantage, if they could by any means prevent its happening. I have often questioned Titmouse on the subject, but he would only wink his eye, and say that he "*knew what to be at*" as well as any one! That these gentlemen really *did* keenly scrutinize, and carefully weigh every expression in that letter, ridiculous as it was, and contemptible as, I fear, it showed its writer to be, is certain; but it did not occur to them to compare with it, at least, the spirit and intention of their own answer to it. Did the latter document contain less cunning and insincerity, because it was couched in somewhat superior phraseology? They could conceal their selfish and over-reaching designs, while poor Titmouse exposed all his little mean-mindedness and hypocrisy, simply because he had not learned how to conceal it effectually. 'Twas indeed a battle for the very same object, but between unequal combatants. Each was trying to take the other in. If Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap despised and loathed the man to whom they exhibited such anxious courtesy, Titmouse hated and feared those whom his interests compelled him for a while to conciliate. Was there, in fact, a pin to choose between them—except, perhaps, that Titmouse was, in a manner, excused by his necessities? But, in the meanwhile, his circumstances were becoming utterly desperate. He continued to endure great suffering at Mr Tag-rag's during the day—the constant butt of the ridicule and insult of his amiable companions, and the victim of his employer's vile spirit of hatred and oppression. His spirit, (such as it was), in short, was very nearly broken. Though he seized every opportunity that offered to enquire for another situation, he was unsuccessful; for all whom he applied to spoke of the *strict character* they should require, "before taking a new hand into their establish-

* A very learned person tells me that this mode of treating the remains of a *felo de se*, though prevailing at the time when the events occurred which are above narrated, was soon afterwards (i. e. on the 8th July 1823) abolished by Act of Parliament.

ment." His occupation at nights, after quitting the shop, was twofold only—either to call upon Huckaback, (whose sympathy, however, he was exhausting rapidly,) or solace his feelings by walking down to Saffron Hill, and lingering about the closed office of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—there was a kind of gratification even in that! He once or twice felt flustered even on catching a glimpse of the old housekeeper returning from some little errand. How he would have rejoiced to get into her good graces, and accompany her into even the kitchen—when he would be in the premises, and conversing with one of the establishment of those who he believed could, with a stroke of their pens, turn this wilderness of a world into a paradise for him! But he dared not make any overtures in that quarter, for fear of their getting to the notice of the dreaded Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

At length, no more than three or four shillings stood between him and utter destitution; and the only person in the world whom he could apply to for even the most trivial assistance, was Huckaback—whom, however, he knew to be scarcely any better off than himself; and whom, moreover, he felt to be treating him more and more coldly, as the week wore on without his hearing of any the least tidings from Saffron Hill. Huckaback evidently felt now scarcely any interest or pleasure in the visits of his melancholy friend, and was plainly disinclined to talk about his affairs. At length he quite turned up his nose with disgust, whenever Titmouse took out the well-worn note of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, which was almost dropping in pieces with being constantly carried about in his pocket, taken in and out, and folded and unfolded, for the purpose of conning over its contents, as if there might yet linger in it some hitherto undiscovered source of consolation. Poor Titmouse, therefore, looked at it on every such occasion with as eager and vivid an interest as ever; but it was glanced at by Huckaback with a half-averted eye, and a cold, drawling, yawning "Ya—a—as—I see—I—dare—say!" As his impressions of Titmouse's bright prospects were thus being rapidly effaced, his smarting recollection of the drubbing he had received became distincter and more frequent; his feelings of re-

sentment more lively, and not the less so, because the expression of them had been stifled, (while he had considered the star of Titmouse to be in the ascendant,) till the time for setting them into motion and action had gone by. In fact the presence of Titmouse, suggesting such thoughts and recollections, became intolerable to Huckaback; and Titmouse's perceptions (dull as they naturally were, but a little quickened by recent suffering,) gave him more and more distinct notice of this circumstance, at the precise time when he meditated applying for the loan of a few shillings. These feelings made him as humble towards Huckaback, and as patient of his increasing rudeness and ill-humour, as he felt abject towards Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; for, unless he could succeed in wringing some trifling loan from Huckaback, (if he really had it in his power to advance him *any thing*,) he could not conjecture what was to become of him. Various faint but unadroit hints and feelers of his had been thrown away; for Huckaback either did not, or could not, comprehend them. But at length a sudden and fearful pressure compelled him to speak out. Gripe, the collector, called one morning for the poor's rates due from Mrs Squallop, (Titmouse's landlady,) and cleaned her out of almost every penny of ready money which she had by her. This threw the good woman upon her resources, to replenish her empty pocket—and down she came upon Titmouse—or rather, up she went to him; for his heart sunk within him one night on his return from the shop, having only just taken off his hat and lit his candle, as he heard the fat old termagant's well-known heavy step ascending the stairs, and approaching nearer and nearer to his door. Her loud imperative single knock vibrated through his heart, and he was ready to drop.

"Oh, Mrs Squallop! How d'ye do, Mrs Squallop?" commenced Titmouse, faintly, when he had opened the door; "Won't you take a chair?" offering to the panting dame almost the only chair he had.

"No—I ain't come to stay, Mr Titmouse, because, d'ye see, in coarse you've got a pound, at least; ready for me, as you promised long ago—and never more welcome; there's old Gripe been here to-day, and had his

horious rates—(drat the poor, say I! them as can't work should starve!—rates is a robbery!)—but howsomdever he's cleaned me out to-day; so, in coorse, I come up to you. Got it?"

"I—I—I—'pon my life, Mrs Squallop, I'm uncommon sorry!"

"Oh, bother your sorrow, Mr Titmouse!—out with the needful, for I can't stop palavering here."

"I—I can't, so help me ——!" gasped Titmouse, with the calmness of desperation.

"You can't! And, marry, sir, why not, may I make bold to ask?" enquired Mrs Squallop, after a moment's pause, striving to choke down her rage.

"P'r'aps you can get blood out of a stone, Mrs Squallop; it's what I can't," replied Titmouse, striving to screw his courage up to the sticking place, to encounter one who was plainly bent upon mischief. "I've got two shillings—there they are," throwing them on the table; "and cuss me if I've another rap in the world; there, ma'am!"

"You're a liar, then, that's flat!" exclaimed Mrs Squallop, slapping her hand upon the table, with a violence that made the candle quiver on it, and almost fall down. "You have the *limperance*," said she, commencing the address she had been preparing in her own mind ever since Mr Gripe had quitted her house, "to stand there and tell me you've got nothing in the world but them *two shillings*! Heugh! Out on you, you oudacious fellow!—you jack-a-dandy! You tell me you haven't got more than them two shillings, and yet turns out every Sunday morning of your life like a lord, with your pins, and your rings, and your chains, and your fine coat, and your gloves, and your spurs, and your dandy cane—ough! you whipper-snapper! You're a cheat—you're a swindler, jack-a-dandy! You're the contempt of the whole court, you are, you jack-a-dandy! You've got all my rent on your back, and have had every Sunday for three months, you cheat!—you low fellow!—you ungrateful chap! You're a-robbing the widow and fatherless! Look at me, and my six fatherless children down there, you good-for-nothing, nasty, proud puppy!—eugh! it makes me sick to see you.

You dress yourself out like my lord mayor! You've bought a gold chain

with my rent, you rascally cheat! You dress yourself out?—Ha, ha!—you're a nasty, mean-looking, humpty-dumpty, carrotty-headed!"

"You'd better not say *that* again, Mrs Squallop."

"Not say it again!—ha, ha! Hoighty-toighty, carrotty-haired jack-a-dandy!—why, you hop-o-my-thumb! d'ye think I won't say whatever I choose, and in my own house? You're a Titmouse by name and by nature; there ain't a cockroach crawling down stairs that ain't more respectable-like and better behaved than you. You're a himpudent cheat, and dandy, and knave, and a liar, and a red-haired rascal—and that in your teeth! Ough! Your name stinks in the court. You're a-taking of every body in as will trust you to a penny's amount. There's poor old Cox, the tailor, with a sick wife and children, whom you've cheated this many months, all of his not having spirit to summons you! But I'll set him upon you; you see if I don't—and I'll have my own, too, or I wouldn't give *that* for the laws!" shouted Mrs Squallop, at the same time snapping her fingers in his face, and then pausing for breath after her eloquent invective.

"Now, what is the use," said Titmouse, gently, being completely cowed—"now, what good *can* it do to go on in this way, Mrs Squallop?"

"Missus me no Missus, Mr Titmouse, but pay me my rent, you jack-a-dandy! You've got my rent on your back, and on your little fingers; and I'll have it off you before I've done with you, I warrant you. I'm your landlady, and I'll sell you up; I'll have old Thumbscrew here the first thing in the morning, and distraint every thing, and you, too, you jack-daw, if any one would buy you, which they won't! I'll have my rent at last; I've been too easy with you, you ungrateful chap; for, mark, even Mr Gripe this morning says, 'haven't you a gentleman lodger up above? get him to pay you your own,' says he; and so I will. I'm sick of all this, and I'll have my rights! Here's my son, Jem, a far better-looking chap than you, though he *hasn't* got hair like a mop all under his chin, and he's obligated to work from one week's end to another in a paper cap and fustian jacket; and you—you painted jackanapes! But now I have got you, and I'll turn you

inside out, though I know there's nothing in you! But I'll try to get at your fine coats, and spurs, and trowsers, your chains and pins, and make something of them before I've done with you, you jack-a-dandy!"—and the virago shook her fist at him, looking as though she had not yet uttered even half that was in her heart towards him.

[Alas, alas, unhappy Titmouse, much-enduring son of sorrow! I perceive that you now feel the sharpness of an angry female tongue; and indeed to me, not in the least approving of the many coarse and heart-splitting expressions which she uses, it seems nevertheless that she is not very far off the mark in much that she hath said; for, in truth, in your conduct there is not a little that to me, piteously inclined towards you as I am, yet appeareth obnoxious to the edge of this woman's reproaches. But think not; O bewildered and notwithstanding-sufficient-distinctness-discerning-the-nature-of-things Titmouse! that she hath only a sharp and bitter tongue. In this woman behold a mother, and it may be that she will soften before you, who have plainly, as I hear, neither father nor mother. Oh me!]

Titmouse trembled violently; his lips quivered; and the long pent-up tears forced their way at length over his eyelids, and fell fast down his cheeks.

"Ah, you may well cry!—you may! But it's too late!—it's my turn to cry now! Don't you think that I feel for my own flesh and blood, that is my six children? And isn't what's mine theirs? And aren't you keeping the fatherless out of their own? It's too bad of you—it is! and you know it is," continued Mrs Squallop, vehemently.

"*They've* got a mother to take—care of them," Titmouse sobbed; "but there's been no one in the—the—world that cares a straw for *me*—this twenty—years!" He fairly wept aloud.

"Well, then, more's the pity for *you*. If you had, they wouldn't have let you make such a puppy of yourself—and at your landlady's expense, too. You know you're a fool," said Mrs Squallop, dropping her voice a little; for she was a MOTHER, after all, and she knew that what poor Titmouse had just stated was quite true. She tried hard to keep up the fire of her wrath,

by forcing into her thoughts every aggravating topic against Titmouse that she could think of: but it became every moment harder and harder to do so, for she was consciously softening rapidly towards the weeping and miserable object on whom she had been heaping such violent and bitter abuse. He was a great fool, to be sure; he was very fond of fine clothes—he knew no better—he had, however, paid his rent well enough, till lately—he was a very quiet, well-disposed lodger, for all *she* had known—he had given her youngest child a pear not long ago—Really, she thought, I may have gone a little too far.

"Come—it ain't no use crying in this way. It won't put money into your pocket, nor my rent into mine. You know you've wronged me, and I *must* be paid," she added, but in a still lower tone. She tried to cough away a certain rising disagreeable sensation about her throat, that kept increasing; for Titmouse, having turned his back to hide the extent of his emotions, seemed half choked with suppressed sobs.

"So you won't speak a word—not a word—to the woman you've injured so much?" enquired Mrs Squallop, trying to assume a harsh tone, but her eyes were a little obstructed with tears.

"I—I—*can't* speak," sobbed Titmouse—"I—I feel ready to drop—every body hates me"—here he paused; and for some moments neither spoke. "I've been kept on my legs the whole day about the town by Mr Tag-rag, and had no dinner. I—I—wish I was *dead*! I do!—you may take all I have—here it is!"—continued Titmouse, with his foot pushing towards Mrs Squallop the old hair trunk that contained all his little finery—"I sha'n't want them much longer—for I'm turned out of my situation."

This was too much for Mrs Squallop, and she was obliged to wipe her full eyes with the corner of her apron, without saying a word. Her heart smote her for the misery she had inflicted on one who seemed quite broken down. Pity suddenly flew, fluttering his wings—soft dove!—into her heart, and put to flight in an instant all her enraged feelings. "Come, Mr Titmouse," said she, in quite an altered tone—"never mind *me*; I'm a plain-spoken woman enough, I dare say—and often say more than I mean—for I know I ain't

over particular when my blood's up—but—I—I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, poor chap!—for all I've said—no, not for double the rent you owe me. Come! don't go on so, Mr Titmouse—what's the use? it's all quite over—I'm so sorry—Lud! if I'd really thought"—she almost sobbed—"you'd been so—so—why, I'd have waited till to-morrow night before I'd said a word. But, Mr Titmouse, since you haven't had any dinner; won't you have a mouthful of something—a bit of bread and cheese?—I'll soon fetch you up a bit, and a drop of beer—we've just had it in for our suppers."

"No, thank you—I can't—I can't eat."

"Oh, bother it, but you *shall*! I'll go down and fetch it up in half a minute, as sure as my name's Squallop!" And out of the room, and down stairs she bustled, glad of a moment to recover herself.

"Lord-a-mercy!" said she, on entering her room, to her eldest daughter and a neighbour who had just come in to supper—and while she hastily cut a thick hunch of bread, and a good slice of ch^èese—"there I've been a-rating that poor chap; up at the top room (my dandy lodger, you know,) like any thing—and I really don't think he's had a morsel of victuals in his belly this precious day; and I've made him cry, poor soul! as if his heart would break. Pour us out half a pint of that beer, Sally—a good half pint, mind!—I'm going to take it up stairs directly. I've gone a deal too far with him, I do think—but it's all of that nasty old Gripe—I've been wrong all the day through it! How I hate the sight of old Gripe!—What odious-looking people they do get to collect the rates and taxes, to be sure!—Poor chap," she continued, as she wiped out a plate with her apron, and put into it the bread and cheese, with a knife—"he offered me a chair when I went in, so uncommon civil-like, it took a good while before I could get myself into the humour to give it him as I wanted. And he's no father nor mother, (half of which has happened to *you*, Sal, and the rest will happen one of these days, you know!) and he's not such a very bad lodger, after all, though he *does* get a little behind-hand now and then, and though he turns out every Sunday

like a lord, poor fool—as my poor husband used to say, 'with a shining back and empty belly.'"

"But that's no reason why honest people should be kept out of their own, to feed his pride," interposed her neighbour, a skinny old widow; who had never had chick nor child, and was always behind-hand with her own rent; but whose effects were not worth distraining upon. "I'd get hold of some of his fine crinum-crancums and gim-cracks, for security; like; if I were you: I would, indeed."

"Why—no, poor soul—I don't hardly like: he's a vain creature, and puts every thing he can on his back, to be sure; but he ain't quite a *rogue*, neither."

"Ah, ha, Mrs Squallop—you're such a simple soul!—Won't my fine gentleman make off with his finery after to-night?"

"Well, I shouldn't have thought it! To be sure he may! Really, there *can't* be much harm in asking him (in a kind way) to deposit one of his fine things with me, by way of security—that ring of his, you know—eh?—Well, I'll try it," said Mrs Squallop, as she set off up stairs.

"I know what I should do, if he was a lodger of *mine*, that's all," said her visiter, (as Mrs Squallop quitted the room,) vexed to find their supper so considerably and unexpectedly diminished, especially as to the pot of porter, which she strongly suspected would not be replenished.

"There," said Mrs Squallop, setting down on the table what she had brought for Titmouse, "there's a bit of supper for you; and you're welcome to it, I'm sure, Mr Titmouse."

"Thank you, thank you—I can't eat," said he, casting, however, upon the victuals a hungry eye, which belied what he said, while in his heart he longed to be left alone with them for about three minutes.

"Come, don't be ashamed—fall to work—it's good wholesome victuals," said she, lifting the table near to the edge of the bed, on the side of which he was sitting, and taking up the two shillings lying on the table—"and capital beer, I warrant me; you'll sleep like a top after it."

"You're uncommon kind, Mrs Squallop; but I sha'n't get a wink of sleep to-night for thinking."

"Oh, bother your thinking! Let

me see you begin to eat a bit.—Well, I suppose you don't like to eat and drink before me, so I'll go.” [Here arose a sudden conflict in the good woman's mind, whether or not she would act on the suggestion which had been put into her head down stairs. She was on the point of yielding to the impulse of her own good-natured, though coarse feelings; but at last—] “I—I—dare say, Mr Titmouse, you mean what's right and straightforward,” she stammered.

“Yes, Mrs Squallop—you may keep those two shillings; they're the last farthing I have left in the whole world.”

“No—hem! hem!—a-hem! I was just suddenly a-thinking—now can't you guess, Mr Titmouse?”

“What, Mrs Squallop?” enquired Titmouse, meekly, but anxiously.

“Why—suppose now—if it were only to raise ten shillings with old Balls, round the corner, on one of those fine things of yours—your ring, say.” [Titmouse's heart sunk within him.] “Well, well—never mind—don't fear,” said Mrs Squallop, observing him suddenly turn pale again. “I—I only thought—but never mind! it don't signify—good-night! we can talk about that to-morrow—good-night—a good night's rest to you, Mr Titmouse!” and the next moment he heard her heavy step descending the stairs. Several minutes had elapsed before he could recover from the agitation into which he had been thrown by her last proposal; but within ten minutes of her quitting the room, there stood before him, on the table, an empty plate and jug.

“The beast! the fat old toad!” thought he, the instant that he had finished masticating what had been supplied to him by real charity and good-nature,—“the vulgar wretch!—the nasty canting old hypocrite!—I saw what she was driving at all the while!—She had her eye on my ring!—She'd have me pawn it at old Balls's—ha, ha!—Catch me! that's all!—Seven shillings a-week for this nasty hole!—I'll be bound I pay nearly half the rent of the whole house—the old cormorant!—out of what she gets from me! How I hate her! More than half my salary goes into her greasy pocket! Cuss me if I couldn't have kicked her down stairs—porter, bread and cheese, and all—

while she was standing canting there! A snivelling old beldam!—Pawn my ring!!—Lord!!”—Here he began to undress. “Ha! I'm up to her; she'll be coming here to-morrow, with that devil Thumbscrew, to distrain, I'll be sworn. Well—I'll take care of *these*, any how;” and, kneeling down and unlocking his trunk, he took out of it his guard-chain, breast-pin, studs, and ring, carefully folded them up in paper, and depositing them in his trowsers' pockets, resolved that henceforth their nightly resting-place should be—under his pillow; while during the day they should accompany his person whithersoever he went. Next he bethought himself of the two or three important papers to which Mr Gammon had referred; and, with tremulous eagerness, read them over once or twice, but without being able to extract from them the slightest meaning. Then he folded them up in a half-sheet of writing-paper, which he proceeded to stitch carefully beneath the lining of his waistcoat: after which he blew out his slim candle, and with a heavy sigh got into bed. For some moments after he had blown out the candle did the image of it remain on his aching and excited retina; and just so long did the thoughts of *ten thousand a-year* dwell on his fancy, fading, however, quickly away amid the thickening gloom of doubts, and fears, and miseries, which oppressed him.—There he lies, stretched on his bed, a wretched figure, lying on his breast, his head buried beneath his feverish arms. Anon, he turns round upon his back, stretches his wearied limbs to their uttermost, folds his arms on his breast, then buries them beneath the pillow, under his head. Now he turns on his right side, then on his left—presently he starts up, and with muttered curse shakes his little pillow, flinging it down angrily. He cannot sleep—he cannot rest—he cannot keep still. Bursting with irritability, he gets out of bed, and steps to the window, which opening wide, a slight gush of fresh air cools his hot face for a moment or two. His wearied eye looks upward and beholds the moon shining overhead in cold splendour, turning the clouds to gold as they flit past her, and shedding a softened lustre upon the tiled roofs and irregular chimneypots—the only objects visible

to him. No sound is heard, but occasionally the dismal cry of disappointed cat, the querulous voice of the watchman, and the echo of the rumbling hubbub of Oxford Street.—O, miserable Titmouse, of what avail is it for thee thus to fix thy sorrowful lack-lustre eye upon the cold Queen of Night! * * *

At that moment there happened to be also gazing at the same glorious object, but at some two hundred miles' distance from London, a somewhat different person, with very different feelings, and in very different circumstances. It was one of the angels of the earth—a pure-hearted and very beautiful young woman; who, after a day of peaceful, innocent, and charitable employment, and having just quitted the piano, where her exquisite strains had soothed and delighted the feelings of her brother, harassed with political anxieties, had retired to her chamber for the night. A few moments before she was presented to the reader, she had extinguished her taper, and dismissed her maid without her having discharged more than half her accustomed duties—telling her that she should finish undressing by the light of the moon, which then poured her soft radiance into every corner of the spacious but old-fashioned chamber in which she sat. Then she drew her chair to the window-recess, and pushing open the window sat before it, half undressed as she was, her head leaning on her hand, gazing upon the scenery before her with tranquil admiration. Silence reigned absolutely. Not a sound issued from the ancient groves, which spread far and wide on all sides of the fine old mansion in which she dwelt—solemn solitudes, nor yet less soothing than solemn! Was not the solitude enhanced by a glimpse she caught of a restless fawn, glancing in the distance across the avenue, as he silently changed the tree under which he slept?—Then the gentle breeze would enter her window, laden with sweet scents of which he had just been rifling the coy flowers beneath, in their dewy repose, tended and petted during the day by her own delicate hand!—Beautiful moon!—cold and chaste in thy skyey palace, studded with brilliant and innumerable gems, and shedding down thy rich and ten-

der radiance upon this lovely seclusion—was there upon the whole earth a more exquisite countenance then turned towards thee than hers?—Wrap thy white robe, dearest Kate, closer round thy fair bosom, lest the amorous night-breeze do thee hurt, for he groweth giddy with the sight of thy charms! Thy rich tresses, half-uncurled, are growing damp—so it is time that thy blue eyes should seek repose. Hie thee, then, to yon antique couch, with its quaint carvings and satin draperies dimly visible in the dusky shade, inviting thee to sleep: and having first bent in cheerful reverence before thy Maker—to bed!—to bed!—dear Kate, nothing disturbing thy serene thoughts, or agitating that beautiful bosom.—Hush! hush!—Now she sleeps.

It is well that thine eyes are closed in sleep; for, behold—see!—the brightness without is disappearing; sadness and gloom are settling on the face of nature; the tranquil night is changing her aspect; clouds are gathering, winds are moaning; the moon is gone:—but sleep on, sweet Kate—sleep on, dreaming not of dark days before thee—Oh, that thou couldst sleep on till the brightness returned! * * *

After having stood thus leaning against the window for nearly half an hour, Titmouse, heavily sighing, returned to bed—but there he tossed about in wretched restlessness till nearly four o'clock in the morning. If he now and then sank into forgetfulness for a while, it was only to be harassed by the dreadful image of Mrs Squallop, shouting at him, tearing his hair, cuffing him, flinging a pot of porter in his face, opening his boxes, tossing his clothes about, taking out his invaluable ornaments; by Tag-rag kicking him out of the shop; and Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap dashing past him in a fine carriage, with six horses, and paying no attention to him as he ran shouting and breathless after them; Huckaback following, kicking and pinching him behind. These were the few little bits of different-coloured glass in a mental kaleidoscope, which, turned capriciously round, produce those innumerable fantastic combinations out of the simple and ordinary events of the day, which we call *dreams*—tricks of the wild sisters Fancy, when sober

Reason has left her seat for a while. But this is fitter for the Royal Society than the bedroom of Titlebat Titmouse; and I beg the reader's pardon.

About six o'clock, Titmouse rose and dressed himself; and, slipping noiselessly and swiftly down stairs, and out of the court, in order to avoid all possibility of encountering his landlady or his tailor, soon found himself in Oxford Street. Not many people were stirring there. One or two men who passed him were smoking their morning's pipe, with a half-awakened air, as if they had only just got out of a snug bed, in which they always slept every moment that they lay upon it. Titmouse almost envied them! What a squalid figure he looked, as he paced up and down, till at length he saw the porter of Messrs Dowlas & Co. opening the shop-door. He soon entered it, and commenced another joyous day in that delightful establishment. The amiable Mr Tag-rag continued unaltered.

"You're at liberty to take yourself off, sir, this very day—this moment, sir; and a good riddance," said he, bitterly, during the course of the day, after demanding of Titmouse how he dared to give himself such sullen airs; "and then we shall see how charming easy it is for gents like you to get another situation, sir! Your looks and manner is quite a recommendation, sir! If I was you, sir, I'd raise my terms! You're worth double what I give, sir!" Titmouse made no reply. "What the d—l do you mean, sir, by not answering me—eh, sir?" suddenly demanded Tag-rag, with a look of fury.

"I don't know what you'd have me say, sir. What am I to say, sir?" enquired Titmouse, with a sigh.

"What, indeed! I should like to catch you! Say, indeed! Only say a word—and out you go, neck and crop. Attend to that old lady coming in, sir. And mind, sir, I've got my eye on you!" Titmouse did as he was bid; and Tag-rag, a bland smile beaming in his attractive features, hurried down towards the door, to receive some lady-customers, whom he observed alighting from a carriage; and at that moment you would have sworn that he was one of the kindest-hearted, sweetest-tempered men in the world.

When at length *this* day had come

to a close, Titmouse, instead of repairing to his lodgings, set off, with a heavy heart, to pay a visit to his excellent friend Huckaback, whom he knew to have received his quarter's salary the day before, and from whom he faintly hoped to succeed in extorting some trifling loan. "If you want to learn the value of money, *try to borrow some*," says Poor Richard—and Titmouse was now going to learn that useful but bitter lesson. Oh, how disheartening was that gentleman's reception of him! Huckaback, in answering the modest knock of Titmouse, suspecting who was his visitor, opened the door but a little way, and in that little way, with his hand on the latch, he stood, with a plainly repulsive look.

"Oh! it's you, Titmouse, is it?" he commenced, coldly.

"Yes. I—I just want to speak a word to you—only a word or two, Hucky, if you aren't busy?"

"Why, I was just going to go—but what d'ye want, Titmouse?" he enquired, in a freezing manner, not stirring from where he stood.

"*Let me come inside a minute*," implored Titmouse, feeling as if his heart were really dropping out of him: and, in a most ungracious manner, Huckaback motioned him in.

"Well," commenced Huckaback, with a chilling distrustful look.

"Why, Hucky, I know you're a good-natured chap—you *couldn't*, just for a short time, lend me ten shill'—"

"No, I'm hang'd if I can: and that's flat!" briskly interrupted Huckaback, finding his worst suspicions confirmed.

"Why, Hucky, wasn't you only yesterday paid your salary?"

"Well!—suppose I was?—what then? You're a monstrous cool hand, Titmouse! I never!! So I'm to lend to you, when I'm starving myself! I've received such a lot, haven't I!"

"I thought we'd always been friends, Hucky," said Titmouse, faintly; "and so we shouldn't mind helping one another a bit! Don't you remember, I lent you half-a-crown?"

"Half-a-crown!—and that's nine months ago!"

"Do, Hucky, do! I've positively not a sixpence in the whole world."

"Ha, ha! A pretty chap to borrow! You can pay so well! By George, Titmouse, you're a cool hand."

"If you won't lend me, I must starve."

"Go to my uncle's." [Titmouse groaned aloud.] "Well—and why not? What of that?" continued Huckaback, sharply and bitterly. "I dare say it wouldn't be the first time you've done such a trick, no more than me. I've been obligated to do it. Why shouldn't you? Ain't there that ring?"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! that's just what Mrs Squallop said last night."

"Whew! *She's* down on you, is she! And you've the face to come to me! *You*—that's a-going to be sold up, come to borrow! Lord, that's good, any how! A queer use that to make of one's friends;—it's a taking of them in, I say!"

"Oh, Huck, Huck, if you only knew what a poor devil"—

"Yes, that's what I was a-saying; but it ain't poor devils one lends money to so easily, I warrant me; though you *ain't* such a poor devil—you're only shamming! Where's your guard-chain, your studs, your breast-pin, your ring, and all that. Sell 'em! if not, any how, *pawn* 'em. Can't eat your cake and have it; fine back must have empty belly with us sort of chaps."

"If you'll only be so kind as to lend me ten shillings," continued Titmouse, in an imploring tone, "I'll bind myself, by a solemn oath, to pay you the very first moment I get what's due to me from Dowlas & Co." Here he was almost choked by the sudden recollection that he had almost certainly nothing to receive.

"You've some property in the moon, too, that's coming to you, you know!" said Huckaback, with an insulting sneer.

"I know what you're driving at," said poor Titmouse; and he continued eagerly, "and if any thing *should* ever come up from Messrs Quirk, Gam"—

"Yough! Faugh! Pish! Stuff!" burst out Huckaback, in a tone of contempt and disgust; "never thought there was any thing in it, and now *know* it! It's all in my eye, and all that!"

"Oh, Hucky, Hucky! You don't say so!" groaned Titmouse, bursting into tears; "you didn't *always* say so."

"It's enough that I say it *now*, then; will that do?" interrupted Huckaback, impetuously.

"Oh, Lord, Lord! what is to become of me?" cried Titmouse, with a face full of anguish.

[At this moment, the following was the course of thought passing through the mind of Mr Huckaback:—It is not *certain* that nothing will come of the fellow's affair with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. It was hardly likely that they would have gone as far as Titmouse represented (lawyers as they were), unless they had seen very substantial grounds for doing so. Besides, even though Titmouse might not get ten thousand a-year, he might yet succeed in obtaining a very splendid sum of money; and if he (Huckaback) could but get a little slice out of it, Titmouse was now nearly desperate, and would promise any thing; and if he could but be wheedled in to giving any thing in writing—Well, thought Huckaback, I'll try it, however!]

"Ah, Titmouse, you're civil enough *now*, and would *promise* any thing," said Huckaback, appearing to hesitate; "but when you got your money you'd forget."

"Forget my promise! Dear Hucky! only try me—do try me but once, that's all! Ten shillings is worth more to me now than a hundred pounds may be by-and-by."

"Ay, so you say, *now*; but d'ye mean to tell me, that if I was now to advance you ten shillings out of my poor little salary," continued Huckaback, apparently carelessly, "you'd, for instance, pay me a hundred pounds out of your thousands?"

"Only try me—do try me!" said Titmouse eagerly.

"Oh, I dare say," interrupted Huckaback, smiling incredulously, and chinking some money in his trowsers' pocket. Titmouse heard it, and (as the phrase is) his teeth watered; and he immediately swore such a tremendous oath as I dare not set down in writing, that if Huckaback would that evening lend him ten shillings, Titmouse would give him one hundred pounds out of the very first monies he got from the estate.

"Ten shillings is a slapping slice out of my little salary—I shall have, by George, to go without a many things I'd intended getting; it's worth ten pounds to me, just now."

"Why, 'tis worth a hundred to me! Mrs Squallop will sell me out, bag and

baggage, if I don't give her something to-morrow."

"Well, if I really thought—would you mind giving me, now, a bit of black and white for it?"

"I'll do any thing you like; only let me feel the ten shillings in my fingers."

"Well, no sooner said than done, if you're a man of your word," said Huckaback, in a trice producing a bit of paper, and a pen and ink. "So, only just for the fun of it; but—Lord! what stuff!—I'm only bargaining for a hundred pounds of moonshine. Ha, ha! I shall never see the colour of your money, not I; so I may as well say two hundred when I'm about it, as one hundred"——

"Why, hem! Two hundred, Huck, is rather a large figure; one hundred's odds enough, I'm sure."

"P'raps, Tit, you forget the licking you gave me the other day. Suppose I was to go to an attorney, and get the law of you, what a sight of damages I should have—three hundred pounds at least."

Titmouse appeared even yet hesitating.

"Well, then!" said Huckaback, flinging down his pen, "suppose I have them yet."

"Come, come, Hucky, 'tis all past and gone, all that."

"Is it? Well, I never! I shall never be again the same man I was before that licking. I've a sort of a—a—of a—feeling inside, as if—my breast was—I shall carry it to my grave—if I sha'n't!"

[It never once occurred to Titmouse, not having his friend Mr Gammon at his elbow, that the plaintiff in the action of *Huckaback v. Titmouse* might have been slightly at a loss for a *witness* of the assault; but something quite as good in its way—a heaven-sent suggestion—*did* occur to him.]

"Ah," said Titmouse suddenly, "that's true; and uncommon sorry am I; but still, a hundred pounds is a hundred pounds, and a large sum for the use of ten shillings and a licking; but never you think it's all moonshine about my business with Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap! You should only have heard what *I've* heard to-day from those gents; hem! but I won't split *again* either."

"Eh? What? Heard from those gents at Saffron Hill?" interrupted

Huckaback briskly; "come, Titty, out with it—out with it; no secrets between friends, Titty."

"No, I'll be —— if I do—I won't spoil it all again; and now, since I've let out as much, which I didn't mean to do, I'll tell you something else—ten shillings is no use to me, I must have a pound."

"Titty, Titty!" exclaimed Huckaback, with unaffected concern.

"And won't give more than fifty for it when I get my property either"—[Huckaback whistled aloud, and with a significant air buttoned up the pocket which contained the money; intimating that now the negotiation was all at an end, for that Titmouse's new terms were quite out of the question;] "for I know where I can get twenty pounds easily, only I liked to come to a friend first."

"You aren't behaving much like a friend to one as has always been a fast friend of yours, Titty! A pound!—I haven't got it to part with, that's flat; so, if that's your figure, why, you must even go to your other friend, and leave poor Hucky."

"Well, I don't mind saying only ten shillings," quoth Titmouse, fearing that he had been going on *rather* too fast.

"Ah, that's something reasonable-like, Titty! and, to meet you like a friend, I'll take fifty pounds instead of a hundred; but you won't object now to—you know—a deposit; that ring of yours. Well, well! it don't signify, since it goes against you: so now, here goes, a bit of paper for ten shillings, ha, ha!" and taking a pen, after a pause, in which he called to mind as much of the phraseology of money securities as he could, he drew up the following stringent document:—

"Knowall Men That you are Bound to Mr R. Huckaback Promising The Bearer on Demand To Pay Fifty Pounds in cash out of the Estate, if you Get it.

"(Witness,) 22d July 182—.

"R. HUCKABACK."

"There, Titty—if you're an honest man, and would do as you would be done by," said Huckaback, after signing his own name as above, handing the pen to Titmouse, "sign that; just to show your honour, like—for, in course, I sha'n't ever come on you for the money—get as much as you may."

A blessed thought occurred to poor Titmouse in his extremity, viz. that there was *no stamp* on the above instrument, (and he had never seen a promissory-note or bill of exchange without one;) and he signed it instantly, with many fervent expressions of gratitude. Huckaback received the valuable security with apparently a careless air; and after cramming it into his pocket, as if it had been in reality only a bit of waste paper, counted out ten shillings into the eager hand of Titmouse; who, having thus most unexpectedly succeeded in his mission, soon afterwards departed—each of this pair of worthies fancying that he had succeeded in cheating the other. Huckaback, having very cordially shaken Titmouse by the hand, heartily damned him upon shutting the door on him; and then anxiously perused and re-perused his “security,” wondering whether it was possible for Titmouse at any time thereafter to evade it, and considering by what means he could acquaint himself with the progress of Titmouse’s affairs. The latter gentleman, as he hurried homeward, dwelt for a long while upon only one thought—how fortunate was the omission of his friend to have a stamp upon his security! When and where, thought he, was it that he had heard that nothing would do without a stamp? However, he had got the ten shillings safe; and Huckaback might wait for his fifty pounds till—But in the mean-while he, Titmouse, seemed to stand a fair chance of going to the dogs; the ten shillings, which he had just obtained with so much difficulty, were to find their way immediately into the pockets of his landlady, whom it might pacify for but a day or two, and what quarter was he now to look to for the smallest assistance? What was to become of him? Titmouse was a miserable fool; but thoughts such as these, in such circumstances as his, would force themselves into the mind of even a fool! How could he avoid—oh, horrid thought!—soon parting with, or at least pawning, his ring and his other precious trinkets? He burst into a perspiration at the mere thought of seeing them hanging ticketed for sale in the window of old Balls! As he slowly ascended the stairs which led to his apartment, he felt as if he were following some unseen conductor to a dungeon.

He was not aware that all this while, although he heard nothing from them, he occupied almost exclusively the thoughts of those distinguished practitioners in the law, Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. They, in common with Huckaback, had an intense desire to share in his anticipated good fortune, and determined to do so according to their opportunities. The excellent Huckaback (a model of a usurer on a small scale) promptly and adroitly seized hold of the very first opportunity that presented itself, for securing a little return hereafter for the ten shillings, with which he had so generously parted when he could so ill afford it; while Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap were racking their brains, and, from time to time, those of Messrs Mortmain and Frankpledge, to discover some instrument strong and large enough to cut a fat slice for themselves out of the fortune they were endeavouring, for that purpose, to put within the reach of Mr Titmouse. A rule of three mode of stating the matter would be thus: as the inconvenience of Huckaback’s parting with his ten shillings and his waiver of damages for a very cruel assault, were to his contingent gain, hereafter, of fifty pounds: so were Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap’s risk, exertions, outlay, and benefit conferred on Titmouse, to their contingent gain of ten thousand pounds. The principal point of difference between them was—as to the mode of *securing* their future recompense; in which it may have been observed by the attentive reader, with respect to the precipitancy of Huckaback and hesitating caution of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, that—“*thus fools*” (*e. g.* Huckaback) “*rushed in where angels*” (*i. e.* Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap) “*feared to tread.*” Let me not, however, for a moment, insinuate that both these parties were actuated by only one motive, *i. e.* to make a prey of this little monkey *millionaire*. ’Tis true that Huckaback appears to have driven rather a hard bargain with his distressed friend, (and almost every one that, being similarly situated, has occasion for such services as Titmouse sought from Huckaback, will find himself called upon to pay pretty nearly the same price for them;) but it was attended with one good effect;—for the specific interest in Titmouse’s future prosperity, acquired by Huckaback,

quicken'd his energies and sharpened his wits in the service of his friend. But for this, indeed, it is probable that Mr Huckaback's door would have become as hopelessly closed against Titmouse as was that of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. Some two or three nights after the little transaction between the two friends which I have been describing, Huckaback called upon Titmouse, and after greeting him rather cordially, told him that he had come to put him up to a trick upon the Saffron Hill people, that would tickle them into a little activity in his affairs. The trick was—the sending a letter to those gentlemen calculated to—but why attempt to characterise it? I have the original document lying before me, which was sent by Titmouse the very next morning to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and here follows a *verbatim* copy of it.

“No. 9, Closet Court, Oxford Street.

“To Messrs QUIRK & Co.

“Gents.—Am Sorry to Trouble You, But Being *Drove quite desperate* at my Troubles (which have bro't me to my Last Penny a Week ago) and Mrs Squallop my Landlady w^d distrain on Me only that There Is nothing To distrain on, Am Determined to Go Abroad in a Week's Time, and shall Never come Any More back again with Great Grief w^h Is What I now Write To tell You Of (Hoping you Will please Take No notice of It) So Need give Yourselves No Further Concern with my Concerns Seeing The Estate is Not To Be Had and Am Sorry you Sh^d Have Had so Much trouble With My Affairs w^h c^d not Help. Sh^d have Much liked The Thing, only it Was Not worth Stopping For, or Would, but Since It Was not God's Will be Done *which it will*, Have raised a Trifle 'n my Future Prospects (w^h am Certain There is Nothing In) from a *True Friend*” [need it be guessed at whose instance these words found their way into the letter?] “w^h was certainly uncommon inconvenient to That Person But He w^d do Anything to Do me good As he says Am going to raise A Little More from a Gent That does *Things of That Nature* w^h will help me with Expense in Going Abroad (which place I Never mean to Return from). Have fixed for the

10th To Go on w^h Day Shall Take leave Of Mr Tag-rag (who on my Return Shall be glad to See Buried or in the Workhouse). Have wrote This letter Only to Save Y^r Respectable Selves trouble w^h Trust You w^d not have Taken.

“And Remain,

“Gents,

“Y^r humble Unworthy Serv^t

“T. TITMOUSE.

“P.S.—Hope you will Particularly Remember me to Mr Gammon. What is to become of me, know nothing, being so troubled. Am Humbly Determined not to employ any Gents in This matter except y^r most Respectable House, and sh^d be most Truly Sorry to Go Abroad *wh^h am really Often thinking of in Earnest*. (Unless something Speedily Turns Up, favourable, T. T.—Sh^d like (By the way) to know if you sh^d be so Disposed what y^r rec^d house w^d take for my Chances Down (*Out and out*) In a Round Sum (*Ready money*) And hope if they Write It will be by Next Post or shall be Gone Abroad.”

Old Quirk, as soon as he had finished the perusal of this skilful document, started, a little disturbed, from his seat, and bustled into Mr Gammon's room, with Mr Titmouse's open letter in his hand.—“Gammon,” said he, “just cast your eye over this, will you? Really, we must look after Titmouse, or he'll be gone!” Mr Gammon took the letter rather eagerly, read deliberately through it, and then looked up at his fidgety partner, who stood anxiously eyeing him, and smiled.

“Well, Gammon, I really think—eh? Don't you?”—

“Upon my word, Mr Quirk, this nearly equals his former letter; and it also seems to have produced on you the desired effect.”

“Well, Gammon, and what of that? Because my heart don't happen to be *quite* a piece of flint, you're always”—

“You might have been a far wealthier man than you are, but for that soft heart of yours, Mr Quirk,”—said Gammon, with a bland smile. (!)

“I know I might, Gammon—I know it. I thank my God I'm not so keen after business that I can't feel for this poor soul—really, his state's quite deplorable!”

“Then, my dear sir, put your hand into your pocket at once, as I was

suggesting last night, and allow him a weekly sum."

"A—hem! hem! Gammon"—said Quirk, sitting down, thrusting his hands into his waistcoat pockets, and looking very earnestly at Gammon.

"Well, then," replied that gentleman, shrugging his shoulders, in answer to the mute appeal—"write and say you *won't*—'tis soon done, and so the matter ends."

"Why, Gammon, you see, if he goes abroad," said Quirk, after a long pause—"we lose him for ever."

"Pho!—go abroad? He's too much for you, Mr Quirk—he is, indeed, ha, ha!"

"You're fond of a laugh at my expense, Gammon; it's quite pleasant—you can't think how I like it!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr Quirk—but you really misunderstand me; I was laughing only at the absurd inconsistency of the fellow: he's a most transparent fool, and takes *us* for such. Go abroad! Ridiculous pretence!—In his precious postscript he undoes all—he says he is only often *thinking* of going—pshaw!—That the wretch is in great distress, is very probable—but it must go hard with him before he either commits suicide or goes abroad, I warrant him; I've no fears on *that* score—but there *is* a point in the letter that may be worth considering—I mean the fellow's hint about borrowing money on his prospects."

"Yes, to be sure—the very thing that struck *me*." [Gammon faintly smiled.] "I never thought much about the *other* part of the letter—all stuff about going abroad—pho!—But, to be sure, if he's trying to raise money, he may get into keen hands—Do you really think he *has*?"

"Oh no—of course its only a little lie of his—or he must have found out some greater fool than himself, which I had not supposed possible. But however that may be, I really think, Mr Quirk, its high time that we should take some decided step."

"Well.—yes, it may be," said Quirk, slowly—"and I must say that Mortmain encouraged me a good deal the day before yesterday."

"Well, and you know what Mr Frankpledge"—

"Oh, as to Frankpledge—hem!"

"What of Mr Frankpledge, Mr Quirk?" enquired Gammon, rather tartly.

"There! There!—Always the way—but what does it signify?—Come, come, Gammon, we know each other too well to quarrel!—I don't mean any thing disrespectful to Mr Frankpledge, but when Mortmain has been one's conveyancer these thirty-three years, and never once—hem!—but, however, he tells me that we are standing on sure ground, or that he don't know what sure ground is, and sees no objection to our even taking preliminary steps in the matter, which indeed I begin to think its high time to do!—And as for securing ourselves in respect of any advances to Titmouse—he suggests our taking a bond, conditioned—say, for the payment of £500 or £1000 on demand, under cover of which one might advance him, you know, just such sums as, and when we pleased; one could stop when one thought fit; one could begin with three or four pounds a-week, and increase as his prospects improved—eh!"

"You know *I've* no objection to such an arrangement; but consider, Mr Quirk, we must have patience; it will take a long while to get our verdict, you know, and perhaps as long to *secure* it afterwards; and this horrid little wretch all the while on our hands; what the deuce to do with him, I really don't know!"

"Humph, humph!" grunted Quirk, looking very earnestly and uneasily at Gammon.

"And what I chiefly fear is this,—suppose he should get dissatisfied with the amount of our advances, and, knowing the state and prospects of the cause, should turn restive?"

"Ay, confound it, Gammon, all that should be looked to, shouldn't it?" interrupted Quirk, with an exceedingly chagrined air.

"To be sure," continued Gammon, thoughtfully; "by that time he may have got substantial friends about him, whom he could persuade to become security to us for further and past advances."

"Nay, now you name the thing, Gammon; it was what I was thinking of only the other day:" he dropped his voice—"Isn't there one or two of our own clients, hem!"—

"Why, certainly, there's old Fang; I don't think its impossible he might be induced to do a little usury—it's all he lives for, Mr Quirk; and the se-

curity is good in reality, though perhaps not exactly marketable."

"Nay; but, on second thoughts, why not do it ourselves, if any thing can be made of it?"

"That, however, will be for future consideration. In the mean time, we'd better send for Titmouse, and manage him a little more—discreetly, eh? We did not exactly hit it off last time, did we, Mr Quirk?" said Gammon, smiling rather sarcastically. "We must keep him at Tag-rag's, if the thing can be done, for the present, at all events."

"To be sure; he couldn't then come buzzing about us, like a gad-fly; he'd drive us mad in a week, I'm sure."

"Oh, I'd rather give up every thing than submit to it. It can't be difficult for us, I should think, to bind him to our own terms—to put a bridle in the ass's mouth? Let us say that we insist on his signing an undertaking to act implicitly according to our directions in every thing."

"Ay, to be sure; on pain of our instantly turning him to the right-about. I fancy it will do, now!"

"And, now, Mr Quirk," said Gammon, with as much of peremptoriness in his tone as he could venture upon to Mr Quirk, "you really must do me the favour to leave the management of this little wretch to me. You see, he seems to have taken—Heaven save the mark!—a fancy to me, poor fellow!—and—and—it must be owned, we mis-carried sadly, the other night, on a certain grand occasion—eh?"

Quirk shook his head dissentingly.

"Well, then," continued Gammon, "one thing I am determined on: one or the other of us, Mr Quirk, shall undertake Titmouse, solely and singly. Pray, for Heaven's sake, tackle him yourself—a disagreeable duty! You know, my dear sir, how invariably I leave every thing of real importance and difficulty to your very superior tact and experience."

"Come, come, Gammon, that's a drop of sweet oil."

Quirk might well say so, for he felt its softening, smoothing effects already.

"Upon my word and honour, Mr Quirk, I'm in earnest. Pshaw!—and you must know it. I know you too well, my dear sir, to attempt to"—

"Certainly, I must say, those must

get up very early that can find Caleb Quirk napping,"—Gammon felt at that moment that for several years *he* must have been a very early riser. And so the matter was arranged in the manner which Gammon had wished and determined upon, *i. e.* that Mr Titmouse should be left entirely to his management; and, after some little discussion as to the time and manner of the meditated advances, the partners parted. On entering his own room, Quirk closing his door, stood leaning against the side of the window, with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes instinctively resting on his banker's book, which lay on the table. He was in a very brown study; the subject on which his thoughts were busied being the prudence or imprudence of leaving Titmouse thus in the hands of Gammon. It might be all very well for Quirk to *assert* his self-confidence when in Gammon's presence, but he did not really feel it. He never left Gammon after any little difference of opinion, however friendly, without a secret suspicion that somehow or another Gammon had been too much for him, and always gained his purposes, without giving Quirk any handle of dissatisfaction. In fact, Quirk was thoroughly afraid of Gammon, and Gammon knew it. In the present instance, an undefinable but increasing suspicion and dissatisfaction forced him presently back again into Gammon's room.

"I say, Gammon, you understand, eh?—*Fair play*, you know," he commenced, with a sly embarrassed air, ill concealed under a forced smile.

"Pray, Mr Quirk, what may be your meaning?" enquired Gammon, with unusual tartness, with an astonished air, and blushing violently, which was not surprising; for ever since Quirk had quitted him, Gammon's thoughts had been occupied with only one question, *viz.* how he should go to work with Titmouse to satisfy him that he (Gammon) was the only member of the firm that had a real disinterested regard for him, and so acquire a valuable control over him. Thus occupied, the observation of Quirk had completely taken Gammon aback; and he lost his presence of mind, of course his temper quickly following. "Will you favour me, Mr Quirk, with an explanation of your

extraordinarily absurd and offensive observation?" said he, reddening more and more as he looked at Mr Quirk.

"You're a queer hand, Gammon," replied Quirk, with almost an equally surprised and embarrassed air, for he could not resist a sort of conviction that Gammon had fathomed what had been passing in his mind.

"What did you mean, Mr Quirk, by your singular observation just now?" said Gammon calmly, having recovered his presence of mind.

"Mean? Why, that—we're *both* queer hands, Gammon, ha, ha, ha!" answered Quirk, with an anxious laugh.

"I shall leave Titmouse entirely—*entirely*, Mr Quirk, in your hands; I will have nothing whatever to do with him. I am quite sick of him and his affairs already; I cannot bring myself to undertake such an affair, and that was what I was thinking of, when"—

"Eh? indeed! Well, to be sure! Only think!" said Quirk, dropping his voice, looking to see that the two doors were shut, and resuming the chair which he had lately quitted, "What do you think has been occurring to *me* in my own room, just now? Whether it would suit us better to throw this monkey overboard, put ourselves confidentially in communication with the party in possession, and tell him that—hem! hem!—for a—eh? You understand? a *con-si-de-ra-tion*—a *suitable con-si-de-ra-tion*."

"Mr Quirk! Heavens!" Gammon was really amazed.

"Well? You needn't open your eyes so very wide, Mr Gammon—why shouldn't it be done? You know we shouldn't be satisfied with a trifle, of course. But suppose he'd agree to buy our silence with four or five thousand pounds, really, it's well worth considering! Upon my soul, Gammon, it is a hard thing on him; no fault of his, and it is very hard for him to turn out, and for such a—eugh!—such a wretch as Titmouse; you'd feel it yourself, Gammon, if you were

in his place, and I'm sure you'd think that four or five thous"—

"But is not Titmouse our Poor NEIGHBOUR?" said Gammon, with a sly smile.

"Why, that's only one way of looking at it, Gammon! Perhaps the man we are going to eject does a vast deal of good with the property; certainly he bears a very high name in the county—and fancy Titmouse with ten thousand a-year!"—

"Mr Quirk, Mr Quirk, it's not to be thought of for a moment—not for a moment," interrupted Gammon, seriously, and even somewhat peremptorily—"nothing should persuade *me* to be any party to such"—

At this moment Snap burst into the room with a heated appearance, and a chagrined air—

"*Pitch v. Grub.*"

[This was a little pet action of poor Snap's: it was for slander uttered by the defendant, a green-grocer, against the plaintiff, charging the plaintiff with having the mange, on account of which a lady refused to marry him.]

"*Pitch v. Grub*, just been tried at Guildhall. Witness bang up to the mark—words and damages proved; slapping speech from Sergeant Shout. Verdict for plaintiff, one farthing; and Lord Lumpington said, as the jury had given plaintiff one farthing for damages, *he* would give him another for costs,* and that would make a halfpenny; on which the defendant's attorney tendered *me*—a halfpenny on the spot. Laughter in court—move for new trial first day of next term, and tip his lordship a rattler in the next Sunday's *Flash*."

"Mr Quirk, once for all, if these kind of actions are to go on, I'll leave the firm, come what will." [It flickered across his mind that Titmouse would be a capital client to start with on his own account.] "I protest our names will quite stink in the profession."

"Good, Mr Gammon, good!" interposed Snap, warmly; "your little action for the usury penalties the other day came off so uncommon well!"

* I suppose myself to be alluding here to a very oppressive statute, passed to clip the wings of such gentlemen as Mr Snap, by which it is enacted that, in actions for slander, if the jury find a verdict under forty shillings, *e. g.*, as in the case in the text, for one farthing, the plaintiff shall be entitled to recover from the defendant only as much costs as damages, *i. e.*, another farthing; a provision which has made many a poor pettifogger sneak out of court with a flea in his ear.

"Let me tell you, Mr Snap," interrupted Gammon, reddening—

"Pho! Come! Can't be helped—fortune of the war,"—interrupted the head of the firm.—"*Is Pitch solvent?*"—of course we've security for costs out of pocket."

Now, the fact was, that poor Snap had picked up Pitch at one of the police offices, and, in his zeal for business, had undertaken his case on pure speculation, relying on the apparent strength of the plaintiff's case—Pitch being only a waterman attached to a coach-stand. When, therefore, the very ominous question of Mr Quirk met Snap's ear, he suddenly happened (at least, he thought so) to hear himself called for from the clerks' room, and bolted out of Mr Gammon's room rather unceremoniously.

"Snap will be the ruin of the firm, Mr Quirk," said Gammon, with an air of disgust. "But I really must get on with the brief I'm drawing; so, Mr Quirk, we can talk about Titmouse to-morrow!"

The brief he was drawing up was for a defendant who was going to nonsuit the plaintiff, (a man with a large family, who had kindly lent the defendant a considerable sum of money,) solely because of the *want of a stamp*.

Quirk differed in opinion with Gammon, and, as he resumed his seat at his desk, he could not help writing the words, "*Quirk and Snap*," and thinking how well such a firm would sound and work—for Snap was verily a chip of the old block!

There will probably never be wanting those who will join in abusing and ridiculing attorneys and solicitors. Why? In almost every action at law, or suit in equity, or proceeding which may, or may not, lead to one, each client conceives a natural dislike for his opponent's attorney or solicitor. *If the plaintiff succeeds*, he hates the defendant's attorney for putting him (the said plaintiff) to so much expense, and causing him so much vexation and danger; and, when he comes to settle with his own attorney, there is not a little heart-burning in looking at his bill of costs, however reasonable. *If the plaintiff fails*, of course it is through the ignorance and unskilfulness of his attorney or solicitor; and he hates almost equally his own and his opponent's attorney. Precisely so is it with a successful or unsuccessful de-

fendant. In fact, an attorney or solicitor is almost always obliged to be acting *adversely to some one* of whom he at once makes an enemy, for an attorney's weapons must necessarily be pointed almost invariably at our pockets! He is necessarily, also, called into action in cases when all the worst passions of our nature—our hatred and revenge, and our self-interest—are set in motion. Consider the mischief that might be constantly done on a grand scale in society, if the vast majority of attorneys and solicitors were not honourable and able men! Conceive them, for a moment, disposed every where to stir up litigation, by availing themselves of their perfect acquaintance with almost all men's circumstances—artfully inflaming irritable and vindictive clients, kindling, instead of stifling, family dissensions, and fomenting public strife—why, were they to do only a hundredth part of what it is thus in their power to do, our courts of justice would soon be doubled, together with the number of our judges, counsel, and attorneys.

But not all of this body of honourable and valuable men are entitled to this tribute of praise. There are a few QUIRKS, several GAMMONS, and many SNAPS, in the profession of the law—men whose characters and doings often make fools visit the sins of individuals upon the whole species; nay, there are far worse, as I have heard—but I must return to my narrative.

On Friday night, the 28th July 182-, the state of Mr Titmouse's affairs was this: he owed his landlady £1, 9s.; his washerwoman, 6s.; his tailor, £1, 8s.—in all, three guineas; besides 10s. to Huckaback, (for Tittlebat's notion was, that on repayment at any time of 10s., Huckaback would be bound to deliver up to him the document or voucher which he had given him,) and a weekly accruing rent of 7s. to his landlady, besides some very small sums for washing, tea, bread, and butter, &c. To meet these serious liabilities, he had—*not one farthing*.

On returning to his lodgings that night, he found a line from Thumb-screw, his landlady's broker, informing him that, unless by ten o'clock on the next morning his arrears of rent were paid, he should distrain, and she would also give him notice to quit at the end of the week: that nothing

could induce her to give him further time. He sat down in dismay on reading this threatening document; and, in sitting down, his eye fell on a bit of paper lying on the floor, which must have been thrust under the door. From the marks on it, it was evident that he must have trod upon it in entering. It proved to be a summons from the Court of Requests, for £1, 8s. due to Job Cox, his tailor. He deposited it mechanically on the table; and for a minute he dared hardly breathe.

This seemed something really like a crisis.

After a silent agony of half an hour's duration, he rose trembling from his chair, blew out his candle, and, in a few minutes' time, might have been seen standing with a pale and troubled face before the window of old Balls, the pawnbroker, peering through the suspended articles—watches, sugar-tongs, rings, brooches, spoons, pins, bracelets, knives and forks, seals, chains, &c.—to see whether any one else than old Balls were within. Having at length watched out a very pale and wretched-looking woman, Titmouse entered to take her place; and after interchanging a few faltering words with the white-haired and hard-hearted old pawnbroker, produced his guard-chain, his breast-pin, and his ring, and obtained three pounds two shillings and sixpence, on the security of them. With this sum he slunk out of the shop, and calling on Cox, his tailor, paid his trembling old creditor the full amount of his claim (£1, 8s.) together with 4s., the expense of the summons—simply asking for a receipt, without uttering another word, for he felt almost choked. In the same way he dealt with Mrs Squallop, his landlady—not uttering one word in reply to her profuse and voluble apologies, but pressing his lips between his teeth till the blood came from them, while his heart seemed bursting within him. Then he walked up stairs, with a desperate air—with eighteenpence in his pocket—all his ornaments gone—his washerwoman yet unpaid—his rent going on—several other little matters unsettled; and the 10th of August approaching, when he expected to be dismissed penniless from Mr Tag-rag's, and thrown on his own resources for subsistence. When he had regained his room, and, having shut the door, had re-seated

himself at his table, he felt for a moment as if he could have yelled. Starvation and Despair, two fiends, seemed sitting beside him in shadowy ghastliness, chilling and palsying him—petrifying his heart within him. WHAT WAS HE TO DO? Why had he been born? Why was he so much more persecuted and miserable than any one else? Visions of his ring, his breast-pin, his studs, stuck in a bit of card, with their price written above them, and hanging exposed to his view in old Balls' window, almost frenzied him. Thoughts such as these at length began to suggest others of a dreadful nature. . . . The means were at that instant within his reach.

. . . A sharp knock at the door startled him out of the stupor into which he was sinking. He listened for a moment, as if he were not certain that the sound was a real one. There seemed a ton weight upon his heart, which a mighty sigh could lift for an instant, but not remove; and he was in the act of heaving a second such sigh, as he languidly opened the door—expecting to encounter Mr Thumbscrew, or some of his myrmidons, who might not know of his recent settlement with his landlady.

"Is this Mr—Tit—Titmouse's?" enquired a genteel-looking young man.

"Yes," replied Titmouse, sadly.

"Are you Mr Titmouse?"

"Yes," he replied, more faintly than before.

"Oh—I have brought you, sir, a letter from Mr Gammon, of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, solicitors, Saffron Hill," said the stranger, unconscious that his words shot a flash of light into a little abyss of sorrow before him. "He begged me to give this letter into your own hands, and said he hoped you'd send him an answer by the first morning's post."

"Yes—oh—I see—certainly—to be sure—with pleasure—how is Mr Gammon?—uncommon kind of him—very humble respects to him—take care to answer it"—stammered Titmouse, in a breath, hardly knowing whether he was standing on his head or his heels, and not quite certain where he was.

"Good evening, sir," replied the stranger, evidently a little surprised at Titmouse's manner, and withdrew. Titmouse shut his door. With prodigious trepidation of hand and flutter of spirits, he opened the letter—an

enclosure meeting his eyes in the shape of a bank-note.

"Oh Lord!" he murmured, turning white as the sheet of paper he held. Then the letter dropped from his hand, and he stood as if stupified for some moments; but presently rapture darted through him; a five-pound bank-note was in his hand, and it had been enclosed in the following letter:

"35, *Thavies' Inn*,
29th July 182-.

"My dear Mr Titmouse,

"Your last note, addressed to our firm, has given me the greatest pain, and I hasten, on my return from the country, to forward you the enclosed trifle, which I sincerely hope will be of temporary service to you. May I beg the favour of your company on Sunday evening next, at seven o'clock, to take a glass of wine with me? I shall be quite alone and disengaged; and may have it in my power to make you some important communications, concerning matters in which, I assure you, I feel a very deep interest on your account. Begging the favour of an early answer to-morrow morning, I trust you will believe me, ever, my dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

"OILY GAMMON.

"TITTLBAT TITMOUSE, Esq."

The first balmy drop of the long-expected golden shower had at length fallen upon the panting Titmouse. How polite—nay, how affectionate and respectful—was the note of Mr Gammon! and, for the first time in his life, he saw himself addressed

"TITTLBAT TITMOUSE, ESQUIRE."

If his room had been large enough to admit of it, Titmouse would have skipped round it again and again in his frantic ecstacy. Having at length read over and over again the blessed letter of Mr Gammon, he hastily folded it up, crumpled up the bank-note in his hand, clapped his hat on his head, blew out his candle, rushed down stairs as if a mad dog were at his heels, and in three or four minutes' time was standing breathless before old Balls, whom he almost electrified by asking, with an eager and joyous air, for a return of the articles which he had only an hour before pawned with him; at the same time laying down the duplicates and the bank-note. The latter, old Balls scrutinized with most anxious exactness, and even suspicion—but it seemed perfectly unexceptionable; so he

gave him back his precious ornaments, and the change out of his note, *minus* a trifling sum for interest. Titmouse then started off at top speed to HUCKABACK; but it suddenly occurring to him as possible that that gentleman, on hearing of his good fortune, might look for an immediate repayment of the ten shillings he had recently lent to Titmouse, he stopped short—paused—and returned home. There he had hardly been seated a moment, when down he pelted again, to buy a sheet of paper and a wafer or two, to write his letter to Mr Gammon; which having obtained, he returned at the same speed, almost overturning his fat landlady, who looked after him as if he were a mad cat scampering up and down stairs, and fearing that he had gone suddenly crazy. The note he wrote to Mr Gammon was so exceedingly extravagant, that, candid as I have (I trust) hitherto shown myself in the delineation of Mr Titmouse's character, I cannot bring myself to give the said letter to the reader—making all allowances for the extraordinary excitement of its writer.

Sleep that night and morning found and left Mr Titmouse the assured exulting master of TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR. Of this fact, the oftener he read Mr Gammon's letter, the stronger became his convictions. 'Twas undoubtedly rather a large inference from small premises; but it secured him unspeakable happiness, *for a time*, at a possible cost of future disappointment and misery, which he did not pause to consider. The fact is, that logic (according to Dr Watts, *the right use of reason*) is not a practical art. No one regards it in actual life; observe, therefore, folks on all hands constantly acting like Tittlebat Titmouse in the case before us. His *conclusion* was—that he had become the certain master of ten thousand a-year; his *premises* were what the reader has seen. I do not, however, mean to say, that if the reader be a youth hot from the University, he may not be able to prove, by a very refined and ingenious argument, that Titmouse was, in what he did above, a fine natural logician; for I recollect that Aristotle hath demonstrated, by a famous argument, that the moon is made of green cheese; and no one that I have heard of, hath ever been able to prove the contrary.

By six o'clock the next morning, Titmouse had, with his own hand,

dropped his answer into the letter-box upon the door of Mr Gammon's chambers in Thavies' Inn ; in which answer he had, with numerous expressions of profound respect and gratitude, accepted Mr Gammon's polite invitation. A very happy man felt he, as he returned to Oxford Street ; entering Messrs Dowlas's premises with alacrity, just as they were being opened, and volunteering his assistance in numerous things beyond his usual province, with singular briskness and energy ; as if conscious that by doing so he was greatly gratifying Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, whose wishes upon the subject he knew. He displayed such unwonted cheerfulness and patient good-nature throughout the day, that one of his companions, a serious youth, in a white neckerchief, black clothes, and with a sanctified countenance—the only professing pious person in the establishment—took an occasion to ask him, in a mysterious whisper, “ whether he had not got converted ;” and whether he would, at six o'clock in the morning, accompany the speaker to a room in the neighbourhood, where he (the youth aforesaid) was going to conduct an exhortation and prayer meeting ! Titmouse refused—but not without a few qualms ; for luck certainly seemed to be smiling on him, and he felt that he ought to be grateful for it ; but then, he at length reflected, the proper place for that sort of thing would be a regular church—to which he resolved to go. This change of manners Tag-rag, however, looked upon as assumed only to affront *him* ; seeing nothing but impertinence and defiance in all that Titmouse did—as if the nearer Titmouse got to the end of his bondage—*i. e.* the 10th of August—the lighter-hearted he grew. He resolved religiously to keep his counsel ; to avoid even—at all events for the present—communicating with Huckaback.

On the ensuing Sunday he rose at an earlier hour than usual, and took nearly twice as long a time to dress—often falling into many delightful reveries. By eleven o'clock he might be seen entering the gallery of St Andrew's Church, Holborn ; where he considered that doubtless Mr Gammon, who lived in the neighbourhood, might attend. He asked three or four pew-openers, both below and above, if they knew which was Mr Gammon's pew—Mr Gammon of Thavies' Inn ;

not dreaming of presumptuously going to the pew, but of sitting in some place that commanded a view of it. Mr Gammon, I need hardly say, was quite unknown there—no one had ever heard of such a person : nevertheless Titmouse, albeit a little galled at being, in spite of his elegant appearance, slipped into a back pew, remained—but his thoughts wandered grievously the whole time ; on then he sauntered in the direction of Hyde Park, to which he seemed now to have a sort of *claim*. How soon might he become, instead of a mere spectator as heretofore, a partaker in its glories ! The dawn of the day of fortune was on his long-benighted soul ; and he could hardly subdue his excited feelings. Punctual to his appointment, as the clock struck seven he made his appearance at Mr Gammon's, with a pair of span-new white kid gloves on, and was speedily ushered, a little flurried, by a comfortable-looking elderly female servant, into Mr Gammon's room. He was dressed just as when he was first presented to the reader, sallying forth into Oxford Street to enslave the lady-world. Mr Gammon, who was sitting reading the *Sunday Flash* at a table on which stood a couple of decanters, several wine-glasses, and two or three dishes of fruit, rose and received his distinguished visitor with the most delightful affability.

“ I am most happy, Mr Titmouse, to see you in this friendly way,” said he, shaking him by the hand.

“ Oh, don't name it, sir,” quoth Titmouse, rather indistinctly, and hastily running his hand through his hair.

“ I've nothing, you see, to offer you but a little fruit, and a glass of fair port or sherry.”

“ Particular fond of them, sir,” replied Titmouse, endeavouring to clear his throat ; for in spite of a strong effort to appear at his ease, he was unsuccessful ; so that, when Gammon's keen eye glanced at the bedizened figure of his guest, a bitter smile passed over his face, without having been observed. “ *This*,” thought he, as his eye passed from the ring glittering on the little finger of the right hand, to the studs and breast-pin in the shirt front, and thence to the guard-chain glaring entirely outside a damson-coloured satin waistcoat, and the spotless white glove which yet glistened on the left hand—“ This is the writer of the dis-

mal epistle of the other day, announcing his desperation and destitution!"

"Your health, Mr Titmouse!—help yourself!" said Mr Gammon, in a cheerful and cordial tone; Titmouse pouring out a glass only three-quarters full, raised it to his lips with a slightly tremulous hand, and returned Mr Gammon's salutation. When had Titmouse tasted a glass of wine before?—a reflection occurring not only to himself, but also to Gammon, to whom it was a circumstance that might be serviceable.

"You see, Mr Titmouse, mine's only a small bachelor's establishment, and I cannot put my old servant out of the way by having my friends to dinner"—[quite forgetting that the day before he had entertained at least six friends, including Mr Frankpledge—but, the idea of going through a dinner with Mr Titmouse!]

And now, O inexperienced Titmouse! unacquainted with the potent qualities of wine, I warn you to be cautious how you drink many glasses, for you cannot calculate the effect which they will have upon you; and, indeed, methinks that with this man you have a game to play which will not admit of much wine being drank. Be you, therefore, on your guard; for wine is like a strong serpent, who will creep unperceivedly into your empty head, and coil himself up therein, until at length he moves about—and all things are as naught to you!

"Oh, sir, 'pon my honour, beg you won't name it—all one to me, sir!—Beautiful wine this, sir."

"Pretty fair, I think—certainly rather old;—but what fruit will you take—currants or cherries?"

"Why—a—I've so lately dined," replied Titmouse, alluding to an exceedingly slight repast at a coffee-shop about two o'clock. He would have preferred the cherries, but did not feel quite at his ease how to dispose of the stones nicely—gracefully—so he took a very few red currants upon his plate, and eat them slowly, and with a modest air.

"Well, Mr Titmouse," commenced Gammon, with an air of concern, "I was really much distressed by your last letter."

"Uncommon glad to hear it, sir—knew you would, sir—you're so kind-hearted;—all quite true, sir!"

"I had no idea that you were re-

duced to such straits," said Gammon, in a sympathizing tone, but settling his eye involuntarily on the ring of Titmouse.

"Quite dreadful, sir—'pon my soul, dreadful; and such usage at Mr Tagrag's!"

"But you mustn't think of going abroad—away from all your friends, Mr Titmouse."

"Abroad, sir!" interrupted Titmouse, with anxious but subdued eagerness; "never thought of such a thing!"

"Oh! I—I thought"—

"There isn't a word of truth in it, sir; and if you've heard so, it must have been from that audacious fellow that called on you—he's *such* a liar—if you knew him as well as I do, sir!" said Titmouse, with a confident air, quite losing sight of his letter to Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—"No, sir—shall stay, and stick to friends that stick to me."

"Take another glass of wine, Mr Titmouse," interrupted Gammon, cordially, and Titmouse obeyed him; but while he was pouring it out, a sudden recollection of his letter flashing across his mind, satisfied him that he stood detected in a flat lie before Mr Gammon, and he blushed scarlet.

"Do you like the sherry?" enquired Gammon, perfectly aware of what was passing through the mind of his guest, and wishing to divert his thoughts. Titmouse answered in the affirmative; and proceeded to pour forth such a number of apologies for his own behaviour at Saffron Hill, and that of Huckaback on the subsequent occasion, as Gammon found it difficult to stop, over and over again assuring him that all had been forgiven and forgotten. When Titmouse came to the remittance of the five pounds—

"Don't mention it, my dear sir," interrupted Gammon, very blandly; "it gave me, I assure you, far greater satisfaction to send it, than you to receive it. I hope it has a little relieved you?"

"I think so, sir! I was, 'pon my life, on my very last legs."

"When things come to the worst, they often mend, Mr Titmouse! I told Mr Quirk (who, to do him justice, came at last into my views) that, however premature, and perhaps imprudent it might be in us to go so far, I could not help relieving your pre-

sent necessities, even out of my own resources."

[Oh, Gammon, Gammon!]

"How uncommon kind of you, sir!" exclaimed Titmouse.

"Not in the least, my dear sir—(pray fill another glass, Mr Titmouse!) You see Mr Quirk is quite a man of business—and our profession too often affords instances of persons whose hearts contract as their purses expand, Mr Titmouse—ha, ha! Indeed, those who make their money as hard as Mr Quirk (who, between ourselves, dare not look a gallows, or the hulks, or a map of Botany Bay, or the tread-mill, or the stocks, or fifty prisons, in the face, for the wrong he has done them) are apt to be slow at parting with it, and *very* suspicious."

"Well, I hope no offence, sir; but really I thought as much, directly I saw that old gent."

"Ah—but *now* he is embarked, heart and soul, in the affair."

"No! *Is* he really, sir?" enquired Titmouse, eagerly.

"That is," replied Gammon, quickly, "so long as I am at his elbow, urging him on—for he wants some one, who—hem! In fact, my dear sir, ever since I had the good fortune to make the discovery, which happily brought us acquainted with each other, Mr Titmouse," [it was old Quirk who had made the discovery, and Gammon who had from the first thrown cold water on it,] "I have been doing all I could with him, and I trust I may say, have at last licked the thing into shape."

"I'll take my oath, sir," said Titmouse, excitedly, "I never was so much struck with any one in all my born days as I was with you, sir, when you first came to my emp—to Mr Tag-rag's, sir—Lord, sir, how uncommon sharp you seemed!" Gammon smiled with a deprecating air, and sipped his wine in silence; but there was great sweetness in the expression of his countenance. Poor Titmouse's doubts, hopes, and fears, were rapidly subliming into a *reverence* for Gammon!

"I certainly quite agree with Mr Quirk, that the difficulties in our way are of the most serious description. To speak, for an instant only, of the risk we ourselves incur personally—would you believe it, my dear Mr Titmouse?—in such a disgraceful state are our laws, that we can't gratify our

feelings by taking up your cause, without rendering ourselves liable to imprisonment for Heaven knows how long, and a fine that would be ruin itself, if we should be found out!"

Titmouse continued silent, his wine-glass in his hand arrested in its way to his mouth; which, together with his eyes, were opened to their widest extent, as he stared with a kind of horror upon Mr Gammon. "Are we, then, unreasonable, my dear sir, in entreating you to be cautious—nay, in insisting on your compliance with our wishes, in all that we shall deem prudent and necessary, when not only your own best interests, but our characters, liberties, and fortunes are staked on the issue of this great enterprise? I am sure," continued Gammon, with great emotion, "you will feel for us, Mr Titmouse. I see you do!" Gammon put his hand over his eyes, in order, apparently, to conceal his emotion, and also to observe what effect he had produced upon Titmouse. The conjoint influence of Gammon's wine and eloquence not a little agitated Titmouse, in whose eyes stood tears.

"I'll do any thing—any thing, sir," he almost sobbed.

"Oh! all we wish is to be allowed to serve you effectually; and to enable us to do that"——

"Tell me to be hid in a coal-hole, and see if I won't do it."

"What! a coal-hole?—Would you, then, even stop at Dowlas, Tag-rag, and Co.'s?"

"Ye-e-e-s, sir—hem! hem! That is, till the *tenth* of next month, when my time's up."

"Ah!—ay!—oh, I understand! Another glass, Mr Titmouse," said Gammon, pouring himself out some more wine; and observing, while Titmouse followed his example, that there was an unsteadiness in his motions of a very different description from that which he had exhibited at the commencement of the evening—at the same time wondering what the deuce they should do with him after the *tenth*.

"You see, I have the utmost confidence in you, and had so from the first happy moment when we met; but Mr Quirk is rather sus——In short, to prevent misunderstanding (as he says,) Mr Quirk is anxious that, you should give a *written* promise." (Titmouse looked eagerly about for

writing materials.) "No, not now, but in a day or two's time. I confess, my dear Mr Titmouse, if *I* might have decided on the matter, I should have been satisfied with your verbal promise; but, I must say, Mr Quirk's grey hairs seem to have made him quite—eh? you understand? Don't you think so, Mr Titmouse?"

"To be sure! 'pon my honour, Mr Gammon!" replied Titmouse, not very distinctly understanding, however, what he was so energetically assenting to.

"I dare say you wonder why we wish you to stop a few months longer at your present hiding-place—at Dowlas's?"

"Can't, after the tenth of next month, sir."

"But as soon as we begin to fire off our guns against the enemy—Lord, my dear sir, if they could only find out, you know, where to get at you—you would never live to enjoy your ten thousand a year! They'd either poison or kidnap you—get you out of the way, unless you keep out of *their* way: and if you will but consent to keep snug at Dowlas's for a while, who'd suspect where you was? We could easily arrange with your friend Tag-rag that you should"—

"My stars! I'd give something to hear you tell Tag-rag—why, I wonder what he'll do!"

"Make you very comfortable, and let you have your own way in every thing."

"Go to the play, for instance, whenever I want, and do all that sort of thing?"

"Nay, try! any thing!—And as for money, I've persuaded Mr Quirk to consent to our advancing you a certain sum per week, from the present time, while the cause is going on,"—(Titmouse's heart began to beat fast,)—"in order to place you above absolute inconvenience; and when you consider the awful sums we shall have to disburse—cash out of pocket—(counsel, you know, will not open their lips under a guinea)—for court-fees, and other indispensable matters, I should candidly say that four thousand pounds of hard cash out of pocket, advanced by our firm in your case, would be the very lowest." (Titmouse stared at him with an expression of stupid wonder.) "Yes—four thousand pounds, Mr Titmouse, at the very least—the *very* least." Again he

paused, keenly scrutinizing Titmouse's features by the light of the candles, which just then were brought in. "You seem surprised, Mr Titmouse."

"Why—why—where's all the money to come from, sir?" exclaimed Titmouse, aghast.

"Ah! that is indeed a fearful question," replied Gammon, with a very serious air; "but at my request, our firm has agreed to make the necessary advances; and also (for *I* could not bear the sight of your distress, Mr Titmouse!) to supply your necessities liberally in the mean time, as I was saying."

"Won't you take another glass of wine, Mr Gammon?" suddenly enquired Titmouse, with a confident air.

"With all my heart, Mr Titmouse! I'm delighted that you approve of it. I paid enough for it, I can warrant you."

"Cuss me if ever I tasted such wine! Uncommon! Come—no heel-taps, Mr Gammon—here goes—let's drink—success to the affair!"

"With all my heart, my dear sir—with all my heart. Success to the thing—amen!" and Gammon drained his glass; so did Titmouse. "Ah! Mr Titmouse, you'll soon have wine enough to float a frigate—and indeed what not—with ten thousand a-year?"

"And all the accumulations, you know—ha, ha!"

"Yes—to be sure—accumulations. The sweetest estate that is to be found in all Yorkshire. Gracious, Mr Titmouse!" continued Gammon, with an excited air—"what may you not do? Go where you like—do what you like—get into Parliament—marry some lovely woman!"

"Lord, Mr Gammon!—you ain't dreaming? Nor I? But now, in course, you must be paid handsome for your trouble!—Only say how much—Name your sum! What you please! You only give me all you've said."

"For my part, I wish to rely entirely on your mere word of honour.—Between gentlemen, you know—my dear sir."

"You only try me, sir."

"But you see, Mr Quirk's getting old, and naturally is anxious to provide for those whom he will leave behind him—and so Mr Snap agreed with him—two to one against me, Mr Titmouse—of course they carried the day—two to one."

"Only say the figure."

"A single year's income, only—ten thousand pounds will hardly"—

"Ten thousand pounds! By jingo, that is a slice out of the cake."

"A mere crumb, my dear sir!—a trifle! Why, we are going to give you that sum at least every year—and indeed it was suggested to our firm, that unless you gave us at least a sum of twenty-five thousand pounds—in fact, we were recommended to look out for some other heir."

"It's not to be thought of, sir."

"So I said; and as for throwing it up—to be sure we shall have ourselves to borrow large sums to carry on the war—and unless we have your bond for at least ten thousand pounds, we cannot raise a farthing."

"Hang'd if you sha'n't do what you like!—Give me your hand, and do what you like, Gammon!"

"Thank you, Titmouse! How I like a glass of wine with a friend in this quiet way!—you'll always find me rejoiced to show"—

"Your hand! By George—Didn't I take a liking to you from the first! But to speak my mind a bit—as for Mr Quirk—excuse me—but he's a cur—cur—cur—curmudgeon—hem!"

"Hope you've not been so imprudent, my dear Titmouse," threw in Gammon, rather anxiously, "as to borrow money—eh?"

"Devil knows, and devil cares! No stamp, I know—bang up to the mark"—here he winked an eye, and put his finger to his nose—"wide awake—Huck—uck—uck—uck! how his name sti—sticks. Your hand, Gammon—here—this, this way—tol de rol, tol de rol—ha! ha! ha!—what are you bobbing your head about for? The floor—how funny—at sea—here we go up, up, up—here we go down, down—oh dear!"—he clapped his hand to his head.

[Pythagoras has finely observed, that a man is not to be considered dead drunk till he lies on the floor, and stretches out his arms and legs to prevent his going lower.]

See saw, see saw, up and down, up and down, went every thing about him. Now he felt sinking through the

floor, then gently rising to the ceiling. Gammon seemed getting into a mist, and waving about the candles in it. Mr Titmouse's head swam; his chair seemed to be resting on the waves of the sea.

"I'm afraid the room's rather close, Mr Titmouse," hastily observed Gammon, perceiving, from Titmouse's sudden paleness and silence, but too evident symptoms that his powerful intellect was for a while paralysed. Gammon started to the window and opened it. Paler, however, and paler became Titmouse. Gammon's game was up much sooner than he had calculated on.

"Mrs Mumps! Mrs Mumps! order a coach instantly, and tell Tomkins"—that was the inn porter—"to get his son ready to go home with this gentleman—he's not very well." He was obeyed. It was, in truth, all up with Titmouse—at least for a while.

As soon as Gammon had thus got rid of his distinguished guest, he ordered the table to be cleared of the glasses, and tea to be ready within half an hour. He then walked out to enjoy the cool evening; on returning, sat pleasantly sipping his tea, now and then dipping into the edifying columns of the *Sunday Flash*, but oftener ruminating upon his recent conversation with Titmouse, and speculating upon its possible results; and a little after eleven o'clock, that good man, at peace with all the world—calm and serene—retired to repose. He had that night rather a singular dream; it was of a snake encircling a monkey, as if in gentle and playful embrace. Suddenly tightening its folds, a crackling sound was heard;—the writhing coils were then slowly unwound—and, with a shudder, he beheld the monster licking over the motionless figure, till it was covered with a viscid slime. Then the serpent began to devour its prey; and, when gorged and helpless, behold, it was immediately fallen upon by two other snakes. To his disturbed fancy, there was a dim resemblance between their heads and those of Quirk and Snap—he woke—thank God! it was only a dream.

INDEX TO VOL. XLVI.

- Aberystwith, an excursion over the mountains to, 66.
- Affairs of the East, Egypt, Turkey, 100.
- Agriculture, on, in a letter from Eusebius to his friend on taking to farming, 733—his friend's reply, 740.
- Alison's History of the French Revolution, Vol. VII. reviewed, 272.
- Antediluvians; or the world destroyed, a poem, by James M'Henry, M.D., reviewed, 119.
- Aytoun, William E., his tale of *Hermotimus*, in verse, 592.
- Bellmanship, the, a true story, Chap. I., 381—Chap. II., 383—Chap. III., 386—Chap. IV., 389.
- Bower of peace, the, by Delta, 116.
- British Institution, 472.
- Burns, 256.
- Calderon de la Barca, Don Pedro, his character as a dramatic writer, considered, 715.
- Casuistry, 455—exemplified. I. in the case of the Jaffa massacre, 457—II. Piracy, 461—III. Usury, 462—IV. Bishop Gibson's *Chronicon Preciosum*, 463.
- Chartists and universal suffrage, 289—the discontents of the working classes have at length attracted the attention of government, *ib.*—it is a retribution to the Whigs for their former agitations, *ib.*—their mode of checking the violence of these men is fraught with injustice, 290—their policy was the same in Canada, *ib.*—this is condemned with strong reasoning, 219—what is now the cry of the Chartists, but that they have not obtained the fruits of reform? 294—they are unfit for the functions of government by their dispositions and habits, 295—as strikingly exemplified in the case of Glasgow, 298—there is no desire to cast a shade upon the working classes, 300—the good results arising from these Chartists' movements stated, 301—to the Conservative party they afford lessons of no ordinary importance, 302.
- Church of Scotland, in its present position, Part I., 573—Part II., 799. In this article the Veto act of 1834 of the General Assembly is proved not to have had a precedent. The people never pos-
sessed the power of electing their ministers. Though patronage was at one time abolished, the people never obtained the right, which was vested in the kirk-session.
- Colonial neglect and foreign propitiation, 752.
- Colonial Government and the Jamaica Question, 75—the unhappy contest between the Mother Country and the Colonial Legislature, has attracted a large portion of public attention, *ib.*—colonial jealousy and discontent is the rock on which all great maritime powers have split, *ib.*—history abounds with proofs of this leading truth, *ib.*—numerous as are the evils, social, physical, and political, in this country, they may all be converted into a source of strength by a due attention to our colonial dependencies, 76—Do we fear the rapid progress of European manufactures? 77—Is Ireland a source of incessant disquietude? *ib.*—Is money wanting to carry generous designs into effect? 78—instead of giving relief to the old empire, the British Government has committed sins both of omission and commission, 79—Three principles, in which the rule of a parent state can continue for ages to be exercised over distant colonies, elucidated by examples, 79-83—the West Indies, with respect to a vital point of colonial prosperity, *a constant supply of agricultural labourers*, stand in a very peculiar situation, 83—to have rendered emancipation un hurtful to the colonies, the duty on sugar should have been lowered, 85—instead of this. heavy imposts have been placed on *rude* produce, *ib.*—the effect has been the decrease of our colonial produce, 87—and to double the extent and quadruple the horrors of the foreign slave trade, 88—Mr Buxton's statements on this subject adduced, 89.
- Cossacks, the, 345.
- Court—Cabinet—the Country, 417—the reckless career of the Court and the Cabinet are well depicted in this article, and many instances adduced in support of the allegation.
- Crowning of Charlemagne, in verse, 691.
- Cursory cogitations concerning cats, 653.

- Death Chant for the Sultan, By B. Simmons, 319,
 Delta's poem of the Bower of Peace, 116.
 Dietetics, legal, 30.
 Dinners real and reputed, 815.
- Egypt, Affairs of the East, Turkey, 100.
- Europe, its history from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, by Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E.,—volume seventh reviewed, 272.
- Excursion over the mountains to Aberystwith, narrated, 66.
- Fables, literary, from the Spanish of Yriarte, 202.
- Family Continental tour and its results, in six glimpses. Glimpse the first—Home, 56. Glimpse the second—Geneva, 57. Glimpse the third—Rome, 58. Glimpse the fourth—Naples, 60. Glimpse the fifth—Baden-Baden, 62. Glimpse the sixth—Home, 64.
- Fine arts, murder considered as one of them, 661.
- French literature of the 18th century. By Villemain, reviewed, Part I. 1.—Part II. 321.
- Goethe's life and works, No. I. from my life, poetry, and truth, Part I. 476.—Book I. 477.—Part II. Book II. 597.
- Grattan, Henry, memoirs of his life and times, by his Son, reviewed, Part I. 392.—Part II. 520.
- Hamlet, on his feigned madness, 449.
- Hasty hints upon horses, 170.
- Have you read Ossian? 693.
- Hemans, Mrs. B. Simmons's inscription in the new edition of her work, 320.
- Hermotimus, a tale in verse, by William E. Aytoun, 592.
- Holywell lodge, the tenants of it, a tale, 677.
- Hope, the subject of our pocket companions, 145.
- Hume's argument against miracles, 91.—Section II. ib.—Section III. 92.—Section IV. 94.—Section V. 97.—Section VI. 98.—General recapitulation of the argument, 99.
- Jamaica question, 75.
- Khouli Khan, the manner of his death related in verse, 317.
- Lay quibbling, Lector on it, in a letter to Christopher North, Esq. 744.
- Legal dietetics, 30.
- Literary fables, from the Spanish of Yriarte, 202.
- Lungs of London, the, 212.—St James's Park, 214.—The Green Park, 220.—Hyde Park, 221.—Kensington Gardens, 224.—the Regent's Park, 225.
- M'Henry, a poem by him termed the Antediluvians, reviewed, 119.
- Madness of Hamlet, on its feignedness, 449.
- Mathews the comedian, review of the 3d and 4th vols. of his memoirs, by Mrs Mathews, 781.
- Milton, 778.
- Miracles, Hume's argument against them, considered, 91.
- Moile, Nicholas Thirning, Esq., his specimen of a new edition of State Trials, reviewed, 548.
- Moore, 368.
- Murder considered as one of the fine arts, 661.
- Napoleon's Telegraph on Montmartre, a sketch in verse, 689.
- National Gallery, 467.
- Notes of a traveller, No. II., The Vaudeville, 19—Champs Elysée—on a fête, 21—a day at St Denys, 22—the barrière and the fauxbourg, 23—the road, 24—the abbé, ib.—the abbey, 25—parties, 27.
- Ossian, have you read him? 693.
- Otho III., 812.
- Our Pocket Companions, 145.
- Pietro D'Abano, a tale of enchantment, from the German of Tieck, Chap. I., The funeral, 228—Chap. II., The monk, 229—Chap. III., The robber's den, 231—Chap. IV., The incantation, 236—Chap. V., The search, 238—Chap. VI., Berecynth, 239—Chap. VII., The purple chamber, 240—Chap. VIII., The disenchantment, 244—Chap. IX., The hermit's cell, 245—Chap. X., The meeting in Rome, 247—Chap. XI., A new friend, 248—Chap. XII., A chapter on beauty and other matters, 250—Chap. XIII., The end of Pietro, 253—Chap. XIV., The conclusion, 254.
- Picture exhibitions—National Gallery—British Institution, 467.
- Picture Gallery, the, No. VIII., 46.—pedestrian in spite of himself, or the misdeeds of a night, a tale, 47.
- Poetry, a prosing upon that subject, 195.
- Protestants of Scotland, letter to them, 177.
- Queen Argenis, a poem, 767.
- Queer stick, the, a rustic legend in verse, 614.
- Roman Western empire, on the true relations to civilisation and barbarism of the, 644.

Rot your Italianos, by a man behind his age, 410.

Royal Academy and its exhibitions, 304.

Sayings and essayings, by Archæus, 669.

Scotland, letters addressed to the Protestants of, 177—on the present position of the Church of, 573-799.

Simmons, B.'s Death chaunt for the Sultan, 319—his inscription in the new edition of Mrs Hemans' works, 320.

Song-writing, Burns, 256—Moore, 368.

State Trials, specimen of a new edition.

By Nicholas Thirning Neville, Esq. of the Inner Temple, special pleader, reviewed, 548.

Stick, the queer, a rustic legend, in verse, 614.

Telegraph on Montmartre, Napoleon's, 689.

Ten thousand a-year, a tale, Part I. 505—Part II. 620—Part III. 832.

Tenant of Holywell Lodge, a tale, Chap. I. 677—Chap. II. 680—Chap. III. 683—Chap. IV. 688.

Tieck's tale of Pietro D'Abano, 228.

Torquato Tasso, or the prison and the crown, a drama, by the Baron von Zedlitz, 431.

Tory and Whig finance, 494.

Tour, a family continental one, and its results, 56.

Traveller, notes of a, No. II. 19.

Turkey, Egypt, and the Affairs of the East, 100—there is an enchantment in all that relates to the East, *ib.*—the Christian, when he thinks of the East, remembers the "Man of Sorrows," *ib.*—the philosopher thinks of the East as a storehouse of materials for the mind, 101—a short historical sketch of Egypt, as a dependent of Turkey, 102—the treaty of Kutahia has constituted Egypt an in-

dependent state, 103—the boasting of France that this treaty is favourable to her views, considered, *ib.*—her encouragement of rebellion in Egypt asserted, 106—from the pretensions and policy of France turn to those of Russia in regard to the Porte, 108-114.

Universal suffrage and the chartists, 289.

Villemain, his history of the French literature of the 18th century, reviewed, Part I. 1—Part II. 321.

Whig and Tory finance, 494—state of the public debt in 1816 495—two most important circumstances crippled the Tory administrations from being able to reduce the public debt rapidly; the first the general distress after the war, from 1816 to 1830, 496—the second the resumption of cash payments in 1819, 497—in both respects, the Whig government have been widely different, *ib.*—the financial measures of the Whig government during nine years of prosperity, contrasted with those of the Tory, 499, 501—the fatal delusion of self-government in the matter, is the true cause of the present disastrous state of our finances, 502—Tory administrations injured the sinking fund, and repealed too many indirect taxes, 503—these arose from attending to Whig clamour, *ib.*—and so was the increase of debt occasioned by the emancipation of the negroes, *ib.*—the reckless spirit of Whig financial legislation evinced in their step regarding the post-office revenue, *ib.*

Yriarte, literary fables of, 202.

Zedlitz, Baron Von, his drama of Torquato Tasso, analysed, 431.

THE British and Foreign Medical Review,

EDITED BY
JOHN FORBES, M.D. F.R.S. &c.

London ; Nov, 1, 1840.

MR. CHURCHILL, Publisher of the BRITISH AND FOREIGN MEDICAL REVIEW, has much satisfaction in submitting to the notice of the Members of the Profession in Great Britain the following Document just received from America, the republication of which in this country is a tribute no less due to the great national liberality and kind feeling of the eminent men from whom it emanates, than to the character of the work which he has the honour to publish. He would, at the same time, take leave to suggest that the publication of the next Number of the Journal, on the 1st of January, 1841 (No. XXI.), affords a favorable opportunity for commencing with the work, as this Number begins a New Volume, which may be considered as the beginning of a Second or Quinquennial Series of the Review.

New York ; Sept. 14, 1840.

WILEY AND PUTNAM having been appointed Agents for the Publication of the BRITISH AND FOREIGN MEDICAL REVIEW in this country, beg to call the attention of the Faculty and others who feel desirous of making themselves acquainted with the current medical literature of the day, to the following testimonials. Coming from some of the most distinguished Physicians in the United States, as a spontaneous expression of their unbiassed opinions, they cannot, it is believed, be without great weight, and are decisive as to the eminent merits of the REVIEW.

TESTIMONIALS.

Boston ; Sept. 9, 1840.

THE British and Foreign Medical Review justly stands high in the first rank of medical periodical works. It consists principally of reviews, which are almost uniformly elaborate articles from the hands of distinguished medical men in the British Empire. The writers are accurately informed in the literature and science of our profession, both in past times and up to the latest dates of the present. Their articles exhibit also a rich store of knowledge acquired by personal experience. In truth, many of these articles may be represented as full and valuable treatises on the subjects they discuss. To which should be added, that there is manifested in the whole work the greatest firmness in the discussion of both the principles of science and the merits of authors.

The Reviews make up about three quarters of each Number. They are followed by Bibliographical Notices of minor works, in which the character of each work is given briefly and impartially, or its most important contents stated.

The third part of the work consists of Selections from the British and Foreign Journals, systematically arranged. This part is very valuable, from its fulness and accuracy. It is evidently compiled by men of science, who know what is new and what is worthy to be remembered. It is just what would enter into a good common-place book. In the great majority of instances the reader learns all that he wants, without the trouble of the selection from innumerable journals and reviews. At the same time, he is directed to the sources of more full information in the cases where this is important to him. The plan of these selections is common to many periodical works. It is the reliance we can place on the learned and high-minded conductors of this work, which makes this part especially valuable to us.

The work deserves praise for the richness of its materials, for its scientific accuracy, for its fidelity to the cause of truth, and for the industry with which it collects

from Quarter to Quarter everything interesting to the practitioner of medicine, surgery, and midwifery. To every such practitioner in our country, we recommend it as the most valuable medical journal that is published in our language.

JAMES JACKSON, M.D.

Late Prof. of Theo. and Prac. Med. Harvard University, and one of the Physicians to the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Boston ; Sept. 6, 1840.

THE British and Foreign Medical Review has been in my hands from its first publication, and I may say I have read its Numbers with some care. It appears to me to have always been conducted with great spirit, diligence, and judgment, and may be considered, I think, as an epitome of European and American Medical and Surgical Science since its commencement. The talents of its Editor, Dr. Forbes, are well known by his various scientific productions. The auxiliary contributors are gentlemen of the highest respectability. With great pleasure, therefore, I recommend this work to the attention of my countrymen, and hope its circulation in America may equal that in Great Britain. **JOHN C. WARREN, M.D.**

Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University, Boston.

Boston ; Sept. 7, 1840.

I REGARD the British and Foreign Medical Review as a periodical of very great value, and believe that an extensive circulation of it among the members of the Profession in this country would have the happiest effect in the promotion of Medical Science.

JOHN WARE, M.D.

Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University.

Boston ; August 31, 1840.

I HAVE taken the British and Foreign Medical Review since its first publication, and I regard it as one of the ablest and most useful Medical Journals that I have ever known. Its criticisms are, in general, impartial and just ; and the reviews exhibit an extensive acquaintance with the pathological observations and opinions of recent as well as earlier writers, both on the continent and in Great Britain ; so as, with the intelligence which the numbers contain, to present a summary view of the actual state and progress of Medical Science throughout the world.

ENOCH HALE, M.D.

New York ; August 31, 1840.

I HAVE long been a subscriber to the British and Foreign Medical Review, and consider it, in many respects, superior to any publication of the same kind we receive from Great Britain.

ALEX. H. STEVENS, M.D.

Emeritus Professor of Surgery, Consulting Surgeon N. Y. Hospital, &c.

New York ; August 19, 1840.

THE subscriber, having read with attention the British and Foreign Medical Review as far as published, would commend this journal to such of his professional brethren as may not be familiar with its merits, as abounding with the latest information upon medical topics and collateral branches, gleaned from all parts where knowledge is cultivated. The critical articles are of the highest order ; emanating from erudite genius, liberal and generous, yet devoted to the paramount interests of science. Its range of observation is so extensive, and its critical articles so elaborate, it may be said, without interfering with the interests of other medical periodicals at home and abroad, that this journal is indispensable to all who would most improve their acquaintance with philosophical medicine, or practice the art in its most rational aspects.

MARTYN PAINE, M.D.

New York, Sept. 7, 1840.

THE British and Foreign Medical Review stands unrivalled as a practical journal of Medical and Chirurgical Science. No work of a similar design has ever before evinced greater erudition, more copious illustration, or profounder clinical sagacity. The critical department is alike distinguished for its candour, impartiality, and dignity. There can be but one opinion entertained of the talents and learning of its editor, Dr. Forbes, whose eminent qualifications for the discharge of his responsible task challenges the approbation of every friend of medical philosophy.

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D.

Late Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, Obstetrics, &c.

New York; Sept. 4, 1840.

THE subscriber takes much pleasure in commending to the favorable notice of his professional brethren, the British and Foreign Medical Review, edited by John Forbes, M.D. As an able and impartial critic upon the contemporary medical writings of the day, it stands preeminently distinguished; and for learned research and comprehensive analysis, there is no journal of the kind, it is believed, which can compare with it. Its pages are everywhere imbued with true philosophic spirit, and replete with the most valuable facts and lucid expositions of the best-established principles in medicine; its tone is always manly, dignified, and decided; its judgment deliberate and correct; its conclusions such as may be relied on always with great confidence. To the American Physician, the British and Foreign Medical Review is invaluable, and whoever desires to keep fully up with the Medical, Surgical, and Natural Science of the day, will find this journal of the highest importance, and indeed indispensable.

C. A. LEE, M.D.

*Late Professor of Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence
in the University of the city of New York.*

New York; Sept. 2, 1840.

AMONG the journals devoted to the advancement of Medical Science, there is none entitled to a more elevated rank than the British and Foreign Medical Review. The extensive field of its observation, its strict impartiality, no less than its courteous respect for the differing opinions of others, make it a source of information on the current literature of the profession, on which the practitioner can rely with the satisfaction and confidence which impart to works of this nature their chief interest and value.

The high talent and learning employed in its pages ensures an investigation which may in some instances be regarded as a compendium of the subject under consideration; thus placing the work among the standard records of the profession for reference and consultation.

JAMES STEWART, M.D.

695, Broadway, New York; Sept. 5, 1840.

THE British and Foreign Medical Review I regard as one of the very best journals in the English language. It would seem that the Editors had intended to make it truly eclectic, and in this they have succeeded most admirably. A cardinal feature in the Review is an entire absence of all ungenerous spirit: every author receives a full and just criticism, and no feeling of jealousy is permitted to detract from individual excellence. In a word, its columns are well calculated to advance the interests of the profession, and at the same time sustain its dignity. The general circulation of the British and Foreign Medical Review among the profession of this country, would tend vastly to the benefit of the healing art.

G. S. BEDFORD, M.D.

Professor of Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children.

Philadelphia; Sept. 3, 1840.

I LEARN with great satisfaction that measures are in progress to give a more extensive circulation to that valuable periodical, the British and Foreign Medical Review. A journal conducted with such distinguished ability cannot but favorably concur with similar works in this country in promoting a love of learning among our brethren. I should think the present period highly propitious to the plan of extending its circulation. The certainty and rapidity of the communication across the Atlantic by means of the steamers at New York and Boston will lend to the intrinsic interest of the journal the highly pleasing qualities of freshness and novelty.

CH. D. MEIGS, M.D.

Philadelphia; Aug. 28, 1840.

THE British and Foreign Medical Review I believe to be one of the most valuable of the medical periodicals. Its pages embrace an abstract of English and Continental Medicine, exhibiting the movement and progression of the science. It possesses the advantage of presenting to its readers the latest intelligence of all that is accomplished by the labours and researches of the continental savans. Its more general diffusion in this country would render the profession familiar with the facts, theoretical and speculative views, and the practice of the very highest authorities of the present period, corrected or fortified by being accompanied with sound critical commentaries and remarks.

SAMUEL JACKSON, M.D.,

Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia; August 26, 1840.

THE undersigned has been a regular reader of the British and Foreign Medical Review from its first commencement, and has publicly, as well as in private, expressed himself strongly in regard to its superior merits. Having for its editor one of the most learned and enlightened physicians of the day, and for its collaborators the most distinguished members in every department of the profession in Great Britain, it could not fail to be signally effective. It is, in the opinion of the undersigned, unquestionably the ablest Medical Review in existence, and as such eminently deserving of an extensive circulation in this country.

ROBERT DUNGLISON, M.D.

Prof. of Institutes of Med. and Mat. Med. in Jefferson Med. Col. of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Seventh and Walnut Streets; Sept. 4, 1840.

FROM the pains and learning which have been bestowed upon the British and Foreign Medical Review, and from the style of execution of the Numbers I have seen, there can be no doubt that its wider circulation would greatly benefit the profession in America. A copious inlet like this from the full wells of continental Europe, conveyed in our own language, and so little influenced as this is by the bias of individual schools, is a most valuable treasure. It is, in fact, a thing deeply needed; something of the kind being required ever since the comparative disuse of the Latin language to prevent the medicine of England and America from becoming isolated from that of the rest of the world, and, of consequence, sectional, prejudiced, and imperfect.

B. H. COATES, M.D.

Philadelphia; Aug. 4, 1840.

THE undersigned has great pleasure in affording favorable testimony in regard to the British and Foreign Medical Review, and in expressing his conviction that its more extended circulation in this country would be a valuable gift to the profession. There is no Review in existence which, in the opinion of the undersigned, contains so large an amount of matter essential to the practitioner who is anxious to keep up with the progress of medical science.

W. GIBSON, M.D.

Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia; Aug. 5, 1840.

I HAVE much pleasure in expressing my accordance with the above.

J. PANCOAST, M.D.

Professor of Surgery in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia; Sept. 3, 1840.

I AM gratified to hear that an effort is about to be made to extend the circulation of the British and Foreign Medical Review in the United States. I am desirous to see in wider circulation a work so liberal and comprehensive in its objects, so ably conducted and admirably adapted to the wants and circumstances of the professional men of our country.

J. REVERE, M.D.

Professor of the Practice of Medicine in Jefferson Medical College.

*** The Review is published Quarterly, price Six Shillings, by JOHN CHURCHILL, Princes Street, Soho; to whom, or to the EDITOR, 12, OLD BURLINGTON STREET, all Communications, Books for Review, and Journals in exchange, are to be addressed, prepaid.*

In addition to the usual matter, No. XXI. will contain, as an APPENDIX, the THACKERAY PRIZE ESSAY "On the Causes of Fever," by Dr. DAVIDSON, of Glasgow.

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